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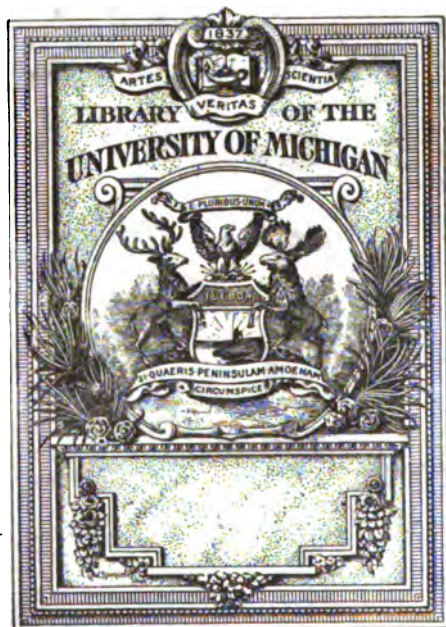
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HAMPTON'S

MAGAZINE



TOM JOHNSON'S *own story of*
"Nine Years WAR WITH PRIVILEGE"



Painted by Denman Fink for Cream of Wheat Co.

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ANTICIPATION

DIVINITY

† Clinton^{ly} Scollard †

NOW can there be
Dearth of divinity
Whiles that we have resurgence of the sod—
The quickened clod,
The flowering dogwood-rod
That yields the gold of such rich treasury
To the adventurous bee!

In shower and shine,
In muted pine tops or in boughs that breathe
Raptures of choric tone,
In ferns that wreathe
The stricken bole or moss-incrusted stone,
In the swift pulses of the stream,
In star-gleam or moon-gleam,
In cloud and storm,
In nature multifold and multiform,
Lo, if ye heed, ye may behold the sign
Of the Divine!





TOM JOHNSON AND HIS PIPE

Which became so famous that some
women in Cleveland started an
"anti-smoking" crusade
against it.

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE



TOM JOHNSON AT THE CONTROLLER OF ONE OF
THE CLEVELAND THREE-CENT-FARE CARS.

*Photo by L. Van Oyen,
Cleveland, Ohio.*

Nine Years' War With Privilege by TOM L. JOHNSON

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Tom L. Johnson was in some ways the foremost foe of Privilege in the nation. He gained, as a benefactor from tariffs and franchises, a fortune that ran into millions. This was before he began to fight on the people's side. Once there, his heart was so in the contest that he refused to turn aside to save his health or his wealth, though he saw clearly that both were being lost. The last two years of his life he was poor, as compared with his condition before he became Mayor of Cleveland; but he was still an optimist—yes, even after he lost at the polls the office that had enabled him to take an active part in the "war with Privilege."

Tom Johnson always was a forceful writer and speaker. When he realized that death could be delayed only a short time, he saw that the greatest heritage he could leave to the people was the story of his battles. The last touches were being put to the manuscript when he succumbed to the illness that resulted in his death in Cleveland, April 10, 1911.

There is no bitterness in Tom Johnson's story. For all those who fought him and his people there runs the kindly feeling, "they knew not what they did." When he began writing he said: "I will not attack individuals; they are not at fault. It is the system that is wrong, and until the people fight the system and not the individual they cannot win." And thus he built his story.

It is an indictment of Privilege that will stand. It deals with the personalities of men like Mark Hanna, who fought to the last ditch. It pictures in a manner that thrills the struggle of a city to be free. All in all, it is a great story.

THE greatest movement in the world to-day may be characterized as the struggle of the people against Privilege.

On the one side the People—slow to wake up, slow to recognize their own interests, slow to realize their power, slow to invoke it. On the other, Privilege—always awake and quick to act, owning many of the newspapers, controlling the election and appointment of judges, dictating to city councils, influencing legislatures and writing our national laws.

What is Privilege?

Privilege is the advantage conferred on one by law of denying the competition of others. It matters not whether the advantage be bestowed upon a single individual, upon a partnership, or upon an aggregation of partnerships, a trust—the essence of the evil is the same. And just to the extent that the law imposes restrictions upon some men and not on others, just to the extent that it grants special favors to some to the exclusion of others, do the people suffer from this evil.

These law-made restrictions and benefits are many, but substantially all may be grouped, in the order of their importance, in the following five classes: land monopolies, taxation monopolies, transportation monopolies, municipal monopolies and patent monopolies.

The greatest of all governmental favors or special privileges is land monopoly, made possible by the exemption from taxation of land values.

The special privileges growing out of conditions created by our local, state and national tax systems are so far-reaching and disastrous in their effects that one might devote a volume to the discussion of this division of Privilege, and then not begin to compass the question.

Under transportation monopolies come the governmental favors to railroads and to those enterprises dependent upon the railroads, such as special freight lines, sleeping-car companies, express and telegraph companies.

Municipal monopolies consist of rights and special privileges in the public streets and highways which in the nature of the

case cannot be possessed by all the people and can be enjoyed only by a few. Under this head come the franchises which our cities grant to street railways, to water, gas, electric light and telephone companies, and in these lie the chief sources of corruption in municipal life.

Patent monopolies are the last distinct survival of a policy which once had a very much wider application and which in every other case has been abandoned because it was recognized to be unsound. At one time it was common enough to reward public service of almost any kind by the grant of a trade monopoly. Soldiers in war were tempted by the prospect of such a grant and often got it as the result of a victory. Statesmen were tempted and were often rewarded in the same way for services to the state, or services to their party. Now this is universally recognized to be an error.

Patent monopolies cut off from us the opportunity to take immediate advantage of the world's inventions. They exert upon many men an influence as baneful as the most corrupt lottery by tempting them from regular work and useful occupations. They interfere with the natural development of invention.

Useful inventions come naturally and almost inevitably as the next necessary step in industrial evolution. Most of them are never patented. The patents that are granted interfere with this natural development. If inventors must be rewarded it would be better to pay them a bounty than to continue a system productive of so much evil.

THE ISSUE IS ALWAYS THE SAME

And so by securing in different ways "special privileges to some" and denying "equal rights to all," our governments, local, state and national, have precipitated the struggle of the people against Privilege.

It matters not what the question—whether a water or gas franchise, a street-railway monopoly, a coal combination, an ordinary railroad charter, or the grabbing of the public domain—the issue between them is always the same.

Owners and managers of public-service



Photo by L. Van Oeyen, Cleveland, Ohio.

BOYS OBTAINING PERMISSION TO PLAY BALL ON THE STREETS FROM MAYOR JOHNSON, THE MAYOR OF ALL THE PEOPLE INCLUDING CHILDREN.

corporations may change; so may their methods. They may respect public opinion or scorn it; they may show great consideration for their employees or treat them as machines; their policies may be liberal or the reverse; they may strive for all the traffic will bear, looking to dividends only, or

they may share their profits with the public.

What of it?

So, too, political parties may change.

And what of that?

A Republican boss or a Democratic boss is equally useful to Privilege. It may seek

legislative power through dealing directly with corrupt bosses, or it may find the control of party machinery by means of liberal campaign contributions the more effective means. It may divert the attention of the people from fundamental issues by getting them to squabbling over nonessentials.

This is often demonstrated when the contest is made to appear to be between two men, though in reality both are committed in advance to obey the wishes of Privilege. Superficial moral issues such as the liquor question are especially serviceable in this particular line of attack.

INFLUENCE OF PRIVILEGE OVER JUDGES

It is on the judiciary that Privilege exercises its most insidious and dangerous power. Lawyers whose employment has been entirely in its interests are selected for the bench. Their training, their environment, their self-interest, all combine to make them the most powerful allies of monopoly. Yet this may be, and often is, without any consciousness on the part of the judges themselves that their selection has been influenced by an interest opposed to the public good.

Thus unwittingly judges, otherwise incorruptible, become the most pliable agents of Privilege and the most dangerous of public servants. No mere change of political names or of men can correct these evils. A political change will not affect judges with their judge-made laws, and so long as Privilege controls both parties, a political change will not affect the legislative bodies which create judges. An effective recall of judges would furnish the machinery to correct many abuses, and this step can be taken without waiting for economic change.

It is *economic change*, however, and not political change, that can afford final relief.

Not *lawbreakers*, but *lawmakers* are responsible for bad economic conditions; and these only indirectly, for it is business interests controlling lawmakers that furnish the great motive force in the protection of Privilege.

The economic change that will correct these political abuses is one that must remove the prizes which Privilege now secures from the People. It must reserve to the public the ownership and management of public-service utilities so that they shall be regarded no longer as private loot, but as public rights to be safeguarded and protected.

That good, law-abiding corporations and good, well-meaning men cannot correct these wrongs without changing the economic conditions which produce them, has been proved times without number, and only serves to emphasize the fact that **the real fight of the people is not to abolish law-breaking, but to put an end to that law-making which is against the public good.**

It is true that the contest looks like an unequal one; that the advantage seems to be entirely on the side of Privilege; that its position appears invulnerable.

Is there then no hope? Let us see.

The people's advance guard has been routed often, and will be again. New recruits must come to the front. As the firing lines are decimated the discontented masses must rush forward to fill the gaps in the ranks. Finally, when *we are fighting all along the line*, public opinion will be strong enough to drive Privilege out of its last trench.

Agitation for the right, once set in motion, cannot be stopped. Truth can never lose its power. It presses forward gaining victories, suffering defeats, but losing nothing of momen-



MARK HANNA, JOHNSON'S POLITICAL
AND BUSINESS FOE FROM
THE BEGINNING.



TOM JOHNSON AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-TWO.

tum, augmenting its strength though seeming to expend it.

Newspapers controlled by the Interests cannot stop this forward movement, legislatures must yield to it, the courts finally see and respect it and political parties must go with it or be wrecked.

What more striking example



TOM JOHNSON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX.



TOM JOHNSON AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN WHEN HE WAS LEARNING STREET-RAILROADING.

could be cited than the disintegration of the Republican party as shown at the 1910 election, following so closely the almost unparalleled vote for its candidate for President.

Big Business, subservient courts, pliant legislatures and an Interest-controlled press may block, delay, apparently check its progress, but these are only surface indications. The deeper currents are all headed in the same direction, and once fairly started nothing can turn them back.

It is because I believe that the story of my part in this universal movement helps to illustrate the truth of this proposition that I have decided to tell it.

I am going to show how Privilege fights in the city, the state and the nation, but I shall deal more largely with the city since it is here that the abolition of privilege must begin.

In the main, the things I shall tell about Cleveland are the things that might be told about any city or state. The source of the evil; the source of the good; the source of

the shame and corruption; the contest between opposing economic interests; the alliance among those identified with the franchise corporations on the one hand, and the unorganized people on the other, is the same everywhere.

And while I speak in the past tense, I speak of the present. I tell of the experiences that other cities will have in their efforts to be free.

Privilege may not be

quite as irresistible for them as it was for us, because the people have been gathering strength, party lines are being broken and knowledge of the meaning of Privilege is spreading. Privilege no longer asserts itself with the arrogance of unlimited and unchallenged power as it did a few years ago. The pressure of right is reaching into the higher places. It is disintegrating the classes which have ruled.

When I tell of Privilege, its motives and its methods, I know what I am talking about, for from the time I was a boy up almost to the time of my election as mayor of Cleveland, my interests and my activi-

ties were on the side of Privilege. In Louisville, Indianapolis, Cleveland, St. Louis, Brooklyn and Detroit I was engaged in the street-railway business. Not only as an operator, but as an owner. In most of those cities I owned, developed and managed street-railway systems. I mastered every detail of the business, for I commenced at the bottom.

I collected fares, kept accounts, managed the office, conducted the financing, promoted consolidations and bought and sold properties whose values ran into millions. I came into contact with the leading financiers in each of those cities, and fought and traded with them.

I was familiar with tariff and patent privileges, too, for as the operator of steel mills at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and Lorain, Ohio, I profited by both.

My contact with the agencies of monopoly gave me knowledge which proved most valuable when I went over to the People's side in the fight.

The influences which operated to arouse my interest in the struggle of the people against Privilege are significant only as they show one of the many ways in which our minds are made to meet and grasp these great problems, for while really sincere investigators arrive at last at the same conclusion, nearly all of us travel different roads to get there.

I was born at Blue Spring, near Georgetown, Kentucky, July 18, 1854. My father, Albert W. Johnson, and my mother, Helen Loftin, met while attending school at Georgetown, and they were married there in August, 1853. My earliest recollections are

of events connected with the war, though an incident which happened the year before seems very clear in my mind. Just how much of it I actually remember, however, and how much of it is due to hearing it often repeated I cannot say. But what happened was this:

Joe Pilcher and I were playing on the floor with a Noah's Ark and a most wonderful array of little painted wooden animals. These toys were made by the prisoners in the penitentiary at Nashville, where my mother had purchased them for me on our way south to our summer home, a plantation in Arkansas. After infinite pains and hours of labor my playmate and I had arranged the figures in pairs, according to size, beginning with the elephants and ending with the beetles, when one of the young ladies of the household, dressed for a party, crossed the room and with her train switched the lines to hopeless entanglement in the meshes of the long lace curtains, two of the animals only remaining standing. Joe, who was somewhat my senior, burst into tears, while I smiled brightly and said, "Don't cry, Joe; there are two left anyhow."

My mother never tired of telling this story, and its frequent repetition certainly had a marked influence on my life, for it established for me, in the family, a reputation as an optimist which I felt in honor bound to live up to somehow. I early acquired a habit of making the best of whatever happened, and in later life larger things presented themselves to me in exactly the same way. Nothing was ever entirely lost. There was no disaster so great that there were not always



HENRY GEORGE, WHOSE SINGLE-TAX THEORIES WERE TOM JOHNSON'S INSPIRATION.



Copyright, 1911, by L. Van Oeyen, Cleveland, Ohio.

**MAYOR TOM L. JOHNSON AT HIS DESK IN CITY HALL, CLEVELAND, 1907.
SIGNING CITY BONDS. LAST PICTURE OF MAYOR JOHNSON
IN GOOD HEALTH.**

"two left anyhow." My reputation for being always cheerful in defeat—earned at such cost that I may mention it without apology—is largely due to this incident, trivial though it may seem.

My father, a slave owner and cotton planter, served as an officer in the Confederate Army from the beginning of the war to its close, though he was very much opposed to slavery. Many, many times, even when sectional feeling was most bitter, he told me that the South was fighting for an unjust cause. My own hatred of slavery in all forms is doubtless due to that early teaching, which was the more effective because of the dramatic incidents connected

with it. It was his intense loyalty to friends, neighbors and a host of relatives that kept my father on the side of the South, and like these he was penniless when the war ended.

Having attained the advanced age of eleven years, I began to look for something to do. My family was then living at Staunton, Virginia, and one railroad train a day commenced to run into the town immediately after Lee's surrender. I somehow struck up a friendship with the conductor, which was to prove not only immediately profitable to me, but which probably decided my future career. One day he said to me:

"How would you like to sell papers, Tom?"

I could bring 'em in for you on my train, and I wouldn't carry any for anybody else, so you could charge whatever you pleased."

The exciting events attending the close of the war naturally created a brisk demand for news and I eagerly seized this opportunity to get into business. The Richmond and Petersburg daily papers I retailed at fifteen cents each, and for picture papers I got twenty-five cents each. My monopoly lasted five weeks, and then it was abruptly ended by a change in the management of the railroad, which meant also a change of conductors.

The eighty-eight dollars in silver which this venture netted me was the first good money our family had seen since the beginning of the war, and it carried us from Staunton, Virginia, to Louisville, Kentucky, where my father hoped to make a new start in life among his friends and relatives.

The lesson of privilege taught me by that brief experience was one I never forgot, for in all my subsequent arrangements I sought enterprises in which there was little or no competition. In short, I was always on the lookout for somebody or something which should stand in the same relation to me that my friend the conductor had.

When I was fifteen years old, Bidermann duPont and Alfred duPont bought a street railway in Louisville. The duPonts, grandsons of the man who founded the E. I. duPont de Nemours Powder Company, were friends of our family and gave me an office job. My salary was \$7 a week and my duties varied.

From the very first it was the operating end of the business that appealed to me. My liking for mechanics was stimulated by my environment, and soon I was working on inventions, some of which I afterwards patented. From one of these, a fare box, I eventually made the twenty or thirty thousand dollars which gave me my first claim to being a capitalist. The fare boxes in use up to that time were made for paper money; mine was the first box for coins. It held the coins on little glass shelves and in plain sight. This box is still used.

In a few months I was secretary of the company; then I became superintendent, holding that job until 1876, when I embarked in business for myself by purchasing from William H. English the majority stock of the street railways in Indianapolis. The purchase came about through a visit to Mr. English in the hope of interesting him in my

fare box. He said to me, "I don't want to buy a fare box, young man; but I have a railroad to sell."

I had some money, but not enough for the Indianapolis deal. Mr. Bidermann duPont, though he had no faith in my business associates and though the road was in a badly demoralized state, loaned me thirty thousand dollars with no security whatever except my health, as he expressed it. When I made my final payment to him some five or six years later, I told him my money obligation was now canceled but that a lifetime of friendship for him and his could not discharge my greater obligation for his faith in me.

MY FIRST FIGHT WITH A REPRESENTATIVE OF PRIVILEGE

I speedily realized that our Indianapolis enterprise would be a failure unless we could free ourselves from Mr. English. He was the most influential man in Indianapolis, a typical representative of the powerful agent of special privilege of that day. His greatest asset was his domination of the local city government, through which he controlled the taxing machinery of the city, thereby keeping his own taxes down at the expense of the small taxpayer.

Mr. English kept us in constant hot water. His reason for selling to us, in the first place, seems to have been to rid himself of some partners whom he did not like. He evidently expected to make us very sick of our bargain, to benefit by whatever payments we made, and finally to get the property back into his own hands unencumbered by undesirable partners.

However, I did not propose to be frozen out. I was able to borrow enough money from F. M. Churchman, an Indianapolis banker, to purchase our own notes at fourteen cents on the dollar. As a result of economy and careful management the railroad soon commenced to pay.

I then began to branch out more extensively in street-railroad enterprises, and in 1879, just ten years after my entrance into business as an office boy, I became a bidder for a street-railway grant in Cleveland. Mark Hanna was a director and Elias Simms the president of a company which was after this same grant.

Captain Simms, as he was called, was an ex-steamboat man and a dredging contractor, a very considerable figure in the community. He was well to do, having

made a great deal of money through dredging contracts which he secured through his hold on the city councils. He openly complained of the methods of his friends in the council somewhat after this fashion: "All councilmen want is money. Just have to go around with my pocketbook in my hand all the time."

Largely because of his councilmanic control he became interested in street railways. He knew nothing about the business itself but relied for success on his ability to get grants. He was much more prominent in street-railroad matters than Mr. Hanna at this time, Hanna being very much younger and having other business interests.

The law stipulated that new grants should go to the bidder offering the lowest rate of fare, but included also a provision (of which I was ignorant) for extensions to existing lines.

The bid of the Hanna-Simms company provided for a five-cent fare, while mine offered six tickets for a quarter, whereupon the council threw out all the bids and made the grant to Mr. Hanna and his associates as *an extension to their lines* at the five-cent fare.

So that was the way it was done, was it? Well, I was only twenty-five years old and willing to learn. I then purchased the Pearl Street line on the west side in Cleveland and subsequently got my various grants as *extensions to that line*.

Here I saw for the first time the connection between Big Business and politics, though I did not realize how far-reaching it was.

Cleveland looked like a good field to me, for it then had eight street railroads operated by different companies and owned by bankers, politicians and professional men, but without a street-railway man in the entire list. I thought my knowledge would give me some advantage there.

Cleveland is built on two plateaus some fifty or sixty feet above the level of Lake Erie. Each of these plateaus runs down a sheer bluff into a valley through which the Cuyahoga River flows. When the viaduct connecting these plateaus was completed, the city laid the car tracks over the bridge. The legislature not having delegated to the city the right to build, own or operate a street car line, it had no legal right to lay these tracks—even on its own property.

If the street-railroad company which was empowered by law to build these tracks had done so instead of permitting the city to do it, the whole street-railway contest in Cleveland would have been changed and my operations would certainly have been eliminated.

To permit the city to build these tracks over the bridge was the greatest blunder Simms and Hanna ever made, for it was the city ownership of this three quarters of a mile of track that gave the city so much power in the street-railway controversy which occurred years later. These tracks terminated at the beginning of four tracks in Superior Street, which was free territory and which led to the heart of the city. The three-cent-fare contest running through my nine years as mayor might have resulted in final defeat for the people but for this oversight on the part of the railroad company.

City ownership of tracks, the city's right to allow other companies to use the tracks, short-lived grants—these have always been the most powerful weapons in the hands of the public for resisting the aggressions of street-railway monopolies. Cleveland had all three of these advantages.

Our Pearl Street line had its terminal at the West Side Market House, from which point to the center of the city it operated over the Hanna-Simms tracks. When I bought it, it was under lease to Hanna and Simms and I did not get possession for over eighteen months. By that time the city had completed its viaduct. Since Hanna and Simms owned the half mile of track between the terminal of our line and the city's tracks on the viaduct and refused to let our cars use their tracks, passengers from the Pearl Street cars were obliged to change to Mr. Hanna's cars at the Market House and to pay an additional fare. Finally we established an omnibus line and carried our passengers without extra fare from our terminal to the heart of the city in busses.

"PLAY POLITICS OR QUIT BUSINESS"

In my early days, as has been shown, I did not recognize the relation between business and politics. My interest was in developing street railways as transportation systems, relying on my knowledge of the business for success. With Mr. Hanna and his kind the street railroads were a side issue, and from the time I came into contact with him, practically everything I did

in the street-railway business became a political question.

It was a case of playing politics or getting out of the business. Councilmen were elected on their pre-election pledges on the street-railway question. **The cure for this evil with all its possibilities of terrible consequences to men individually and to society collectively is the municipal ownership of street railways.**

A large proportion of the political evils of our cities is due to private ownership of public utilities. Private ownership lodges the power to grant franchises and special privileges in some council, legislature or other public body or official. Just as soon as a man becomes the owner of stock in a public-service corporation, he has an interest absolutely opposed to the interests of the city.

The more "liberal" the terms of the franchise the worse the bargain for the city and the public. The class which by reason of its position should be our best citizens is best served by the worst city government.

The merchant, manufacturer, real-estate dealer and mechanic are all benefited by whatever will tend to reduce the cost of car fare, gas, water, garbage collection and taxes, while the owner of stock in a street-railway, gas or water company is interested to have the cost of these services as high as may be. Lawyers, bankers, merchants, all are excluded from active participation in city politics by this conflict of interests. The community is thereby deprived of the service of many of its ablest men.

Private ownership not only operates to exclude a comparatively small group of able men from public service, but it extends its influence to that larger body—the electorate, the people as a whole. By owning or controlling newspapers it is possible for the franchise corporations to mislead public opinion. They make a daily, hourly business of politics, raising up men in this ward or that, identifying them with their machines, promoting them from delegates to city conventions to city offices. They are always at work protecting and building up a business interest that lives only through its political strength. The watered securities of franchise corporations are politics capitalized.

Regulation by city or commission will not correct these evils. The more stringent the regulation, the more bitter will be the civic strife.

Municipal ownership will work betterment in service, reduce its cost to the people and purify politics by extinguishing a powerful interest hostile to good government. Only through municipal ownership can the gulf which divides the community into a small dominant class on one side and the unorganized people on the other be bridged; only through municipal ownership can the talent of the city be identified with the interests of the city; only by making men's ambitions and pecuniary interests identical with the welfare of the city can civil warfare be ended.

ANOTHER FIGHT WITH MARK HANNA

After my first contests with Mr. Hanna on the west side of Cleveland, we extended our operations and our fighting to the east side. First and last we had many bitter struggles, but never any personal disagreements. I always had perfect confidence that Mr. Hanna would keep his word in any transaction and he never disappointed me.

During the year that we ran our buses, Mr. Hanna's company fought every move we made, and then it happened that they wanted to renew a franchise which included that pivotal half mile of track. By this time the contest between us had become a matter of public interest and had been the chief issue in several councilmanic elections. The town was making it so hot for the council that in spite of Mr. Hanna's tremendous personal influence and his powerful backing, the councilmen refused to grant the renewal except on condition that we be permitted to operate our cars on his tracks.

In Mr. Hanna's eyes our victory was a reflection on the management of Captain Simms, the president of the company, or at least a sign that Simms's power was waning, and it led to a quarrel between them. Simms was then more prominent in street-railway circles than Hanna, and our success was regarded more particularly as a victory over him than over Hanna. The quarrel resulted in Hanna buying out Simms and his other partners. No doubt Hanna reasoned that if there was fighting to do in the future he would do it himself.

In the meantime I had purchased the Jennings Avenue line, a narrow gauge railroad on the west side running through a low-lying section known as the "flats," and this gave me control of two of the eight street-railway companies in the city. My next

move was to try to get a grant empowering me to build east-side lines to be operated across the city in connection with the Pearl Street and Jennings Avenue lines for a single fare.

Mr. Hanna and all the other street-railroad interests in the city were lined up solidly against this proposition. They contended that we could not possibly make our venture pay, that because of the length of the haul we were virtually offering to carry passengers for two and a half cents, whereas the actual cost to the company was three cents per passenger.

"USING" A CITY COUNCIL

The real strength of the Hanna forces lay not in their arguments but in their influence with the council. Councilmen known to be on our side were spirited out of town on various pretexts. One, a railroad conductor, was suddenly sent back on his run one night to keep him away, and thus the steam railroads were drawn into the contest.

Mr. Hanna was present at the council meeting every Monday night and so was I. The contest went on for a long time. By and by the odds seemed to be in our favor. Two councilmen, Crowley and Smith by name, who had always voted with the Simms-Hanna interests, lined up on our side. I could not understand why.

Finally, it occurred to me that possibly Simms might be able to throw some light on the subject. One night I hired an old public hack and drove over to his home on the west side. In response to my knock he came to the door himself—in his shirt sleeves and chewing tobacco as usual.

"Come in, Johnson, come in," he said, showing no signs of surprise or any other emotion at the sight of me.

He gave me a chair near the stove, and taking another, sat down to listen to what I had to say. I came to the object of my visit at once, asking him to explain about Crowley and Smith. He was impassive, non-committal, almost silent for a long time, but finally in disjointed sentences I got the following from him:

"You're a smart young feller, Johnson. Beat me, didn't ye? Yes, ye beat me. Folks might say I ain't very smart. Everybody knows Hanna's smart, though. Takes more'n a fool to beat Hanna. If you beat Hanna, too, nobody'll say that any damn

fool could beat Simms. Ye beat me; I want ye to beat Hanna."

So with the votes of Crowley and Smith we did beat Hanna, but without a vote to spare. Our ordinance got just the nineteen votes necessary to pass it.

Could anything show more forcibly than this incident does the game of politics as it was played in Cleveland and as it is played in other cities? Think of a single man being able to control the votes of two councilmen to satisfy a desire for personal retaliation or revenge! Think of men elected to public office with no more conception of their obligation to their constituents than to permit themselves to be so used!

Taken all in all, that was the biggest street-railroad fight of my life, and its innumerable and annoying details severely taxed my optimism many times; but after all, I had the best of it, for besides being possessed of the enthusiasm that went with my temperament and my youth (I was not yet twenty-eight), I had the popular side of the contest in my favor. Looking back upon it now, I realize that that was the reason for my success, although at the time I actually attributed it to my business sagacity.

That venture turned out to be the most profitable of any of my street-railroad enterprises. My competitors' prophecies that it would not pay failed dismally. Of course one of the immediate effects of my securing the franchise was to compel the other companies to follow our example and operate through lines at a single rate of fare.

THE BEGINNING OF A THIRTY YEARS' WAR

That street-railway fight begun in Cleveland in 1879 was no mere battle, but the beginning of a thirty years' war, though certainly none of us then engaged in it had the slightest idea what was to come. Yet I have always thought that Mr. Hanna anticipated many of the possibilities of the great struggle which was to follow, for it was after my first victory over him in the matter of gaining the right to operate over his tracks that he telegraphed me in Indianapolis proposing a partnership and a consolidation of our interests. I wired my refusal.

Subsequently I engaged in the street-railway business in Detroit, St. Louis and Brooklyn. Then I invented a girder groove rail, or thought I did. We learned later that similar rails had been made in England.

Just as I thought I had invented the rail, so my associate, Arthur J. Moxham, thought he had invented the best process for rolling these rails. We selected the Cambria Iron Company, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, as the concern which should manufacture our product.

Mr. A. V. duPont, with Mr. Moxham, myself and a few smaller stockholders, established at Johnstown a plant for manufacturing curves, frogs and switches out of the girder rail the Cambria people were making for us. Our contract with the Cambria Iron Company soon proved so profitable that we decided to build our own rolling mill at Johnstown.

No wonder I liked my business. It was not the money-making end alone which appealed to me—I liked the whole game. But the fact that I was getting rich and seeing my associates prosper may have been the greatest stimulus.

MY INTRODUCTION TO HENRY GEORGE'S DOCTRINES

When I was securely established as a business man and at the very height of my money-making career, the incident which was to change my whole outlook on the universe occurred. It came about through the intervention of a conductor, too; just a prosaic railroad conductor running between Cleveland and Indianapolis.

I still owned my Indianapolis interests and was traveling between that city and Cleveland frequently. On one of these trips, in 1883, a train boy offered me a book called "Social Problems," written by Henry George. The title led me to think it dealt with the social evil, and I said as much, adding that the subject did not appeal to me at all. After hearing my remarks the conductor urged me to buy the book, saying that he was sure it would interest me and that if it did not he would refund the half dollar I invested in it.

So I bought it and read it almost without stopping. Then I hastened to get all the other books which Henry George had written up to that time. I read "Progress and Poverty" next. It sounded true—all of it. I did not want to believe it, though, so I took it to my lawyer in Cleveland, L. A. Russell, and said to him:

"You made a free trader of me; now I want you to read this book and point out its errors, and save me from becoming an

advocate of the system of taxation it recommends."

The next time I went to Johnstown I talked with Mr. Moxham about the George book. He said he would read it. For months it was the chief subject of conversation between Russell, Moxham and myself. Mr. Moxham read it once, carefully marking all the places where, in his opinion, the author had departed from logic and indulged in sophistry. He was not willing to talk much about it, however, saying he wanted to think it over and read it once more before he discussed it with anybody. By and by he said to me: "I've read 'Progress and Poverty' again, and I have had to erase a good many of my marks, but I don't want to talk about it yet."

And then in due course of time there came a day when he said: "Tom, I've read that book for the third time, and I've rubbed out every mark."

Long before this I had become convinced that Mr. George had found a great truth and a practical solution for the most vexing of social problems, but Mr. Russell was not yet ready to admit it. Sometime later he and Mr. Moxham and I were obliged to go to New York together on business, and we spent our evenings in my room at the hotel smoking and discussing "Progress and Poverty."

Mr. Russell's avowed intention was to demolish this "will-o'-the-wisp." Every time he stated an objection either Mr. Moxham or I would hold him up to explain exactly what he meant by such terms as land, labor, capital, wealth, et cetera.

As fast as he correctly defined their meaning his objections vanished, one by one, and that trip worked his complete conversion—brought about by his own reasoning and not by our arguments. The effect of all of this was to make every chapter of that book almost as familiar to me as one of my own mechanical inventions.

MEETING WITH HENRY GEORGE

My business took me often to New York, and on one of those trips in 1885 I went to call upon Mr. George at his home in Brooklyn. I was much affected by that

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Henry George was born in Philadelphia, in September, 1839, and made his way to California as a sailor in 1858. He worked as a printer for several years, became a reporter for the *San Francisco Times* and in 1867 editor of that paper. In 1871 he published "Our Land and Land Policy," in which he advocated the single-tax theory, later developed more fully in "Progress and Poverty" in 1879. Besides his theory of single tax he also advanced the theory that the wages of labor are paid out of the value that the laborer creates and not from a "fund"

visit. I had come to a realizing sense of the greatness of the truth he was promulgating by the strenuous intellectual processes which have been described, but the greatness of the man himself was something I felt when I came into his presence.

Before I was really aware of it I had told him the story of my life, and I wound up by saying: "I can't write and I can't speak, but I can make money. Can a man help who can just make money?"

He assured me that money could be used in many helpful ways to promote the cause, but said that I couldn't tell whether I could speak or write until I had tried; that it was quite probable that the same qualities which had made me successful in business would make me successful in a broader field. He evidently preferred to talk about these possibilities to dwelling on my talent for money-making. He suggested that I go into politics. This seemed quite without the range of the possible to me, and I put it aside, but said that I would go ahead and make money and devote the profits largely to helping to spread his doctrines, if he would let me.

One of the first things I did, and it makes me smile to recall it, was to purchase several hundred copies of Mr. George's new book, "Protection or Free Trade," and send them to every minister and lawyer in Cleveland.

Why do converts to social ideals always select these most unlikely professions in all the world as objects for conversion in their campaigns in behalf of a new idea?

I had not yet discovered that it is the unlearned who are "ever the first to seize and comprehend through the heart's logic the newest and most daring truths."

That first meeting with Mr. George was the beginning of a friendship which grew stronger with each passing day and which, it seemed to me, had reached the full flower of perfection when I stood by his bedside in the Union Square Hotel in New York City, the night of October 28, 1897, and saw his tired eyes close in their last sleep.

Mr. George was forty-six years old and I thirty-one when we met, and from the very first our relations were those of teacher and pupil.

My first participation in any organized activity was to attend a meeting of a of capital. He visited England in 1880-81, and on his return settled in Brooklyn, where he devoted his time to writing, and to agitation and organization of the single-tax movement. He died in 1897.

voluntary committee called at the home of Dr. Henna in New York in August, 1886, to consider how our question could be made a political one. Among that little group besides Mr. George and Dr. Henna were Father McGlynn, Wm. McCabe, Louis F. Post and Daniel DeLeon.

A short time afterwards a second meeting was held at Father McGlynn's rectory, but before we had formulated any specific plans Mr. George was called upon to become the candidate of the labor unions of New York for mayor, and so without our volition our object was accomplished. I was active in that campaign and also in the state campaign the following year when, against his judgment, Mr. George was put forward as the United Labor Party candidate for Secretary of State.

Mr. George persisted in his belief that my greatest service to the cause lay in the political field, and every time I urged my inability to speak as a reason against this, he answered that I couldn't tell because I hadn't tried. And so one night early in the year 1888 I tried, the occasion being a mass meeting in Cooper Union.

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN SPEAKING

Of this attempt Mr. Louis F. Post generously wrote some years later: "He spoke for possibly five minutes, timidly and crudely but with evident sincerity, and probably could not have spoken ten minutes more had his life been the forfeit." His private assurance to me was that it was without exception the worst speech he had ever heard in all his days. I am sure he has never heard anything to match it since. I know I never have.

But this unpromising beginning did not discourage Mr. George, and by and by I was speaking with him at various public meetings.

Some five or six years later, perhaps, in a great meeting in Chickering Hall, New York, my part of the program was to answer questions asked by the audience. This was usually done by Mr. George, and though I had tried my hand at it several times before, this was the first time I had attempted it in Mr. George's presence. When the meeting was over we left the hall together and walked some blocks before a word was spoken. I had gotten on very well in my own estimation, but Mr. George's continued silence was raising doubts in my mind. When he did speak, he laid his hand in my arm and said:

"I am ready to go now. There is someone else to answer questions."

A warm friendship sprang up between my father and Mr. George and the latter built a house at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, next to my father's and brother's and very near to the summer home of my family at the same place. Together my father and Mr. George selected family burial lots adjoining each other in Greenwood Cemetery and overlooking the ocean. Here as time goes on members of our respective families are gathered to their final rest.

I was with Mr. George a great deal in the Fort Hamilton days when his home was the headquarters of the single-tax movement in this country. In his last campaign for mayor of New York, in 1897, I was his political manager.

When the question of his candidacy was being discussed by a group of his friends, and it had been decided that he should run, some one suggested that the campaign might cost him his life. He was not yet sixty years of age, but the hard lines of his life had told upon him, and his friends knew his physical strength could hardly measure up to the demands of a heated political struggle. When the suggestion was made that his life might be the forfeit, Mr. George straightened in his chair, his eye brightened, and his whole heart evidently in his answer, he said, "Wouldn't it be glorious to die that way?"

His body was weaker, but the same intrepid spirit was in the man as when he had made his first campaign for mayor ten years before. Then, when Mr. William M. Ivins had approached him on behalf of Tammany Hall and the County Democracy, offering him a seat in Congress, sealed, signed and delivered, if he would withdraw from the mayoralty contest, Mr. George had said: "If I cannot possibly be elected, as you say, why do you want me to withdraw?" And to Mr. Ivins's reply, "You cannot be elected, but your running will raise hell," Mr. George had rejoined that he did not want to be elected, but he did want to raise hell.

It is this, this disregard of self-interest, this indifference to one's personal fate, this willingness to "raise hell" for the sake of a cause, or to give one's life for it, that the world cannot understand. And it is because the world has never understood that that men like Henry George in all the ages

have had to pay so big a price for just the chance to serve.

MY CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

It was in the year 1888 while I was up the lakes on a fishing trip that I was nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Twenty-first Congressional District of Ohio.

In spite of my association with Mr. George and his ambitions for me—or rather, for the cause through me—I was still very indifferent to matters political. Up to this time I had never even voted, a fact, let me hasten to add, which I never advertised in any of my political campaigns.

The congressional nomination was a complete surprise to me and I did not learn of it until after the convention had adjourned. I do not know to this day why I was nominated.

Mr. George urged me to accept, and after careful consideration I decided to do so. My district was strongly "protectionist" in sentiment, and I was beaten by the Republican nominee, Theodore Burton, by about five hundred votes.

Two years later I was again the Democratic candidate for Congress, and I won the election.

My congressional experience was a good school and I feel that in a way it took the place of college training in my life. It gave me an acquaintance with men of many types from all over the country, broadened my outlook, enlarged my vision and increased my sense of responsibility.

As Mr. George spent a great deal of time with me in Washington, I might carry my simile further and say it was like going through college attended by a private tutor. It is needless to state that his advice and assistance were invaluable to me.

The committees of Congress on which I was appointed to serve could not have been considered important by any stretch of the imagination. The Committee on the District of Columbia became active shortly after my appointment to it, and in less than five months we succeeded in having a resolution adopted providing for an investigation of the taxing methods of the District.

The condition in Washington was similar to the condition I found later in Cleveland. Assessors were controlled by the big land-owners in the retail and manufacturing districts. They kept down those values to the minimum, while the values in the home-

owning districts were placed at the maximum. The small home owner thus was compelled to bear an undue proportion of the local taxes.

Our committee discovered, among other things, that the assessment of land values in the District was \$76,000,000 when it should have been more than \$300,000,000. Our efforts to increase the assessments to a figure near their real value were met with opposition by those landowners who were paying less than their share of taxes, but our work had the effect of increasing somewhat the assessment which followed. The greatest result was that it was the first time any comprehensive report had been made showing specifically the low assessment of valuable property, the high assessment of small homes and the utter futility of all attempts to tax personal or intangible property.

So far as I know this was the very beginning of a line of inquiry that has gone on extensively in this country since, is the heart of the budget fight now going on in England, has been applied in parts of Australia, in New Zealand and in Western Canada and is to-day a recognized part of the taxing systems in these places. It was the first authoritative expression of any public body on this subject. There is no doubt that the tax laws of the future will be framed on the principles embodied in this report.

Its recommendations were based on this central truth, that a tax on the value of land is the only just tax. Analysis shows that the rental value of land does not arise from any expenditure of labor or investment of capital by the owner of the land. The value which the owner of the land may create by the expenditure of labor and capital is a value which attaches to buildings or improvements.

The value which attaches to the land itself comes from the growth of the whole community. It was this growth and improvement of the community which made some land in the District of Columbia worth over three millions of dollars an acre. If the owners of this land had left it idle, if they had been absentees or idiots, this value would have attached to the land to the same extent and in the same manner. It came from a growth of population and general improvement and was primarily due to the fact that that particular place had been selected as the site of the national capital.

Thus everyone who adds even temporarily

to the population and business of Washington or any other city does something to add to the value of the land, something to increase *a fund which may be taken to defray all the expenses of government* without levying any tax on legitimate property or improvement, or which will in any way increase the cost of living.

Every resident must directly or indirectly contribute to the rental value of land. In this way every resident, yes, every sojourner, may be said, in what he pays for the use of land, even though it be for a single night's lodging, to pay a just tax sufficient to provide for the legitimate expenses of the local government and to make the most ample public improvements. But if individual land-owners are permitted to put the proceeds of this tax in their pockets, and taxes are then levied that fall on use and consumption, the body of citizens is really taxed twice.

"The first and paramount consideration in taxation should be equality of burden," and only by taking the rental value of land in taxes can such equality be secured.

During my experience in Congress, the Wilson tariff bill was under discussion, and I moved an amendment putting steel rails on the free list. A great howl went up. How could I, a manufacturer of steel rails, seriously make such a proposal? I had made my money by monopoly, therefore my opposition to monopoly could not be genuine.

THE STEEL-RAIL POOL

I fought hard, however, to have steel rails put on the free list. When I spoke of the steel-rail pool to maintain prices, Congressman Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, surprised me by denying its existence. He said there *had been* a combination between certain steel-rail men, which had been broken up by the refusal of a large number of firms to go into it, and that it had fallen of its own weight, but that there was no condition in it for keeping up prices, et cetera, et cetera, and that now this pool was no more.

For answer, I picked up from my desk a paper which I said was a copy of an agreement proving the existence of the pool. Mr. Dalzell said he was bound to accept my statement, but that he deprecated trusts as much as I did. I retorted that as a business man I did not deprecate trusts—I joined them—but that as a member of Congress I neither represented nor defended them.

I said that if it were true, as our Republican members were urging, that protection was a good thing for labor, then Pittsburg ought to be a very paradise for workingmen; but the actual fact was that a few days before Mr. Carnegie had sailed for Jerusalem he utilized the tariff to reestablish the steel-rail pool and then paid other manufacturers to shut up their works and throw their men out of employment. This was followed by a general cut in wages in all his great establishments; and *then* he announced himself ready to give as much as \$5,000 a day to feed the unemployed of Pittsburg.

I reasoned that if I contended for free trade in this particular branch of industry with which I was familiar and in which I was personally interested, it would clear the way for a similar fight on all other free-trade amendments.

Of course steel rails were not put on the free list, and of course the steel-rail pool continued until the necessity for such combinations was ended by the formation of the Steel Trust.

WHY I DETERMINED TO QUIT BUSINESS

This merging of various enterprises into one was brought about not so much by the necessity for protection against laws which forbade combinations in restraint of trade, as by the necessity for mutual protection of the pool members against each other.

The thing I shall call my civic consciousness was deepening. My congressional experience had confirmed me in my belief that political corruption was secondary and political remedies but opiates which might disguise the symptoms for an hour or a day; that crime and vice and misery were for the most part consequences of involuntary poverty, and involuntary poverty the result of law-made privilege, whereby some men have more than they want while the vast mass of mankind wants more than it gets.

More and more I realized that it was the necessities of this legalized privilege in society which created a Riverside Drive in New York, a Lake Shore Boulevard in Chicago, a Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, and at the same time an East Side in New York, a Canal Street in Chicago and a slum district in Cleveland.

During a time of great financial depression

and when I was interested with a lot of people who were accustomed to dealing in rather big transactions, I received a call one night long after midnight from Mr. R. T. Wilson, a man very high up in the business world. He came to my room at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, and asked me to forgive him for waking me, but said he was in a terrible state of depression and he must have me talk to him and cheer him up.

I asked him why he did not give up business since it worried him so excessively. He was worth many millions, and with his simple tastes he could not spend his income.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I ought to stop business. I know it and I have tried it. My family seem to get some enjoyment out of life, and I ought to, but I cannot stay away from the office. I have stayed away for weeks at a time as a trial, and then I get so blue that I have to rush back. Then after I have been at the grind awhile, I am overwhelmed with the awfulness of it all as I was to-night, when I had to come down here to see you."

"Well," I said, "if you will play the game, you've got to take the thumps."

He answered that he saw no relief in any course he could now take; he was too old, too firmly settled in habits of thought and action to change.

That midnight visit set me to thinking seriously about getting out of business. I asked myself whether it was possible, if I continued in it, that I should come to be possessed with the insanity of it as this unhappy old man was. Would it become a habit with me like a drug?

I was young and strong, but, much as I enjoyed the game, I was not willing to take the thumps. Having reached this decision, I directed all my energy to getting out of the various things I was engaged in. This sounds easier than it was, and I never did get out entirely, but from the time of that old financier's visit I never lost sight of the fact that I must give up the money-making game.

I retired from several of my interests at about the same time and prepared to devote myself to the advancement of the principles advocated by Mr. George. I was seeking happiness and I chose the line of least resistance. All my public doings are to be accounted for in this way.

The autobiography of Tom Johnson will be continued in the August HAMPTON'S.



Pro Bono Publico

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS IN THE
EUGENIST SUFFRAGETTE CAMPAIGN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "Amourette," "Iola," "The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrations by Alexander Popini

THE situation in Great Britain was becoming deplorable. The Home Secretary had been chased into the Serpentine; the Prime Minister and a dozen members of Parliament had taken permanent refuge in the vaults of the Bank of England; a vast army of suffragettes was parading the streets of London, singing, cheering and eating bon-bons. Statues, monuments, palaces, were defaced with the words "Votes for Women"; and it was not an uncommon sight to see some handsome young man rushing distractedly through Piccadilly pur-

sued by scores of fleet-footed suffragettes of the eugenic wing of their party, intent on his capture for the purposes of scientific propagation.

No young man who conformed to the standard of masculine beauty set by the Eugenist Suffragettes was safe any longer. Scientific marriages between perfectly healthy people was now a firmly established principle of the suffragette propaganda; they began to chase attractive young men on sight with the avowed determination of marrying them to physically qualified individuals of their own sex and party, irrespective of social or educational suitability.

This had already entailed much hardship; the young Marquis of Putney was chased through Cadogan Place, caught, taken away in a taxi and married, willy-nilly, to a big, handsome, strapping girl who sold dumb-bells in the New American Department Store. No matter who the man might be professionally and socially, if he was young and well-built and athletic he was chased on sight and, if captured, married to some wholesome and athletic young suffragette, in spite of his piteous protests.

"We will found," cried Mrs. Blinkerly-Danksome-Hankly triumphantly, "a perfect human race and teach it the immortal principles of woman's rights. So if we can't persuade Parliament to come out for us, we'll take Parliament by the slack of its degraded trousers, some day, and throw it out."

This terrible menace, delivered in Trafalgar Square, was cabled to *The Outlook* which instantly issued its first extra; and New York, already in the preliminary throes of a feminine revolution, went wild.

That day the handsome young governor of New York, attended by his ornamental young military secretary in full uniform, had arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria to confer with the attractive young mayor of the metropolis, concerning a bill to be introduced into the legislature, permitting the franchise to women under certain conditions. And on the same day a monster suffragette parade was scheduled.

Some provisions of the proposed measure, somehow or other, had become known to the National Federation of Women; and as the governor, his military secretary, and the mayor sat in earnest conference in a private room at the Waldorf, the most terrible riot that New York ever saw began on Fifth Avenue just as the head of the parade, led by the suffragette band of one hundred pieces, arrived at the hotel.

The governor, mayor and secretary rushed to the windows; acres of banners waved wildly below; cheer after cheer rent the raw March atmosphere; in every direction handsome young men were fleeing, pursued by eugenists. Under their very windows the shocked politicians beheld an exceedingly good-looking youth seized by several vigorous and beautiful suffragettes, dragged into a taxi, and hurried away toward a scientific marriage, kicking and struggling.

This was nothing new, alas! More than one attractive young man had already been followed and spoken to in Manhattan. Mr. Dill, President of the Board of Aldermen, and the handsomest incumbent of the office that the city ever beheld, had been courted so persistently that, fearful of being picked up, he remained in hiding, disguised as a Broadway fortune-teller, where the mayor came at intervals to consult him on pretense of having his palms read.

But now the suffragettes threw off all restraint; men, frightened and confused, were being not only spoken to on Fifth Avenue, but were being seized and forcibly conducted in taxi-cabs toward the marriage license bureau. It was a very St. Bartholomew for bachelors.

"John," said the governor to his capable young military secretary, "take off that uniform. I'm going to flee in disguise."

"What does Your Excellency expect me to flee in—dishabille?" stammered the military secretary.

"I don't care what you flee in," said the governor bluntly; "but I will not have it said that the governor of the great state of New York was seized by a dozen buxom eugenists and hurried away to become the founder of a physically and politically perfect race of politicians. Get out of those gold-laced jeans!"

"I'll flee disguised as a chambermaid," muttered the handsome, rosy-cheeked young mayor. And he rang for one.

While the governor and his secretary were exchanging clothes, they heard the mayor, in the hallway, arguing with a large German chambermaid in an earnest and fatherly manner, punctuated by coy screams from the maid.

By and by he came back to the room, perspiring.

"I bought her clothes," he said. "She'll throw them over the transom."

The clothing arrived presently by way of the transom. The governor and the secretary tried to aid the mayor to get into the various sections of clothing, but as they all were bachelors and young, they naturally were not aware of the functions of the various objects scattered over the floor.

The governor picked up a bunch of curls attached to a cup-shaped turban swirl.

"Good Heavens!" he said, "the girl has scalped herself for your sake, John!"

"I bought that, too," said the mayor,

sullenly. "Do you know which way it goes on, George?"

They fixed it so that two curls fell down and dangled on either side of His Honor's nose.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate military secretary had dressed in the top hat and cutaway of the governor.

He said, huskily: "If I can't outrun them, they'll catch me and try to start raising statesmen."

"It's your duty to defend me," observed the governor.

"Yes, with my life, but not with p-progeny."

"Then you'd better run faster than you've ever run in all your life," said the governor coldly.

At that moment there came a telephone call.

"Lady at the desk to speak to the governor," came a voice.

"Hello! Who is it?" asked His Excellency coyly.

"Professor Elizabeth Challis!" came a very sweet but determined voice.

At the terrible name of the new President of the National Federation of American Women, the governor jumped with nervousness. Anonymous letters had warned him that she was after him for eugenic purposes.

"What do you want?" he asked tremulously.

"In the name of the Federation, I demand that you instantly destroy the draft of that infamous bill which you are preparing to rush through at Albany."

"I won't," said the governor.

"If you don't," she said, "the Committee on Eugenics will seize you."

"Let 'em catch me first," he replied boldly, and rang off.

"Now, John," he said briskly, "as soon as they catch sight of you in my top hat and cutaway, they'll start for you; and I advise you to leg it if you want to remain single."

The unfortunate military secretary gulped with fright, buttoned his cutaway coat, and gazed fearfully out of the window where, in the avenue below, the riot was still in lively progress. Terrified young men fled in every direction, pursued by vigorous and youthful beauty, while the suffragette band played, and thousands of suffragettes cheered wildly.

"Isn't it awful," groaned the mayor, ar-

-ranging the lace cap on his turban swirl and shaking out his skirts. "The police are no use. The suffragettes kidnap the good-looking ones. Are you ready for the sortie, governor?"

The governor, in the handsome uniform of his military secretary, adjusted his sword and put on the gold-laced cap. Then, thrusting the draft of the obnoxious bill into the bosom of his tunic, he strode from the room, followed by his secretary and the unfortunate mayor, who attempted in vain to avoid treading on his own trailing skirts.

"George," said the mayor, spitting out a curl that kept persistently getting into his mouth every time he opened it, "I'll be in a pickle unless I can reach Dill's rooms. Wait! There's a pin sticking into me!"

"Too late," said the governor. "It will spur you to run all the faster. Where is Dill's?"

The mayor whispered the directions, puffing his cheeks and blowing away his curl as it incommoded him. The governor walked faster to escape. Down in the elevator they went, gazed at by terror-stricken bellhops and scared porters.

As the cheering and band-playing grew louder and more distinct, the secretary quailed, but the governor admonished him.

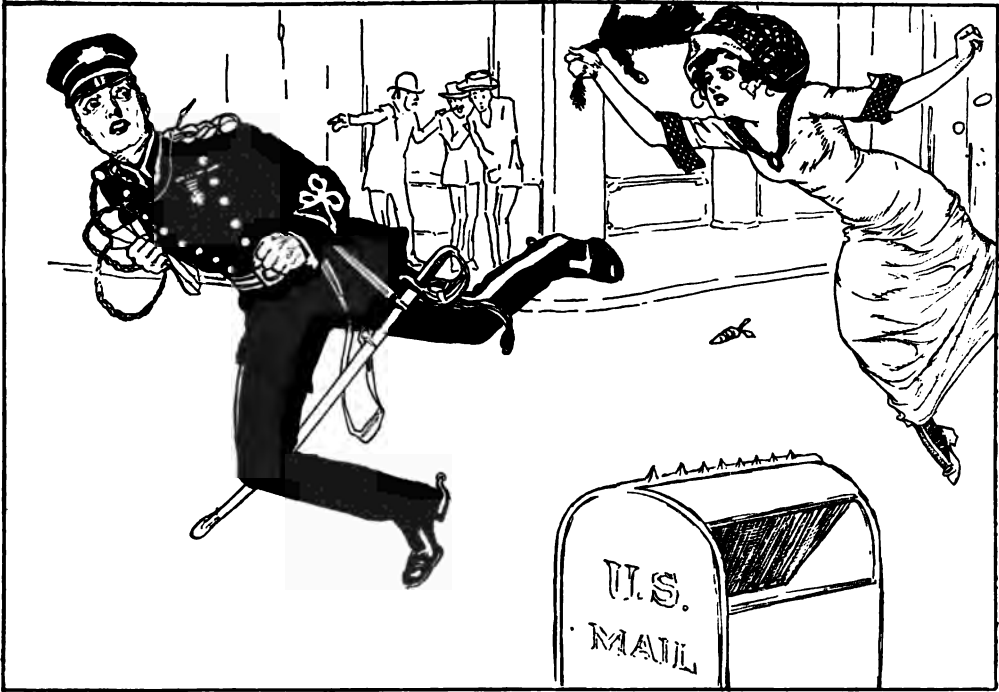
"You've simply got to save me," he said, "*Pro bono publico!* Come on, now. Make a dash for a taxi and the single life! One—two—three!"

The next moment, the secretary's top hat was carried away by a brick; the mayor's turban swirl went the same way, amid showers of confetti and a yell of fury from a thousand suffragettes who saw, in his piteous attempt to disguise himself by the aid of a turban swirl, an insult to womanhood the world over.

A perfect blizzard of missiles rained on the terrified politicians; the secretary and the mayor burst into a frantic canter up Thirty-fourth Street, pursued by a thousand strikingly handsome women. The governor ran west.

II

The governor of the great state of New York was now running up Broadway with his borrowed sword between his legs and his borrowed uniform covered with confetti—footing it as earnestly as though he were running behind his ticket, with New York County yet to hear from.



"THE GOVERNOR RAN WEST. AFTER HIM SPED BRICKS, VEGETABLES, SPOT-EGGS
GLOVED HANDS FULL OF HORSE-

After him sped bricks, vegetables, spot-eggs and several exceedingly fashionable suffragettes, their perfectly-gloved hands full of horsewhips, banners and farm produce. But His Excellency was now running strongly; one by one his eager and beautiful pursuers gave up the chase and fell out, panting and flushed from the exciting and exhilarating sport, until, at Forty-second Street, only one fleet-footed young girl remained at his heels.

The order of precedence then shifted as follows: first, the young and handsome governor, running like a lost dog at a fair, and clutching the draft of the obnoxious bill to his gold-laced bosom; second, one distractingly lovely young girl, big, wholesome-looking, athletic and pink of cheeks, swinging a *ci-devant* cat by the tail, as menacingly as David balanced the loaded sling; third, several agitated policemen whistling and rapping for assistance; fourth, the hoi-polloi of the Via Blanca; fifth, a small dog; sixth, the idle wind toying carelessly with the dust and refuse and hats and skirts of all Broadway. This municipal dust-storm, mingling with the brooding metropolitan gasoline fog, produced a sirocco of which no

Libyan desert needed to be ashamed; and it alternately blotted out and revealed the interesting Marathonian procession, until one capricious and suffocating flurry full of whirling newspapers and derbies completely blotted out the governor and the young lady at his heels. And when, a moment later, the miniature tornado had subsided into a series of playful sidewalk eddies, only the policemen, the hoi-polloi, and the dog were still going—the governor and the beautiful suffragette had completely disappeared. They had, it is true, chosen a very good time and place for such an occult performance—Long Acre at its busiest.

Several mounted policemen had now joined in the frantic festivities. They galloped hurriedly in every direction. The crowd cheered and pursued the police; the small dog barked in eddying circles, till he resembled an expiring pin wheel.

Meanwhile, a curious thing had occurred; the youthful governor was now chasing the suffragette. It occurred abruptly and in the following manner:

No sooner had the dust cloud spread a momentary fog around the radiant young man—like a hurricane eclipse of the sun—



AND SEVERAL EXCEEDINGLY FASHIONABLE SUFFRAGETTES, THEIR PERFECTLY WHIPS, BANNERS AND FARM PRODUCE."

than he darted into the narrow and dark hallway of an old-fashioned office building devoted to theatrical agencies, all-night lawyers and "astrologists," and started up the stairs. But his unaccustomed sword tripped him up, and as he fell flat with a startling outcrash of accouterments, there came a flurry of delicately perfumed skirts, the typewritten papers were snatched from his gloved hands, and the perfumed skirts went scurrying away through the dusky corridor which ought to have opened on the next cross-street, and didn't.

After her ran the governor, now goaded to courage by the loss of his papers, and she, finding herself in a *cul-de-sac*, turned at bay, launched the cat at his head, and attempted to spring past him. But he caught the whirling feline in one white-gloved hand and barred her way with the other; and she turned once more, in desperation, to seek an egress which did not exist.

A flight of precipitate and rickety stairs led upward into an obscurity rendered deeper by a single gas jet burning low on the landing above.

Up this she sprang, two steps at a time, the young man at her heels; up, up, passing

floor after floor, until a dirty skylight overhead warned her that the race was ending.

On the top corridor there was a door ajar; she sprang for it, opened it, tried to slam and lock it behind her; then, exhausted, she shrank backward into the room and sank into a red velvet chair, holding the bunch of papers tightly to her heaving breast.

There was another chair—a gilt one. Into it fell His Excellency, gasping, speechless, his spurred and booted legs trailing, his borrowed uniform all over confetti and dust from his tumble on the stairs.

Minute after minute elapsed as they lay there, fighting for breath, watching each other. She was the first to stir; and instantly he dragged himself to his feet, staggered over to the door, locked it, dropped the key into his pocket, returned to his chair and collapsed once more.

After a few moments he glanced down at the cat which he was still clutching. A slight shiver passed over him; then, as he inspected it more closely, over his features crept an ironical smile, for the cat was not even a *ci-devant* cat; it had never been a cat; it was only an imitation of a defunct one

made out of floss and chenille, like a teddy-bear; and he smiled at her scornfully and dangled it by its black-and-white tail.

"Pooh!" he panted, "I suppose even your bricks and vegetables and eggs were cotillion favors full of confetti."

"They were," she admitted defiantly, "which did not prevent their serving their purposes."

"As what?"

"As symbols?"

"Symbols?" he retorted, in derision.

"Yes, symbols! The three most ancient symbols of an insulted people's fury—the egg, the turnip and the cat."

"*Mala gallina, malum ovum*," he laughed, adjusting his sword and picking several streamers of confetti from his tunic. "Did they hurl spot-eggs in ancient Rome, fair maid?"

"They did—and cats—*ex necessitate rei*," she observed with composure.

"*Ex nihilo felis fit!* A cat-fit for nothing," he retorted flippantly.

Half defiantly she straightened out the slight disorder of her own apparel, still breathing fast and keeping tight hold of the bundle of papers.

"How soon are you going to let me have them?" he asked good-humoredly.

"Never."

"I can't permit you to leave this room until you hand them to me."

"Then I shall never leave this room!"

"You certainly shall not leave it until I have those papers."

"Then I'll remain here all my life!" she said defiantly.

"What do you expect to do when the people who live here return?"

She shrugged her pretty shoulders, and presently cast an involuntary and uneasy glance around the room.

It was not a place to reassure any girl. Gilt stars were pasted all over walls and ceiling, where also a tinsel sun and moon appeared. The constellations were interspersed with bats. The remaining decorations consisted of a cozy corner, some pasteboard trophies, red cotton-velvet hangings, several plaster casts of human hands and a frieze of half-burnt cigarettes along the mantel edge.

"Are you going to give me those papers?" he repeated, secretly amused.

"No."

"What do you expect to do with them?"

"Deliver them to Professor Elizabeth

Challis, President of the National Federation of Independent Women of America."

"Is this a private enterprise of yours," he asked curiously, "or just a—a playful impulse, or the militant fruition of a vast and feminine conspiracy?"

She smiled slightly.

"I suppose you mean to be impertinent, but I shall not evade answering you, Captain Jones. I am acting under orders."

"Betty's?" he inquired flippantly.

"The orders of Professor Elizabeth Challis," she said with heightened color.

"Exactly. It is a conspiracy, then, complicated by riot, assault, disorderly conduct and highway robbery, isn't it?"

"You may call it what you choose."

"Oh, I'll leave that to the courts."

She said disdainfully: "We recognize no laws in the making of which we have had no part."

"There's no use in discussing that," said the governor blandly. "But I'd like to know what you suffragettes find so distasteful in that proposed bill which the mayor and—the governor of New York have had drafted."

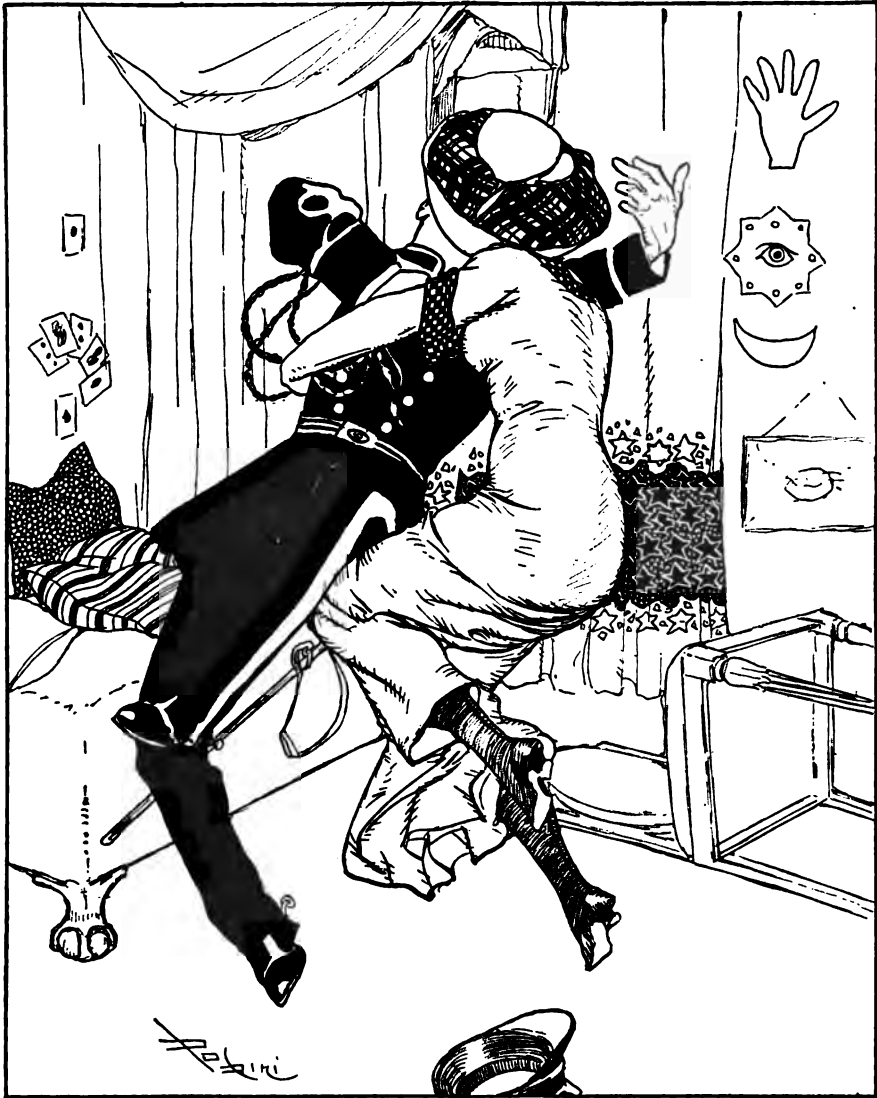
"It is reactionary! A miserable subterfuge! A treacherous attempt to return to the old order of things! A conspiracy to reshackle, reenslave American womanhood with the sordid chains of domestic cares! To drive her back into the kitchen, the laundry, the nursery—back into the dark ages of dependence and acquiescence and nonresistance—back into the degraded epochs of sentimental relations with the tyrant man!"

She leaned forward in her excitement, and her sable boa slid back as she made a gesture with her expensive muff.

"Once," she said, "woman was so ignorant that she married for love! Now the national revolt has come. Neither sentiment nor impulse nor emotion shall ever again play any part in our relations with man!"

He said, trying to speak ironically: "That's a gay outlook, isn't it?"

"The outlook, Captain Jones, is straight into a glorious millennium. Marriage, in the future, is to mean the regeneration of the human race through cold-blooded selection in mating. Only the physically and mentally perfect will hereafter be selected as specimens for scientific propagation. All others must remain unmated—*pro bono publico*—and so, ultimately, human imper-



"AGAIN, COOLLY, DEXTEROUSLY, HE PITTED HIS ADROITNESS AGAINST HERS;
AND IT CAME TO A DEADLOCK."

fection shall utterly disappear from this world!"

Her pretty enthusiasm, her earnestness, the delicious color in her cheeks, began to fascinate him. Then uneasiness returned.

"Do you know," he said cautiously, "that the governor of New York has received anonymous letters informing him that Professor Elizabeth Challis considers him a proper specimen for the—t-t-terrible purposes of s-s-scientific p-p-prop-agation!"

"Some traitor in our camp," she said, "wrote those letters."

"It—it isn't true, then, is it?"

"What isn't true?"

"That the governor of the great state of New York is in any danger of being seized for any such purpose."

She looked at him with a curious veiled expression in her pretty eyes, as though she were nearsighted.

"I think," she said, "Professor Challis means to seize him."

The governor gazed at her, horrified, for a moment; then his political craft came to his aid, and he laughed.

"What does she look like?" he inquired. "Is she rather a tough old lady?"

"No, she's young and—athletic."

"Barrel-shaped?"

"Oh, she's as tall as the governor is—about six feet, I believe."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, paling.

"Six feet," she repeated carelessly. "Rowed stroke at Vassar; carried off the standing long jump, pole-vault and ten-mile swimming—"

"This—this is terrible," murmured the young man, passing one gloved hand over his dampening brow. Then, with a desperate attempt at a smile, he leaned forward and said confidentially:

"As a matter of fact—just between you and me—the governor is an invalid."

"Impossible!" she retorted, her clear, blue eyes on his.

"Alas! It is only too true. He's got a very, very rare disease," said the young man sadly. "Promise you won't tell?"

"Y-yes," said the girl. Her face had lost some of its color.

"Then I will confide in you," said the young man impressively. "The governor is threatened with a serious cardiac affection, known as Lamour's disease."

She looked down, remained silent for a moment, then lifted her pure gaze to him.

"It that true—Captain Jones?"

"As true as that I am his military secretary."

Her features remained expressionless, but the color came back as though the worst of the shock were over.

"I see," she said seriously. "Professor Challis ought to know of this sad condition of affairs. I have heard of Lamour's disease."

"Indeed, she ought to be told at once!" he said delighted. "You'll inform her, won't you?"

"If you wish."

"Thank you! *Thank* you!" he said fervently. "You are certainly the most charmingly reasonable of your delightful sex. The governor will be tremendously obliged to you—"

"Is the governor—are his—his affections—to use an obsolete expression—fixed upon any particular—"

"Oh, no!" he said smiling. "The gov-

ernor isn't in love—except—er—generally. He's a gay bird. The governor never, in all his career, saw a single specimen of your sex which—well, which interested him as much—well, for example," he added, in a burst of confidence, "as much, even, as you interest me!"

"Which, of course, is not at all," she said, laughing.

"Oh, no—no, not at all—" he hesitated, biting his mustache and looking at her.

"I'll tell you one thing," he said. "If the governor ever did get entirely well—er—recovered—you know what I mean?"

"Cured of his cardiac trouble—this disease known as Lamour's disease?"

"Exactly. If he ever did recover, he—I'm quite sure he would be—" And here he hesitated, gazing at her in silence. As for her, she had turned her head and was gazing out of the window.

"I wonder what your name is?" he said, so naively that the color tinted even the tips of the small ear turned toward him.

"My name," she said, "is Mary Smith. Like you, I am Militant Secretary to Professor Elizabeth Challis, President of the Federation of American Women."

"I hope we will remain on pleasant terms," he ventured.

"I hope so, Captain Jones."

"Noncombatants."

"I trust so."

"Even f-friends."

She bent her distractingly pretty head in acquiescence.

"Then you'll give me back the papers?"

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry for taking them?"

"No, sorry for keeping them."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to keep them, Miss Smith!"

"I'm afraid I must. My duty forces me to deliver them to Professor Challis."

"But why does this terrible and strapping young lady desire to swipe the draft of this bill?"

"Because it contains the evidence of a wicked conspiracy between the governor of New York, the mayor of this city, and an abandoned legislature. The women of America ought to know what threatens them before this bill is perfected and introduced. And before they will permit it to be debated and passed, they are determined to march on Albany, half a million strong, as did the heroines of Versailles!"

She stretched out her white-gloved hand with an excited but graceful gesture. He eyed her moodily, swinging the chenille cat by its fluffy tail.

"What do they suspect is in that bill?" he said, at last.

"We are not yet perfectly sure. We believe it is an insidious attempt to sow dissension in the ranks of our sex—a bill cunningly devised to create jealousy and unworthy distrust among us—an ingenious and inhuman conspiracy to disorganize the National Federation of Free and Independent Women."

"Nonsense," he said. "The bill, when perfected, is designed to give you what you want."

"What!"

"Certainly; votes for women."

"On what terms?" she asked incredulously.

"Terms? Oh, no particular terms. I wouldn't call them terms," he said craftily. "That sounds like masculine dictation."

"It certainly does."

"Of course. There are no terms in it. It's a—a sort of a civil-service idea—a kind of a qualification for the franchise——"

"Oh!"

"Yes," he continued pleasantly, "it a—er—suggests that a vote be accorded to any woman who, in competition with others of that election district, passes the examinations——"

"What examinations?"

He twirled the cat carelessly.

"Oh, papers on various subjects. One is chemistry."

"Chemistry?"

"Yes—that part of organic chemistry which includes the scientific preparation of—er—food."

Her eyes flashed; he twirled the cat absently.

"Yes," he said, "chemistry is one of the subjects. Physics is another—physical phenomena."

"What kind?"

"Oh—the—the proposition that nature abhors a vacuum. You're to prove it—you're given a certain area, say a bedroom full of dust, then you apply to it——"

"I see," she said. "You mean we apply to it a vacuum cleaner, don't you?"

"Or," he admitted courteously, "you may solve it through the science of dynamics——"

"Of course—using a broom!" Her eyes were beautiful but frosty.

"Do you know," he said, as pleasantly as he dared, "that you, for instance, would be sure to pass?"

"Because I'm intelligent enough to comprehend the subtleties of this—bill?"

"Exactly." He swung the cat in a circle.

"Thank you. And what else do these examination papers contain?"

"Physics, mostly—the properties of solid bodies. For example, you take a button—any ordinary button," he explained frankly, as though taking her into his confidence, "say, for instance, the plain, bone button of commerce——"

"And sew it onto some masculine shirt," she nodded, as he sank back, apparently overcome with admiration at her intelligence. "And that," she added, "no doubt is intended to illustrate the phenomenon of cohesion."

"You are perfectly correct," he said with enthusiasm.

"What else is there?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing—nothing very much. A few experiments in bacteriology——"

"Sterilizing nursing bottles?"

"How on earth did you ever guess?" he cried, overwhelmed, but perfectly alert to the kindling anger in her blue eyes. "Why, of course that is it. It is included in the science of embryotics——"

"What science?"

"Embryotics. For instance, you take an embryo of any kind—say a—a baby. Then you show exactly how to dress, undress, wash, feed and finally bring that baby to triumphant maturity. It's interesting, isn't it, Miss Smith?"

She said nothing. He twirled the cat furiously, until its tail gave way and it flew into a corner.

"Captain Jones," she said, "as I understand it, this bill is a codified conspiracy to turn every woman of this state into a—a washer of clothes, a cleaner of floors, a bearer of children—and a *Haus-frau*!"

"I—I would not put it *that way*—" he protested.

"And her reward," she went on, not noticing his interruption, "is permission to vote—to use the inalienable liberty with which already Heaven has endowed her."

Tears flashed in her eyes; she held her small head proudly, and not one fell.

"Captain Jones," she said, "do you real—"

ize what centuries of suppression are doing to my sex? Do you understand that woman is degenerating into an immobility—an inertia—a molluskoidal condition of receptive passivity which is rendering us, year by year, more unfitted to either think or act for ourselves? Even in the matter of marriage we are not permitted by custom to assume the initiative. We may only shake our heads until the man we are inclined toward asks us, when he is entirely ready to ask. Then, like a row of Chinese dolls, we nod our heads.

"I tell you," she said tremulously, "we are becoming like that horrid, degenerate, wingless moth which is born, mates and dies in one spot—a living mechanical incubator—a poor, deformed, senseless thing that has, through generations, lost not only the use but even the rudiments of the wings which she once possessed. But the male moth flies more strongly and frivolously than ever. There is nothing the matter with the development of his wings, Captain Jones."

It was now growing rather dark in the room.

"I'm terribly sorry you feel this way," he said.

She had averted her eyes and was now seated, chin in hand, looking out of the window.

"Do you know," he said, "this is a rotten condition of affairs."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"This attitude of women."

"Is it more odious than the attitude of men?"

"After all," he said, "man is born with the biceps. He was made to do the fighting."

"Not all of the intellectual fighting."

"No, of course not. But—you don't want him to rock the cradle, do you?"

"Cradles are no longer rocked, Captain Jones. I don't think *you* would be qualified to pass this examination with which you menace us."

He began to be interested. She turned from the window, saw he was interested, hesitated, then:

"I wish I could talk to you—to such a man as you seem to be—sensibly, without rancor, without personal enmity or prejudice——"

"Can't you?"

"Why, yes, *I* can. But—I am not sure what *your* attitude——"

"It is friendly," he said, looking at her. "I am perfectly hap—I mean willing to listen to you. Only, sooner or later you must return to me those papers."

"Why?"

"The governor intrusted them to me officially——"

She said, smiling:

"But you—your governor, I mean—can frame another, similar bill."

"I'm a soldier in uniform," he said dramatically. "My duty is to guard those papers with my life!"

"I am a soldier, too," she said proudly, "in the Army of Human Progress."

"Very well," he said, "if you regard it that way."

"I do. Only brute violence can deprive me of these papers."

"That," he said, "is out of the question."

"It is no more shameful than the mental violence to which you have subjected us through centuries. Anyway, you're not strong enough to get them from me!"

"Do you expect me to seize you and twist your arm until you drop those papers?"

"You can never have them otherwise. Try it!"

He sat silent for a while, alternately twisting his mustache and the cat's tail. Presently, he flung the latter away, rose, inspected the stars on the wall and then began to pace to and fro, his gloved hands behind his back, spurs and sword clanking.

"It's getting late," he said, as he passed her. Continuing his promenade, he added as he passed her again: "I've had no luncheon. Have you?"

He poked around the room, examining the fantastic furnishings in all their magnificence of cotton velvet and red cheese cloth.

"If this is Dill's room, it's a horrible place," he thought to himself, sitting down by a table and shuffling a pack of cards.

"Shall I cast your horoscope?" he asked amiably. "Here's a chart."

"No, thank you."

Presently he said:

"It's getting beastly cold in this room."

"Really," she murmured.

He came back and sat down in the gilded chair. It was now so dusky in the room that he couldn't see her very plainly. So he folded his arms and abandoned himself to gloomy patience until the room became very dark. Then he got up, struck a match and lighted the gas.

"By Jupiter!" he muttered, "I'm hungry!"

For nearly five minutes she let the remark go apparently unnoted. But the complaint he had made is the one general and comprehensive appeal that no woman ever born can altogether ignore. In the depths of her something always responds, however faintly. And in the soul of this young girl it was answering now—the subtle, occult response of woman to the eternal and endless need of man—hunger of one kind or another.

"I'm sorry," she said, so sincerely that the sweetness in her voice startled him.

"Why—why, do you know, I believe you really are!" he said, in grateful surprise.

"I am a great many things that you have no idea I am," she said, smiling.

"What is one of them?"

"I'm afraid I'm a—fool."

She came forward and stood looking at him.

"I've been thinking," she said, "that I can do you no kinder service than to let you take those papers and go home."

For a moment he thought she was joking; then something in her expression changed his opinion, and he took a step forward, eyes fixed on her face.

"Yes," he said, "it would be the kindest thing you can do for me. Shall I tell you why? It's because I'm hopelessly nearsighted. I wear glasses when I'm alone in my study where nobody can see me."

"What in the world has *that* to do with my leaving you?" she asked, coloring.

"Suffragettes would never marry a nearsighted man, would they?"

"They ought not to."

"You wouldn't, would you?"

"Why do you ask—such a thing?"

"I want to know."

"But how does your myopia concern *me*?" she said faintly.

"Couldn't it—ever?" he asked, reddening.

"No," she said, turning pale.

"Then we'd better not stay here—and I'm going to be as generous as you are," he said, advancing toward her. "I'm going to let you go home."

She backed away, thrusting the papers behind her; his arm slipped around her after them, strove to grasp them, to hold and restrain her, but there was a strength in her tall, firm, young body which matched

his own. She resisted, turned, twisted, confronted him with high color and lips compressed, and they came to a deadlock, breathing fast and irregularly. Again, coolly, dexterously, he pitted his adroitness, then his sheer strength, against hers; and it came again to a deadlock. Suddenly she crooked one smooth knee inside of his; her arms slid around him like lightning; he felt himself rising into the air, descending; there came a crash, a magnificent display of ocular fireworks and nothing further concerned him until he discovered himself lying flat on the floor and heard somebody sobbing incoherencies beside him. He was mean enough to keep his eyes shut while she, on her knees beside him, slopped water on his forehead and begged him to speak to her, and told him her heart was broken and she desired to die and repose in mortuary simplicity beside him forever.

Certain terms she employed in addressing what she feared were only his battered remains caused him to prick up his ears. He certainly was one of the meanest of men.

"Dear," she sobbed, "I—I have l-loved you ever since your lithographs were displayed during the election! Only speak to me! Only open those beloved eyes! I don't care whether they are nearsighted Oh, please, please wake up!" she cried brokenly. "I'll give you your papers! What do I care about that old bill! I'm p-perfectly willing to do all those things! Oh! Oh! Oh! How conscience does make *Haus-fraus* of us all!"

His meanness now became contemptible; he felt her trembling hands on his brow, the fragrant, tearful face nearer, nearer, until her hot, flushed cheeks and quivering lips touched his. And yet, incredible as it seems, and to the everlasting shame of all his sex, he kept eyes and mouth shut until a lively knocking on the door brought him bolt upright.

She uttered a little cry and shrank away from him on her knees, the tears glimmering in her startled and wide-open eyes.

"Good Heavens, darling!" he said seriously. "How on earth are we going to explain this?"

They scrambled hastily to their feet and gazed at each other while kicks and blows began to rain on the door.

"I believe it's Dill," he whispered, "and I seem to hear the mayor's voice, too."

"Help! Help! For Heaven's sake!"

screamed the mayor. "Let us in, George! There's a mob of suffragettes coming up the stairs!"

The governor unlocked the door and jerked it open just as several unusually beautiful girls seized Mr. Dill and the military secretary. The mayor, however, rushed blindly into the room. His turban swirl was over one eye; his skirt was missing; his apron hung by one pin. He ran headlong for a sofa and tried to scramble under it, but lovely and vigorous arms seized his shins and drew him triumphantly forth.

"Hurrah!" they cried delightedly. "We have carried the entire ticket!"

"Hurrah!" echoed a sweet but tremulous voice; and a firm young arm was slipped through the governor's.

He turned to meet her beautiful, level gaze.

"Check!" she said.

"Make it checkmate," he said steadily.

"Mate *you*?"

"Will you?"

She bent her superb head a moment, then lifted her splendid eyes to his.

"Of course I will," she said, as steadily as her quickening heart permitted. "Why do you suppose I ran after you?"

"Why?" whispered that infatuated man.

"Because," she said naively, "I was afraid some other girl would get you. A girl never can be sure what another girl might do to a man. And I wanted you for myself."

"Thank God," he said. "That six-foot Professor Challis will never get me anyway."

She bent her adorable face close to his.

"Your Excellency," she murmured, "I am Professor Challis!"

At that instant a pretty and excited suffragette dashed up the stairs and saluted.

"Professor!" she cried. "All over the city desirable young men are being pursued and married by the thousands! We have swept the state, with Brooklyn and West Point yet to hear from!" Her glance fell upon the governor. She laughed gleefully.

"Shall I call a taxi, Professor?" she asked.

An exquisite and modest pride transformed the features of Professor Betty Challis to a beauty almost celestial.

"Let George do it!" she said tenderly.

A few minutes later, amid a hideous scene of riot, where young men were fleeing distractedly in every direction, where excited young girls were dragging them, struggling and screaming, into cabs, where even the police were rushing hither and thither in desperate search for a place to hide in, the Governor of New York and Professor Elizabeth Challis might have been seen whirling down town in a taxi-cab toward the marriage-license bureau.

Her golden head lay close to his; his mustache rested against her delicately-flushed cheek. A moment later she sat up straight in dire consternation.

"Oh, those papers! The draft of the bill!" she exclaimed. "Where is it?"

"Did you want it, Betty?" he asked surprised.

"Why—why, no. Didn't you want it, George?"

"I? Not at all."

"Then why on earth did you keep me imprisoned in that room so long if you didn't want those papers?"

He said slowly: "Why didn't you give them up to me if *you* didn't really want them, Betty?"

She shook her pretty head: "I don't know. But I'm afraid it was only partly obstinacy."

"It was only partly that with me," he said.

They smiled.

"I just wanted to detain you, I suppose," he admitted.

"George! You wouldn't expect me to match that horrid confession, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't ask it of you."

He laid his cheek against hers and whispered:

"Darling, do you think our great love justifies our concealing my myopia?"

"George," she murmured, "I think it does. Besides, I'm dreadfully nearsighted myself."

"You!"

"Dear, every one of us has got *something* the matter with her. Miss Vining, who caught the mayor, wears a rat herself. Do you mean to say that men believe there ever was a perfect woman?"

He kissed her slowly.

"I believe it," he said.

Do You Want to Stay Young?

By

Woods Hutchinson, M.A., M.D.

*Author of "Preventable Diseases," "Conquest
of Consumption," etc.*

Illustrations

by

Merle Johnson



EVERY process in nature is tolerable and even enjoyable when it comes — except perhaps birth. From the vigor with which we wrinkle up our features and squawll when the light of day first strikes us in the eyes, it is generally assumed that, for reasons best known to ourselves, we thoroughly disapprove both of our new surroundings and of the process which brought us hither.

This is merely assumption. Our personal recollections on the point are of the vaguest, and would hardly be accepted as evidence. But we have unanimously agreed to ignore this one really disagreeable natural incident in our lives, and to concentrate all our an-

ticipations of dread and terror upon the opposite end of our career, when we make our exit from the stage of life.

We dread death—which ninety-nine per cent of us meet with far less outcry than we do birth—and look forward with misgivings and forebodings to that last act of life's drama which precedes the final falling of the curtain—old age. Why the process of letting go, of relaxing our exhausted hold upon life should be either difficult or painful is hard to conceive upon *a priori* grounds.

As a matter of fact, we have abundant evidence from the mouths of those persons whose testimony alone is of any weight, the dying themselves, that in the phrase of the Grand Monarque, "Dying is very easy." Yet we have allowed the shadow of this

imaginary, this self-created and superstition-conjured dread of our final, peaceful exit to overcast that stage of our life which is the most peaceful, the sunniest, and the richest in memories—old age.

A healthy, honorable, natural old age is one of the happiest things that can happen to us, the crown and reward of a well-spent life, no more to be dreaded or feared than a natural death. The only pains and penalties of old age that are to be dreaded are those brought upon us by our own individual misfortunes or our follies, both of which are now largely preventable—which the more completely so it would be really hard to say.

It is often not our follies, moreover, for which we are most severely punished, but certain of our so-called minor virtues. Overwork causes far more suffering and unhappiness in old age than overplay does.

There is no way of preventing old age itself, save by the rather heroic remedy of dying early—which is scarcely worth while for this purpose alone. It is perfectly possible, however, to prevent most of the limitations and crippings, which alone make old age to be dreaded, by the exercise of our intelligence and our determination. Many, if not most, of the changes we associate with age, which we have in mind when we think of growing old, which in our pompous, technical terminology we allude to as "senile degenerations," are the result of infectious diseases and bad hygienic habits.

For instance, remote at first sight as the connection may seem, binding together with one link our first and our second childhood, many of the disabilities of old age are the results of those lightly regarded and almost despised infections called "children's dis-

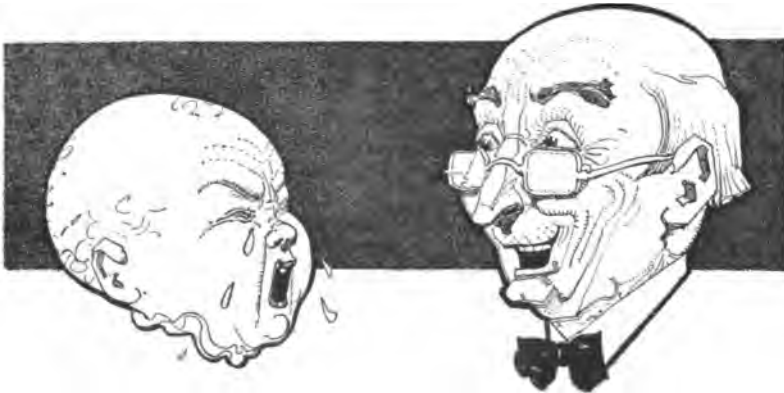
eases" and "common colds." It seems ludicrous to think of a grandfather who has not fully recovered from the measles or of a grandmother who is still suffering from the effects of whooping cough, but such long delayed Nemeses as these are of painfully frequent occurrence.

HEALTHY CHILDHOOD INSURES HAPPY OLD AGE

A healthy first childhood is the best assurance of a happy second one. If you are only sufficiently unfortunate in your environment in early childhood and youth, you may have a full group of senile symptoms and die of old age at forty-five. A large percentage of the mass of humanity, both men and women, do so die, old before their time. If you want your child to reach a healthy, happy, uncrippled old age, guard his cradle and his nursery with jealous care against the demons of the little fevers of infancy and childhood.

Even the so-called dulling of the old man's senses—the failure of his hearing, the dimming of his eyesight—is due, nine times out of ten, to ailments of childhood. The failure of his hearing is due to successive attacks of uncured or untreated colds which spread from his throat up to his Eustachian tube to the drum and the bones of his middle ear; the dimming of his eyesight is due to that decay of the vitality of the center of the crystalline lens which we call cataract, a decay caused by the infection-shocks and overwork and underfeeding strains of life.

Three-quarters of the crippings of the old man or woman, which chain them to their chairs or make their old bones a torture to them half the night long, are not due to any normal or necessary process connected with



CALM OF NERVE AND PEACE OF MIND COME WITH OLD AGE.

advancing years, but to some form of rheumatism which is almost invariably an infection or the result of some form of infectious disease. If you have the good fortune or the good management to avoid tonsillitis, influenza, pneumonia, typhoid fever, pus infections and venereal diseases, you will have avoided three-quarters of your risks of stiffened limbs and swollen joints in your declining years—to say nothing of paralysis, heart disease, Bright's disease, cirrhosis of the liver, and arterio sclerosis in adult life and middle age.

Of course, as yet it is not within human power to avoid all or even a majority of these maladies and misfortunes, but it is becoming more and more nearly so every day. The fewer you have of them the better your chances for escaping these later crippling and degenerations. Every infectious disease that you can cross off your vital slate means five more chances on the scale of one hundred for a happy and comfortable old age. This is especially true of those calamities whose avoidance is within the power of every one—the so-called venereal diseases. An old man's conscience may not worry him much, but nature has other methods of evening up that score.

POVERTY CHIEF CAUSE OF OLD AGE

On the other hand, all the so-called senile changes may be produced at a pitifully premature period—and in actual life are so produced with painful frequency—by either underfeeding or overwork at an early age, or by confinement in foul air without proper exercise. The most potent and common cause of old age, in fact, is that delightful combination of all three of these degrading influences which has been exalted by religion into a means of grace under the title of "poverty."

If you want to live to a good and comfortable old age, don't be poor. The popular delusion that it is by the poor and lowly that great age is most apt to be attained, is due to the fact that the poor grow old so soon. The average centenarian huddled in the almshouse or sitting in the sun beside his cottage door, though he looks every inch



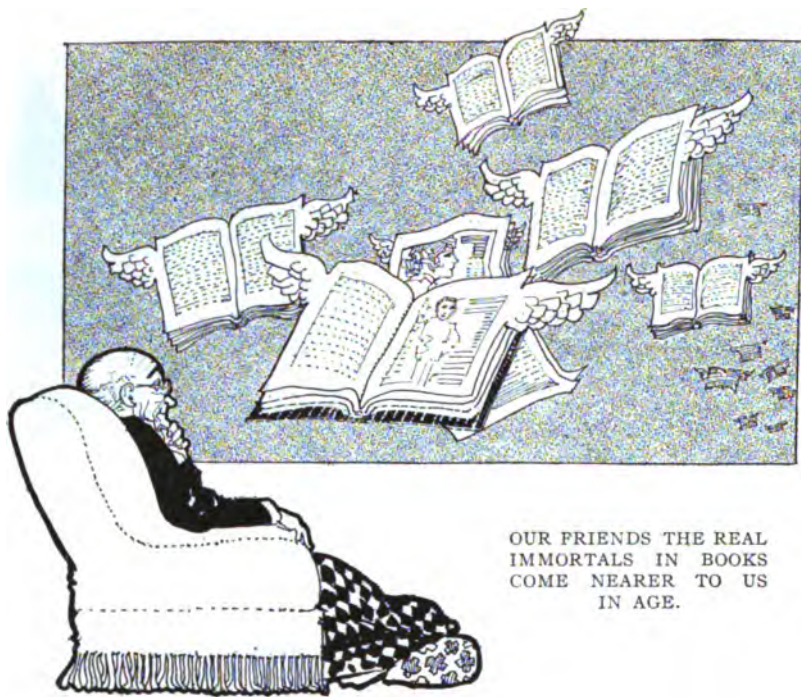
THE PSALMIST'S LIMIT TO LIFE STILL HOLDS GOOD FOR MOST OF US.

of his one hundred or his one hundred and ten years in decrepitude and bodily decay, is usually found on investigation to be under eighty, or else to have no evidence or proofs of the date of his birth. He is one hundred, poor old chap, not in years but in toil and privation and misery.

Do not let your children be underfed or overworked, whether in the factory or in the school room. Do not let anyone underpay or overwork you. You will thereby have doubled both their and your chances for a good, cheerful, and enjoyable old age. The poorer and worse fed a nation or a class, the shorter the average life time and the fewer those who ever attain a good old age.

The Hindu population of India, for instance, has an average longevity of twenty-three years as compared with our own life average of forty-six. Yet the Hindus become so old and decrepit at forty, and furnish such fit material for fables and fairy tales, that instances of centenarianism are supposed to be more common among them than in Europe. Ninety-nine per cent. of all centenarians, whether of Indian, negro, Jewish or "good old New England stock," have been found on actual investigation to be bogus.

Our popular belief that the attainment of "a good old age" was far more common in the good old days, is simply one of those



OUR FRIENDS THE REAL
IMMORTALS IN BOOKS
COME NEARER TO US
IN AGE.

familiar illusions born of the rosy lights which shine upon the past. We imagine that very old people were more common, say, one hundred years ago, for the childish, ridiculous reason that all the men or women born about that period whom we personally have seen or known, were, naturally and in the very nature of the case, very old. In fact, the greatest ages attained in the olden times as compared with these degenerate days are about as mythical as most centenarians.

More of us are living to a good old age to-day than ever in any age of the world before; and more, probably, in America than in any other country in the world, on account of the wider distribution of resources and greater prosperity and comfort of all classes and individuals. The prevention of old age in the sense of its postponement to the latest period and the robbing it of nearly all its discomforts, is advancing steadily and progressively.

PREVENTION OF OLD AGE BEGINS BEFORE BIRTH

If we are going to do anything to cure the disease, old age, we must begin before birth—indeed, as Oliver Wendell Holmes wittily remarked of the prevention of disease, “with the grandparents.” The so-called senile changes are changes which have been going on ever since we began our individual ex-

istence as a fertilized ovum. The time that we begin to feel old, the particular period at which we begin to show our age, is merely that period at which these internal changes have reached and shown themselves upon the surface, in which microscopic alterations have finally become visible to the naked eye.

It is little short of absurd to say that a man becomes old or senile or incapable of further development, or of the conception of new ideas at or after any special or particular age. There is no one period of life in which we grow and another in which we decline. Both processes are going on side by side in every part of our body from the day we are born.

Just as the life of a body means the death of certain of its cells, so the growth of every power and faculty means the sacrifice and the decay of others. Every primitive cell of the embryo lays down part of its life to become a muscle cell, a neuron, a blood corpuscle, or a bone cell. The youngest and pulpiest fiber in a baby's muscle, the most primitive nerve knot that lays the foundations of the brain, in and by that process is beginning to be old.

Division of labor among the cells to form a body, *differentiation* as the biologists term it, is the livery of death. Only one-cell animals which have no differentiation are immortal and never grow old.

Physical immortality, deathless youth is possible, but you must be an infusorian or a yeast plant to attain it, and one wouldn't even be a clam or a jellyfish for the price. The process has no limits any more than it has beginnings. Life is just that, one-third dying that two-thirds may live, whether it be the single cell or the body.

NO AGE LIMIT

While in such gross matters as mere avoirdupois and stature, and the actual horsepower of our muscles, we reach a limit, a period of what we are pleased to call maturity, at a comparatively early age, yet in other and more important respects we continue to grow and develop steadily to a very much later period—fifty-five, sixty and even seventy years. New and valuable achievements, masterpieces in every realm of human activity and interest, have been produced hundreds of times in every decade up to the ninth.

Indeed, careful studies and measurements have shown that our time of actual maturity and arrest of growth in physical characters, such as height, weight and chest girth, is much later than formerly supposed. Instead of reaching, as was at one time confidently stated, our full height at eighteen, our full strength at twenty-three, and our full chest girth at twenty-five, as a matter of fact we continue to increase slowly, it is true, in all these respects until thirty-five, thirty-eight and even forty years of age.

It is obvious, then, that there can be drawn no hard and fast "dead line" beyond which further growth or fresh creative effort or new enterprise or improvement is impossible. In fact, by living a healthful, active, happy life and keeping up all our interests, we can grow and develop and adjust ourselves and feel that we are growing until we are one day suddenly dead, without ever realizing in any distressing or painful way that we are growing old at all.

Already old age has gone quite out of fashion. The civilized, educated man or woman of seventy is younger than the savage of forty or the peasant of fifty. What with steady spread of regular va-

cations and country or suburban homes and walking clubs and golf and gardens and automobiling and travel of all sorts, those who would have been considered old once are now only seventy or seventy-five years young.

Not only is there no definite period in adult or later life when these so-called senile changes begin, but there is no period at which they become accelerated or start to progress at a more rapid rate than before. In fact, the extraordinary paradox exists, that what we term old age is the time of life in which we are growing old least rapidly. The only thing that makes it appear otherwise is that we have been steadily growing old all our lives long and the thousand imperceptible accumulations have mounted to a pitch which we can recognize.

For many centuries we contented ourselves with the superficial belief that the changes which produce old age were something which began in and were peculiar to middle or later life, and therefore, with childish *naïveté*, we were confident that something could be done, or would one day be discovered, which, if applied at this time of life, would do something to arrest these changes and prevent old age—or even, with flatulent absurdity and credulity, restore our youth. All literature and legend are full of eager, pathetic quests for some fabled fountain of eternal youth.

It was only within the last quarter of a century that we actually sat down quietly and rationally to discover of just what this loss of youth consisted, and at what period any steps for its relief must be taken.

At first it was supposed to be certain wasting and calcifying changes in the bones. A variety of bone-building, or bone-softening foods were recommended which would prolong youth indefinitely. Then old age was declared to be sundry changes in the muscles or the wasting away of certain cells in the brain. And then all that curious decay and stiffening of

the muscles in the walls of the heart and blood-vessels, known as arteriosclerosis—which gave rise to the familiar proverb, "A man is as old as his arteries"—was announced as the underlying process of old age.



Almost every organ of the body was taken up in turn and separately accused of being the criminal that by its premature decay poisoned the rest of the system and produced old age. Particularly was this the case with those organs of whose use and function we were still ignorant and which, therefore, left limitless room for speculation without risk of confutation—such as the thyroid gland, the suprarenal body, the thymus gland, and even the tonsil and the appendix.

As our knowledge of the body and the means of its more elaborate study increased, our guesses became more profound and complicated, but scarcely more rational. Metchnikoff discovered that at a certain stage in the process of decay, a form of large, white, blood corpuscle, which he terms *macrophages*, appear in the organs that are undergoing senile decay and proceed to attack and devour their substance. For instance, they attack the pigment or coloring matter in the shafts of the hair and thus produce the familiar blanching or graying of old age. Whereupon he announced that these deadly and treacherous *macrophages* are the real causes of old age and all its disabilities.

Going a step farther he discovered that what appears to endow these *macrophages* with their murderous tastes and powers is the presence of bacteria in the system. As the one place in the system which contains most billions upon billions of bacteria is the lower section of the bowel known as the large intestine or colon, therefore this large intestine with the putrefactions which take place in it he declared to be the cause of old age.

SOUR MILK AND CLABBER CHEESE TO PREVENT OLD AGE

At first he was content to endeavor to diminish these putrefactions by the administration of sour milk, on the theory that the lactic acid produced in sour milk had the power of checking the growth of putrefactive bacteria. So far his position had been pure and harmless theory. He needed some point at which his rainbow could rest upon



TO THE ORDINARY INFECTIONS OF LIFE, EXCEPT PNEUMONIA AND INFLUENZA, THE OLD MAN IS ALMOST IMMUNE.

the earth—and was fortunate enough to find it.

Happening to spend a couple of summer vacations in the Caucasus Mountains, Metchnikoff discovered two startling facts: First, that in the tiny hamlets which dotted the glens and the passages of these mountains, there were large numbers of very old people, many of whom claimed to be centenarians; and, second, that the inhabitants of these villages drank large quantities of sour goat's milk. Nothing, of course, could be clearer than that the sour goat's milk caused the centenarians. A new cure for old age was discovered and proudly proclaimed—sour milk and clabber cheese.

Of course, it was quickly pointed out that sour milk and cottage cheese were articles of common household use all over the civilized and uncivilized world, and that many of the peoples who were most ardently and clabberishly addicted to them reached the mature average longevity of a little over twenty years. Further, that there was not the slightest proof that the swarms of bacteria in the colon were in any appreciable way injurious to the system or had any connection whatever with the *macrophages*, or that the most murderous *macrophage* could make the slightest impression upon young and vigorous tissues and organs.

In addition to that, laboratory tests showed that the bactericidal power of lactic acid was of the mildest and feeblest, and that sweet milk would produce almost the same amount of lessening of the number of bacteria in the large intestine as the best imported Bulgarian bacilli. We have all

been, more or less, on the sweet milk treatment from a very early age.

Something had to be done to save the theory. Casting aside the splintered remains of his lactic acid spear, Metchnikoff boldly attacked the entire large intestine with a club, figuratively speaking, demanding its utter and complete annihilation and removal from the body. A few eager-eyed seekers after health and immortality submitted themselves or their patients to this wholesale amputation. The results were not entirely satisfactory. Although the new immortals would have lived unquestionably to be very old—if they had survived the operation—a good many of them were inconsiderate enough not to do this; and at least two-thirds of those who did were left in such condition that they wished they hadn't. Still, there will doubtless be an eager jump for the next sure cure for old age.

All these explanations and cures have shared the same fate—that the single changes in separate tissues or organs upon which they depended were all found to be merely local expressions of one great process of degeneration which was going on all through the tissues. All the changes that "caused" old age were merely symptoms in the process itself, like the whitening of the hair and shrinking of the gums. No one of them alone would produce old age nor would the arrest or cure of any of them prevent it.

Careful post mortem examinations of the bodies of those dead of old age showed hun-

dreds of cases of perfectly soft, elastic arteries, of normal thyroids and suprarenals, of unblanched hair, of undecayed teeth, of unwasted bone and unatrophied muscles. Yet the curtain had fallen on the final scene, nevertheless.

Not only is it impossible to say precisely when these degenerative changes begin, but we already know that they began at an exceedingly early period. Take such a simple function, for instance, as the mere power and rapidity of growth in height and weight. If we were to be asked offhand for our idea of its relation to age period, we should say that it was most rapid in childhood and continued increasing until perhaps about the twenty-fifth year, when it suddenly stopped. After a brief period of equilibrium the processes of decay and decline set in.

As a matter of fact, our power and rate of growth is declining *most rapidly* in infancy and in childhood, less rapidly in youth and in middle life, and least rapidly in later life or old age. This has been well brought out by the careful study of Professor Minot of Harvard, who bred and weighed at regular intervals some thousands of guinea-pigs for the special purpose of finding the precise rate of growth at different ages, and when the rate of growth was declining most rapidly. After a careful consideration of the various standards of growth rate, he fixed upon the only rational and adequate one, that is, the percentage of increase of the animal's weight which would occur in a given time. He

found, somewhat to his surprise, not merely that this percentage of increase did not grow greater during the successive months of growth, but that it rapidly and constantly diminished from the very first week after birth.

The average of his thousands of measurements showed that during the first week the guinea-pig can add five per cent. of its weight in a single day. By the close of the second week this daily rate of increase had fallen to four per cent.; by the close of the third to less than two per cent.;



THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN CONSIDERED OLD ONCE ARE NOW ONLY SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG.

by the middle of the second month to one per cent.; and by the end of the third month to barely one-half per cent.; while from this on it steadily declined until by the end of the seventh or eighth month growth in weight ceases entirely.

He next applied a similar measurement and estimation to the growth rate of human beings, with the discovery of an absolutely parallel state of affairs, showing that the decline in growth power between the first and second years is nearly two hundred times as great as that between the twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth years. In other words, paradoxical as it sounds, we are aging most rapidly in infancy. The process which begins then, and by which we grow, is the same that carries us into old age and continues into visible decline. Old age is merely the rapids below the falls, infancy is the cataract plunge of decline.

NO CURE FOR OLD AGE

Broadly speaking, there is no real manly reason to regret this tendency or its necessity. Not only is there no cure for old age, but there is no royal road to length of days, no known way of insuring long life. Nor is there any special reason to desire that there should be, for, to invert Scripture, "As thy strength so shalt thy days be."

If we are fortunate enough to be born with a good constitution, and have ancestors who have the more or less desirable habit of living to be old, the chances are that we shall follow their example unless the shears of fate cut our vital thread by some unavoidable accident, or we waste our patrimony of vitality and endurance by dissipation or overwork.

Apart from this, it does not appear probable that anything we do or leave undone will have any very marked influence upon either lengthening or shortening our lives. Recent statistical studies have revealed the fact that the habit of dying young is distinctly inheritable, or at least that the coincidence occurs, that the children of parents who die young are themselves more apt to die before reaching middle life than the average of others.

But, like everything else in the world, the situation is about as broad as it is long. If we have the strength to live healthfully, usefully and happily until seventy-five, eighty or eighty-five, it is well to do so. But if we haven't, it is better to die sooner.

Healthy, normal, self-reliant old age, with clear vision, unclouded judgment and good memory, is a thing to be desired, but no other kind is. It is never worth while continuing to live after the possibility of reasonable enjoyment of life is gone.

In spite of all we have done to prevent disease, to improve the health of the community, to save life, to increase man's control over nature and his surroundings, there appears little evidence that we have in any marked way increased what might be called the normal range of human life. We have raised the average longevity, which means the average age at death, markedly, and we are still raising it. But the greater part of this has been obtained by saving life in infancy and early childhood and enabling a larger and larger proportion of the community to pass the age of thirty-five. The percentage of any civilized community which passes the age of seventy has increased very slightly, although there are encouraging signs of such an increase within the last ten or fifteen years.

While there is no fixed and unchangeable life period for man—or for the matter of that, for any animal—the general average possibility of longevity still runs surprisingly close to that laid down by the psalmist thirty centuries ago: "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and trouble; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

The length of human life appears to be determined by considerations affecting the welfare of the race rather than that of the individual. The majority of us live for such a length of time as will enable us to give birth to the coming generation, to rear, train and start it well upon its way. After that, nature grants us a few decades, more or less, of rest and contemplation, and then we depart and leave the stage to the generation which we have bred and trained for it.

The decade or so after retirement from the more active cares of life, instead of being the decade of confinement to house and garden, with meditation and prayer as its chief resource, as in other days, has become a decade of travel, of seeing the world, of getting a broader outlook upon life. We hardly realize to what a large extent the disabilities and discomforts of old age are not merely removable, but have already been removed by the progress of modern science.

Up to half a century ago it was an accepted commonplace—an axiom almost—that the vision of the old became dim, their hearing poor, that they were chained to their chairs and their fire-side by rheumatism, that from the loss of their teeth they were compelled to live upon gruels and paps. So that, what with their dim vision and poor hearing and their feeble and tottering gait, unless they could hobble over to the hearth-stone to some crony of their own age, they had no means of keeping in touch with the life about them and lost all interest in the affairs of the world.

Chained to her chair by weight of years
She sits and knits till death appears.

as the cheering old distich hath it. But we have changed all that, or most of that, already.

The only constant decline of vision which comes with advancing years, is that due to loss of power in the little muscle of accommodation which, combined with loss of elasticity in the lens, prevents the eye from adjusting itself for mere vision. This gives rise to the familiar "long sight" of middle and later years. The disability can be entirely overcome for all practical purposes by mechanical means—the placing of lenses or spectacles in front of the eye to "bulge" it as its increasing rigidity renders it unable longer to do for itself. With properly adjusted spectacles the vision not merely of the elderly and old, but even of the extremely aged, may be made for all practical purposes as good as in youth.

MODERN APPLIANCES PRESERVE THE VISION AND DIGESTION OF THE AGED

With the wonderful development of the black magic of the printer's art, the flood of well written and beautifully printed and illustrated books and newspapers and magazines upon every conceivable subject and appealing to every possible range of interest, the old man in his well-warmed room or sunny porch can have pass in review before him all the interests, activities and thoughts

of the rolling world, the histories of the past, the excitements of the present and the visions and prophecies of the future.

There is no longer reason to dread that we will fail of resource or be in danger of losing interest in life when we grow old. Even when many of our friends have left us, our best friends, the mighty dead, the immortals who live in books, will never fail us.

The only other degenerative senile change which occurs in the eye, the loss of transparency to the

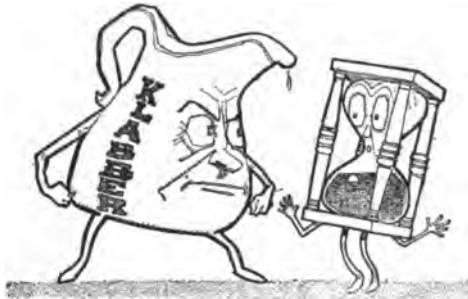
crystalline lens, producing the well-known cataract, does not occur in more than a small percentage even of those who pass their seventieth year. When it does occur it can be completely relieved by a safe and painless surgical operation.

The same is true in an almost equal degree of the limitations of diet and impairment of mastication due to the loss of teeth. There is no need that "the grinders cease because they are few." Dental science has now reached a pitch where it can make the proud claim that if given charge of teeth in childhood so as to be able to exercise preventive and protective care over them, it can practically prevent decay of the teeth altogether, or postpone it to a much later period in life than is now usual.

If decay has already occurred, so perfect have become the resources of the dental art in the direction of filling and crowning and bridging, efficiency can be preserved to an almost unlimited degree and infinite period. Even if worse comes to worst, a clean sweep can be made of such pitiful remnants as remain and fair, moderate comfort and good masticating power given with the plate or full set.

Unfortunately, we still lack a cataract operation for the ear, or a device that will cause sound waves to reach the nerve keyboard of the inner ear as spectacles will bring the light waves to focus on the retina.

We have discovered the encouraging fact that instead of the impairment of hearing of middle life and old age being due to a mere inevitable dulling of the senses, to senile



SOUR MILK AND CLABBER CHEESE WERE
PROUDLY PROCLAIMED SURE CON-
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degeneration of the nerve of hearing, nine-tenths of such deafness is due to inflammatory diseases of the middle ear and their consequences, successions of neglected bad colds, or untreated chronic catarrhs.

CRIPPLED MUSCLES CAN BE AVOIDED

The outlook in regard to the various crippling disabilities of old age is almost equally cheering. While there is unquestionably loss of power due to actual shrinkage of the muscle cells themselves in old age, and some loss of balance in power from similar changes in the brain, particularly the cerebellum, this is a change only in degree rather than in kind.

The man who through adult and middle life keeps himself in the habit of vigorous, enjoyable and abundant exercise in the open air will find that he can continue this in milder form and within somewhat more restricted limits until he is seventy-five, eighty or eighty-five years old. Not a few of the crippling muscular disabilities of old age are due to bad habits and over-confinement and too much sitting still in middle life.

At the same time we have found out that the vast majority of the change in muscles, joints and bones which take place in old age are not only gradual and symmetrical but absolutely painless; and that where actual laming of a joint or pain in a limb occurs, this is nine times out of ten the result of rheumatism or some other form of acute infectious disease.

Many of these diseased conditions are already preventable; still more are curable; all are becoming more so every day, so that the outlook of physical comfort in the later years of life is already excellent and steadily becoming better.

We cannot prevent the approach of old age nor even at any time arrest its cause, but we can delay its progress and rob it of three-fourths of its terrors. Don't work too hard when you have choice in the matter. Live, sleep and spend plenty of time in play in the open air. Avoid in every feasible way exposure to infectious disease. Keep a good appetite, gratify it three times a day. Keep up your interests and hobbies, especially outdoor ones, and you will never realize that you are old until after you are dead—and then you won't.

In another way also old age is in these days relieved from much of its bondage to

cold and rain and the winter's storm, by the possibility of making a change of climate and following the sun down toward the equator in the winter time without much expense or without fatigue or discomfort. The possibility of wintering in California or Florida under even the most modest circumstances gives a new lease of life to those declining years.

In short, instead of a disease the tendency of modern science is more and more to regard old age as not merely a necessary but a normal, painless and even enjoyable condition. Like all normal processes it is not merely painless but even desirable when the time comes, like death itself. This is strongly supported by such studies as have been made of the essential character of the changes that take place in old age.

It is easy to imagine that we shall be unhappy when we are old and that the old man must chafe against his physical limitations just as we would now were they to descend upon us in the full flush and fire of youth and vigor. Put it to the test of experience. Think over in your minds the ten, twenty or thirty people that you know who are well advanced in years and decide as best you may whether they are happy or unhappy. If you find more than one-fifth of them in the latter class it will be unusual.

Another important point upon which our impressions deceive us is that old age, being the period at which life is necessarily approaching its close, is therefore inevitably an age of discomfort, of aches and pains, of invalidism and of illness. The data is very far from supporting this. Take any table of mortality rates at the different ages of life, compare the earliest and latest figures, and the first thing that will strike you will be the almost incredible, paradoxical fact that instead of old age being the period of the highest mortality, this bad eminence belongs to infancy.

The death rate per thousand living during the first year of life will range anywhere from 120 to 250, the average being about 150; while that of the decade from seventy to eighty is less than half that; and that of the period from eighty to ninety barely equals it. In other words, we die faster and have more diseases when we are babies in the cradle than we do in our second childhood.

In fact the morbidity of the aged until the extremest decade is scarcely greater than

that of the child of ten or the man of thirty. One advantage of the second childhood is that measles, whooping cough, chicken pox and the like have no more terrors for it. The old man is not nearly so liable to die of tuberculosis or typhoid, of syphilis, of dysentery, or indeed of any of the acute infectious diseases except pneumonia or influenza.

ADVANTAGES OF SECOND CHILDHOOD

Nor are these the only ills of the flesh that his age has gained him immunity from. One of the rewards that comes to the veteran nervous system after the shock and strain of the battle of life is a curious but distinct balance and poise which it did not possess in earlier years. While its actual vigor of attack and powers of endurance are diminished it is less liable to be thrown into the pain panic or be thrown off its balance.

While we will take it for granted with our usual cheerful and consoling logic that anything which we may have in the way of a bodily weakness or tendency to infirmity, or attacks of pain and disability, must necessarily increase with age, it very frequently happens that exactly the reverse is true and the man who suffers tortures from nervous dyspepsia, or blinding agony from sick headaches, or the throes or suffocation from hay fever or asthma in his younger and middle life, will gradually outlive these tendencies and become entirely free from their discomforts in his declining years.

Part of this immunity from acute attacks of severe pain is probably due to the slight dulling and blunting of the keenness of the nerve centers so that they do not react so violently to insults and irritations. Much of it appears to be of the nature of a general toughening against attack. The later years of life, if less passionate than the earlier, are distinctly more peaceful. This is reflected in the face, for peacefulness is the dominate note of the expression of the aged.

In fact, by one of those compensations which nature almost invariably provides, the decline of our powers in advancing years is accompanied and usually well preceded by a decline of or alteration in the direction of our inclinations. The man of seventy-five, for instance, eats less than does the man of forty and becomes usually somewhat restricted in the number of kinds of food that he takes, and inclined to avoid the more pungent flavors. This is simply because the appetite has gently but imper-

ceptibly declined as his fuel needs become less. Within the limits of his appetite and his simpler tastes he enjoys his food almost as keenly and digests it on the average with rather less discomfort than in the maturity of his powers.

The same thing is true in regard to the powers of sleep. He sleeps fewer hours at a time and probably less during the twenty-four hours than in his younger days, much less certainly than the eighteen hours out of twenty-four of babyhood. But this is because he is no longer growing and does not need to spend so great an amount of time in this state of blissful sprouting unconsciousness. The sleep that he does take is not so deep but it rests him, and it is distinctly rare that the old man or old woman suffer any of the discomforts of insomnia.

In fact, a large part of what we are pleased to term the decline of our powers in old age, is really, broadly considered, a simple adjustment on the part of nature to the condition of a new situation. The average healthy old man no more repines or considers himself ill used because he cannot work ten hours a day or throw two hundred pounds over his shoulder than does the rotund, prosperous business man that he can no longer "skin the cat" or "turn somersaults" *ad libitum* directly after dinner. He has borne his share of the burden and heat of the day, has won his honorable discharge and his pension, and can enjoy his well-earned leisure, fighting his battles over again, musing over what it was all about and watching others toil and sweat as he used to. He is in the position of the retired Major in Scott's story who, in a snug little villa, had his servant wake him every morning at seven thirty with the call, "Time to dress for parade, sir," just for the pleasure of saying, "Damn the parade!" and turning over and going to sleep again.

Nothing but the over-weaning conceit of youth or the hot pride of middle life could blind us to the fact that the man of later years enjoys himself within the limits of his new conditions fully as much as we do in the heyday of our powers, only his enjoyments are of a different kind.

That he is adjusted to his new conditions and has not, so to speak, crawled into a shell of insensibility or indifference is shown by a fact that the progress of modern surgery has strikingly brought out, that his tissues have still an astonishing amount of power of

repair. Baring certain violent shocks and operations involving long and protracted convalescence, old men and old women stand necessary surgical operations surprisingly well and their tissues under proper aseptic precautions heal almost as surely and kindly although somewhat more slowly than those of the young and middle aged.

Such diseases as attack old men and women run, as a rule, a milder course, produce less disturbance and, with the exception of pneumonia, show almost as high a recovery rate as they do in adults or in the young.

A HAPPY OLD AGE A MATTER OF WILL

The only things that should make us dread old age are poverty or disease. Both of these are preventable. The man or woman who in seventy honest, hard-working years has not rendered the world abundant service to justify an honorable retirement and a liberal support is a *rara avis* indeed.

That the conscience of the community is already awake to the inestimable debt which it owes the veterans of life's battle who have created its prosperity and made its very existence possible, is already shown by the almost world-wide establishment of schemes for old age pensions. These ought not to be necessary in a community where every man is given his fair share of the wealth that his hands and his brain have produced.

We pay millions upon millions every year without stint or grudge to pension in their declining years our old soldiers, those who offered their lives and shed their blood for their country. But every worker who is enlisted in the great industrial army of servants of the common good, he too has not merely offered, but spent his life, aye, and shed his blood in our service. For us his back was bowed, his muscles stiffened, his brow furrowed with

thought and carking care, his hands calloused and gnarled.

It is only the dull scales of use and wont over our eyes, only his everyday commonness and frequency that blinds us to the heroic aspect of that patient pathetic figure of the aged toiler who has faced every day in every year of his life in mine, in blast furnace, in factory, in yard and siding, risks as deadly as any upon the field of battle. Not for himself but for the life of the race, for bread and shelter for his wife and little ones.

The woman who works whether in the home or outside it, she, too, has worn out her powers, has spent her all for the service of the race. She, too, has offered her life and shed her blood to bring into the world a new generation. There has been more blood shed in the birth chamber than ever upon the field of battle, ye who would belittle woman because she could not offer her life in the defense of her country!

Though the advancing years bring us nearer death, this adds not one iota to their terror. As in youth there is an instinct for life, in old age there is an instinct for death and all develop it who live long enough. The thought of death falling like a shadow across our path chills and repels us in the flush of youth or the hot noon of manhood's prime.

There is a time to die as well as a time to live. Work-worn and pain-weary men and women stretch out their arms to the great Rest Bringer and long for death as little children cry for sleep at eventide. Death is a peaceful ceasing to be, far less strenuous than birth, painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf.

That men are afraid to die when their time comes is one of the many slanders upon humanity of superstition and its priests. When Death comes near enough so that we can see the kindly eyes behind the pallid mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his twin brother, Sleep.



The Aerial Madness of Tim Rainey



by Frederick Palmer
Author of "Danbury Rodd, Aviator," etc
ILLUSTRATIONS by Edwin F. Bayha.

AN electrician peels the insulation off a severed copper wire, ties the ends, and a bell rings with unbroken titter down the line. Then he fixes the push button and the bell rings only when you tell it to.

That process of repair is perfectly simple until you substitute human nerves for wires and the alienist takes the place of the electrician. In Tim Rainey's case it was golf—or, to be more exact, golf and Eunice Walker—that severed the connection. He knotted the ends himself, without calling in an expert. But the bell which he set ringing had no push-button control. It drowned all other sounds on the switch-board.

Nature had blessed Tim with genius and limitations. She never meant that he should have a golf club in his hand. Golf set all those nerve wires writhing and arguing. The touch of an aeroplane's lever and the feel of cloud mist on his face made them work in beautiful unison. He was a born aviator, whom Danbury Rodd—still in this

year 1915 the foremost aviator of the day—had found a mechanic in his shops and trained for higher things.

There was no work too trying, no risk too great for Tim. Rodd loved him no less for his freckle-faced, sandy-haired, transparent-natured self than for his skill. When Rodd had any difficult task leading to adventure or to profit which he could not spare the time to perform in person, he turned it over to Tim. Fortune and prizes came fast to the cub, who banked the sums that flowed in, without thought of investment. Some time he would take a holiday and have a regular devil of a time spending his pile, he said.

Perhaps it would be still more exact to include Parker Worthington with golf and Eunice Walker in severing the connection. Worthington had begun golf soon after he was out of the creeping stage by putting across the carpet at the table legs. He had nothing to do but play all his life, except, incidentally, to go through a university. And he was courting Eunice by means of golf.

Eunice was a type of the outdoors girl who could make as unconsciously clever use of her fingers in brushing back a wild strand of hair before she made a drive as indoors girls can of theirs in adjusting a hatpin or running a piano scale. Yes, Eunice knew how. The day after he met her, Tim had a set of clubs, and the next day she was giving him a lesson. Worthington appeared in the course of that lesson and in the course of most of the lessons that followed. He offered no advice, but looked on at Tim's struggles in curious wonder.

There were moments when Tim longed to entice Worthington aboard an aeroplane for a flight in which he would clip off the limbs of trees, nick church steeples and, shooting up five thousand feet, descend as tipsily as a sheet of paper falling out of a skyscraper window. But it was part of his quixotic stubbornness and chivalry, under the spell of his double infatuation, to meet Worthington on his own ground—to beat him at his own game.

A Tim Rainey in love was a Tim Rainey without any sense of proportion. He loved with the glory of flight and the actions of folly. He saw golf as the only way to Eunice's heart. How could he have the courage to propose when he could not hit a little ball nicely placed on a tiny hill of sand? How hard it was to look at that little ball when her face was so near him!

The real truth was that he did not like golf. It was torture. But he read all the books, he practiced in secret, applied the principles of physics and psychology, laboring determinedly and earnestly, his goal the day when he should make clean drive after clean drive and turn in a better score than Worthington. And Eunice liked to watch him play; but that might be said of anyone whose sense of pathos did not altogether eclipse his sense of humor.

He was improving fast and in a most confident frame of mind when the call from Labrador intervened. That trip was the worst he ever had had, a continual hammer-beat of exasperation and hazard. He found the famished exploring party making their semi-weekly meal off their bootlegs, and taking the weakest one first, he bore the whole emaciated lot, one by one, to safety on the coast.

"Congratulations, my wonder-child!" Rodd wired him. "Take a good rest at St. Johns' before returning."

Tim did nothing of the kind. He flew southward through the night, seeing a girl's face all the way, and arrived at the Brookline station outside of Boston soon after daybreak.

"I made it!" said Tim triumphantly, not thinking of the rescued explorers, but that he was on hand for the golf tournament which began that morning.

"I suppose you are playing against Worthington," said Rodd, looking sharply at Tim's pale, drawn features.

"Yes, I am!" answered Tim defiantly, gulping the hot coffee which one of the attendants brought. The trembling of his fingers in the reaction from hours of vigil made the cup beat a tattoo against the saucer.

"You know what effect golf has on you when Worthington is in the neighborhood," Rodd warned Tim. "You say each time you go out that this is the time it won't, but it always does. You are in no state to stand the strain of such recreation to-day. Go to sleep, I tell you, and to-morrow go down to the seashore and play in the sand and imagine you are a clam for a week—one whole, idle week—or after this I won't trust you to take mayors and millionaires up for little circuits around the field."

And Tim, with a twitchy smile, thanked Rodd and resolutely called for his golf clubs.

Eunice and Rodd formed the gallery of two following the memorable and tragic exhibition of that morning. Worthington was in the pink of condition. While Tim had had two cups of coffee and one piece of toast after being up all night, Worthington, knowing the physiologic and psychologic effects of the juice of a single coffee bean on your put, had drunk nothing but malted milk for breakfast and had eaten three dishes of Flaky Toast Dreams. Four would have been too many; three were just enough. His swing was rhythmic; his face as calm as we imagine Plato's might have been after an evening meal *al fresco* in pleasant weather.

Tim had the expression of Israel Putnam rushing Fort Ticonderoga. His stiff sinews and joints were working at cross purposes. He used his driver as if it were a sledgehammer, his putter as if it were a curling iron. He sliced, fozzled, pulled and ran his hands through his sandy hair desperately, in keeping with the charm of his earnestness, sincerity and simplicity of character.

If he had not been so earnest and sincere he might have known that this was not the way to win a girl. Eunice was smiling all the time—encouragingly, she said. When Tim looked up he tried not to look at her face. When he looked down he could not see the ball.

"Isn't he too funny?" she whispered to Rodd. She was paying no attention at all to Worthington's playing.

Rodd was boiling at the sight of a great pilot of the air being made ridiculous by a petty, pottering, earthly, silly game, fit only for kangaroos and jumping beetles.

"No, he is a *man*!" he said grittily. "It is golf that's funny."

Eunice shrugged her shoulders, quivering with merriment, and afterwards surveyed Rodd in the superior manner of a don coming down to the primer class.

"Golf," she announced, with impressive solemnity, "is a serious matter, a test of all-round qualities."

"Such as a pancake has! Well, if this cures him it is all I ask," he replied. Then she could have all the courses in the country and Worthington too; though it was a pity that she should throw herself away, he thought with a twinge, on that empty, unwired human structure which had never had an emotion.

"Why, I wouldn't have Tim cured for anything," she said. "It might change him—spoil him."

Tim was eight down at the eighth hole, frazzled but still fighting. He got a decent drive off the ninth—his first one; but he sliced into the swamp with his brassie. It was all up. He was routed, goose-egged, humiliated. He watched his ball sink among the cat-tails and regarded his club head as if it had been a cobra's expanded hood. The others guessed his sulphuric thought, which, happily, was denied profane voice in public shame. What they did not know was that this slice had severed a nerve wire, and he was his own electrician, scraping the insulation off the ends.

When, finally, he did look up, his sandy features had the calm of a hot sunset and the same decided manner of withdrawing from the scene. He called for his bag, and taking out the balls, said:

"I can throw them, anyway. Join your brother, fiends! It's evidently where you want to go. I won't try to keep you any longer."

After them went his clubs in so many whizzing cartwheels.

"As for the bag," he told the caddy, "take it home for an umbrella stand for your mother, or an ash-bucket. Perhaps an ash-bucket is better."

He laughed in a far-away, rattling fashion. He made a wrenching gesture—and it was then that he must have tied the ends of the wires together and the bell began ringing down the line. Without a word he set off across the fairway toward the aero-station.

"Extraordinary!" said Parker Worthington—a remark safe, correct and characteristic.

Eunice did not notice that he had spoken. Puzzled and frowning, she stared after Tim.

"But, Tim—Tim!" she called.

Unless he had grown deaf he must have heard her, yet he did not even glance back over his shoulder.

When she understood that he was not going to answer, that he was going without a word like one suddenly bereft of all knowledge of present surroundings, with his mind set on another goal, she seemed to lose her temper.

"You—you," she began at Rodd, "you've spoiled everything!" And then she turned red and bit her lip over her own words.

"Spoiled your sport with a man destined for greater things!" answered Rodd, who, out of some instinctive fear on Tim's account, found no humor in the situation. If ever a girl had disgusted him she had. She seemed capable of something worth while, but when you were most expecting an illustration she disappointed you.

"No! no! You don't understand!" he heard her saying as he hastened after Tim, who was racing along at heel-and-toe gait.

No one knew so well as Danbury Rodd that the more complicated the machine which man invents, the more complicated he must be to run it. A single screw off a piano-wire brace or a little extra pressure on one of the blood-vessels of the head and there is a tragedy.

The aero-station was hidden by a bend in the road and when Rodd turned it he saw that Tim had his machine out of the shed preparatory to flight. He was in the seat, a sinuous, high-strung, dynamic figure, wonderful, now, in his own kingdom. He gave his old master a look, piercing, quizzical.

cal, supernatural, centering with a kind of telescopic intensity on the distant skyline. He seemed a being projected out of its mortal frame—nothing but eyes and some wild force behind them.

"You suggested clams and the seashore," he said, in a voice that was in keeping with his appearance, a voice trickling, distant, detached, speaking to the mountain-tops. "I go you one better. I'm off to the coral reefs of Bermuda to imagine that I'm a golden glowfish, and I'll blow up in atomic particles of sunrise and be dissipated in the heavens. Raindrops to the ocean! Stardust to the stars! Chaos stirred with a putter! Good-by!"

The motor sounded his farewell. Rodd had sprung forward in alarm, only to spring back as the brace-ends brushed his coat.

"It isn't the aviation screw that is loose," he thought, as he saw the *Swallow*, Tim's plane, sweeping upward and feeling for the right strata before it chose its course at terrific speed a thousand feet above the earth. "I ought to have thrown myself in front of him! There's the devil working in his mind—yes, I ought, even if it had broken my arm and smashed the plane! I might chase him—" But by that time the *Swallow* was little larger than its namesake, melting into a gathering cloud.

Rodd turned on himself for his stupidity. He who had met so many emergencies with instant action had been thrown into a coma of conjecture at the sight of his beloved Tim—his genius of the clouds—gone stark, staring mad.

It was barely twenty-four hours' run, in anything like average weather, for a plane to Bermuda in the year 1915. A week passed, with no report of Tim's arrival to searching cables of inquiry.

"Bermuda was a ruse," Rodd tried to reassure himself. "Tim has simply awakened to his condition, that's all. He's gone to some unknown spot to fish and hunt, and he will fly back to the shed one of these days, right as rain.

One morning, soon after this, when Rodd landed at the station on the roof of the Great Century Hotel in New York, he had information from an unexpected quarter.

"Everything was in good running shape when Mr. Rainey left here," said the liveried attendant. "His auxiliary tank was full to the last drop of its capacity.

Why, he had enough gasoline to take him to Panama."

"Left here?" inquired Rodd greedily, believing that he was to hear something which would prove the correctness of his theory.

"Yes, on his way to Bermuda," answered the attendant.

"How long did he stop?"

"About fifteen minutes, I should say. He went out on some errand."

Where? Of course the attendant did not know. It would take about fifteen minutes for Tim to reach his bank, Rodd reasoned. He hastened there and learned from the cashier that Mr. Rainey had withdrawn his entire deposit, amounting to some forty thousand dollars, in cash.

"Naturally, it is unusual for anyone to carry that amount of currency about in these days," said the cashier, "but of course I did not ask any questions."

There was nothing further to learn from him except that Tim had said he did not want gold, as that would be too heavy to carry on a long aeroplane trip.

"Yes, he had a package under his arm when he returned," said the Great Century attendant when he was questioned further. "I remember, now I come to think of it, that he said, 'Nothing like plenty of lubricant,' when he stowed the package in the aluminum tool chest."

"How was he looking?" Rodd inquired.

"Why, well and gingery as ever; perhaps a little tired. He got away at once, steering straight over the top of the Singer Building."

Some skippers reported bad weather on the Bermuda path, tending to support the theory of the press of "another plane lost at sea"—that kind of news had already lost its novelty—which was corroborated definitely when a fisherman picked up a bottle off the Jersey coast containing this message in Tim's handwriting.

"Pretty blowy. Hope the main plane rods are not going to buckle on me. If they do, it's good-by everybody from T. Rainey."

Stardust to the stars! Drops of water to the ocean! Thus Tim had gone and with him all his earnings! Aviation was a game with death; but Tim, in his youth, his eccentricity, his charm and boyish sincerity, deserved a better fate. It was like the loss of a brother to Rodd.

When he met Eunice Walker on the

streets in Brookline he found himself gripping his resentment toward her as the cause of Tim's ruin, lest it should break out in a storm of reproach to all flirts. He hoped to pass her with a bow, but she stepped fairly in front of him and he had to parley.

"How is golf?" he asked lightly, looking down the street as if he were missing an engagement.

"I haven't played lately," she answered, in a strained voice, "not since"—there her voice was breaking, he might have observed if he had cared to.

He interrupted her almost harshly, determined that she should not bring up the subject of Tim. She was unworthy to mention his memory, he thought.

"And Worthington?" Rodd continued.

"Oh, he's gone abroad. He—and Tim? Tim?" she demanded suddenly.

"He has not played lately, either," said Rodd, in bitter sarcasm; and then the misery of her question was borne in on him. He looked into her eyes, which were swimming, and saw the lids drop while her hand went out to his arm as if to steady herself under his punishing blow.

A mortal change had come over the girl. He could see now what lay underneath her golf manner. It shone resplendent out of her being. Recovering herself she spoke with a brave confidence the one idea which still gave him private hope against all skepticism.

"I don't believe he is dead! It's something else—perhaps it's more terrible," she said. "Tim would not have thought of writing any note. He is too intense, too much the man of action, to be hunting pencil and paper in a blow. No, his one thought would have been to keep that main rod from buckling. There is nothing you can do—nothing?"

"Only wait," he answered gently.

"Nothing!" she repeated dismally. "Oh, you didn't understand how I felt about Tim, and I did not know what a fool I was!" And, as if afraid of her own words, disconsolately, brokenly, confusedly, she turned away.

"Women!" mused Rodd. "Long after we know all about the air-currents we shall still be studying them!"

Ever since flight had begun, one startling possibility had dwelt in the back of Danbury Rodd's head. It was the anarchy of mis-

chief which a clever, irresponsible aviator in the full development of the science might loose if he chose. Three weeks after Tim Rainey had sliced with his brassy for the last time came a sensation that awakened the police forces of the world to their earth-tied clumsiness.

On that memorable hot morning in August when the players in all our broad land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as the orators say, were dreaming of a weekend on the links, light sleepers among the residents in the immediate vicinity of the Brookline course were awakened by a series of low explosions, which, if they had counted, would have numbered exactly eighteen. The greenkeepers who went on duty at seven found that all the putting greens had been transformed into "traps," as it were. Every hole was the center of a basin of pulverized earth and sand.

We have the opinion of Colonel Thayer, U.S.A., of the ordnance (retired)—who would have made an eighty once if General Smith had not ruined his put on the seventeenth by humming an air—that the work could not have been done better if the greens had been charged with an explosive and regularly wired to a central station. Two neighboring courses, the Wawamis and the Totoket, had suffered the same ravages, presumably by the same unseen hand. On Sunday morning it was the turn of three courses in New Jersey; on Monday, which was also a holiday, of five on Long Island.

Its reputation as a promoter of blue oaths which golf had won was sustained by a rising, nation-wide chorus. This was villainy, felony, assassination, an interference with the right of the American citizen to lose as many seventy-five-cent golf balls as he chose.

The United States Golf Association had a president who acted promptly. He was the author of that ringing phrase, "If you hesitate too long between the mashie and the spoon you will fizzle anyway," which will skim over the bunkers of history with "We have met the enemy and they are ours." He sent out notices that all greenkeepers should be armed and report for duty at three A. M.

But Tuesday, not being a holiday, passed without further destruction. So did Wednesday. On Wednesday night golf-players slept better, and on Thursday

morning most of them were able to proceed with their business without outbursts of incoherency which made young lady stenographers blush. A peaceful Friday lulled them into security and the weary, yawning greenkeepers relaxed their vigil unwittingly.

On Saturday and Sunday mornings the Rochester and Buffalo region was attacked. From Buffalo, however, came news which solved the mystery of the nature of the enemy with which all true upholders of the faith had to deal. An early riser had seen an aviator skimming the course in a light monoplane and dropping a small pill of dynamite as he passed over each green. The observer was not near enough to make out to a certainty, but judged that the fiend was masked. At all events, he was a man of slim and youthful figure.

"It is time for universal measures," said the president of the Golf Association, calling for subscriptions. The response was as generous as that of the French peasants who went into their stockings and cupboards for treasure to meet the Prussian indemnity. Golfphobes did not hesitate to let their landlords wait for rent and their children for shoes in order to provide a fund for general defense.

Everywhere the cry of the members of the ruined courses was "Rebuild! Rebuild!" with all the fervor of San Francisco after the earthquake. This proved, said the *Golf Journal*, that the stubborn spirit of our forefathers still dwelt in our veins. Twenty aviators, with Dewey's orders at Manila "to capture or destroy," were to be stationed at the prominent unharmed courses.

Danbury Rodd gave two of his machines free for the service—not the fastest type, however—and expressed his regret that a rush of business would not permit him to join in the chase himself. Still, Friday afternoon did not find him at his office, but at the Brookline station with *Falcon* No. 4, which had only one counterpart in lightness and endurance and only one equal in speed, so far as Rodd knew—and that was the *Swallow* in which Tim had risen on his way to Bermuda. Rodd was unusually moody and distraught for him. He paced back and forth; he potted over all kinds of details which he generally left to the mechanics. But, then, he had been that way ever since the ravages began.

"It's a bad business, a bad business for

aviation!" he kept repeating. "A man like that out of hand—turned devil! No matter who he is, we must get him, dead or alive—dead or alive!" he concluded, with a wrench as of hidden agony.

"And yet you will not try yourself, when you are the one man who could run him down," said Denman, his oldest assistant.

"I haven't said I wouldn't," answered Rodd, with one of his quizzical glances through the eyebrows, indicating plans which should be secret until he had tried them out.

Mr. Hutchins, the Standard Oil philanthropist, had given the sod out of his noble lawn—it was like taking flesh out of his side—for the repair of the Brookline greens; and Rodd reasoned that if the destroyer ever read the newspapers he had heard of this deed of sacrifice which was heralded far and wide, and would have his answer ready. Meanwhile, the Brookline Greens committee acted on a different opinion. Thinking that lightning and a maniac would never strike twice in the same place, they had put no night guard over those nicely tapped, level surfaces which awaited the puts of Saturday morning.

Rodd slept at the aero-station that night, and shortly before three he threw open the shed and ran out his *Falcon*, tuned to perfect readiness, and then went to the sixth green to wait and see if his theory was right. He had with him a pillowcase tied to a bamboo fishing-rod. With the first break of light he scanned the heavens impatiently. Gradually the horizon cleared and afar in the misty blue he saw an approaching plane. As it came nearer he recognized the familiar outlines of his final triumph in building, and he knew definitely that Tim Rainey was not at the bottom of the sea.

The *Swallow* dipped toward the clubhouse, which was hidden by a row of big willows, separating the fifth hole from the tee of the sixth. One—two—three—four—five! came a series of low explosions, hyphenated by the wicked hum of the Gnome-Rodd motor, and then, sweeping over the tops of the willows toward the long expanse of fairway, came a spread of still wings with the swiftness of a searchlight's swinging rays. Rodd sprang in front of the green and waved his flag of truce. He heard the motor stop as Tim took the first bunker and hoped that he had gained the parley which he wanted—a parley in which



"EUNICE SAW THE WRECK OF THE SWALLOW LYING ON THE BRANCHES OF
A SECOND-GROWTH PINE."

he could unhorse Tim from his aerial steed and save him from himself and the law.

"He may be simply pausing to gratify his curiosity, or he may even choose to knock my head off," Rodd thought in that pregnant tenth of a second as the *Swallow* soared under her headway. Then her wheels laid their track over the dew and she came to a standstill within a short pitch of the green.

Tim lifted his mask with a triumphant grin, stretching all the springy muscles of his agile frame in a fashion peculiar to him whenever he came in from a run. He was looking unusually well and quite natural in every respect, except for his eyes. They were not wild now, but twinkled with the madness of his strange conceit.

"My wonder-child!" thought Rodd, in unrestrained admiration. "My pupil whom I fashioned after my own pattern! They will never know who was guilty of all this folly if you will only let me get near enough."

"Mr. Danbury Rodd, isn't it?" inquired Tim jauntily. "Seems to me I've seen your pictures in the papers as a well-known aviator. Does your flag mean that the Brookline golf course surrenders? There, there! I'm watching you!" He tapped the holster of the revolver at his belt suggestively. "Not a step farther, if you please, or we can't have any talk at all."

Rodd saw that the *Swallow* was in good condition. It could not have been better if it had just left the tender care of his New York shops. Somewhere Tim must have fitted up a concealed repair station of his own, for he could not have stopped at any well-known station for overhauling without having been recognized.

"Tim! Tim!" Rodd pleaded soothingly. "Can't you see that I am trying to save you? Think what you were and are and look over there—our Brookline station! Don't you remember when you came back from Labrador?"

"Before we discuss Labrador, just move your foot back where it was!" And the revolver barrel slipping out of the holster had the same steely twinkle as Tim's eyes. "That's better. Thank you. Now tell me, has the Golf Association struck a special medal for me yet?"

"Not that I've heard of."

"Amateur jealousy," rejoined Tim, pursing up his lips contemptuously. "Well, I hold the record. I'm the only man that

ever holed out in eighteen. Not only that, but I outed the holes!"

"Mad! mad! Madder than a March hare wearing the Mad Hatter's hat! Cunningly, shrewdly, superhumanly mad, with every faculty strengthened for the execution of the mischief he has in mind!" thought Rodd, exasperated by the consciousness that he was being watched as a mouse by a cat.

"Have the Bishops passed a resolution of congratulation yet?" Tim continued.

"Not that I have heard of," Rodd assented.

"What ingratitude!" said Tim. "What inconsistency after all the complaints of the clergy of the effects of golf on churchgoing! However, it was always so. No reformer ever was appreciated in his own time. He must fight alone at first, and I have the advantage over Peter the Hermit, who had to walk. If no one sees the danger that lurks in this game—its demoralization to the mind, its economic waste—I do, and I will act. Man is a dignified animal. When he loses his dignity he lapses from civilization. Do you see nothing junglish, no reversion to type, about an elderly judge getting down on all fours to watch a little white ball roll into a hole?"

"And you are going to keep this up?" Rodd asked.

"Until I destroy the game. Then I shall begin on another reform. I will do something for art. Think of a pill on the head of that scarecrow statue of Sunset Cox in Astor Place, the Burns statue in Central Park and other eyesores! Think"—he was so cheerful about his mission, so avowedly pleased with himself—"think of a good-sized one on the twinkle-twinkle sign tower on Broadway! Can't you hear all the broken electric bulbs in a jungling snow-storm as they fall to the pavement! While I don't want to take human life, just a little one that would scatter the plaster in a convention of those grafting politicians would make them think there was a Jehovah on high, after all, and"—he stopped, with a glance which was a mixture of recognition and inquiry past Rodd's shoulder.

"A lady wishes to speak to you," he added in a careless tone.

Rodd heard a soft step and turned to see Eunice Walker, bareheaded, ghostly, mindless of his own presence. She, too, had instinctively understood the workings of

Tim's mind. She, too, had guessed that he would return to Brookline that morning.

"Surely you remember me, Tim," she said, and her smile of greeting lay under the shadow of the distraction of her appeal.

But to Tim, regarding her blankly, she might have been any girl in the world whom he had never met before.

"You will excuse me," he said politely, "I must be bringing home a lesson to an individual guilty of a most corrupting example. I must finish the pulverization of the rest of that Standard Oil man's sod."

Had there been anything further to say



"DANNY," SAID TIM DRYLY, "IT LOOKS TO ME AS THERE IS SOMETHING THAT NEEDS EXPLAINING."

the whirl of his motors would have drowned it. With tilting wing he turned toward the seventh hole. And Eunice caught Rodd by the arm with that kind of a woman's grip which is stronger than man's muscle and will not let go.

"You will pursue?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And I will go with you," she said with a matter-of-fact coolness which was almost uncanny. "I must."

"It is a single-passenger machine, no knowing where this journey will lead or to what end, and though the affair began

in the game of golf, it's desperate," he objected.

"I can sit between the braces at your feet. I am not afraid." She raised herself to her toe tips with an insistent pressure of his arm. "I must! I must! I am to blame for it all and—and—" she let her secret go in brave abandon, "I love him!"

Her eyes were so near to his that he could think of nothing but their agony, which was too intense, too commanding for him to resist its call.

"Then come. We are the two interested ones in his fate. We will see this thing through together," he answered.

Another series of low explosions began their muffled reverberation over the course as they hastened to the aerodrome. When the *Falcon* rose they saw the *Swallow* turning in their direction from the eighteenth hole as it passed over the gleaming, dew-laden roof of the clubhouse; and then the abruptness with which Tim changed his direction was the surest sort of signal that he had seen the *Falcon* and knew that he was to be pursued.

"If he would only try to shake us off by doubling on his course," said Rodd, thoughtfully, "that would serve our purpose best, as we could take advantage of the angles."

Ascending to an altitude of a thousand feet, Tim laid himself a level path and, laughing at currents and eddies, set his course due northeast with all the accuracy of a liner's on a chart; and after him, as one shot follows another in a groove, went the *Falcon*. Their speed was something infinite, glorious, that of some controlled meteor across the sky. Directly under the plane they saw only a blur or furrow, variegated green. Into this melted a witchery of twisting roads and streams, the splashes of villages, the dots of houses, the patterns of fields from the onrushing perspective. It was like running the landscape down a chute which narrowed toward the end. It seemed that nothing of human contrivance could be faster and not explosively snap into bits from the pressure of its own velocity.

Yet one thing was faster—the *Swallow* under the hand of the pupil of the *Falcon's* master. That fascinating target of their velocity which looked still as a fly on the wall of blue, was growing narrower from tip to tip and filmier of outline. Now Eunice made her first remark since they

had risen. For all the time she had sat as still as the rods she gripped. She had kept her promise; she was unafraid.

"With the two machines duplicates, it's my weight that makes the difference, isn't it? I hadn't thought of that," she said self-accusingly.

"And I didn't. I couldn't, in face of your appeal," Rodd answered good-naturedly. The *Falcon* was doing her best. No loss of temper, no urging could give her another ounce of power. "Yes, we are losing a mile out of every thirty or forty, I should say. But even if I were of the mind to put you down, which I am not, I could hardly afford the delay."

"And his plan is to go on till he sees that we have melted into the sky and, by the converse, he knows that he is no longer visible—and then he has beaten us?" she asked quietly.

At two hundred and fifty miles an hour—which was the record of 1915—a human being blown across the expanse of heaven feels himself something infinitesimal pinned to infinity by fate, like a beetle on a cardboard. To express a passion strongly is as futile as to cry to Niagara to stop flowing.

"We can only keep going," said Rodd. "We are bound to do that for Tim's sake."

In the distance they saw the upper reaches of the Hudson River. There was the flash of a camera's lens through the blink of a diaphragm shutter and the Hudson was behind them. Ahead, the vast, hummocky carpet of the Adirondacks seemed running on rollers over ridges and under stretches of water between them. The *Swallow* was the size of a half sheet of note paper, now so intangible that to look away from it was to make sure of not picking it up if you looked back again.

Suddenly Rodd stopped the motor. Before Eunice could recover from her astonishment they were gliding over the waters of a lake in a deep valley.

"It means you have given up the chase!" she exclaimed; and even as she spoke she knew by his expression that he had a new plan.

"I want him to think I have given up," he answered. "I hope to find him at home."

At length they rose and at a more leisurely pace passed over another valley. Rodd nodded toward a healing scar on the

tree-clad slope of a high mountain beyond. It was the path of a funicular railroad which had led to an isolated hotel at the top, where a famous host had planned a Monte Carlo for picking the plumage of his rich guests. But the law had interfered. His hotel had burned down and the place was now neglected and forgotten.

Coming home together once from Montreal in the two-passenger *Albatross* Rodd and Tim had flown directly over the spot. Tim had remarked that a man could have an aviation station there without having his elbows jiggled by curiosity seekers whenever he wanted to screw on a nut head.

As the *Falcon* came up flush with the crest Rodd saw that he had guessed aright. The recent underbrush had been cleared away from the old yard of the ruins, evidently by Tim's own hand. Rising or alighting, he would seem to any guide or hunter who saw him simply to be coming up from the other side of the mountain or passing over it. The old power house was the shop where he had made his little gun-cotton capsules. He had knocked out the side of the bowling alley for a plane shed, and there, in the landing track which he had made, lay the *Swallow*, with Tim standing at her side. It was plain that he had seen the *Falcon* and was watching sharply to see what Rodd would do next.

"You will descend—perhaps we can reason with him now," said Eunice.

Rodd had nothing less in view. There was hardly room for two planes in that narrow place, but he would take the chance. As he circled round to be head on to the track, Tim sprang back into his seat in the *Swallow*, and as the *Falcon's* wheels touched ground his were leaving it. He looked back with a smile and a toss of his head, which said "stardust to the stars" and all kinds of wild things; which said that he did not mean to be taken alive and would fight with his last drop of gasoline and the last fluttering rag of a torn plane cloth.

Now, to destroy Tim's plant, Rodd reasoned quickly, was not to put him out of business, if he had any capital left. He would simply equip another secret station and, in exasperation over the events of the morning, might proceed to even more dangerous lengths. Pursuit fitted in with Rodd's sense of duty and the impulse of the moment.

The *Falcon's* wheels had scarcely turned on the ground before she was back in the air. Tim stuck to his old tactics, this time bearing due west. He was gaining at about the same rate as before, but ahead the blue of the sky grew misty, then black. Rodd uttered a cry of triumph, which trailed into a falling inflection of fear.

"Will he go into that thunderhead? If he does in that light machine, not only shall we lose sight of him, but his plane will surely suffer some damage—if he comes out alive," Rodd proceeded in explanation. "If he turns to make a detour we will overtake him by cutting the angle."

"And that means?" Eunice asked.

"That I may get him awash—it's equivalent to taking the wind out of his sails."

"And then?"

"I could hang over him till he sank to earth, perhaps. But he may rise to interfere and I can't tell, in that case, what would happen to either plane. There! I knew it! His aviator's instinct to beat the storm was too strong!"

For Tim was bearing to the left, preparing to skirt that cloud bank, already shot with forked lightning, as the skipper of a ship skirts a shoal. Rodd looked to Eunice with a question which the eyes could ask quicker than the tongue. Her answer was in kind, in a flash of decision worthy of the situation. It were better that the worst should come there, far from any news-gatherer or gossip, than that he go on to death or capture by the law, and a name which had been covered with honors should know disgrace.

Judging his angle in relation to the speed of the two planes, Rodd directed the *Falcon* along the hypotenuse, aiming to bring her up with a sharp turn as he approached in a position to blanket the *Swallow*. The thing had been done before by accident in maneuvers, with a fatal result to the victim, a new aviator, who had lost his head; but no one had ever had the temerity to try the experiment in practice. But Tim divined the trick, and at the critical moment, when they were so near that they saw his face clearly in its pantherish, watchful keenness, he shot the *Swallow* upward and her upper plane locked with the *Falcon's* lower.

Eunice closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the dreadful thing she feared.

There was a rocking and a wrenching as she waited, through an eternity it seemed to her, for the end. In fact, only a few seconds had passed before she heard Rodd's warning "hold fast!" repeated, and she opened her eyes and saw the wreck of the *Swallow* lying on the branches of second-growth pine, while the *Falcon*, tipping this way and that, like some young bird tumbled out of the nest to find its wings for the first time, came to rest in a clearing.

"And Tim?" she gasped, from a dry throat.

"And Tim?" Rodd repeated gravely.

Together they ran to the edge of the wood; and neither shouted—they were too full of joy at the sight—but both stood still like a pair of children overwhelmed before Tim sitting upright on a carpet of pine needles, wiping a spot of blood off a scratch on his forehead.

"It's eight down," he was saying, "but if I get a good brassy on this I may do that stick of peppermint candy at his own game yet."

He had gone right back to the point in his career when that wire connection was severed. The bell had stopped its titter, and he did not know that it had ever been ringing, which, the alienists say, is not at all unusual in such cases.

Blinking, he looked around him and greeted Eunice and Rodd dazedly.

"Danny," he said drily, "it looks to me as there is something that needs explaining."

While he listened to Rodd's account of all that had passed he was engaged in breaking pine needles into tiny, fractional

sections. His lips twitched with a smile at times and again stiffened soberly.

"And here you are," Rodd concluded.

"Yes, apparently," said Tim. "Anyway I didn't kill anybody and I'm ready to serve my sentence in jail; only—only—" he glanced up to Eunice, flushing.

She sprang toward him, her hands extended; and he was not so diffident, after that demonstration, as to leave further advances to her. The pair were so completely absorbed in their happiness that they were for flying back together in the *Falcon*, which needed only a rod wound with wire and a plane relaced by way of repair.

"And leave me to walk!" Rodd interjected. "Not so fast! You overlook certain details—certain conclusions which will be drawn by the irate Golf Association from the coincidence of your return and the cessation of the depredations. Tim, you have yet to go to Bermuda."

"Yes, Danny, thou wise one!" answered Tim affectionately.

A few days later the papers announced that Tim Rainey had not been lost at sea after all. He had been driven by the blow which led him to drop that bottle to a small inaccessible West Indian island, which was visited by a steamer every second month. When the reporters tried to interview him at the New York pier on his return he had nothing to say except that the quality of the cocoanuts on that island was excellent. Meanwhile, if you are interested to know, Parker Worthington was moodily traversing the links of Europe, unable to get nearer than ten to his record score.

Beauty

By Clinton Scollard

BEAUTY is multiform:

In samite snow and in the argent rain,

Flower of the hill, flower of the plain,

Yea, on the purple pinions of the storm

It flashes forth again and yet again!

Keeping the Children in School

THE SUCCESSFUL GARY, INDIANA, EXPERIMENT OF GIVING
SCHOOL CHILDREN THE KIND OF TRAINING THEY WANT

By Rheta Childe Dorr

Author of "What 8,000,000 Women Want," etc.

WE are beginning to realize that our public school system, the very basis of American civilization, is not working as well as it should. It does not educate. The machinery is all there; fine buildings; trained teachers; compulsory attendance laws; books and paraphernalia. But there's a cog loose somewhere. The children leave school without having been *educated*.

A survey of public school management has recently been made by the Russell Sage Foundation, a ten million dollar corporation which exists to study social conditions. The survey, which covered three hundred and eighty-six of the larger cities, reveals some startling facts—among them the fact that the public schools, for the support of which all the people pay taxes directly or indirectly, really benefit only a small proportion of the people's children. But fifty-five per cent. progress above the fifth grade. Hold that in your mind for a moment. Forty-five per cent. of school children—nearly half—leave school barely knowing how to write their names, how to read primer English. Why do they leave?

A little more than one fourth of the children finish the eighth grammar grade. Less than six per cent. graduate from high school.

Why?

It appears that the majority of children do not stay in school long enough to be educated.

Why?

An answer to that question was sought in New York City three years ago by social workers attached to the Henry Street Settlement. Miss Mary Flexner was detailed to make an inquiry into the cases of one thousand children who left school before entering the high school.

Of the one thousand names secured, only six hundred and sixty-six children were actu-

ally located. Of these, one hundred and twenty-eight had completed the grammar grades. Seventy-six had barely finished the Fifth B grade, the lowest allowed by the compulsory education law. Twenty-six of the children were under the legal working age; seventy-six were just fourteen, and the remainder were in their fifteenth year.

Wherever the schools had kept records the usual reason given for the exodus of the children was "economic pressure at home." Sometimes the record read "ill health." In one case it read "distaste for school."

Miss Flexner went behind these records. She visited the homes and interviewed both children and parents. And she found, in at least one hundred and fifty cases, that the children left school, not because they were needed for wage earning, but because they could not be induced to continue in their classes. In other words, they endured school only until they had reached the age of fourteen. Twenty-six of them failed to endure it that long. In the majority of cases the law abiding, patient youngsters "did time" in school as long as the compulsory education law decreed. The restless minority sawed through the bars and got away before the expiration of their sentence.

Here comes the queer part of it. A large number of those children were demonstrating the fact that it was by no means indifference to education which led them to forsake the classroom. More than one hundred of them were found in evening high schools studying stenography, bookkeeping, dress-making, millinery, plumbing, cabinetmaking, bricklaying and other practical branches. Others were found at business colleges and trade and technical schools.

The great mass of the children, of course, were not in continuation classes. They could not have been admitted had they

applied, because their education was so meager, their mental development so poor that they could not have passed the entrance examination. The great mass of the children investigated were found working in unskilled trades, blind alleys of industry that lead to a nowhere of destiny.

Conditions of this kind exist in every city in the United States. The educators realize it. They know that nothing except compulsory education laws, rigidly enforced, keep children in school.

The educators know that the children leave because they want a kind of training, or a kind of work which the schools do not supply. In desperation the school authorities are altering and adding to the curriculum. They are introducing manual training, trade high schools, organized play, recreation centers, athletic associations, school gardens. Still the exodus continues. What can be done to stop it?

There is one city in the United States where they think they have found the answer. In Gary, Indiana, they have worked out a school system which solves the problem of how to keep children in school. They have simply devised means of giving the children the kind of education they want. Not what they think they want, but what they actually do want.

GARY, WHERE THE CHILDREN STAY IN SCHOOL

Five years ago the southern tip of Lake Michigan which touches the shores of Indiana was a waste of shifting sand dunes and sparse groves of stunted oak trees, as desolate to look upon as a Siberian steppe and apparently as useless. Then one day came the United States Steel Corporation, with its millions of capital and its army of engineers, constructors and workmen.

These men performed Titanic feats. They shoved aside a river, moved two hundred miles of railroad tracks, scooped out a harbor, covered hundred of acres of sand with fertile soil, uprooted a forest. They laid down fifteen or twenty miles of paved streets and cement sidewalks, put in the most modern of sewer systems, electric light and gas plants, built several million dollars' worth of houses. Between all this and the clear waters of the lake they erected a ten-mile stretch of steel works, furnaces, foundries, coke ovens, repair shops.

Gary, the steel city, is the modern miracle, the apotheosis of the engineer.

While it was being put together like a wonderful piece of machinery, people made excursions from hundreds of miles around to watch the process. One day there wandered into the sandy wastes, rapidly disappearing under soil and cement, a keen and energetic young man. He was neither an engineer, a constructor nor an inventor, yet the engineer with whom he fell into conversation soon discovered that had he chosen he might have been any one of the three.

This same engineer, Arthur P. Melton, was in charge of the sewer construction of the new town, and on the side he was deeply interested in the matter of establishing there the right kind of public schools. So, he soon learned, was the keen and energetic stranger, whose interest in the schools was expressed not in terms of the pedagogue, but of the engineer. His talk was all of the scientific management of schools; of utilizing waste space in buildings; of making the school plant efficient every hour of the day, every day in the year; of co-relating the work of the school with the work of the community; of organizing all the industrial and social opportunities of the community for the education of children.

Mr. Melton listened with astonishment and approval. "I think," he said at last, "that you belong in Gary as superintendent of schools. Have you had any experience?"

The young man said he had; that he was, in fact, superintendent of schools in the small town of Bluffton, Indiana. Incidentally his name was William A. Wirt, and he was looking for a growing city where the board of education would allow him freedom to develop the school system of his dreams.

"This is the place," said Mr. Melton, or words to that effect. Within an hour the young superintendent from Bluffton had met the town trustees, and before the end of the afternoon had decided to take charge of the public schools of Gary, as soon as the first school building was erected.

WILLIAM WIRT'S REVOLUTIONARY METHODS

Less than four years ago that first school opened its doors to the children of Gary. The building, erected by the steel corporation and rented to the city, was an ordinary, modern, formal affair of brick, with a small playground adjoining. Almost any superintendent would have considered it a pretty



WILLIAM A. WIRT, SUPERINTENDENT OF GARY SCHOOLS, ORIGINATOR OF SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.



good building. Mr. Wirt accepted it only as a temporary substitute for the building of his planning, the Emerson school, which to-day is the educational center of Gary. It is more than that. It is the educational center of the United States, the public school of the future.

In these public schools of Gary, Indiana, organized and controlled by William Wirt, superintendent, there is very little tendency on the part of the pupils to drop out at the age of fourteen. With little difficulty the schools retain their hold on the majority of the children until they reach the eleventh grade. The children stay in school because they want to stay, the only right and natural reason why they should.

Not only do those Gary children go to school more years than children elsewhere, they go to school more hours every day. They are in school from half past eight in the morning until four and five in the afternoon. On Saturdays part of the school plant is open from nine until five, and a large number of children attend.

This is all the more amazing when you consider the population of the steel town. At least twenty-eight nationalities make up the twenty-five thousand people of Gary. They are "Hunkies," and Magyars, and Slavs, and Croatians, and Letts, and two dozen more, most of them from countries where such a thing as a free public school is undreamed of. These people were needed in Gary. The steel corporation brought in a small army of skilled workmen and office men, but for the bulk of the labor force they needed low paid immigrant workers.

The steel corporation built a wonderful city. It was willing to deal fairly with its workers but the steel trust could never civilize the population. A steel corporation deals successfully with engineering problems in iron and steel and chemicals. It requires a public school system with a great man at the head of it to civilize a population.

You would never know, to visit the Gary schools that the pupils, or most of them, are children of immigrants, most primitive in



TYPICAL GROUP OF GARY, INDIANA, SCHOOL CHILDREN: TOP ROW, STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT, GREEK, NEGRO, ROMANIAN, LITHUANIAN, ITALIAN, POLISH, CROATIAN, HUNGARIAN; MIDDLE ROW, AMERICAN, AUSTRIAN, GERMAN, BULGARIAN; FRONT ROW, SCOTCH, RUSSIAN, IRISH, ASSYRIAN, SLAVISH, JEWISH AND SPANISH. DO THESE CHILDREN LOOK AMERICAN?



type, illiterate, non-English speaking. The Gary school children, with few exceptions, look like American children, act like American children, and to all intents and purposes they are American children. They are getting a kind of education which is more American, or at least more democratic, than any other children in the country.

The basis of Mr. Wirt's system is an intelligent acceptance of the fact that times have changed in the past generation, and that the town and city home not only in Gary, but elsewhere, can no longer fulfill its original responsibilities towards children. There was a time when the moral and general training of children could be done in the home, and could hardly be done anywhere else. Because, at that time, the home was an industrial center. The children learned by doing. They formed habits which determined their whole future lives.

For example, take the boy on the farm, his sister in the farm dairy. They worked until they were tired and the novelty of the task had quite worn off. To keep on working called for an exercise of will power. Exercising will power every day cultivates a strong will, a most essential part of character. The old-time domestic system of cooking, sewing, preserving, manufacturing, in the farm or village home, was highly educational because it formed habits of independent thinking, initiative, and industry.

"To have learned to *know* the right thing to do," says Mr. Wirt, "is not character, but to have *formed the habit* of doing the right thing is character. When the home lost the opportunity for the industrial training of its children, it also lost its power for efficient moral and general character training, because these were inseparably linked with the industrial training."

We are too prone to accept a situation, continue a system, cling to an ideal, long after it has served its purpose. Our school system, for example, is surrounded with conventionalities, the very meaning of which has been forgotten. Why do we invariably have vacations in summer? Because two generations ago, when the public schools were established, the children's labor was needed on the farm in summer. Why do we dismiss children from school in the middle of the afternoon? They used to need that time before supper to "do the chores."

In this day and generation, especially in cities, it is not only futile, it is criminal to

allow children to run idle during three months of the year. It is, to put it mildly, dangerous to turn them into the streets from three o'clock until dark. This is Mr. Wirt's firm conviction, and that is why, in Gary, the children are kept in school from half past eight until four and five.

LONG HOURS FULL OF WORK AND PLAY

Please do not picture these youngsters at their desks during eight hours of the day. In the first place, no child in Gary has a desk. He has a locker where he keeps his outer clothing and his books. The desks belong to the children who happen at the time to be using them. Neither are the children kept at work during eight hours of the day. Most of the time they are usefully, happily, ideally just living, doing a number of things all children love to do, and ought to do, in order to acquire character.

They live in a veritable Child World, a world in which there is plenty of work to do, but the work is so pleasantly mingled with play and exercise that no one is ever bored or wearied. About three hours each day are devoted to formal work in reading, writing, arithmetic and history. About three and a half hours each day are given to manual training, natural science, music, literature and formal gymnasium work. The rest of the time is given to free activities in the gymnasium, swimming pools and in the five acre playground. The manual training shops and the school laboratories are open during these free periods and many of the older pupils choose to work in them alone, pursuing some problem or working out some ideal of their own.

Children of all ages, from the kindergarten to the high school, live together in this Child World. The little first reader children have their simple manual training, building doll houses, modeling in clay and the like, in close proximity to the seventh and eighth grade manual training shops. The little fifth grade children work at their botany and elementary science in the high school physics laboratory. The elementary and advanced chemistry students work in the same room and use the same apparatus.

This is what Mr. Wirt calls education from environment, sub-conscious education. The child sees other children doing a thing and apparently enjoying it, and sooner or later he wants to do that same thing himself. Moreover, by watching he learns.



THE SCHOOL BAND IS PART OF THE STUDY OF MUSIC
IN GARY SCHOOLS.



THE COÖPERATIVE STORE IN EMERSON SCHOOL, MAN-
AGED BY HONOR PUPILS AS A PART OF
ARITHMETIC COURSE.





ONE OF THE CARPENTER SHOPS WHERE \$10,000 WORTH
OF FURNITURE IS BEING MADE FOR THE
NEW SCHOOL BUILDING.



PRINTING OFFICE IN THE EMERSON SCHOOL WHERE
GIRLS AND BOYS GET TRADE TRAINING, WHICH IS
LATER CREDITED TO THEM IN APPRENTICESHIP.



When a child enters the Gary schools from another town, they do not send an instructor into the swimming pool to teach him to swim. They let him stand around the pool and watch the others until he cannot stand and watch another minute. When he gets into the water he just naturally assumes the correct position of the body, the movements come as if by instinct and very little formal instruction is necessary.

In connection with the musical instruction they have a boys' band. When a new boy enters the band he is taught no more than the first principles of the instrument. He learns by watching the others, and his nervous system gradually adapts itself to the allotted task.

EVERY GARY TEACHER AN EXPERT

Perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most unusual feature of the Gary schools is the fact that every teacher is a special teacher, an expert. In other towns the specialist would be called a supervisor of singing or sewing or drawing, and her work would be teaching the over-worked, down-trodden, much-enduring grade teacher to teach singing or sewing or drawing. The supervisor visits the schools at stated intervals and inspects the teachers' work. You can see how this operates. For three or four days before the supervisor of music visits the school, all study is neglected while the teacher gets the children up in music. For several days before the visit of the drawing supervisor the children cram on drawing. And so on. The supervisor has a fancy salary—as teachers' salaries go—and she is exalted above the common herd.

The great disadvantage of this method is that the singing and the sewing and the drawing, reaching the children at second hand, do not penetrate very deeply into their young minds. The teacher is an amateur, she has the veriest smattering of the subjects, and she cannot impart any more than a smattering to the children.

They do things better in Gary. The grade teachers teach reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history, nothing more. Sciences are taught by specialists in science; music by music teachers; drawing by drawing teachers; vocations by vocation teachers. The children pass from one teacher to another all day.

I went to school a whole day with one class of sixth grade boys. They were

twenty-two in number, the average size of a class in Gary. In passing, contrast this with the forty to seventy pupil class which the usual school tolerates, knowing that no teacher can possibly do justice to such a number. Beginning at half past eight o'clock, this particular class of Gary boys had ninety minutes of arithmetic, history and reading. You might have thought the classes somewhat informal and undisciplined. There was not very much sitting still in position, and there was a great deal of handling of objects.

In the arithmetic class they did not recite tables of weights and measures. They measured beans in pint and quart measures. They weighed objects on real scales. Sometimes the class goes out of doors and measures up areas of sidewalk, and the like. There is nothing theoretical about any of the so-called cultural studies in Gary.

Another thing I noticed was the close correlation between all the studies. In the history class, and in the reading lesson the same subjects appeared.

This co-relation, I was told, is an important part of the educational scheme. The teacher of chemistry and the teacher of cooking, for example, plan their work together so that if a class of girls is making experiments in fermentation during laboratory hours, they are working with fermenting materials, such as yeast, during the cooking period.

At ten o'clock my boys' class marched joyously into the gymnasium, where, after a setting-up drill, it indulged in a pole-climbing contest. Then it did a little rapid marching and counter-marching, after which it trooped out doors for a game of baseball. The gymnasium instructor went to the ball ground with the boys and played with them.

THE SYSTEM IN THE MANUAL TRAINING CLASSES

Following the game the class separated, some going to music and the others to manual training. In the manual training class the problem that day was making a mortise and tenon joint. We sat around informally while the head of the department, Mr. G. E. Wulfig, an expert wood worker, made the joint. He worked slowly and explained every step of the process.

"Do you think you can do it, boys?" he asked; and the chorus responded, "Sure!" in the cheerful fashion current in Gary.

Now, in the average manual training

class the boys are given nice, smooth, finished pieces of wood, the exact size and shape for making the object or its parts. In other words, they begin work after the first processes have been gone through with.

In this Gary class the master picked up a large, rough piece of wood, an ordinary "two-by-four," and, followed by the boys, he went into a room full of power-driven machinery, band saws, rip saws, electric planers and others. Here, with the boys looking on with fascinated eyes, the rough board was sawed and split and planed and fashioned into pieces about twelve inches long and three inches wide. The boys took the pieces and went back to the manual training shop, quite unattended, to make their mortise and tenon joint.

Manual training occupied the last morning period. In the afternoon those sixth-grade boys had a period of English work, a swimming period, a science period and a garden lesson.

Can you see how a school conducted on these lines will naturally hold its pupils? It is not because the school work is varied with play, but because it is based on sound psychology. The children in the Gary schools do exactly what they would do if left to themselves; they constantly use their hands, they experiment, they move around, they talk, they are personally and not vicariously busy all the time with things which invariably interest normal childhood.

There is nothing in the world as busy as a healthy child. If you turn a child into the streets and alleys he is busy with gambling games and fights and all forms of malicious mischief. If you put him into the ordinary, crowded schoolroom, where most of the time he marks time with studies which do not interest him, he is busy disturbing order. In a school like the Gary school his energies are directed into right channels and he is busy with getting educated.

GARY'S TRADE CLASSES

Next to the system of teaching by experts, the most notable features of Gary schools are its high-school trade classes. Yes, trades. Trades with overalled workmen as instructors. When the boys reach the third year in high school they elect cabinetmaking, printing, or painting, and they enter a regular apprenticeship. Their instructors are expert workmen, members of their respective trade unions. If, when they leave

school, they enter the trade learned in school, the time spent in the school shop is counted off from their apprenticeship.

High-school girls may study, under an expert teacher, stenography, typewriting and professional bookkeeping. Girls may also enter the printing shop, and they do. They learn to set type, run the presses, make up pages, correct proof, exactly as the boys do, and some will enter the printing trade.

The great point about this trade training is that the young men and women are producing real work. There is another great school being built in Gary, and the apprentices to the cabinetmaking trade are making all the cupboards, bookcases, laboratory tables, cases, and much of the furniture which is to equip the school. The class had just finished a large oak table, artistic in design and fine in workmanship.

In the painting class they are painting these cupboards and the rest, and are finishing and polishing the hard-wood objects. This class has recently taken up sign-painting and lettering.

As for the printing shop, it is a busy place the year through. The class prints the school paper, the superintendent's report, all programs used in school entertainments, Christmas cards, and, in fact, all the printing done in connection with the Gary school system. It does the work professionally, just as it would be done in a first-class shop. The instructor would not pass inferior work any more than would a foreman.

When Gary schools get around to it, there are going to be many more trade classes. They are already establishing classes in professional electricity and chemistry, to which both boys and girls shall have access. Each year the public schools of Gary will add different branches of trade training, until the list is complete.

THE REASON FOR TRADE TRAINING

Mr. Wirt has had to defend his theory of trade training more constantly and more vigorously than any of his other educational ideals. Parents complain that they do not wish their sons to become "mere workmen." They want them to develop into lawyers or merchants. They fear that brilliant careers will be blighted by bringing the children into contact with tools. Mr. Wirt replies:

"If your son or your daughter knows how to make a living with his or her hands, it is at least a guarantee that neither will ever be

thrown into an unskilled trade. Labor is noble, provided it is intelligent and self-directed. There are infinite possibilities of development in handcraft. If a railroad president wants his son to learn the business, does he put him on an office stool, clad in good clothes and a high collar? Not much. He buys him a pair of overalls and sends him into the shops. Where do most of the big contractors come from? Offices and department stores? Hardly. They come from the ranks of men who know how to handle brick and mortar, saw and chisel."

One great bar to the introduction of trade training in the schools is opposition from organized labor, which fears, with good cause, an influx of half-trained, immature workers into its ranks.

The distance between the average educator and actual conditions of labor is so great that the schools have usually failed to comprehend the ethics of industrial training. We have witnessed the spectacle in one city of an upper class in a public trade continuation school being sent out to act as strike-breakers in a plumbers' strike. We have seen sewing teachers in a large public school system being "loaned," without consulting their wishes, to settle an industrial difficulty in a technical institute. These things being fairly typical of the attitude of educators, it is small wonder that organized labor views trade education with a certain distrust.

Mr. Wirt has settled this difficulty by employing union men as trades instructors. His policy is based on an ideal much higher than the surface motive of avoiding trouble with organized labor. It is based on a knowledge of the fact that a child is not prepared for real life by isolating him from the realities of life.

No fact of life is more real than that the children of to-day are the men and women of the next generation. The work of the next generation will be done by these children, and somehow or other they will have to be trained to do that work, and to determine the conditions under which they shall do it.

The old apprenticeship system has gone forever. The old system under which workmen existed as self-respecting units has also gone. Labor is now a mass. It will continue to be a mass. Some way must be found to give that mass intelligence, to teach it that it need not toil to its own destruction. It seems to Mr. Wirt that the public school is the only place where children, the workers

of to-morrow, can learn this lesson of intelligence. It seems to him that the best instructors of the children are men who have learned it in the school of real life.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT IN THE SCHOOL

The Gary public schools are operated on the same principles of scientific management that animate the ten miles of steel works on the lake front. Every arrangement of the steel plant is in the interests of economy and efficiency. The stuff all travels in straight lines rather than in curves. The great chimneys consume most of their own smoke and waste. In the schools, as in the steel shops, every foot of the buildings and equipment is kept in constant use. Nothing is wasted.

Nor do they train children to work and then turn them out to seek work for themselves. Mr. Wirt has formed the closest kind of association with the employers of Gary. Every once in a while he invites a group of bankers, or lawyers, or merchants, or builders to visit the Emerson school. He takes them over the plant—did you ever hear a school called a plant?—explains its workings to them, and gets them interested in the idea of helping children to graduate from school into life.

Through work with these groups of men, Mr. Wirt has awakened in the business community a wonderful spirit of coöperation with the work of the school. The Gary business men realize what is known only vaguely in most cities, that industry is recruited directly from the schools. It is the fashion in almost every city for the business world to deride the public schools, to question their efficiency. Hardly anywhere is there a realization that the business world has its responsibility toward the school and toward the young things who enter industry.

Through the coöperation of Gary business men a certain number of jobs are permanently at the disposal of the superintendent of schools. When a boy gets ready to leave school, there is an apprenticeship or at least a job waiting for him in the superintendent's office. When a high-school girl completes the commercial course, there is an office position waiting for her.

There is one impulse of youth which no school can eradicate, the impulse which comes to most children between fourteen and sixteen to get out into the world and

earn money. School appears a childish affair in the light of this new ambition.

When the restless spirit of youth impels a fourteen-year-old child to leave school, Mr. Wirt says to him: "All right, we will give you a job. You try work for three months. At the end of that time you will have earned some money and perhaps you will feel like coming back to school again for a while."

Usually the child does return to school. The job being at the disposal of the superintendent, the child can retain it no longer than the superintendent thinks best for him. Then he recalls the child and gives the job to another restless spirit craving freedom from books.

It is not only in summer that these temporary jobs are available. A boy or a girl may take a vacation to work at any season of the year. The curriculum is so arranged that the children can pick up their studies exactly where they left off. There are no groups of children held together in grades.

Each child progresses as an individual. He does not wait for the others before he passes on to a higher class. He goes whenever he is ready to go. If he stays out of school three months, it makes no difference at all in his status as a member of the school body.

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF THE SCHOOL PLANT

It is another of Mr. Wirt's revolutionary ideas that closing school buildings for three months every summer is bad economy, poor engineering. Why close a usefully productive plant? Why not have school going at full blast twelve months in the year? Of course no child should be in school twelve months without interruption. No teacher should be kept at work continuously throughout the year. But why not let both children and teachers choose their own vacation time? Some parents might prefer to keep their children at home during the stormy weather of midwinter. Some teachers might like to attend university courses in the autumn or winter.

The great advantage of the twelve months' school year is that the schools would be able to take care of a larger number of children. Every considerable city in the United States has a constant "part time" problem on its hands. Everywhere the effort to provide a seat in school for all school children is pressing. Gary might double in population

in a year, but there would never be a single child crowded out of school.

At the present time the Emerson school and three other permanent school buildings are inadequate to accommodate all the primary grades, but groups of portable school-houses are placed in neighborhoods as they develop. A great new building, after Mr. Wirt's theories of what a school plant should be, is in process of erection. The portable schools and the permanent structures, under the average management, would not provide seats for all the Gary children, but under engineering methods they more than suffice.

What is the average system? Theoretically at least, a literal seat for every child—with the seat empty when the child is out of the room. Under the Wirt system no child owns a seat. The work of the school is so arranged that half the children are in their seats, studying or reciting lessons, at the time when the other half are in the manual-training shops, the laboratories, trade classes, sewing classes, the gymnasium, swimming pools or the playground.

At least one fortieth of the children are playing out of doors all the time. This gives some people the idea that children in the Gary schools do nothing but play. If they will take notice, there is a constant march of children on and off the playground and school gardens. As one set of boys put away their bats and balls and go in to arithmetic, another set, released from study, get them out again. As one group of first-reader infants are ushered off the playground by their play supervisor, another group trots out to romp and swing.

It is the same within the building. As quickly as a room is emptied of one class, it is filled with another. In this way a school building is made to care for exactly twice as many children as usual.

THE ECONOMY OF THE GARY SYSTEM

Do you perceive the money economy of this plan? Consider the enormous capital invested in school property and its maintenance—fuel, lights, janitor service, teachers' salaries. Consider the enormous waste involved in leaving this expensive plant and all these salaried people idle except for a few hours every day ten months in the year. Surely it is intelligent economy to use schools as they are used in Gary, twelve hours a day twelve months in the year.

From eight until five the schools belong

to the children. Outside of their school activities they find plenty to attract them. For one thing, there is the children's coöperative store in the Emerson school. The store occupies a small room on the second floor and is in charge of the honor pupils, girls and boys in the seventh and eighth grades. Store is open certain hours of every day, and the children buy all their baseball paraphernalia, school-garden hats, "sneakers," et cetera. You can buy almost any school supply in the store. Regular books are kept, and once a week the principal of the school, Mr. Edward Sargent, is rendered a formal accounting.

They have a bank in connection with the school. No penny provident fund, take notice, but a real bank, with a receiving teller and a paying teller, a full staff of officials, deposit books and slips and check books all exactly like those used in your own bank. The Bank of Boyville, as it is called, does a thriving business in real money, the money being turned over each night to a grown-up bank on Broadway.

This bank, and also the organization known as "The Council of Boyville," was instituted by Judge Brown, formerly juvenile court judge in Salt Lake City. Gary has as yet no juvenile court, but Judge Brown is working to establish one.

The Emerson school is open until ten o'clock every evening. On the basement floor is a branch of the public library, and many adults and older children go there of evenings to read. In some of the school-rooms above are classes where young men and women exchange any one of twenty-eight languages for the English tongue. The manual-training shops are open; also the laboratories and the gymnasiums.

Some of the people who come originally to read the magazines in the library, in time are attracted by the manual training and the gymnasium. Others who originally are attracted by the physical-culture classes, in time stray into the library and acquire an ambition for learning.

The Gary schools do all this, and it costs the taxpayers no more than other people in other cities pay for their schools. Think what Mr. Wirt saves in teachers' salaries alone. The teachers are not ill-paid, as teachers' salaries go, but fewer are required. They have no big force of grade teachers, with a smaller force of high-salaried supervisors over them, you will remember. All of

the teaching force is employed in the work of instructing children.

WHAT THE GARY SYSTEM SAVES

Think also what Mr. Wirt saves the taxpayers in school sites and buildings. The Emerson school uses only thirty rooms, accommodating one thousand and forty children. But by the system of keeping half the children in the classroom and half outside at special work and at play, the Emerson school is able to take care of two thousand and eighty children.

When Gary has a population of one hundred thousand, there will be approximately fifteen thousand children in public school. Eight school buildings of the Emerson type, under the Wirt system of rotating groups of children, will easily take care of this great school population. Do you not see how they can afford luxuries in the Gary schools?

There is not a city in the United States where the Gary system could not be applied. Not a child need be out of school because of overcrowding. Every child in school could have manual training, not twice a week but every day. Every child could have a trade training. Every one a playground.

And so they could, and so they will as soon as the spirit of democracy becomes a little stronger in the public school system. The custom now in vogue almost everywhere of separating the children according to caste, sending one group to a high school leading to college, another set to a commercial high school, and still another to a trade school is not democratic. Therefore it does not succeed.

The custom of ignoring the fact that the universal destiny of children is work is undemocratic. Therefore it does not result in education.

The public school is the visible sign of a democratic form of government. If it does not realize in its organization and in all its conditions the democratic ideal, it is not a proper or a successful Child World.

We must abandon the old methods of grouping children according to size, as if they were so much lumber, and segregating the large and small and middle groups away from one another. In the Child World the small learn by contact with the large. Also the large child learns from the small. He learns responsibility and forbearance and respect for the weaker brother, things valuable to know in a democracy.

The Peacock Screen

by
Fannie
Heaslip
Lea

Author of
"H.R.H. Yvonne"

ILLUSTRATIONS

by
John
Newton
Howitt



"IN A YEAR YOU WILL BE TWENTY-
FOUR, ALMOST AN OLD MAID," SAID
MRS. DE LA FUENTE."



BECAUSE Yvette was beautiful, men flattered her, and because men flattered her, Yvette was beautiful. Her dark eyes had the exquisite daring of the woman who knows she pleases. The blood came readily into her smooth pale cheek because admiring glances called it there; and her red flower of a mouth shaped itself easiest to smiling acceptance of broken hearts. It is a gracious

look and difficult of attainment to the plainer sisters.

Yvette, withal, was not invincible.

Back in the earlier days of her reign there had been a man, and while the man went—as men do—the memory remained. I mention this merely to open the way to other facts. Yvette had, then, beauty, prestige—and a past, of a delicate hidden sort. It was but natural that thus endowed, she should come eventually to consider matrimony.

Her mother—have I said that Yvette's mother was none other than Mrs. Jacques de la Fuente née Duprez—her mother, perhaps, stated the case most eloquently.

"In a year you will be twenty-four," she said, the beautiful limpid French softening and sweetening the words. "That is, almost an old maid. It is time, Yvette, you thought—I, myself, was married at fifteen."

Yvette touched her rosy nails with a chamois-skin, and sighed. She was standing at the moment before her dressing table, and the candles set in tall sconces on either side of that artistic bit of furniture afforded a mellow radiance to the mirror's depths.

"At fifteen," repeated the mother, a trifle insistently, "I was married."

"But from the cradle—to the grave!" said Yvette, and fastened a single string of pearls about her long white throat.

"What is it you say?" asked Mrs. de la Fuente somewhat sharply. She was not infrequently to be found some distance in the rear of her beautiful daughter.

"How you must have been bored!" said Yvette.

"In my trousseau," continued the lady, "I had, as you know, great quantities of real lace. The veil of my grandmother, alone——"

"Eh!" said Yvette, "it does not matter." She shrugged her slender shoulders. "I am quite willing to marry—but the man?"

Then Mrs. de la Fuente flung out a crafty feeler. "He has been most attentive," she murmured, "and there is no slightest fault to be found with his position, his name——"

"His money," thrust in Yvette, almost vulgarly. "Say it, mama! You mean Tony Whiting." She added with a little yawn, "I had thought of that, myself."

"He has perhaps spoken," said Mrs. de la Fuente rather eagerly.

"No!" said Yvette. "No,"—and finished superbly arrogant, "but he will speak to-night."

She drew on a pair of long white gloves, slipped into a long black velvet coat with a collar of fur, and extinguished the candles on the dressing table.

"What is it to-night?" she asked languidly. "'Faust'? If you knew how tired I am of that opera with its tenor who is just a grocer's boy in doublet and hose, and its so mysterious devil and its so silly Marguerite. Mind the stair, mama!"

And it came to pass, as they say in ancient chronicles, that Tony Whiting spoke that night. He had been wanting only the infinitesimal encouragement which Yvette

allowed him during the "Jewel Song." The box was very dark, and he sat just behind her, where his eyes could rest without ostentation upon the little curl that touched her neck. It was in his sight, perhaps, the sweetest thing about her—that little wayward, kissing curl. Once she dropped her fan, and when he stooped for it, her fingers fumbled delicately over taking it back. It is just such things which derail the train of otherwise quite prudent events.

In any case, Whiting spoke, in a slow, careful whisper, while Marguerite upon the stage trilled brassy above some bits of colored glass; she was a stout Marguerite, it may be hardly necessary to remark, with a vanishing waist line and three chins.

Tony Whiting's waist line was also being threatened, and the hair at his temples had yielded visibly to the persuasion of time, but he had still but one chin and that a good one.

"Yvette," he whispered—not even her mother heard him, though she had always an ear that way—"Yvette! You're very beautiful to-night."

Yvette just lowered her lashes. They were long and touched her cheek with a suggestion of shyness. A smile stirred the corner of her mouth. She did not speak. She knew how it went, that game.

"Suppose," said Whiting very softly, "you put me out of my agony to-night—Yes or no? Are you listening, Yvette?"

Yvette bent her head a very little to say that she was listening. The real old lace above her heart lifted and fell quite evenly. She did not flush.

"Will you?" said Whiting. At least in his throat the breath caught nervously.

"Will you, Yvette?"

It was a queer question to ask while Marguerite bedizened her matronly self with earrings and necklaces. Whiting, perhaps, realized the queerness of it, for he leaned a little nearer and touched Yvette's scarf reverently with the tips of his fingers.

"Its been going on a long time—with me," he said. "Nothing new—as you know."

Yvette folded her hands in her lap. She looked at the stage—and she looked back over her shoulder into Whiting's eyes. If you had been reared with the end in view of some day entering upon a certain road, you would not, when that road unfolded itself before your feet, draw back. Neither

did Yvette. She took her first step between its orderly hedges, naturally enough, without excitement.

"I know," she said, very softly in her turn.

"You will?" said Whiting incredulous to the last adoring fiber of his being.

"Yes," said Yvette. She was not at all slow about it.

And that was the great moment, come and gone, without any blare of trumpets, while Marguerite ogled herself before a mirror, and the devil loitered redly in the background coquetting with Dame Martha.

Mrs. de la Fuente received the news with rapture.

"Dear little one," she said, "I had hoped for it. He is most charming—in every way eligible—not a Creole, of course, but there are really many delightful people up-town. I am confident you will be happy. For the trousseau, of course, you will have Marie."

"I had not thought of the trousseau," said Yvette.

"Ah youth! youth!" sighed Mrs. de la Fuente sentimentally. "Color of rose, and another color—of the loved one's eyes."

"I had not thought of that, either," said Yvette, quite truthfully.

When she stood once more before the mirror of her dressing table and lit the candles, she looked at herself with a vague interest. After a while she drew the back of one hand lightly across her lips. Whiting had kissed her in the discreet moment when Mrs. de la Fuente, mounting the stairs, had left them alone together.

The lips were softly crimson, much as usual, but Yvette standing between the candles stared at them curiously, somewhat as though she expected a scar.

She was not given to analysis of her emotions, Yvette. She only stared and sighed, and presently undressed herself, and went to bed with a queer little smile twisting one corner of her mouth. She did not sleep very much, it is true, but an engagement involves a certain amount of excitement not conducive to slumber, and Yvette had not expected to sleep.

Next day she was none the worse for wear, and went upon her way with considerable calm.

Also, when Whiting next kissed her, she neglected subsequently to erase it. She was nothing like so ardent as he, it is true,

but then as she explained to him with a lovely indifference, ardor is not the woman's part.

"You care the most?" said Yvette. "Naturally. It *should* be like that."

"H'mph!" said Whiting. After those brief crucial moments at the opera, he had regained something of his usual poise—a delightfully humorous sophistication not untouched with cynicism. "I dare say—balance of power—eh?"

"There is an old French proverb," said Yvette, turning her winking solitaire about a cool white finger, "which says that there is always one who kisses and one who—how do you say?—one who presents the cheek. It is true, I suppose. And it should be the man who kisses. Otherwise he might grow tired."

"H'mph!" said Whiting again. "There's something in that, of course—for flirtations—and episodes. This thing of ours goes a bit deeper—eh? I can't seem to see myself getting tired in case you—well, in case you ever decided to take the initiative. Mind being kissed, Yvette?"

"But that is absurd!" said Yvette, smiling.

"Yes—of course," said Whiting. He stroked his clean-shaven chin, which was as yet but one chin, and looked at Yvette out of keen, clear, gray eyes. His own smile had a winning kindness, but it came slow. "Of course," he repeated. "By nature you're a trifle cold, I fancy—that's all."

Yvette looked at him swiftly and looked away.

"Queer!" said Whiting, "your eyes, now—but you wouldn't have said you'd marry me unless you cared—Yvette?"

"Why should you suppose—" Yvette began haughtily.

"You're very beautiful," said Whiting, "and you're young. It's incredible that you shouldn't have stirred up a grand passion, somehow. I don't want to be insistent about it, but, my dear girl, don't for God's sake decide to marry me for any reason but the one I've mentioned! You'd do yourself a very cruel injustice."

"You seem to think," said Yvette, "that it is impossible I should—care—for—you."

"Not impossible," said Whiting quietly. "An exquisite miracle, if you like. Nothing's impossible. But I can't seem to believe in my own happiness—and I wish it might



"‘DO YOU ASK *ME*,’ SAID HAYS ALL AT ONCE, ‘IF YOU ARE IN THE WAY—IS THAT YOUR QUESTION?’”



"I DO NOT," SAID WHITING SLOWLY, 'BECAUSE I AM NOT CONSIDERING YOU AT ALL—UNLESS SHE WANTS YOU.'

sometimes occur to you to touch me of your own accord." Then he asked a strange question. "Ever been anybody else, Yvette?"

And Yvette said what every woman says when she feels the wall at her back.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Any other man?" said Whiting slowly. "At any stage of the game?"

Said Yvette: "I have known a great many men."

And said Whiting: "Yes, of course, that's what I was thinking. Any of 'em leave a scar?"

A scar, you will remember, was what Yvette had looked for on her lips. Not having found it, she probably felt justified now in smiling and shaking her head.

"Thank God!" said Whiting rather suddenly.

Yvette turned pale.

Afterwards, when she remembered the conversation, she gave audience to a ghost by way of corollary; but nothing resulted, and the trousseau went forward triumphantly. Mrs. de la Fuente swam in satisfaction like a trout in a purling stream. She designed gowns and matched laces. She hobnobbed with dressmakers, and bullied seamstresses. The line of a hat was in her dreams by night, and the argot of the sewing room was on her tongue by day. All of this demanded money, and to obtain that money certain of Mrs. de la Fuente's diamonds found their way into the loan-shops. Yvette protested vainly.

"I do not wish, mama, that you should ruin yourself."

But Mrs. de la Fuente was obdurate.

"In my trousseau were two dozen of everything. Upon my petticoats even was real lace—and the veil of my grandmother—Dear little one, will you have it draped back or falling before the face?"

When Yvette had no definite desire to express upon this point, her mother reproached her tragically.

"Is it that you do not care? Unnatural child! I remember that I was mad with excitement for weeks before my wedding. I knew to a fold how I wished the veil to fall. I shed tears if a tuck too much was placed upon a skirt—and I had but fifteen years."

"Did you perhaps hide your doll beneath the steps of the altar?" inquired Yvette. Then she kissed her mother upon the cheek and smiled. She might have been the

lovely elder sister of that other little girl in veil and orange blossoms.

"At least," said Mrs. de la Fuente, sighing before the hopelessness of Yvette's disinterest, "your papa approved. He found me wonderfully gowned. All men have eyes for chiffons upon a woman they love. Tinee will know if your veil is badly draped."

"And will he punish me, do you think?" asked Yvette. "Will he perhaps beat me, mama?"

She put on her hat while her mother was still scolding, wrapped herself in great soft black furs that accentuated the clearness of her coloring, and went out to motor with Whiting upon a wintry road. Those were not unhappy days.

Then the man came back. I believe there is a saying that this feat is not possible. Still, he came. His name was Douglas Hays, and Whiting brought him to call one Sunday afternoon.

Yvette, coming into the drawing-room, halted a very little in her slow gracious step. Her eyes when they first fell upon his face widened and darkened. Perhaps a slow flush burned across her cheek. But she gave her hand unhesitatingly. Yvette had race.

"Yvette," said Whiting, "may I present Mr. Hays? Miss de la Fuente, Mr. Hays."

And Yvette smiled.

"I think," she said, "that I remember Mr. Hays. The year I came out—was it not?"

Mr. Hays smiled in his turn, but somewhat stiffly. His surprise wrote itself almost imperceptibly upon a lean, sunburned face. His eyes in that brown inscrutable setting were bright and blue like jewels, but the line of his mouth was hard.

"You've met before?" said Whiting in pleasant inquiry.

"Quite some time ago," the other man admitted, equally upon the surface of things. "It's good of you to remember, me—Miss de la Fuente." Only to Yvette's conscious ear did the slight hesitation suggest that he stumbled over the formal appellation.

"I never forget names," said Yvette indolently, and added as his eyes met hers, "but I have a dreadful memory—for faces. I am not sure I should have known—"

"Possibly I've changed," he suggested.

Whiting, from a corner of the davenport, put in an idle oar.

"Men of your type don't change a great deal, under, say fifty."

At which the two men crossed glances, courteously enough.

"Why, no," said Yvette, "you have not changed—as I remember you."

"Nor you," said Hays almost significantly.

"Mr. Hays," said Whiting, in the ensuing pause, "is a stranger in a strange land, Yvette. Never been here but once before. I've asked him to see 'Aida' with us tomorrow night."

"That will be charming," said Yvette.

"It's very good of you," said Hays.

"You'll find the old Opera House interesting," said Whiting. He stood up slowly. "Think by any chance I'd find your mother in the library, Yvette? I've a message for her from my sister."

"All afternoon," said Yvette calmly, "she has been in the library with a volume of de Maupassant. One fancies she will be there still, Tony."

And Tony went out with a nod and a smile. The curtains fell to behind him.

Then the other man spoke. He leaned forward in his chair, elbows upon his knees, hands interlocked, and looked a little mockingly at his hostess.

"Hello, Yvette!" he said, as if he had not seen her before. The words were flippant, almost with a touch of impertinence.

Yvette looked back at him straightly. Nevertheless, an uncontrollable excitement stained her cheeks.

"You have not changed," she said, "in the least. You were always daring."

"Dear me, yes!" he agreed. "Why not? The ladies like it, God bless 'em!" Then, very suddenly, he dropped his smiling pose.

"I had no idea," he told her, "that it was you I was to see. Whiting mentioned no names. You believe me?"

"You know him well?" asked Yvette.

"I hadn't seen him in years until to-day. I knew him back East." He added curiously, "And you?"

"We are to be married," said Yvette.

"Oh!" said Hays. A little thereafter he smiled. "I congratulate him."

"Thank you," said Yvette.

Then the man looked into Yvette's eyes, and found them deep.

"Clean forgotten everything?" he suggested coolly.

"What was there to forget?" she asked him.

"Never dig in the ashes?" he hinted.

"Ashes are cold and uninteresting," said Yvette.

She smiled, too. When he stared a little rudely, she smiled the sweeter.

"It is almost impossible," she apologized, "to remember everything, across four years. I dare say there are a great many things of which you are thinking, that I have forgotten. One meets so many men when one is a debutante——"

"I should like to stake my reputation, of which I am excessively jealous," said Hays, "that you have *not* forgotten. There are some things which one does not forget, and *die erste Liebe* is one of them."

"Were you that?"

"I," said he, "was that—however unworthily."

Yvette shrugged.

When she did not speak the lines of Hays' face changed swiftly. A compelling youth spoke from his eyes, and the whimsical, lifting corners of his mouth. It was the look Yvette remembered.

"I've never changed," he said. "Believe me, Yvette——"

And at that juncture, rather appropriately, Whiting came back into the room.

"I found your mother," he said cheerfully, "and de Maupassant. Have you two revived your auld lang syne?"

Whiting's roses came next day upon the heels of Hays' less prodigal valley lilies.

Yvette wore the roses to the opera—and put the valley lilies in her room.

After the first act of "Aida," she questioned Whiting's pleasant hospitality abruptly.

"Tony—you know Mr. Hays well?"

Whiting shrugged. He drew his chair a little nearer, and lowered his voice.

"Fairly well, not intimately. Likable chap, eh? Something of a gallant cavalier. Where did you know him?"

"He went about with the La Branches the winter I came out," said Yvette.

"Like him?" asked Whiting carelessly. "By the way, I've asked him to a little dinner I'm having next week—for you."

"A dinner you're having for me?" said Yvette.

"Thought you'd like it—an old friend and all that," said Whiting. He sat back in his chair as the curtain rose.

Yvette heard very little of the music that night.

When she went home, she put the bowl of valley lilies downstairs in the library on the plea that their perfume was too heavy.

"It sickens me," she said, more or less truthfully.

Another thing she did was not so wise. She resurrected from a box in the depths of a clothes-closet a package of letters and read them through deliberately. The dawn came in at the window when she had finished. They were long letters, for the most part, and there were rather a number of them. The last one was enlightening.

"I accept your decision," it said carefully, "but I can't help believing that this is not the end. Suppose we call it tomorrow's tangle, and trust to Fate to unravel it. You may be right. In any case, there is nothing more now for me to say. You have closed the subject."

"It was a very easy acceptance—of *my* decision," said Yvette to herself. "He never cared. If he had——"

Without finishing the sentence she went to bed, just as the streets were waking. She did not go to sleep at once, but then when she did she slept till noon, which somewhat recompensed her.

It is not one of the conditions for a successful betrothal that memories return.

Yvette was unhappy.

She endeavored to be natural with Whiting, and succeeded in displaying to his keen gray eyes an undue effusiveness. She endeavored to be natural with Hays, and by her resultant coldness convinced him easily that she was afraid of the old feeling. She endeavored to be natural with her mother, who had memories of her own concerning Hays and her daughter and was therefore pacing the watch-tower, and succeeded only in arousing in the maternal breast a small simoon of anxiety.

In herself, Yvette was prey to a variety of emotions. Her nerves wore to fiddle-strings, and her nights were sleepless tread-mills. She desired to be loyal to Whiting, but the lure of the first love called her insidiously. Also she said to herself—as does many another beloved one—that matrimony allows one no rain checks, and having purchased a ticket one must willy-nilly sit through the entire performance or go forth into outer darkness with no prospect of returning.

The thing faintly alarmed her—for the first time.

In contradistinction to each other she placed certain reluctant facts.

Whiting was nearing middle age. Hays was in the very prime of youth, daring, denied and dark—three potent D's.

Whiting loved her. Hays might or might not—a fact entirely in his favor by the very beauty of its uncertainty.

Whiting's hair was ebbing and his waistcoat obtained an almost imperceptible prominence. Hays was lithe as an Indian, and his hair thick as leaves at Vallombrosa.

Add to this: Whiting had money. Hays had not.

This last line is, of course, an inconsiderable factor. Another obscure line of reasoning is that she had given her word to Whiting; and once, a long four years ago, she had refused it to Hays who had accepted that refusal, as his conduct had instigated it, without enormous regret.

Yvette, as I said, was unhappy.

She saw Hays often, and he made love to her so cleverly that only her wish which was perhaps the paternal progenitor of her thought could have been sure just what he was doing.

Also, she saw Whiting, seven days out of the week, and he made love to her less subtly, at the same time arranging ways by which the other man should have his opportunity.

"I'd like you to see something of Hays," said Whiting on one occasion. "You don't dislike him, do you?"

"On the contrary," said Yvette; but just how much on the contrary she neglected, quite naturally, to add.

Hays himself urged the question with rather more effect. Having come back, he desired to pick up the threads that his departure had broken. Yvette, more poised, more sought after, more delicately experienced in every way, appealed strongly to his appreciation. Possibly that appreciation acquired something of its fervency from the fact that Yvette was now behind the plate-glass window of another's prospective ownership. Men are like that. In any case, the appreciation *was* fervent, and its expression unmistakable. At first, for a little, he fenced, he experimented for the weak spot in her armor, and he fired from ambush. Then he came boldly into the open.

"You loved me once," he said. "You women don't forget."

"I cannot listen to you," Yvette rebuffed him uneasily.

"You could listen fast enough if you'd forgotten."

Which shot went home, and Yvette winced.

"You're afraid," he said, "that I can make you care again."

"I am afraid of nothing," said Yvette. But she would not look at him.

"Yvette," he said, with sudden passion, "it's like a flame consuming me, for all I thought myself so strong. I've forgotten all the other women I ever knew, and they've been more than two or three. You cared once—you've got to care again."

His hand shook while he said it, and it was true that Yvette had cared—once. There you have the makings of a very probable *da capo*, but time passed without a climax, and it came to be the night of the little dinner which Whiting was having for Yvette. He had it in his bachelor apartments, with Mrs. de la Fuente an imposing evidence of propriety at the head of the table.

In the center of the table which was lit with rosy-shaded candles was a bank of pale orchids, and around the table—it was rather small—were Whiting, Yvette and Hays. I have said that Mrs. de la Fuente presided.

"But Tony," said Yvette, a little nervously perhaps, "are we your only guests?"

"Why, there's a camaraderie, I think, about these little dinners," said Whiting.

There was, however, small camaraderie about that little dinner. Mrs. de la Fuente alone talked determinedly and lightly on many subjects. Yvette ate little, and laughed a good deal. For the two men, Whiting was cheerfully silent, and Hays taciturn. The courses came and went, and eventually dinner was over. When the coffee cups were empty, Whiting led the way to his library.

"There's a fire," he said, "an open fire, which I find is always first aid to sociability."

About a quarter of an hour later he appealed to Mrs. de la Fuente.

"I have been hoping all day that you would play for us."

Mrs. de la Fuente rose with a pleased flutter.

"Ah, but I am old-fashioned," she protested, "I have not the music of to-day."

"I don't know your equal," said Whiting, "for 'Lucia' and 'Aida' and 'Trovatore'—all the real tunes."

He led her to the grand piano which occupied almost all of the room adjoining the library, and then came back to the fire.

"*Celeste Aida*" followed him, sighing upon the air.

"Well!" said Whiting, pleasantly conversational. He stood with his back to the fire, one hand in the pocket of his trousers, and looked from Yvette to Hays.

"Well, what, Tony?" said Yvette.

Hays crossed his legs, and looked at the fire.

"What have you decided?" asked Whiting.

"I!" said Yvette. She said it sharply, being startled.

"And Hays," said Whiting. He spoke quietly, beneath the music.

Then Hays looked at Yvette.

"What d'you mean?" he inquired, "I don't quite get you, my dear fellow. Is it a joke?"

"Shall I explain?" asked Whiting.

"If you please," said Yvette, her chin lifting proudly.

"I fancy," said Whiting after a considering pause, "it won't be any too easy. Still, I've arranged this little dinner with a view to explanations, where two or three are gathered together, y'know—Yvette, have you ever found me unreasonable?"

"No," said Yvette.

"Or exacting?"

"No."

"Or unfair?"

"No—no!" She answered vehemently.

"Then you will answer a question if I ask it?"

"I will answer any question," said Yvette, "you choose to ask me."

"Thanks," said Whiting. He turned curtly to Hays.

"Never knew me to be anything but square, did you?"

"So far as I know," said Hays with the barest trace of a sneer.

"Then you will answer a question?"

"Concerning whom?"

"Concerning us three," said Whiting quietly. He added, lifting his voice a trifle, "Ah, don't stop, Mrs. de la Fuente! Give us the immortal sextet."

"I will answer any question," said Hays to Yvette, "that you wish me to answer."

"Good!" said Whiting cheerfully. "Now then—here's the thing in a nutshell." He spoke swiftly, but rather low. "Do either or both of you wish me to release Yvette from her promise to marry me?"

The fire of seasoned logs crackled like thorns beneath a pot, and the immortal sextet flooded the room with melody. Otherwise ensued a silence.

"You're pretty frank, aren't you?" said Hays at length.

Yvette said nothing, only looked.

"It would hardly escape me," said Whiting, still with the same pleasant quiet, "that this is a triangle. Your firm sent you here, Hays, a couple of weeks ago. I had heard of you before you came. Gossip dies hard. I had heard that you were once extremely attentive to Miss de la Fuente. You're young, you're interesting, you have it on me every way but one. I wanted to be absolutely fair to the lady who had done me the honor to accept me, so I saw that she met you again—I saw that she met you rather frequently. I gave you every chance. I knew that old affairs sometimes rejuvenate themselves. You'll admit you've had fair play?"

He looked from Hays to Yvette, and back again. Yvette sat very still, all her delicate color faded, her dark eyes fixed on Whiting's face.

And in the other room, Mrs. de la Fuente began on "Trovatore."

"A blind man couldn't help but see," said Whiting coolly, "that there was something—Am I in the way, Yvette? My dear, it's your happiness I'm considering."

"Do you ask *me*," said Hays all at once, "if you are in the way—is that your question?"

"I do not," said Whiting slowly, and for the first time the steel in his quiet eyes showed through, "because I am not con-

sidering you at all, unless it happens that she wants you."

Yvette locked her two hands tightly together in her lap, and kept silent. Doubtless *die erste Liebe* stirred in its grave, and doubtless the heart in her breast leaped with the old exultant urge of the skin-clad woman who beheld from an upper ledge two men belaboring each other upon her cave-step.

Woman is the one element the ages cannot altogether refine.

While she waited:

"Yvette!" said Hays hoarsely. (And here is the hinge of the story—so far as it was in the man, he really loved her.)

But Whiting, without speaking, moved a peacock-embroidered screen a little forward to shield her face from the blaze.

Then Yvette drew a long breath. She lifted dark glorious eyes to Whiting's waiting look, and her lip trembled.

She said:

"Do not be silly, Tony." That was all. Apparently, however, it was enough.

"Then that's settled," said Whiting, and he also drew a long breath. He had been under something of a strain.

"I fancy you'll forgive me if I leave early," said Hays. He went, with distinctly more dignity than might have been expected. He had come back, and he had not come back—which is an engaging paradox.

Then Whiting sat upon the arm of Yvette's big chair, a thing not every lover of forty years can do with grace, and laid his arm about Yvette's proud shoulders. It is preëminently the gesture of ownership.

"I was afraid, Yvette," he said softly. "My dear, I was damnably afraid."

And Yvette—even as you and I—Yvette stood in the line of direct descent from Eve—"Ah, Tony," she said, "you might have had more—how do you say?—more faith in me!"

And what is stranger yet, she meant it.





THE BATTLE OF 1912

By O. K. Davis

Cartoons by C. R. Macauley

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In 1912 will you vote for Taft or Wilson for President? Or will La Follette and Champ Clark be able to win the nominations of their parties? Will Roosevelt be a candidate? What will be Bryan's attitude? Will the Republicans win, or will the Democrats finally occupy the White House?

These and a dozen other live questions are discussed by Mr. Davis, famous as a Washington correspondent and political journalist of the highest rank. We can promise you that not in a long while have you read a more interesting article.

BY all tradition and usage this ought to be an off season in politics, but not in forty years has there been such a humming and a buzzing of presidential bees as is going on right now. All over the country the "Stop! Look! Listen!" signs are being set up, and we are already busy, very busy in some cases, with the campaign of 1912.

The formal opening will not come for several months yet. Not until December will the national committees meet in Washington to fix the times and places for holding the national conventions and to prepare for the election of the delegates who will name the standard bearers. But the launching of booms is about over, the boomers are abooming across the land, and in the national capital Congress is in session with the Democratic House and the mixed Republican Senate each busily endeavoring to out-wit and circumvent the other in making up "the record" on which will be fought the battle of November, 1912.

Both of the leading parties are split into factions, but the Republican trouble is much more serious than the Democratic. The

Republicans, to use the colloquial but expressive phrase, are "all shot to pieces." Their leaders are hopeless of effective reorganization. The Progressive faction is going its own way, cheerfully convinced that it has the Old Guard beaten to ultimate destruction, and that when the reorganization is finally effected Progressives will be in control from top to bottom. The Old Guard, or reactionary element, rages helplessly, aware of its own impotence, and apparently determined to drag down the temple about its own ears if it cannot do anything else.

The Democrats are in better case. There is no denying the split in their ranks, along lines similar to those of the Republican cleavage. But there is a great difference which makes for hopefulness of cooperation among them. It is the fact that they are woefully hungry. They are willing enough to divide on questions of policy, but there is no division when it comes to a question of pie. It is sixteen years since the Democrats had the right to walk unchallenged up to the pie counter, and that is a mighty long

period of fasting, even for Democrats who got pretty well used to going hungry after the Civil War.

The success they had in the elections of last year has convinced them that they cannot be beaten at the polls of 1912, and they mean to complete their victory then by carrying the Senate and the Presidency as well as the House of Representatives. Consequently the protectionists among them are willing to make some concessions to the low tariff men and free traders, and the low tariff men are willing to give some recognition to the protectionists. There is a spirit of compromise among the Democrats which the bitter differences between the Old Guard and the Insurgents have destroyed in the Republican camp.

The feeling is widespread throughout the country that unless the Democrats make some very bad mistakes during the present Congress, they will march to certain success in 1912. When the special session convened early in April there was a lingering hope among some of the old line Republicans that the Democrats would remain true to their traditional propensity to do foolish things and make mistakes that would render a Republican success possible next year. But thus far the Democrats have played skillful

politics and have shown no signs of making damaging slips.

The Democratic victory of 1910 was due not so much to popular confidence in the Democrats as to lack of confidence in the Republicans, and to disgust and strife within that party. The figures of that election show that the Republican vote in the whole country was about 1,500,000 less than it should have been on the showing made in other similar contests. Of this falling off a part no doubt was due to the direct voting of the Democratic ticket by Republicans. But the greater part of it was due to the failure of Republicans to vote at all. That is shown by the fact that the Democratic vote was not abnormally large. It was the stay-at-home Republican vote that did the business for the Democrats. The result in Ohio is a case in point.

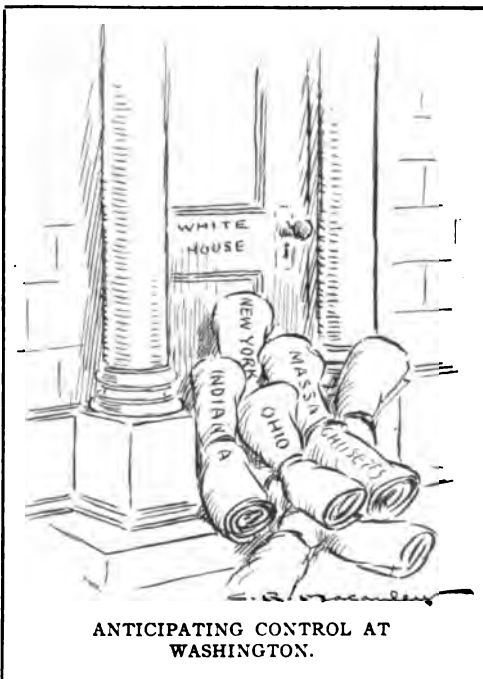
The Democrats are hopeful now of changing this situation. They figure on demonstrating their right to popular confidence by their course in Congress during the present special session and the regular session of next winter. Their leaders openly admit that they are "on trial" now, and are using that circumstance to keep their men in line and to avoid internal troubles. As things have been working out for them, they are in a fair way to succeed.

One of the most astute of the New England Senators said the other day that unless there was a decided change in favor of the Republicans, he expected to see at least three and possibly four New England states go Democratic next year.

Not much has occurred since last fall to make the Republicans more satisfied with themselves. That is, there has not been much to lead most of those who stayed at home then to become enthusiastic in 1912. On the contrary, several things have occurred to emphasize dissatisfaction among them. First of these is the action of President Taft in negotiating the reciprocity agreement with Canada.

POLITICAL CONFUSION OVER CANADIAN RECIPROCITY

There can be no question of the general popularity of that measure in the country. It has aroused the vehement opposition of certain factions, but it unquestionably makes a strong and direct appeal to the average citizen who is not immediately concerned in the production of articles on



ANTICIPATING CONTROL AT
WASHINGTON.



which the reciprocity agreement lowers the duty—in other words, who is not the direct beneficiary of the tariff.

That general popularity, if it continues and is borne out by the operation of the agreement, when it is ratified—if it ever is—ought to be of assistance to President Taft in his campaign for reelection. It ought to be a direct producer of votes among a large class of people.

It certainly will have to produce a large number of such votes if the President is to break even at the polls on it. For there is no possible doubt that it has cost him tremendously in his own party and in the very faction which had been supporting him best. The bitterness of the old line Republican stand-patter over the reciprocity agreement can hardly be magnified.

The Republican Congress killed it at the regular session to which it was first submitted, and the Republicans in the present special session are doing everything in their power to destroy it by indirection, if

they cannot kill it directly. The old time high tariff Republican denounces the reciprocity agreement and the President with equally vitriolic vehemence, and it is undeniable that the negotiation of that agreement has cost the President much strength in his own party.

The Democrats have skillfully made the most of this circumstance. They at once approved the reciprocity agreement, as in line with their policy of tariff revision, and it was by their votes that it passed the House at the regular session and has now again been agreed to in the House. The majority of House Republicans were against the agreement on each vote.

Thus the Democrats stand to divide with the President whatever popularity the measure develops in the country, while all its unpopularity will fall on the head of the President who negotiated it. It is his idea and he worked it out, and made its negotiation with Canada possible. It has been described as the first measure of distinctly Taft



policy during this administration. If it wins election support he ought to get it, but he will find the Democrats right up in front claiming credit for having made it possible after all, and there will be no denying their contention.

Thus, broadly speaking, the outlook is good for the Democrats and bad for the Republicans.

It is always possible that where, as at present, no matter of truly vital importance is impending in which to develop a real and deep-seated political conviction, some merely ephemeral issue may arise which will change the whole current of affairs before election day of next year. But with no indication of such a change, the Democrats are going steadily ahead in their preparations for the contest, and the Presidential bees are humming sweetly all over the land.

PLENTY OF DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

The number of candidates for the Presidential nomination is always a reliable indication of a party's expectation of success at the polls. Thus there is an abundance of Democratic candidates nowadays, but the Republicans are "singing mighty soft and low."

It is apparently an open race for the Democratic nomination, and just as evidently a closed one for the Republican leadership. The Democratic prize may go to Speaker Champ Clark, the eminent Missourian who has borne such a conspicuous part in the labors of his party in the House of Representatives for so many years; or to Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio, who carried that state in the year when it gave President Taft an overwhelming plurality, and was reelected last year by an even greater vote; or to Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, the politician and ex-president of Princeton, historian and student, who has made a brilliant record for himself in the few months that he has been at the helm in that state.

There is, of course, a possibility that none of these three leading candidates may be chosen and that the nomination may go to a dark horse—for instance, to ex-Governor Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri. But all the indications now point to the selection of one of these three as the Democratic nominee for next year.

MR. TAFT PROBABLY WILL BE RENOMINATED

In the Republican camp there is practically no doubt that President Taft will be called upon to make the race again. He has friends who believe that he can win, and he has other friends who believe that he is sure to be beaten if he runs, but yet think that he is not only entitled to renomination, but that he is under obligation to take it and to make the best fight for his party that he can.

There are other Republicans—plenty of them—who have openly ceased to count themselves friendly to the President, who are in favor of renominating him with the expectation that he will be defeated. They charge him with responsibility for the misfortunes that have overtaken the Republican party, and lay at his door almost every crime in the political decalogue. Some of them want to beat him, and while they will ostensibly work for him prior to renomination and during the campaign, they will in fact either do just as little as they can or actually work against him.

It is the common thing to charge that the beginning of disaster for the Republicans was coincident with the election of Mr. Taft to the Presidency, but, as a matter of fact, the trouble began some time before that. Mr.

Taft's course in the White House may have helped it along, it certainly did not start it. The split that has finally left the Republican party divided into two bitterly hostile factions began early in the second term of Theodore Roosevelt, and first showed prominence over the question of legislation for the control of corporations and railroads.

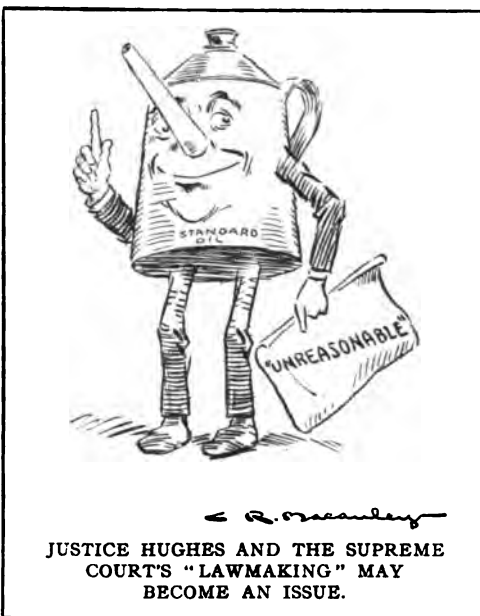
The methods of Mr. Roosevelt accentuated the differences that then arose, and it was a triumphant but badly divided party which Mr. Taft headed when he entered the White House that stormy day in March, 1909. That day has been emblematic of much of his career in the executive mansion. He chose to side at the start with the waning faction of his party, instead of with the faction that was gaining strength. He ignored the warning of some of his cabinet that he ought "to create a new majority and control," and relied upon the unpopular reactionary element for the enactment of his legislative program.

The result was promptly disastrous. The outcry of the Progressive, or Insurgent, element was believed by the country, and the people became suspicious of the President, of his cabinet, and of the legislation which he managed to secure.

The tariff bill that was his first Congressional achievement was intensely unpopular, and he was accused of an ignominious surrender in signing it. He increased and accentuated that feeling by defending the bill and praising its authors and sponsors. From that on his political fortunes went from bad to worse, and there was no change until last winter.

Then, partly owing to the retirement from Congress of some of the men who had been most influential with him, but more largely owing to his own recognition of the desirability of a change, he shook himself free from those influences. He seems to have made a right about face. His recent Cabinet appointments show it in the selection of two pronounced Progressives to replace the reactionary Ballinger and the Democratic Dickinson.

The first great indication of the change was the negotiation of the Canadian reciprocity agreement, a proceeding in which he stood absolutely on his own feet alone. Not a member of his party, not one of the Old Guard advisers who had been so influential with him before, had a word about that transaction until it was completed.



The President's friends assert that this change of attitude will be of material benefit to him in his campaign for reelection. But there are many who believe that it came too late. It is doubtful if, had he been the most consummate politician, he could have healed the breach that had developed in his party before he took the leadership. He might have overthrown the Old Guard, root and branch, and remained triumphant in the popularity of that proceeding. But although he is a sufficiently skillful political diagnostician to have seen that that was possible, he is too little enamored of the game to play it in that fashion. Colonel Roosevelt and Governor Wilson like that kind of a fight for the sake of the fight itself; but that is not the way with President Taft, and the mere popularity of fighting has never influenced him.

PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICANS OPPOSE TAFT'S RENOMINATION

The insurgent Republicans will earnestly oppose the renomination of President Taft. The National Progressive Republican League is conducting an active campaign for delegates who will vote for Senator La Follette or some other Progressive for the Presidential nomination. It is not likely, however, that there will be many more than a hundred votes for La Follette in the convention. They will come from his own state of Wis-

consin, and in small bunches from Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, California, Oregon and the Dakotas, with a few from Indiana, Illinois and perhaps even Ohio. The Progressives will try determinedly to divide the delegation from the President's own state.

There is no reason now, however, for thinking that the La Follette Republicans will be able to control the convention. La Follette has a strong following in certain sections and in certain circles in other sections, but he is not strong enough to upset the power of organization and administration that will be behind the candidacy of Mr. Taft.

This is not to say that there will be any astonishing enthusiasm for Taft. There never has been that. Popular spontaneity in his case has always been too well timed and too mechanical to be accidental. Mr. Taft will have back of him all the weight and influence of the cold-blooded and well calculated plans of the national Republican machine. The mere inertia of the reactionary element still counts for much in a convention, and in this case it will count for the President's renomination.

It requires strong popular enthusiasm to overcome the Taft power, and La Follette's most hopeful friends do not believe he can accomplish the impossible. La Follette has been in too many fights and is too much battered up.

ROOSEVELT'S PROBABLE POSITION IN 1912

There is no practical probability that the Republican Insurgents will bolt the national convention and name a separate ticket. When the National Progressive League was launched it created considerable talk of a bolt, but the Progressive leaders at once disclaimed that idea. They will make their fight against Taft in the convention, and accept their defeat with as much show of grace as possible. Then they will go home and devote their time and energy to electing Progressives in their state and local contests. Thus they will retain the party regularity for which they have contended always, while at the same time doing nothing to aid Mr. Taft.

Their work, in fact, will be more likely to hurt than to help him, but it will be ostensibly work for the party; and so, if the day they long for ever comes, when the Old Guard completely loses control of the party, the Progressives will be in position to take

it up without the stigma of having been bolters.

If it were not for the unhappy American predilection for frescoing our idols with mud, the name of Roosevelt might again be a talisman to fire the hearts and stir the blood of Republicans. No doubt that name stirs the blood of many men to-day, even more than it did a few years ago, but not in the way that would make them shout for him as a Presidential candidate nearly so much or so vehemently as they shout against him.

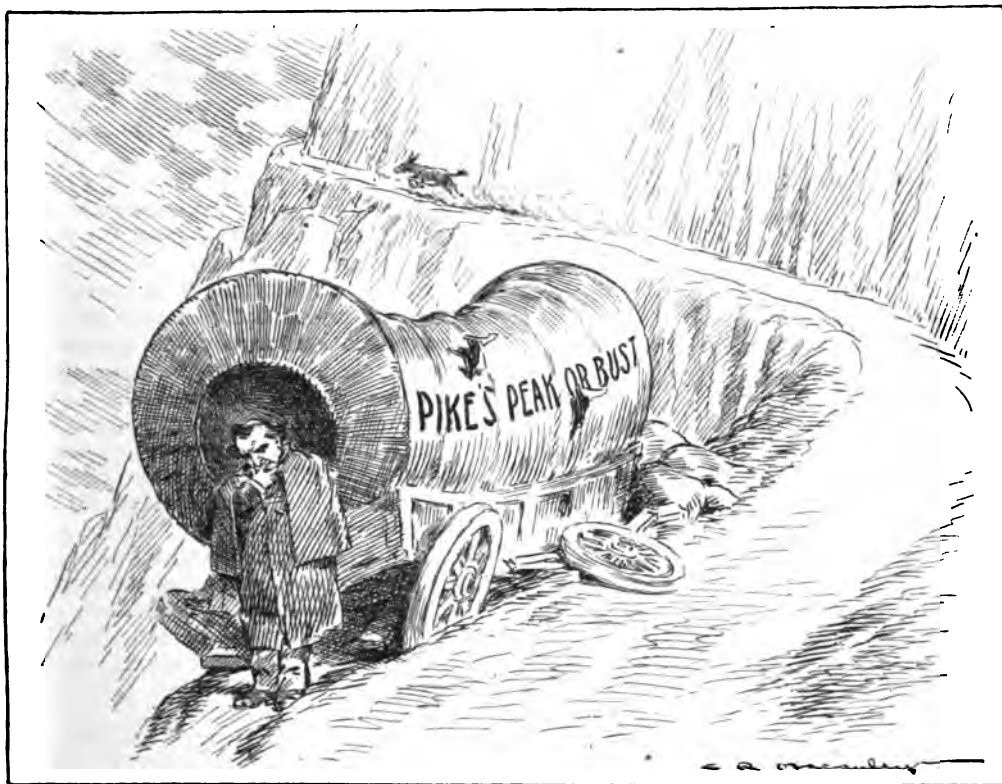
It is conceivable as a possibility—but not at all as a probability—that a situation might arise such that the Republican nomination would be offered to Colonel Roosevelt and that he would accept it. Practically, that is about the least likely turn to the convention. It is a possibility and that is all.

The situation that would bring Mr. Roosevelt to the front again would be the repetition on a national scale of that which arose in New York state last fall. That situation was just this: Certain men on whom Mr. Roosevelt had depended when he was at the head of his party, and who had supported him loyally all through, were making a Progressive fight in New York against the Old Guard bosses. This fight crystallized around the direct primaries bill.

When Mr. Roosevelt returned from Africa he was desirous of remaining out of active politics. These friends who had enlisted under his banner in earlier years called on him for help in the fight they were making for what they regarded as principles for which he had encouraged them to stand. There never was a question as to his response to that kind of an appeal. He would have had to forfeit his own self-respect if he had not gone in, to regard himself as a coward and a deserter and a poltroon.

Nobody in the United States saw any more clearly than did Colonel Roosevelt just exactly what that fight meant and what its outcome was likely to be. Nobody in the whole country diagnosed the case more exactly than he. He understood perfectly the forces at work on both sides, and he saw vividly the real issue. Nobody comprehended more fully than he the personal advantage that would accrue to him from staying out of it.

He knew he could not stave off the defeat that was impending over the Repub-



THRICE LEADER TO INGLORIOUS DEFEAT, BRYAN'S IS THE PATHETIC IN THE SITUATION.

lican party, and he was certain to be blamed for it when it came. If he kept out, as he had a right to do, he not only could not be blamed for the disaster, he would certainly have been hailed as the one man in the party who could redeem it, and there would have been a new growth of popularity and a demand for him from all over the country.

His personal political fortune was not the consideration, however. It was the principle for which he had stood so vigorously which counted with him. I know there are a lot of men who hoot at this kind of a suggestion about Colonel Roosevelt, but that does not prevent it from being the fact.

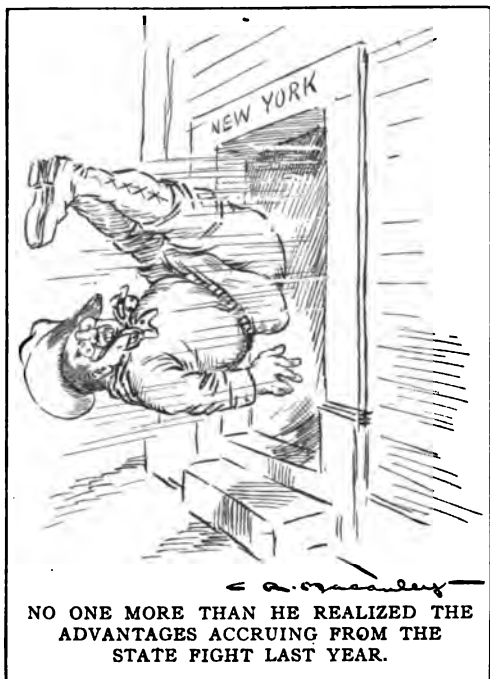
When that call was made on him in New York last fall he went in and did the best he could, as a matter of course. There was not a moment during the whole campaign when he was fooled as to the outcome. Events have since justified entirely his description of the situation and the issue, as a comparison of the editorial utterances of the newspapers that fought him then with what the same papers are now saying will demonstrate.

Roosevelt took his medicine and did not complain about it, but it would be interesting to know his exact opinion of Charles E. Hughes, who had a prominent part in getting him into the New York mess and then softly sidestepped into the quiet comfort of the Supreme Court!

ROOSEVELT DOES NOT WANT NOMINATION

Now, if it should happen that the same sort of a call should be made on Roosevelt next year, it can be set down as certain that he would respond in the same way. He does not want the Republican Presidential nomination any more than he wanted to get into the New York rumpus last year. He would much prefer to stay out. He understands the national situation now just as clearly as he understood the local situation then.

But the Roosevelt attitude is that if he were a general during a war he would not refuse to fight just because he might be shot or his army defeated. If he were the admiral of the fleet he would not refuse to go into the harbor after the enemy just because he knew the harbor had been mined. "He



isn't that kind of a hairpin." And when you stop to consider these things you will get a much better line on what "T. R." is likely to do or not to do in politics.

It should be borne in mind that Roosevelt considers himself a Progressive but not a radical. He is a Progressive who "stays on the track." He has not been on intimate terms with La Follette and when he was in the White House they did not always work together harmoniously. Roosevelt has announced himself in sympathy with most of the program of the Progressive League, although he refused to join that organization.

There has been much talk about a break between Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft, and there have been indications which could not be ignored that things were not running with entire smoothness between them. That was some time ago, and recent events have tended to show that the President and the ex-President are working together again.

Roosevelt has heartily endorsed the Canadian reciprocity agreement, and has spoken for it several times. He is not so enthusiastic about the general arbitration proposals of the President, his attitude having been that while he is always for peace, a

strong and well-prepared army and navy form the best means of insuring it. But if there is any one who expects or hopes to see Colonel Roosevelt fighting Mr. Taft's re-nomination or reelection, he is bound to be disappointed.

In considering the position of Colonel Roosevelt next year it should not be overlooked that he has always been "regular" and an organization man. So when Mr. Taft has been renominated next June the Colonel will undoubtedly endorse the work of the convention heartily, and may be expected to take some part in the campaign in aid of the President's reelection.

If the miraculous should happen and the Progressives control the convention and demand that Colonel Roosevelt take the nomination, he would surely heed the call, however reluctantly. If they should nominate La Follette or some other Progressive, Roosevelt will no doubt endorse that action, and take his fair share in the ensuing campaign. For that would be the "regular" thing to do under those circumstances. Mr. Taft would do the same thing.

LITTLE LIKELIHOOD OF PROGRESSIVES DEFEATING TAFT FOR RENOMINATION

The chance that control of the Republican convention can be wrested away from the Taft organization is too small, however, to receive serious consideration. Some of the more radical Progressives are eager in their assertion that it can be done. They back up their talk with the statement that they have plenty of money, but somehow they display a good deal of reluctance about telling where they got it.

There is a cheerful theory that Gifford Pinchot and Senator Bourne have supplied the funds, but the days of that kind of miracle are over. If a lamb has been shorn it is one more tender than either of these. There are other rich Progressives like Rudolph Spreckels, Charles R. Crane, and Congressman William Kent, of California, who are able to finance the League.

The Progressives mean, of course, to maintain their organization, and are working hard to spread it among the states. They do not intend it to be a "third party." What they expect to do with it is to obtain control of the Republican party. They want to capture the parent organization and drive the reactionaries out of power. It is a fight wholly within the party.

La Follette has shown them the way by his career in Wisconsin. The Progressives are in the game to stay, and have plenty of patience and confidence. If they do not win this time that only means that they will put up a harder fight next time.

SOME REPUBLICANS STILL HOPE FOR A PEACEMAKER

There is still, however, a large body of middle-of-the-road Republicans, neither Insurgent nor Old Guard, who cling fondly to the hope that something can be done to save the party next year. These men have been hoping that, somehow, a candidate might be found who would be able to reunite the two factions of the party and reawake the old Republican enthusiasm.

There has been no little talk of Justice Hughes as this man. But a new question has been projected across the political horizon which may become a live issue before the Presidential campaign is fought out. That is the opinion of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case, by which the word "unreasonable" was written into the antitrust law.

Justice Hughes was one of the majority of the Court concurring in that decision. If this ruling does become an important issue, his position makes impossible his selection by the Progressives as the man to head the Republican host. Because of that issue, the Progressive campaign would be for some amendment to repair what they regard as the breach made by the Court in the Sherman law, and no man who upholds that decision can be the leader of this campaign.

However, Justice Hughes has let it be known that he will not consent to the use of his name. He has told friends that he did not believe he could have lived through the stress and strain of another term in the governorship of New York, and when he decided to accept the place on the Supreme Bench he made up his mind definitely to retire from political activities.

There was a time when Justice Hughes could have had the

Presidential nomination if he would have played the game for it. But he would not do so. In those days he had caught the public imagination as no other Republican has done since the time of the extraordinary popularity of Mr. Roosevelt.

It was not that men knew Mr. Hughes, and based their admiration on their knowledge. Most of them did not know him. But they had heard a few things that pleased them, and in the characteristic American way they built up on that foundation an idealized structure of greatness.

They thought from some of the things he did that Hughes was a fighting man, and Americans dearly love that quality in a public man. But when he resigned the governorship to go on the bench many men accused him of shirking a fight, and there was a quick turn against him. He has always been held to be a Progressive. Now he joins in what the Progressives term a



IT IS A DELICATE AND NOT OVER ACTIVE BOOMLET THAT IS BEING NURSED BY SPEAKER CLARK.

reactionary decision, and the tide against him is quickened. Men recall his veto of the two-cent fare bill in New York, and other forgotten acts that they say were in favor of the corporations, and the once bright Hughes' star is on the wane.

TAFT'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND HIS MISTAKES

Thus a survey of the Republican field leaves no probability but the renomination of President Taft. For his campaign he will have some solid material in his record of legislation and administration. It should be borne in mind at the outset that although there has been and is much dissatisfaction in the President's party, the great bulk of Republicans remain heartily loyal to him.

These men see no symptoms in the general situation that would justify the political diagnostician in pronouncing it a case of virulent despair. They put their faith in what they call the common sense of the people, satisfied that in the end there will be full recognition of the worth of the President, and that he will not have to await the verdict of history to secure his rightful place.

These friends of the President recognize the fact that many of what they term his greatest achievements have been received by the people in an indifferent manner. But they contend that the period is now past when these achievements can be overshadowed and made to appear insignificant by the continued discussion of matters which have made for the President's unpopularity. Thus, from their point of view, the Ballinger case, the Winona speech, the famous patronage letter and such things, can no longer be used to inflame the public mind against Mr. Taft.

On the contrary, they contend, the Canadian reciprocity agreement, the general arbitration treaty with Great Britain, the Mexican policy, and other matters of foreign relations, coupled with his success in administration and his record of legislative accomplishment, are making a direct appeal to public imagination and giving the President the benefit of impartial consideration.

His fight for governmental economy the President's friends consider especially strong. They report that they have news from every section of the country indicating a steady

growth of Taft sentiment, which is very encouraging to those who have championed his cause from the beginning. They admit that to-day this sentiment is not strong enough to sweep the country, but they contend that with the continued and accelerated development which they expect during the next twelve-month it will have assumed such proportions as to give them courage for the fight next year. They assert that the President himself has not lost any of the optimism which has always been one of the most attractive qualities of his leadership.

That is the President's situation from the point of view of his loyal friends. His critics—including those in the Republican party—do not fully accept this description.

Even Mr. Taft's opponents admit that the Ballinger case has largely lost force. The unpopularity of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law has been somewhat offset by the President's use of the tariff board. And other matters which in the earlier days of the administration were substantial as points of opposition are now less vital.

While admitting this the critics of the President cite several new and fresh causes of dissatisfaction. Chief of these is the reciprocity agreement, as has been pointed out. Then they allege that the President has given renewed offense to organized labor by his recent declaration against labor organizations among government employees in Washington.

They say he has offended the old soldier vote by his opposition to the Sulloway pension bill, a measure that would have taken \$50,000,000 a year from the Treasury in addition to the already huge pension expenditures, more than offsetting the saving accomplished by the President's strenuous efforts for economy.

Then there are certain old line "moss-back" Republicans who have never become reconciled to the appointment of an "ex-Confederate Democrat" to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. There are numerous other similar causes of disaffection which it is not necessary to catalogue. Enough have been given to show their character.

To the impartial outsider, the chief difficulty with the President's case seems to lie in the fact that there is hardly an item in the list of achievements cited by his friends that will strike fire. They appeal to solid common sense, but not especially to enthusiasm, and it has often been demon-

strated that without the fireworks and hurrahs it is extremely difficult if not impossible to get an American campaign into successful swing. Especially is that the case when such indifference as lost the Republican fight last year is to be overcome.

MR. BRYAN'S PROBABLE POSITION

On the Democratic side there looms up first and foremost the pathetic figure of William Jennings Bryan. He is the man who has made the long and arduous struggle that at last gives such promise of ultimate triumph. After leading the Democrats three times to inglorious defeat, he realizes now that in the face of almost certain victory he must stand aside and let another gain the coveted prize.

Mr. Bryan knows that he cannot have the nomination next year. He knows more—that it would not do for him to take it, that it might jeopardize the bright chances of his party.

For fourteen years Mr. Bryan yielded to the advice and solicitation of some of his friends and maintained silence on a matter which he regards as of supreme importance in this country. After his third defeat for the Presidency three years ago, he felt himself absolved from further obligation of that sort and declared his independence. He spoke out on the liquor question, and announced himself heartily and firmly for prohibition.

He went the extreme length in the matter. In his own state of Nebraska he bolted the ticket on which his old friend, "Jim" Dahlen, had been nominated for the governorship, and defeated his party and his friend. No man in the United States knows better than Mr. Bryan the effect that action had on his personal political fortunes. It put him definitely out of the Presidential race for all time. He has acquiesced in that, but he still holds a great power in the party, and can and will make himself felt in the selection of the man to bear the banner it is not his to carry again. Six million men have voted for Mr. Bryan three different times, and that is a circumstance which cannot be ignored.

That is the chief reason why Governor Harmon is not likely to be the Democratic nominee in 1912. Harmon is a strong man in many respects, but he is very weak in having incurred the unyielding opposition of Mr. Bryan. It is not so much his record in

the Ohio capitol that displeases Mr. Bryan as it is the things Judge Harmon stood for before he became Ohio's governor, the connections he had, and the men and interests he represented in his earlier life. Governor Harmon was a railroad and corporation lawyer. Mr. Bryan holds him to be a friend of "the interests," and you might as well expect La Follette to support him as Bryan.

Nevertheless, Governor Harmon has many friends and will make a strong fight for the nomination. "The interests" have demonstrated in many a hard contest that they are powerful in aid of their friends. They know where Harmon stands, and they are not so sure of Governor Wilson or Speaker Clark.

With the prospects for success at the polls so bright and alluring, the Democratic convention will be slow to incur the open hostility of Mr. Bryan. Because of his action last fall the Democratic machine in Nebraska may be able to prevent him from being a delegate to the convention, but it cannot deprive him of power there. He will avoid an open contest if possible, but it may be set down once for all that he will never accept the nomination of Governor Harmon, and if it is made over his opposition it will be made at the peril of the nominee.

THE BOOMLET OF SPEAKER CLARK

It is a delicate and not over active little boomlet that is being nursed by Speaker Clark and his friends. There is much that is attractive in the big, frank, open-hearted Missouri statesman, who has fought his party's battles with undeviating courage and address through so many lean and unprofitable years.

If political rewards were to go to those who had earned them, there would be no doubt of Mr. Clark's nomination. But he has been over long in the public eye, and his utterances have not always been of the kind that make for strength as a candidate. Like La Follette and Roosevelt, he has been too much battered and bespattered with political mud to make a first-class candidate. And some of his speeches, notably the one where he spoke of tearing down all the customs houses, would furnish easy ammunition for his opponents.

On the other hand, Clark has many friends in Congress, and they are powerful in the matter of selecting delegates to the national convention. Moreover, as Speaker

he still commands a large share of public credit for whatever record his party makes in the House.

It is true that the real leader of the House is Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, but the success of Mr. Underwood's leadership redounds to the credit of Mr. Clark none the less. Under the new Democratic regime it is the Ways and Means Committee which exercises the power that used to be wielded so autocratically by Speaker Cannon.

Mr. Underwood is clearly the dominating force on that committee. He is a quiet, mild-mannered man, with a soft, smooth voice and a slow, attractive drawl in speaking. He knows what he wants when he wants it, and thus far he has had no great difficulty in impressing his leadership upon his party mates in the House.

If Mr. Underwood were to come out openly for the nomination of Speaker Clark, he could make it a mighty interesting struggle in the national convention. Thus far he has held his peace on that subject and is not openly committed. There is the making of a great boom for the Speaker in the House, but except by some of his more intimate friends his candidacy seems to be taken not very seriously.

WOODROW WILSON HAS THE INSIDE TRACK

The man who now seems most likely to get the Democratic nomination is Governor Wilson. Governor Harmon is past the crest of his wave. Speaker Clark seems unable to get his boom to rolling vigorously. But Governor Wilson is every day doing or saying something that more and more attracts favorable attention to him.

Mr. Wilson has the great advantage of being new in the game. The people have not had the opportunity which intimate acquaintance gives to ascertain his faults, and there has not been time as yet to plaster him with mud. He has the peculiar qualities of mind and speech that serve to arouse the interest and stimulate the imagination of the people. He catches hold of popular favor in the same way that Mr. Hughes did when he first went into politics, in the same way that Mr. Roosevelt did in the early years of his Presidency.

Governor Wilson has already developed a personal following all over the country of the enthusiastic, hip-hurrahing kind. Like

Mr. Roosevelt, Governor Wilson is a past master in the art of publicity. And again, like Mr. Roosevelt, he is astonishingly expert in political diagnosis. He puts his finger with unerring accuracy on the sore spot in the body politic, and the popular response is immediate and emphatic.

In his campaign for the governorship last fall Governor Wilson showed his recognition of and sympathy with present-day political conditions. In his speeches throughout New Jersey he manifested a broad and intelligent sympathy with the popular side of local issues as well as national questions. He put his case forcefully and directly. And no sooner had he become governor than he demonstrated to everybody that he proposed to make his promises good.

He took on a fight with the strong old New Jersey Democratic machine over the Senatorship that openly involved his political future. Failure would have put him down and out for good. He appealed directly to the people for the fulfillment of their primary promises, and they supported him, giving him a tremendous victory.

He faced a legislature with divided control and responsibility, Democratic in the House and Republican in the Senate. From the start he insisted strictly and simply on the faithful performance of the campaign promises made in the platform. Most of the time it was spectacular fighting. It involved an open break with the chairman of his state committee, a man who had done yeoman service in his campaign. The governor made the break and told the people why he had done it. They understood and shouted their approval.

In the end, he won out on almost every item in the list of promises, and, thanks to Governor Wilson, New Jersey had a session of the legislature unknown in her previous history.

Governor Wilson seems to know by intuition how to play the game, and his recent swing around the country proves his skill. He is like Mr. Roosevelt in another way. He can preach a thing with the utmost emphasis and decision and then act differently when he finds it has to be done, *and get away with it.*

He went to Washington last winter and made a speech to the National Press Club on "Hobby Night," in which he declared that he could not imagine a subject of political discussion between party leaders

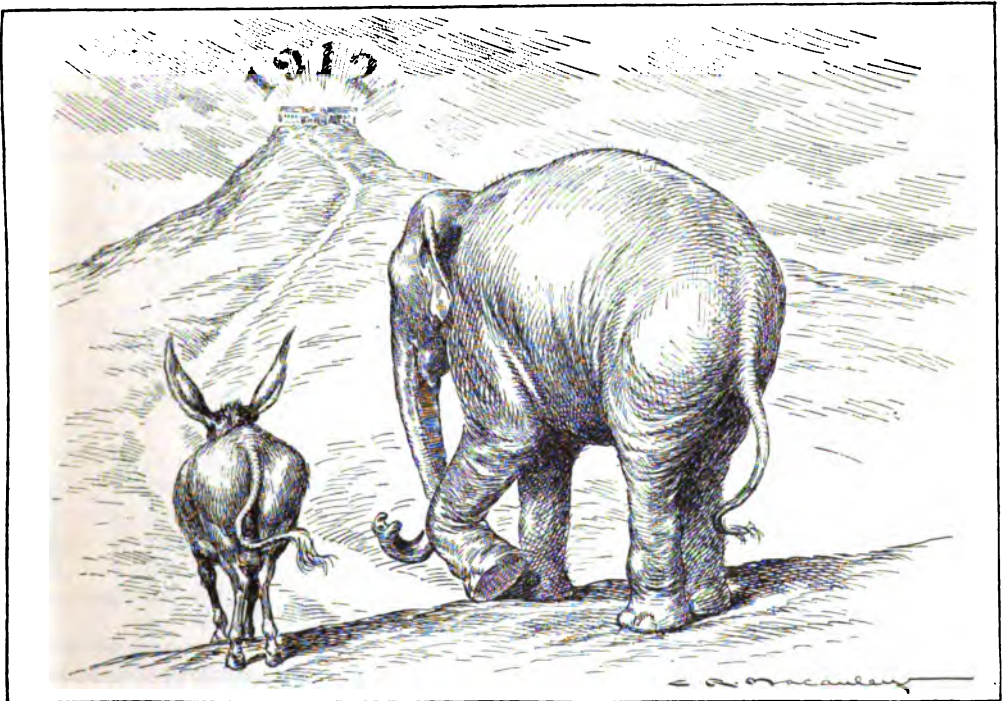
which could not be talked about in the open. Yet the very next week he held a secret conference in Trenton with the chairman of the New Jersey Democratic State Committee. When he was asked about it, and his Press Club speech recalled, he smilingly declared that, while it was true that publicity was his hobby, there were still times when silence was the best course. And that went.

THE REPUBLICANS PLAY INTO THE DEMOCRATS' HANDS

It is as certain now as anything in the political future can be that the Presidential

on the country which their legislation would really have if it were to become law. They can count on the Republican Senate to halt every bill they send to it. Secure in that cheerful knowledge, they are at full liberty to go ahead and pass the most beautiful measures their active ingenuity can conceive.

They have put up to the Republicans already a joint resolution providing for the submission to the states of an amendment to the constitution covering the direct election of Senators by the people; a bill providing for publicity of campaign fund contribu-



WHICH WILL GET THERE?

nominees of the two great parties next year will be taken from among the men considered in this article. The practical certainty is that the Republican nominee will be President Taft, and the great probability is that the Democratic nominee will be Governor Wilson.

The Democrats in the House are framing up a beautiful legislative record on which their nominee may make his race. They are extremely fortunate in the fact that the Senate is Republican. Thus they are not hampered by having to consider the effect

tions before as well as after elections; a bill ratifying the Canadian reciprocity agreement; and the so-called Farmers' Free List bill, supplementing the reciprocity agreement by putting on the free list many things farmers have to buy as well as those they sell.

They are working on "popgun" tariff bills for the revision of the wool and cotton schedules, which they will pass before adjournment is had. They have provided for investigations in the workings and expenses of all the government departments, and

have instituted special investigations into the doings of some of the great trusts, notably the steel and sugar corporations.

And the Republicans in the Senate have set out to play the game for the Democrats by blocking every one of these measures except the reciprocity bill and the constitutional amendment. As soon as these measures have come to a vote there will be an effort to adjourn. Then will follow a fine sham battle.

The Democrats have served notice on the Republicans that they will insist on action on the farmers' free list bill before the end of this session. They insist that there shall be action on it which will put the Republicans plainly on record before the country. The Democrats regard the free list and reciprocity bills as part of the same cause, and therefore inseparable. They want it clearly demonstrated to the farmers of the country that it is Republican opposition

which blocks the relief the Democrats would give them.

The President is not concerned in this. He called Congress in special session simply on account of the reciprocity agreement. He is working hard to put that through unamended. For the rest, Congress must make its own record. He is making a record for himself now, without regard to Congress.

So, after the battle over the farmers' free list has proceeded long enough to satisfy the Democrats that the country fully understands the situation, adjournment will be had. The Democratic program will be held up in the Republican Senate, and the Democrats can go to the country and exclaim:

"Look! This is what we will give you if you give us full control at Washington!"

And there will be no proof that it is not true.

A Brown Leaf

By Mae Celeste Post

SEARCHING for flowers, I strolled along a trail
 That knows me well, but all the glowing, spangling
 Flower faces that I loved were gone, all gone:
 Just here and there a rose hip, gleaming like a coal
 Among the brown, bare branches;
 And here and there a gray, fuzzy cap of a thistle;
 Some tired little asters, sprawling in the browning grass,
 Discouraged, half drowned with a cold, pelting rain,
 Left far behind by Summer, when she fled the field,
 Hurried by the torch that Autumn brandished
 So recklessly among her maples.
 Returning, I enter my cabin door, holding in my wrinkled hand
 A brown and yellow-stippled leaf.

JOHNSON

A Governor Who Has Made Good

THE INSURGENT LEADER WHO HAS BROKEN THE SOUTHERN
PACIFIC'S GRIP ON CALIFORNIA, AND HAS STARTED
THE GREAT STATE ON HER WAY TO FREEDOM

By William E. Smythe

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the great state of California the people, up to a short time ago, were not allowed to govern themselves. The Southern Pacific Railroad ruled the state. How evil, how firmly entrenched and how complete was this domination was shown in the history of the Southern Pacific, by Charles Edward Russell, published in HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE a year ago. With that history as their chief campaign document, the progressive spirits of the state, led by Hiram W. Johnson, accomplished the almost superhuman task of defeating the Southern Pacific at the polls. They are now proceeding to work out a real democracy.

In our April issue Frederic C. Howe told the story of how the people of Oregon achieved such a goal. California is setting about not only to provide herself with most of the tools of real government enjoyed by Oregon, but may go a step farther by including in the voting ranks the women of the state. Here is the story of California's redemption and of the man who pointed the way.

IN a period of sixty years California has been thrice won for greed. The miner won it, the great landed proprietor won it, the railroad and its allies in the field of big business won it. At last California is being won for men.

The coming of the railroad in the early sixties was the beginning of the better day, even though it brought a long morning of Southern Pacific oppression and misrule. It also brought people, and the constant coming of people meant the gradual breaking up of large land holdings, the growth of homes, the founding of genuine civilization.

In sympathy with the rest of the nation, California caught the aspiration for better things. She longed for freer institutions. She began to see the relation between good government and the prosperity of the common man. She began to be ashamed of her servitude, contrasting so strangely with the glory of her climate and the wealth of her

resources. She began to feel the thrill of social consciousness—to catch a glimpse of "the light that never was on sea or land."

In 1908 the forces of political revolt, chiefly in the dominant Republican party, began to gather under the names of Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. The Lincoln-Roosevelt League was founded, with its principal strength in the southern part of the state, but with strong champions in the great San Joaquin valley and around the Bay of San Francisco. At the beginning, the movement looked no further than the making of a good primary law by which the people might take into their own hands the power of nominations.

The first battle was a partial repulse for the reformers. Only the legislature was chosen that year, and the "Lincoln-Roosevelters," failing to carry it, were derisively dubbed the "Link-Roosters" by the triumphant railroad gang.

However, the "Roosters" had crowed loud enough to stir up the political poultry, and it was decided that some sort of a di-

rect primary must be provided. It was an unwieldy, cumbrous and unsightly thing—this primary law turned out by the legislative and executive mechanics of the railroad machine—yet it did give the people a chance to fight. They could go to the polls at a primary in August to name the candidates to be voted for in November, although the way had been made as hard as possible.

The question now was whether the spirit of insurgency in California possessed sufficient vitality to wage a battle throughout the state. Except in a few counties, it had no organization. The men concerned in it were not, as a rule, very widely known. They had not, to begin with, much in the way of organs of publicity—nothing, in fact, to compare with their opponents. And they must “go up against” an enemy organized and disciplined to the last degree, extending into every hamlet, with unlimited money at its disposal, and with that sort of “moral influence” that goes with organized politics allied to organized business and organized vice. It was an undertaking to try the stoutest heart.

One thing was certain—it could never be done without a great leader. Such a leader, even if found, must be arbitrarily selected by a few enthusiasts. All they could do would be to pick him out, and then say to the people: “There he is, and here’s what he stands for. If you like that sort of thing, vote for him!”

There were those who wanted the nomination, but it was a fact inherent in the situation that the man who wanted the nomination was the man whom the nomination did not want.

It made the railroad politicians laugh to see the “Link-Roosters” rushing up and down the state trying to find somebody who could lead a revolution. There was a funny side to it, too. It was funny to see everyone dodging for fear he might be grabbed by the insurgents and nominated against his will. Every man approached grew eloquent about the qualifications of some other fellow. Finally, by a process of elimination, the little group of earnest men who had made up their minds to see the thing through settled on Hiram W. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson had previously declined the honor. He was a busy attorney in San Francisco, who had never held office except for three years as counsel for the city of Sacramento. He was in his forty-fourth year

and in full tide of a prosperous practice, but without sufficient accumulation to justify him in indulging in the luxury of running for office.

He seemed to have the qualifications desired, and he had been somewhat conspicuously identified with the movement for better government. When Francis J. Heney was shot, Johnson had stepped into the breach and brought the prosecution of Abraham Ruef to a successful conclusion.

The insurgents made Hiram Johnson see that he must lead the forlorn hope, and that, whatever the outcome, this was a call from the embattled conscience of California. That was enough—he abandoned his practice, left his home in a garden in the shelter of Russian Hill, and went forth to do battle.

“When I started,” he says, “I had not the remotest expectation of personal success. I did believe the struggle must be made, and that I might be able to clear the ground and plant the seed from which the harvest should ultimately be reaped by someone else. I told my wife that we were young enough to justify us in taking a year out of our lives and dedicating it to public service, and that when the fight was over I could go back to my office and take up my work where I had dropped it. Then I took my automobile, with my son Jack for driver, and we started.”

A COW BELL AND A MOTOR CAR AS CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT

Johnson made his first speech in the village of El Cajon, near San Diego, at the extreme southern point in the state, on March 10, 1910. After a few other speeches in the neighborhood, he shifted his ground to the northernmost county, Siskiyou, on the Oregon border.

He would go to a county seat, start his boy up and down the street ringing a cowbell, gather as much of a crowd as he could, and proceed to declare the faith that was in him. In the meantime, he ascertained what other communities in the county could be reached by automobile, telephoned ahead, and arranged his itinerary. Then “chug, chug” went the automobile, and the candidate with it, until he had talked to everybody within reach.

So he went from county to county for five mortal months preceding the August primary. Much of the time he was accompanied by A. J. Wallace, candidate for Lieutenant



HIRAM W. JOHNSON, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA, WHO PUT THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC OUT OF POLITICS.
THE GOVERNOR SPEAKING.

Governor, and John D. Works, candidate for United States Senator.

The forlorn hope began to look up. Newspapers sent special correspondents to accompany him. Soon the largest halls would scarcely contain his audiences.

Hiram Johnson wrote his wife: "I told you I had no hope of election. I take it back—the revolution is on." And from that moment he said in every speech (he was speaking ten or twelve times a day) a thing that inspired his followers with confidence and, after a while, began to penetrate the mind of the old machine:

"I am going to be the next Governor of

California, and when I am Governor I shall kick William F. Herrin and the Southern Pacific Railroad out of politics and out of the government of this state."

To make California free! That was the single theme of his speeches in the campaign preceding the nomination. He pointed to the spectacle of the great state prone at the feet of the master. He begged the people to give him a chance to cut her bonds, help her up, set her on her feet and give her a chance to fulfill her destiny. He appealed to the manhood, the patriotism, the conscience of the commonwealth. And he swept everything before him.

Perfect organization, money, social prestige, power of intimidation over merchant, banker, workingman and farmer—these were chaff before the cyclone on which Hiram Johnson was riding. The moral earnestness of the man—the embodied wrath of a great people—was irresistible.



When the votes were counted it was found that the first tool of democracy had done its work. The direct primary law—dull and clumsy as it was—had bludgeoned the nomination out of the hands of the railroad. It was a nomination peculiar in another respect.

In the height of his campaign, Johnson had been asked if he would support the regular nominee in case it chanced to be the rail-

road candidate, which then seemed likely. He unhesitatingly replied that he would not—that nevermore should a railroad tool sit in the governor's chair at Sacramento by his vote or influence, no matter what became of the Republican party. Never before could any man take such a stand and be nominated. Or, at least, never before had California produced a man who dared to take such a stand. Perhaps it was "bad politics," but Hiram Johnson makes a specialty of "bad politics."

JOHNSON'S DEFIANCE OF POLITICAL CONVENTIONALITIES

From first to last, he scorned any compromise in the interest of votes. He had no ambition to be governor, even when his blood was up, but he had an ambition to deliver California from slavery. He knew he could not do that if he put himself under the slightest obligation to parties or politicians, not to mention the railroad.

So it happened that when he stood before the people as the official nominee of the Republican party he had entirely thrown away the argument of party regularity. In its place he possessed something infinitely more powerful. This was the unsullied confidence of his fellow-citizens.

Machine Republicans voted in droves for the Democratic nominee, but Insurgent Democrats voted in droves for Hiram Johnson. He was elected in November, 1910, by the largest plurality ever given to a candidate for governor in California. He carried with him a legislature friendly in both branches.

Now the time had come for reform to make good.

The first shock that Sacramento, the state capital, received was the announcement that there would be no inaugural ball. Hiram Johnson was too busy. The next shock was the announcement that there would be no inaugural parade. The governor-elect thought it a useless waste of time and money, and it was not his idea of good democracy, anyhow.

Young sprouts with social ambitions and dreams of gold lace began to make timid inquiries about appointments on Governor Johnson's staff. They got the same answer that the boy did who asked for the apple-core—"there ain't going to be none." Hiram Johnson regards a governor's staff as a belated survival of royalty and more utterly useless than a vermiform appendix.

When the time came, Johnson walked into the assembly chamber and delivered his inaugural address. Like his campaign speeches, it was loaded. Its delivery was punctuated by the boom of cannon in the capitol park—a martial touch which was so highly appropriate to the occasion that it would have been a shame to have left it out. But it was only a faint echo of the big guns that boomed from the ballot-box on election day.

BREAKING THE GRIP OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC

When he sat down in the governor's chair, Hiram Johnson realized that he had taken a big contract in promising "to kick William F. Herrin and the Southern Pacific out of politics and out of the government." How was it to be done? To begin with, every man, high or low, who had any railroad affiliations—"every man with divided allegiance," as the governor puts it—must be discharged from the public service. He found no difficulty in kicking out the little fellows, but when he tackled the biggest man there was trouble.

This biggest man was Alden Anderson, Superintendent of Banks and Banking, who had been the railroad candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. It was quite generally assumed that the governor would not disturb him. "Why, the banks selected him themselves," said one bewildered politician. "Of course Johnson will let him alone." But he did not.

Governor Johnson said he saw no reason why the banks should select the man to regulate the banks. His idea was that a bank superintendent represents the people who deposit the money—plain people, if you please, like schoolmarms, workingmen and farmers. True, it has been customary for railroads to select railroad commissioners, for banks to select bank commissioners, and so on down the list, but that is not the Johnson idea.

Furthermore, Alden Anderson was the prize beauty of special privilege. He had to go. He made an awful fuss about it, and all possible pressure was brought to bear upon the governor to save him. Still, he went to the scrap-heap along with the political striker on the waterfront of San Francisco. Without distinction of name or social standing, all men "with divided allegiance" went down to the common dust.

That was only the beginning. What was



HIRAM JOHNSON CAMPAIGNED CALIFORNIA IN AN AUTOMOBILE. SPEAKING WHEREVER AND WHENEVER HE COULD COLLECT A CROWD.

needed next was a new railroad law "with teeth in it." The Johnson wave had carried into office a majority of the railroad commission, composed of men regarded as reliable as Johnson himself. But they must be backed up with two things: First, a statute empowering them to make a physical valuation of railroad property, and to fix rates based thereon; second, a constitutional amendment carefully designed to remedy all defects in former railroad legislation found in former years by the industrious courts of California.

This was done and, strangely enough, by the unanimous vote of the legislature. It does not follow that the legislature is really unanimous, but when you are licked out of your boots, what is the use of prolonging the agony? Possibly you may need a recommendation some day!

Still, it was not enough to kick bad men out of office and provide new laws in the statutes and the constitution. "That makes things good *now*," said the governor, "but what shall keep them good? The people must have the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and the recall must include judges, high and low."

WHAT JOHNSON ACCOMPLISHED IN ONE LEGISLATIVE SESSION

Amendments providing for these new institutions were submitted to the people and will be passed on by the voters at a special election to be held October 10, 1911. That, by the way, will be the next great battle day in California. But to continue with the work of the legislature.

The Australian ballot was restored in its original purity, so that there will be no more party emblems nor party columns. It will now require some intelligent purpose to cast a ballot in California.

Candidates for judges or commissioners of education will have no partisan designation after their names. It was decided that there is no good reason why these officials should be chosen with any color of partisanship.

The Oregon system of electing United States Senators was adopted. The people will vote for the Senator as directly as it can be done without changing the constitution of the United States.

Far-reaching work in the interest of conservation was done, and hereafter water may be appropriated only for twenty-five years, instead of in perpetuity.

Labor obtained a new employers' liability law, and the working women of the state won their long fight for the eight-hour day. When Big Business besieged the governor to veto this measure he declined with the remark: "All your arguments are merely economic. You don't say anything about the welfare of humanity."

"Them that are in prison" were not forgotten. Provision was made for their instruction and employment in useful trades, which will not only be a boon to them, but which may make the prisons self-supporting without injury to free labor.

Besides these, there were many other laws of far-reaching importance to the state, including the submission of an amendment in favor of woman suffrage. In his farewell message the governor gratefully exclaimed:

"What a record of achievement is there! No such record has ever before been presented by any legislature. You have performed your task; you have kept the faith."

JOHNSON'S SUCCESS IN HANDLING THE LEGISLATURE

The record is, indeed, extraordinary, and it is largely due to an unsuspected quality possessed by the governor. His preëlection campaign was so fiercely uncompromising that it was expected he would defeat, if not destroy, himself and his administration by personal animosities. On the contrary, he seems to have won the affection of almost everybody with whom he has dealt.

At a preliminary conference with the legislature before its members took office, he told them: "I am looking into no man's past. I am looking forward with hope and anticipation. You are the representatives whom the people have sent to make the laws, and you are to be judged by what you do. I am ready to coöperate with every one of you in a common effort to do good to the state."

At the same time, he told them he should take it upon himself to go into every district after the adjournment of the legislature and tell the people precisely how their representatives had served them. In most cases he will be able to make a good report, which will not do the legislator a bit of harm among his own people!

Thus the new battle for the conquest of California is on. It is being won for human-

ity. With only about two million people in a land as large and rich as France, with an equal capacity for the support of forty or fifty millions, this magnificent state is still in the infancy of development. The quality of its civilization remains to take its final mold and color from the institutions now in process of formation.

The fight which is coming on the 10th of October is not less important than that which ended in the inauguration of Governor Johnson, nor will it be less bitterly contested. The overshadowing issue is not railroad regulation, nor woman suffrage, nor the initiative and referendum. It is the right of the people to recall their judges.

This is the supreme test of the new democracy. The legislature may pass laws, and the people may even amend their constitution, but the last word lies with the courts where laws are construed and constitutions interpreted. If these courts lie beyond the reach of the people, then the people do not rule.

This is thoroughly understood by the owners and managers of special privilege. Their campaign for the defeat of the power of recall has already begun. It will be prosecuted with relentless vigor and thoroughness and without the slightest consideration of expense. It is the very citadel of the Interests. But Hiram Johnson and his cohorts are thundering at the gate. They know they must prevail in this struggle if California is to be won for men—and stay won.

The Fountain Source

By Eugene C. Dolson

FROM faith and purpose life's best wealth may rise;

One truth is clear to those who rightly scan—

The fountain source of all good fortune lies

Never beyond the reach of any man.



RUTH ST. DENIS IN "THE AWAKENING OF THE GODDESS" DANCE.

Dancing

by
John Corbin

WE Americans, who have been so long a laughing stock for our prudery, are at last discovering that we have bodies. The world and the flesh are no longer, to our thinking, copartners with the devil. That is the significant fact behind the interest which the public has lately shown in the art of dancing.

Not so long ago there was held to be essential connection between sickness and saintliness. If a pastor or a poet were consumptive, the fact was accepted as evidence

of his spirituality. Strong muscles and shapely limbs were something to be ashamed of. Boards of aldermen, lavish in erecting soldiers' monuments, the trousers of which seemed cut by the tinsmith, looked with abhorrence upon nude or seminude sculptures of the most perfect Hellenic tradition, and put them under the ban.

Times have changed. The spirit of Puritanism is vanquished. And I believe it can be proved that the development of stage dancing from the vulgar to the artistic has



MIKAIL MORDKIN.

had a great deal to do with the transformation. In the grace of the highly trained human body we have discovered a fresh, new vehicle of the most subtle, the most deep and powerful expression. Loie Fuller, Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, Adeline Genée, Pavlowa—where can one find so much of vital, classic beauty as in their “limbs and outward flourishes!”

Painting and poetry, music and the drama, have long been recognized; but what of this new recruit to the fine arts? Is it really an instrument by which we can interpret and express the highest and best that life means to us?

The Broadway purveyor of amusement, eager to profit by the mood of the moment, took no such lofty view of it. As he first interpreted it, the favor shown to dancing meant a return to the era of “The Black Crook,” with its Amazonian parades in fleshings—always pink and often padded. At his behest, “stevedores” once more marched and countermarched, “broilers” capered and pirouetted. The public made no response. The managers had another guess. It was only the baser sort of mankind that ever delighted in such spectacles; and even for them, having lost all novelty, they are now a bore.

What the manager has mistaken as the paradise of Peeping Tom is in reality the purlieu of high art. Sculptors reveal to us the perfection of the human body in the round, painters its loveliness of tint and texture. Each is bound down by the limitations of the medium he works in to the expression of nature in repose. The dancer also has limitations in the body which fate has given her; the material of her art falls short perhaps of ideal perfection. But the dancer has an advantage in that instead of a single pose she can give us all the shifting loveliness, the subtle, fluent gradations of expression that come with the utmost freedom of movement.

The heart conceives a mood of power or beauty, and with vigorous torso, lambent limbs, radiant face and sparkling eyes the body projects for us its every motion.

It has been said that this new delight in the bodily expression of beautiful moods is

a harking back to the spirit of ancient Greece. It is less than this, and more. The classic drama, we know, had its origin in the choral dances, grave and gay, which were so striking a part of Hellenic ritual. In our dancing there is nothing religious; everything is artistic. A sylvan scene, a pastoral episode; the mood of some perfect poem, or the fine frenzy of a symphonic movement—all these the dancer interprets to us in terms of living grace and motion.

In both poetry and music—the themes which the dancer embodies—the ancients never attained the subtlety and variety of modern times. Like all our arts, dancing to-day is at once more individual and more free.

A fact of immediate significance, so far as I know, has escaped remark. Of the five leading dancers we have named, three are Americans. The nation which has been the most pitifully enthralled by the ideals of a decadent Puritanism has become foremost in this cult of physical beauty. Our eminence is much more than numerical. Each of the three American dancers has developed a style, in effect an art, as individual, as original, as it is beautiful. Yet as a nation we are as obtuse to art as individuals among us are artistically distinguished.

In the decade following the Civil War, when we were feeling for the first time the full majesty of our Union, Lowell wrote an essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Gently rebuking the elder mood in which Americans boasted of mere size, wealth and numbers, he proclaimed the majesty of our political and social achievements.

To-day, if Lowell were alive, he

ANNA
PAVLOWA.





RUTH ST. DENIS
IN THE
"RADHA" DANCE.

might write of a certain condescension with which Americans regard Americans. From the crudely braggart mood with which we once faced the old world we have gone to the other extreme of awed self-conscious subservience. We scarcely dare to say our souls are our...

own—and certainly not that they are beautiful—until London, Paris and Berlin have



ADELINE GENÉE IN
BALLET AND IN ONE OF
HER PERIOD COSTUME DANCES.

said so first. This is true of painting and music, and largely also of literature. Our dancers the public knew and loved from their beginnings; but it was only after they had conquered all Europe that we accepted them as artists.

Miss Loie Fuller first became popular in vaudeville—"variety shows," as we used to call them. She had discovered the beauty which colored light develops when cast up through the stage upon filmy, translucent drapery. On batons held in each hand were hung yards upon yards of the cobwebby fabric. The slightest waving of the wand sent the gossamer stuff floating high and far in billows and streaming spirals. And as the multitudinous moving forms succeeded one another, the light from below shifted, through all the colors of the rainbow, through all beautiful combinations of these colors.

Never before had the eye of man been bathed in so luxurious a riot of splendor. And beneath it all, sometimes invisible and



sometimes modeled fair and round in the softly surging colors, moved the arms, legs and torso of the dancer, the ultimate beauty of the human body sublimed to a spirit of fire.

What to us had appeared only a rare-show thrust in between the antics of monkeys and acrobats was recognized in Europe as a thing of superlative beauty. Quick, sensitive Paris adopted Miss Fuller as "La Loie." When she returned to us she became the rage, and was finally welcomed with her troupe of serpentine dancers on the sacred stage of New York's Metropolitan Opera House.

Miss Ruth St. Denis likewise first presented her Hindu dances in vaudeville. But the splendor of the success which Miss Isadora Duncan had already achieved lighted the way for her, and she gave a successful series of fashionable matinees (in April, 1906) before embarking upon the conquest of Europe.

Her dances are an advance upon those of Miss Fuller in that they are representative, dramatic. But, unlike the Greek chorals, they have no accompaniment of words, and though there is music, its function is subordinate. The dancing does not interpret the music, but it is interpreted by it. It thus presents the art in its purest, which is to say its absolute, form. In its way it is a creative art.

Her most characteristic performance, perhaps, is the "Dance of Radha." She is disclosed as a Hindu idol, seated in a temple. The spirit of the goddess is supposed to enter the idol. Miss St. Denis descends and goes through a series of

symbolic figures. The first figure consists of five circles, each symbolizing one of the senses. The second figure represents dramatically the renunciation of these senses—the resolve to be free, casting off the bondage, and the victory. The last scene represents the idol seated in its niche again, the spirit of the goddess having departed.

The steps of the dance, while they are of extraordinary ease and variety, are quaint and strange, admirably suggestive of exotic ritual. It is only in the heightened climaxes that they at all resemble dancing with which we are familiar. Except for the helpful program few could guess what this dance is all about, though to the enlightened Hindu, perhaps, the significance would be clear.

The costume is a brief jacket and a skirt that reaches below the calves, all of a cloth of gold, heavy and soberly sibillant. Arms and legs are bare—slender, light brown and shapely. Miss St. Denis is gifted with a chaste and exquisite beauty.

With Miss Duncan, as with the Greeks, dancing is an interpretive art. It presents in the terms of bodily motion the mood and meaning of some poem or passage of orchestral music. It is not a pure but a composite art, as opera is composite—a union of two different kinds of expression. But by becoming composite it rises to regions of expression far subtler, more vital and compelling than pure dancing can ever be.

And Miss Duncan has shared the fate of all notable pioneers. A dozen years ago she appeared in New York in a dance suggested by the Rubai-



LOIE FULLER IN HER FILMY, TRANSLUCENT DRAPERY.

yat or Omar Khayyam. She had struggled long and hard, and was sorely in need of some little success with which to continue her work. The newspaper humorists turned loose on her. One summed up the general verdict in a felicitous phrase. "Our public," he said, "will prefer Omar's lines to Miss Duncan's."

The debut of an epoch-making artist thus made about the same impression as the antics of a recent enthusiast who gave a perfume concert—endeavoring to create a mood of beauty in his audience by drenching it in a succession of bottled scents. Both undertakings were new and strange, and on both alike the village wits exhausted the armory of smart ridicule.

When Miss Duncan went abroad, the beauty and significance of her art were recognized. In rapid succession she captured Berlin, Paris, London, St. Petersburg. There was a splendid audacity in her endeavor. Nothing in the range of lyric poetry, nothing in music, was too exalted to serve as her artistic point of departure.

It may be maintained that a consummate poem, a symphonic movement of Beethoven is complete in itself—that no art of the dancer can add anything to its interpretation. If it be answered that Miss Duncan employs it only as an accompaniment, one may still retort that thus to subordinate it to a lesser art is a sort of sacrilege. But beneath the spell of Miss Duncan's dancing such censure, however well founded in academic righteousness, is spellbound and becomes dumb.

Many dancers have been endowed with forms of more perfect beauty; many have achieved a completer mastery of the technique of their art; many have had more vigor and fire. But in the power of expressing



ISADORA DUNCAN IN ONE OF HER GRECIAN DANCING COSTUMES.

subtle and varied moods of beauty Miss Duncan is supreme. What she gives us is not merely the poetry of motion; it is poetry itself.

Miss Duncan alone, by her teaching and especially by her performances, has established dancing throughout the modern world among the high arts. There is only one word for that sort of thing—genius.

The foreign dancers who of late have been so warmly welcomed among us have a richer and more varied technic, a more perfect virtuosity. Adeline Genée is an exponent of the old art of the *première danseuse*. Through the most difficult steps, the most intricate evolutions, she passes as lightly as though she were a spirit disembodied. It is as if a thistledown had achieved a soul and asserted masterhood over the zephyrs.

Vigorous though she is in every fiber, it is not her vigor that impresses one. Exquisite in every outline, it is not her body that entrances. As is perhaps natural to a daughter of the North, her temperament is a thing of snow. There is no idea in her art, no mood of creative beauty. It is the poetry of motion sheer and absolute.

The Russian Pavlowa and her male companion Mordkin have the genius of fire—ancient heritage of the Jewish race. Past masters of technic, they have broken free from the formal bonds of the art of Taglioni. Unquestionably they owe much to the example and the teaching of Miss Duncan. They have risen to the sphere of the idea. Pavlowa's swan dance is a creation of chaste and exquisite beauty. Mordkin's arrow dance is the apotheosis of manly vigor and command.

First and last, the sensation which these Jewish Russians inspire is that of the perfect human body—the incandescent flame of blood, nerve and sinew. And the consummation of it is their bacchanalian dance. They are the wine of life, the ripening of all fine essences of earth and sun. But with all their mastery of technic, their splendid vitality, they have barely stepped across the threshold of the high art of dancing.

Already the tonic influence of this new art is apparent. "Since I saw Mordkin," a New Yorker lately declared, "I always undress in the dark." It was the whimsical expression of a feeling that is widely and deeply felt.

The world is becoming aware of the refining influence of physical beauty. In Paris Isadora Duncan has established a school of dancing in which children—her own and others'—live barefoot and half naked to the end that they may develop to the full every capacity for bodily expression.

The movement is extending through all grades of society. England and America

have sat agape at the sight of ladies of the nobility who dance in public unstockinged. Young ladies of our own metropolis, in the privacy of their athletic clubs, join classes in artistic dancing.

In our leading women's colleges folk-dancing has become a part of the class-day exercises. The public schools of New York divide with the local recreation centers the services of a young woman who teaches the national dances of Russia and Poland, and our own traditional Morris Dance. The schools of Chicago have fallen into line, and in a very few years the movement will be familiar to all our leading cities.

No doubt there will be opposition. Three centuries of narrow Puritanism, to which the body is vile and dancing the delight of the devil, cannot be outgrown in a moment. But to the doubting and the backward one manifest fact is commended. The first result of this cultivation of artistic dancing has been to backnumber, perhaps forever, the vulgar delight in amazons and living pictures. That the doubters can certainly understand; and understanding it, they cannot fail in time to appreciate the positive benefits of the cult of pure physical beauty.

It seems evident that we are living in the first stages of a new renaissance. Poetry perhaps is somewhat in eclipse, and also the art of the novelist. But in music and painting there has been real progress. In the drama, which is nearest of kin to dancing, there is evidence on all sides of abundant new life. Never before have we had so many playwrights as now, and the general level of excellence has never been so high.

In dancing—and the same is true of drama—we as yet lack artists of the highest technical distinction. But we are in the impregnable fortress of youth; and we have the creative impulse more strongly, I believe, than any other nation.





Dan Sayre
Groesbeck

Lassiter

by

RICHARD
WASHBURN
CHILD.

Author of "Jim Hands," etc.

Illustrations by
Dan Sayre Groesbeck
and
Howard V. Brown



THERE is, as you know, a café that spreads its tables out onto the sidewalks where, over an ice or a liqueur, one can see the band pavilion, the Prado and the Malecon with one eye-sweep. When the air is balmy, the sky above planted with stars, and the moonlight falls upon the grim romance of Morro Castle across the harbor mouth, it is pleasant to sit there, looking with a dreamy mind into the faces of the Havana parade of Cubans, negroes and Spaniards. These people are better artistic productions than ourselves. As for the Spanish women, in their Parisian finery and flick and flash of jewelry, they have a way of suggesting sun-ripened fruit in cut glass. And when the Carnival is at its height!

"They all seem to know better how to play," said Miss Dorothy C. Finch, wrinkling her perfect nose with an expression of pique. "We—and all Americans—know how to do everything except how to live and have fun. Oh, dear!"

Her companion across the insignificant diameter of the little companionable table was none other than our friend, Martin Lassiter, who had been left alone with her for three reasons. The first was that old Cheever Finch, who sold out to the Steel

Trust after he had lost the knack of living, and Mrs. Cheever Thorndike Finch, who had resigned her social leadership only when she had become wearied of well ordered and well organized joy, were tired and wanted an excuse to use their eighteen-dollars-a-day suite in the hotel over the restaurant. The second reason was that Lassiter had three learned degrees, an appointment as full professor in psychology, a most desirable ancestry traced to the Lassiters of County Lassiter, who lived in a time long before the name Flinch had been changed to Finch, and had proven, after test, that he would make love to the perfect daughter academically — which won't work. The third reason was that conventions are unnecessary in places where no one knows you.

So Martin, immaculate in white alpaca, sat there with complete happiness and with Dorothy of the golden hair and glowing health. There was the moon, the Carnival, the luxuriant, soft music, the laughter, the smell of flowers, the spinning past of motor cars, the languid roll of elegant broughams; he cared not for the hidden reasons why his mind, which had reached middle age twenty years in advance of his body, had allowed him to feel that all the mad joy of many universes were in Miss Finch's graceful hands,

lurking at the corners of her mouth, or tied by the strands of the hair above her white forehead. He cared not why he had even forgotten that she owned all the bonds of the Intra State & Western Railroad. He cared not that she knew little of learned matters, had no experience in wit beyond that kind which is bred at dances and functions, and had never learned to do anything useful. He cared not why. To the devil with psychology! He was in love!

He made up his mind that he would express this emotion then and there. Far in the distance he could hear the shuffling and weird chanting of a negro "comparsa"—the solemn orgy of Africa kept alive in the Indies. The moment seemed fitting. He adjusted his glasses, playing with a little coffee cup with the white fingers of his other hand.

"I'm glad that we met here—that is, in Havana, at this time—" he began.

Miss Finch opened her eyes—a delightful spectacle, especially in a soft evening light.

"Why, so am I!" she said, for she liked Lassiter very much, his manners, his odd sense of humor and his brilliant intellect. "Nevertheless," she added, with a slight movement of her shoulders beneath the clinging material which covered them, "nevertheless, you seem to have forgotten *me* entirely. You have not been listening. I said I wished we Americans knew how to play—how to live."

"I beg your pardon," Martin stammered. "Yes—yes. You are right." He was a little taken back by the unwonted philosophical mood of the young lady. "But spontaneity is, perhaps, an attribute of animals and children. Nations that can play are nations of peasants, of children, of animal spirits. There is something to be said for those peoples who do *not* know how to play."

"Not for mine," said Dorothy. Chicago is her home.

Martin allowed himself the delight of laughing patronizingly. The point of view of the girl was so refreshing and so young.

"Well," she said, resting her chin on the back of her hand, "why not? What do we gain by always being so dead in earnest about life—like mother and father. Why is everybody so crazy about getting a big store of something? Look at father. It's money. Look at yourself. It's learning. All right, if you can have a good time doing it. But I wish to be a child, a peasant, an

animal—if it's necessary to know how to *live*. Here we sit. Well, let's join the parade and throw confetti!"

Lassiter's spirits wriggled sympathetically. He looked about at the noisy concourse on the Prado beneath the bobbing lights and then at his watch. It was nearly two. A moment of hush brought the sound of the breakers rolling in from the Gulf onto the beach that stretched along toward the Vedado. A cat-footed waiter prowled about the empty tables left as the patrons' ranks were thinned. Lassiter then closed his watch with a snap, put it back in his pocket, and touched his shaven lip with his finger.

"It's too late," he said with a tone of finality. "We are all going to breakfast with the Department Commander at ten. And besides—I think your mother expects us to stay here."

"There!" nodded Miss Dorothy. "There speaks a civilized man—a nice, highly civilized man—a man with manners and customs all cut out of the pattern book. If I couldn't be devilish, or foolish, or happy, I wouldn't want to live. What's the use? What's the use of thinking so hard about a dollar or a Ph.D., or a breakfast with a Department Commander. I'd rather be a peasant."

"Oh, well," said Martin, with a fluttering in his throat, "I have another reason. It's selfish. I wanted this moment here with you. There is ten years' difference in our ages. I mean by that—that it has been found that— What I wanted to say—"

"Wait!" Miss Finch leaned her lithe young body over the table. A glass rolled off onto the tiles, tinkling into bits. The passersby turned and laughed at the music of it. "Wait, Martin," she said earnestly. "I know what you wanted to say. I could tell by your expression. I've seen it in other faces before. Eight other men—but I shouldn't have said anything about them. You see I like you. But the trouble is—I am not a complicated person a bit. I am elementary. But you aren't. That's the trouble. Just as I have been saying. We are totally different, I'm afraid. What did I say just now? Give me an elementary man. And I do not think you are an elementary man. Are you?"

"Very decidedly in my feelings."

"Toward me?"

"Yes."



"'YE WAS BORN IN THE STATES AN' THAT'S ENOUGH, ME BYE!
FOLLOW ME!" EXCLAIMED BROPHY."

"But all the bloom is off you, Martin," she said, attempting the easy manner of old friends. "Laughter and sunlight and things like daisies and anger and the fun of letting loose—once in a while— Oh, you are way beyond all of them. You're not a savage."

He looked back at her painfully, feeling convinced perhaps. That feeling of the stake lost, the prize beyond winning, the woman out of reach, is terrible. Bachelors through the ages have accumulated a vast amount of evidence in support of its claim to sharp pain.

"I'm sorry you reminded me of the breakfast," Dorothy said, after a thick vegetation of silence had grown up between them. "I suppose I ought to ask you to take me to the elevator."

Lassiter motioned to the waiter with his eyeglasses held between his thumb and forefinger. It seemed to him in the moments of paying the check and walking with her through the tables and the palm bedecked courtyard, that the girl had never seemed so beautiful. The fish that breaks the hook is always the larger for having escaped. Martin felt like the typhoid fever. He has never been able to remember saying good night to her; in fact, he only began to realize reality when he found himself standing on the edge of the sidewalk.

Chance played fast and loose then with the Blake Professor of Experimental Psychology. A hack — a good, old-fashioned, Kalamazoo-made hack — had just discharged its freight of evening-dress gentlemen and sparkling, scarfed ladies at the hotel door.

"My man," said Martin to the driver, "have you an engagement?"

The fellow on the box shook his head.

"You speak English?"

The driver nodded. Lassiter climbed in, adjusted his glasses on his thin aquiline nose, and placed his feet on the seat before him.

"Take me where there is trouble—trouble with a large T," he said savagely.

The driver wiped the edges of his hat on his coat sleeve; with perfect impudence he lit a cigarette, puffed it down in four Titanic inhalings and with four volcanic explosions of smoke. The horse's ears hung down. The Cuban snapped the stump directly over the animal's forelock. Then he turned around slowly and inspected his passenger. His deliberate manner was the more obvious because, though it is characteristic of his profession, it is far from characteristic of his race.

"Would Señor wish to attend a riot?" he asked, starting his horse forward down the Prado.

"Yes — an explosion — fire — riot — anything! Is a riot in progress?"



"LASSITER LANDED A SOLID BLOW ON THE POLICEMAN'S MOUTH."

"Soon."

"Soon!" exclaimed Lassiter in surprise. "How can one know that?"

The Cuban laughed at his passenger's ignorance. "There is ten—twenty, many sailors of the United States ashore. From boat called the *Coyote*. Cruiser. It is Carnival, Señor. Some of the police off duty this afternoon rowed to the boat, Señor.



"GO TO IT, ME BYE!" CAME BROPHY'S PANTING VOICE."

They made faces—like this. They mean, 'We dare you to come ashore.' Therefore the Americanos do it. I drive you to San Valencia Street. You will not be disappointed, Señor. *Un peso por hora.*"

"Will it be safe?"

The driver shrugged his shoulders, casting a supercilious glance up at the laurels under which, in the central plaza, the carriage was rolling. "Señor is looking for—what is the word—trouble—trouble with one big T?"

Lassiter's instincts, in spite of the Cuban's irony, were immediately in favor of the safer and saner plan of turning back. He reflected that he was in a strange land, among strange people, speaking a strange tongue, a people who produced large numbers of undersized and villainous looking individuals, a people who thought easily of assassination, riots, rumpuses and rebellions, dungeon tortures and executions at sunrise. A scientist who has forgotten his undergraduate days thinks of these things coolly and logically. Furthermore, any other Bostonian would have sprung to the old conservative, self-assured phrase, "It is best"; Lassiter, remembering that he carried his grandfather's gold watch, did indeed say to himself, "It is best that I return to the hotel." Then he thought of the gleaming Miss Finch and he felt that if a sausage machine had been at hand he would have thrown the watch into it, chain, gold pencil, cigarette holder and all.

"Go to it!" he said to the driver, remembering that this expressive bit of slang had fallen from the most beautiful lips in the world. He leaned back on the cushions, gazing about at the iron gratings and shut-

ters in the tinted walls of a narrow side street where the horse's hoofs on the cobblestones echoed as they fell with a noisy cloop-cloop-cloop.

Another noise, however, was asserting itself. In front, somewhere, there was a glow of light and the distant mumble of voices, laughter and mechanical

pianos. Through a cross lane a surging crowd of merry-makers was moving in two streams. No women were there; between the lines of little saloons, pool rooms and cafés, gay with crepe paper, flags and white-framed mirrors, the mob without reason or individual volition, shouting, laughing, jostling, drinking, waving hands and, like Martin Lassiter, wishing to see trouble, was composed of men. It came, went and eddied like dust in the wind. Here and there three or four sailors' uniforms appeared in a group. Here and there two or three of the brown clad, swarthy, waxed moustached policemen stood at corners of streets, directing those who paused to keep on with the movement of the others. These groups were watched by the bacchanalians as if the quarter from which trouble would come had already been determined.

"This is no place," thought Lassiter, "for the Blake Professor of Experimental Psychology!"

The crowd, surging forward through the cross street at this moment, engulfed the hack. Passersby leered at the gleam of Martin's glasses and at the solemnity of his face that was so out of keeping with the occasion and the time of night. He seemed like a newly starched and ironed shirt blown by the wind into an environment that boded ill to its continued whiteness. Even Lassiter himself felt so when a cigar, projected out of one of the open-front saloons, landed with its hot, scattering fire on the horse's back.

The animal plunged, slipped on the cobblestones and was up again, his old blood coursing wildly in anger and terror. The driver



"LASSITER RAN AND, INFECTED WITH THE OTHER'S SPIRIT, HE TOO LOOKED BACK

was struggling with the reins, sawing at the bit; the crowd was scattering in front of the horse's plunges. Lassiter "thought it best" to open the door and step out into the street.

He at once found himself borne away in the stream of men; indeed, he only had one chance to see his horse and vehicle being led by three of the gesticulating, comic-opera policemen in the opposite direction. The driver was standing upright on his seat waving his arms. After several moments of anxiety and elbowing, he found that the darker the shut-in street became, the thinner was the crowd. In fact, he disengaged himself and leaned up against a plaster wall, straightening his necktie and wondering what he had better do next. He felt in his pocket. His money was gone!

"They are child-like, playful people!" he said to himself softly.

As if they had answered him, a great roar went up back there where the lights burned and the pianos drummed. Shouts, imprecations in Spanish, the scurry of the crowd, bobbing of hats, the sharp barking of police rattles and one good old American impropriety of speech lifted above the tumult, convinced him that the expected fight had begun. He could not see how he could help very much. Rowdiness was not his inclination. Therefore he walked away from it.

He had not gone very far, however, when pistol shots cracked out behind—the signal of distress of Cuban police who have had their clubs taken away, and as if in immediate answer came the yells and the clatter of a detachment of the Rural Guards

bearing down upon him from the other direction—from the corner toward which he had been directing his steps. Far in advance of them loped a huge Irishman in the uniform of the United States Navy, engaged in his flight and at the same moment, as if to establish his nationality, he was daring them to fight, running and threatening at the same moment.

He was far enough in advance of the detachment to stop when he recognized in Lassiter's panic-stricken face the countenance of an American.

"What's the matter with ye, man?" he cried. "Run!"

"I haven't done anything," Martin gasped.

"Ye was born in the States an' that's enough, me bye! They can tell it as well as me. Them devils will skewer ye as quick as they'd look at ye." He grabbed the professor's sleeve. "Follow me!"

Lassiter heard the machete-swords being struck against the paving and house walls and the "Yah-yah-yah!" of the charging guards; he could see the sparks fly. However clear his conscience, he concluded to cast his fortune with the sailor man. The idea of holes in oneself is odious. He, too, ran, and, infected with the other's spirit, he too looked back over his shoulder and uttered an unfriendly, unacademic sentiment.

"My name's Mike Brophy, of the *Coyote*," said the sailor. "An' speakin' of names, there is Valencia's beer garden ahead of us. We may get in there an up the stairs. Do ye mind the way the saloon men is tryin' to get the shutters up!"



OVER HIS SHOULDER AND UTTERED AN UNFRIENDLY, UNACADEMIC SENTIMENT."

"Where are we going?" gasped Lassiter. He could see the crowd scattering like peas on a barrel top. Even the sailors, engaged in beating about with the policemen's clubs, were taking to flight.

"Stop here," said Brophy. "Valencia is so fat he can't move quick. Put yer foot in that door crack! Move quick, you skip jack!"

The professor obeyed his superior, and their combined strength forced the rotund Valencia back until there was room enough to squeeze inside, where, except for the street light which peeped in at the shutter cracks, it was pitch dark. The air was still heavy with cigar smoke and the odor of wet glasses. Lassiter could hear the panting of his companion and their fat host and then the sound of blades beating on the door and commanding voices.

A hand reaching out through the ink of the gloom clutched his shoulder. "Come wid me," whispered Brophy, "there is stairs somewhere here."

"Fine!" said Martin. He was beginning to enjoy himself. He felt the delight of flight into the unknown, mysterious regions of the second floor. It was a surprise to him when Brophy pushed open the door at the head of the stairs that a flood of light came forth, showing the living quarters of Valencia. When the door had been closed behind them, he saw that sitting on a sofa in front of the heavy curtains over the windows was a Cuban girl of no mean appearance. She smiled as if she had expected them.

"We're safe here," Brophy was saying.

"An' this here lady is Valencia's oldest daughter. She don't speak our jabber, but she's a lady. Flora, let me introduce yer to this here guy. He's a friend of mine, an' all right, I guess."

Lassiter bowed, the girl smiled; the room was both clean and cool. "Thank you for your kind words," Martin said to Brophy.

"Oh, that's all right; old sleuth," replied the sailor. "I'm sorry ye fell down. Them white clothes ain't no good fer that purpose."

Lassiter noticed a patronizing tone in the red-headed, blue-eyed sailor's voice and he found himself wishing to assert, at least, an equality. "Doesn't amount to anything," he said roughly.

"Where ye from?" asked the other.

"Boston."

"Play chess?"

Lassiter thought he was being ridiculed. He was silent.

"I seen a board over in the corner."

"Well," said Martin, who prided himself on some skill in the game, "I do play."

"Let's have a game!" exclaimed Brophy, mopping his forehead. "That is, unless she wants to play with ye."

The girl seemed to understand this, for she shook her pretty head as she brought the board to them. Lassiter found himself intent on the game before he knew it. Brophy was no mean player. Gradually even the threatening signaling of police rattles outside was forgotten. The Irishman won.

"Play another?" Lassiter inquired.

"No, I guess not," said the sailor. "Say!

Yer know it takes brains to play chess—what? Why don't ye play with Flo? She likes ye. She likes quiet gents like us."

The girl, however, who seemed to catch the meaning of this, blushed and moved from behind Lassiter's chair where she had sat during the play. She picked up a guitar from the sofa and began to sing one of her crooning Cuban songs which wandered here and there in soft ease. Her large eyes interrogated those of Martin as she played; when she had finished she tilted her head so that the front of her brown neck showed a straight line and laughed softly.

"Say, this is a good place, me bye!" said Brophy.

"You bet," replied Martin.

"We don't want any drinks, do we?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, then, if we don't get out before it's light, an' they catch us in this section, we'll get pinched. You couldn't fight yer way loose like me. So good-by, Flora. Yer daddy is still downstairs keepin' folks out of the coffee shop."

The girl looked at the floor. She was very pretty in that pose and unconscious of it. She twined her round fingers in her scarf, as if embarrassed, speaking in a low tone to Brophy. As for Lassiter, he made his farewell with a beaming smile and a wide-sweeping bow.

"We're goin' out onto the back street," explained Brophy on the stairs. "An' make our get-away."

Martin disregarded that explanation. He said, "She told a special good-by to you."

"She did not!" contradicted the sailor.

"What did she say?"

"She asked me to bring ye up again tomorrow night. She wanted to know first if ye was married."

"Can't be possible!" exclaimed Martin, wiping his eyeglasses. "I believe that knowledge is even a richer store than I had thought—occupying a wider field," he said as if to himself.

"Yer talk like a pair of rubber boots, mate," said Brophy, opening the iron gate leading into the dark street. "An' watch out now! They'd go fer my uniform on sight. We'd better take different tacks, mate. I'll get ye into trouble."

"Oh, no," Martin replied. "I'll stick till you get out of this and back to the ship."

Brophy grunted, but Martin felt a touch upon his shoulder. He knew that it was the affectionate clutch of the big freckled

hand of his companion, and he could feel the flow of a pleasant unaffected sympathy that gave a surprising measure of content and satisfaction.

The deserted alley through which they felt their cautious way opened onto a dimly lighted street. Brophy's alert eyes saw the two policemen at the corner a moment before their attention, drawn by Lassiter's white alpaca suit, had awakened them into action. The two Americans could see them lean down to beat on the sidewalk with their clubs; they could hear answering signals from the other end of the alley and the sound of running feet. They were trapped. Policemen bore down on them from both directions.

"Listen!" growled the sailor, almost pulling Lassiter off his feet. "Ha! There is three of 'em! I'll take these two. The other one is yours. We'll fight our way out of this, do ye mind!"

A warm tingling crept over the professor's body. "Aye, aye, sir," he said jovially.

"When ye see the flash of a gun, be sure to quit," cautioned Brophy. "An' when ye close in, cover yer head from them night sticks an' go fer their legs if ye have a chance. Belay there! Ye shrimps!"

The first two officers were upon him. Just before Martin turned to meet his man he saw the sailor side-step the first onslaught and by a skillful movement of his leg throw one of the foreigners into the gutter. "Star spangled banner!" laughed Brophy. He was closing with the second man. Even after Lassiter turned to meet his own opponent, he could hear the give and take of blows. Crack! the sound of the night stick. Bam! the impact of the closed fist. He felt a strange emptiness in his stomach—the despairing, sick feeling of those unused to contest. Then upon the fleshy part of his neck he received the first blow of the lignum vitæ.

It was a delicious tonic. The pain of the blow was sharp but welcome; it awakened a new set of emotions, filled the distressing hole in Lassiter's stomach and brought him onto his toes with the joy of conflict. The policeman was fighting viciously. His club, his left fist, his sharp kicks seemed to come from every direction. Lassiter, ducking his head and body to a well protected crouch, plunged into this rain of blows with which the officer, acting with experience, expected to confuse his prey. The clasp of the police-

man's body was satisfying. Lassiter, digging his toes into the dirt, rushed his adversary across the alley and against the masonry. With a free hand he pounded on the chin of the policeman, directing upward jabs that brought forth gasping Spanish ejaculations. They went down together. In the dark Lassiter felt for the night stick and twisted the bent wrist that held it until the grasp had been relaxed.

They were up again in an unscientific conflict of fists. Bam! Lassiter felt that another such on his cheek bone would determine the issue. He shook his head, grunted, drove his arm forward. Bam! This time the solid blow had landed on the policeman's mouth. Lassiter felt that the satisfaction of this punch had a money value of several hundred dollars. Back and forth it went. At last a moment came when the Cuban officer, now fighting blindly, had disengaged himself and fallen back for another rush. It allowed Martin a chance to glance over his shoulder. One of Brophy's adversaries was stretched out in sleep on the pavement; the sailor was sitting on the other. He was a grinning spectator of Lassiter's contest.

"Go it, me bye!" came his panting voice. "If I don't help ye, ye'll feel better satisfied."

Lassiter braced himself again, threw out his knee and with a crooked arm caught the charging policeman on the taut cords of his neck. His whole body seemed to yield. It turned over once, rolling off Martin's bent leg, and lay whimpering in foreign tongue on the ground. Martin, wheeling toward his friend, made a wry face. "My Country 'Tis of Three," he said profanely.

They took flight through the gloom, gaining a hundred yards and turning two corners before the police signals of distress sounded from the alley they had left.

"Yer all right, old marlin spike," panted Brophy. Lassiter had received several degrees; none had given him so much pride as this one, none were of greater honor, he felt sure. He ran like a glad boy, regardless of sore muscles, bruises and throbbing swellings about his eyes, regardless of the Blake Professorship.

At last he saw, through the gray of dawn which came down into the Havana streets, a cab rocking along ahead of them. He hailed it. "For," he explained to the sailor, "you will be safer under some sort of

cover. Otherwise you would attract attention."

"Attention!" cried Brophy. "Yer oughter see yerself. Yer look like somethin' that's been brought out of a cellar!"

Lassiter once inside the cab, which he directed to the hotel, had an opportunity to catch glimpses of himself in the tiny mirror between the front windows. He looked very little like a respectable person of learning and refinement. His collar was torn, his necktie had disappeared; his right eye peeped out from a puff of bruises that were fast turning a rich purple.

"An' look up here," said Brophy, mockingly, pointing with a thick forefinger to a red welt on his forehead. "Do ye mind the signature of the peeler's night stick. Anybody'd think to see us that I was in bad company again. An' it'll be daylight before we get there! Sure, I'd be ashamed to be seen lendin' money to ye."

"Money?" repeated Lassiter with a gasp. "Oh, well, it's lucky I had a two dollar bill in my other pocket."

"Did ye get lifted?"

Martin nodded sheepishly. "And yet," said he, "it was worth it."

The Prado was long, beautiful, and deserted in the first burst of sunlight. Birds among the palms which nodded in the morning salt wind, were singing pleasantly. Lassiter was glad to be so satisfied, so healthy, so tired, so sore and so alive. He thrust the sighing thoughts of Miss Dorothy Finch from his mind as often as they intruded; there would be time enough to suffer on her account when his world began to move more slowly again. He was sure he would not have to see her for several days; the best plan, he reflected, would be to leave a nice little polite note, informing the Finch family that he had gone to Matanzas. There he could hide until his eye had taken on its natural shape and color. So he concluded as the vehicle drew up before the hotel. And thus are the plans of the wise and good built for immediate overthrow.

Lassiter and Brophy had just stepped out of the cab and the former was paying the driver while the latter was casting a weather eye toward the open, dark blue waters of the Gulf. It was at this moment that the sailor heard a rippling laugh. He looked aloft. He was sure that it had proceeded from behind the shutters over the balcony.

"Sure, it has a good, young, healthy

sound to it," he said aloud, "an' I don't know whether it was pokin' fun at my red hair or your red nose."

"What's that?" said Lassiter.

"Nothin' at all," Brophy answered. "Where's the cab goin'? Sure I want to ride in it to the wharf below there. Where is it goin' now?"

"If you must know, I'll tell you—for a two quart bottle of arnica and alcohol. Sit down here on this step and wait a while."

Brophy hitched up his trousers, in the back pocket of which he found two brown paper cigarettes which had been flattened to the thinness of knife blades. "Them is swell cigarettes," he said. "That's all I got. I've been savin' 'em. One of 'em is fer ye."

"Many thanks," replied Lassiter, nursing a sore shin with his disengaged hand. "It's a fine morning."

The smoke was delicious. He leaned back against one of the white columns and looked in smiling silence on his new friend. "It's lucky for my reputation that no one who knows me is up," he said.

"I think *she* knows yer," said Brophy.

"She?—who?"

"Pipe the young lady over there by the hotel door."

Lassiter turned like one who expects to see an angel with a flaming sword. It was the truth. There, fresh, indescribably neat, graceful and smiling, stood the daughter of Cheever Finch.

"Good morning," she said.

Martin was speechless. He stood up.

"Is she yours?" whispered Brophy in awed tones, pulling off his cap. He was sure he had guessed right in spite of his friend's silence, and his first instinct was to save him from disgrace.

"Don't get any ideas, ma'am. Not too sudden," he said. "Yer see it was this way—we had a little difference with some foreigners."

"Thank you for telling me," said Dorothy. At the sight of Lassiter's woebegone face she could no longer control her laughter.

"There!" said Brophy, drawing himself up. "Yer see there is nothin' to worry about, old sleuth. I've squared it fer ye. She's laughin' at ye."

"Dorothy," exclaimed Lassiter in torment. "This is the result of unforeseen circumstances."

"How violent they must have been!" she interposed sweetly. "But were you in

an explosion, Martin?" She turned toward the sailor. "Was he?"

Brophy's earnest face, which had expressed only loyalty to his companion, relaxed now into a broad smile.

"He does look pretty bad, ma'am," he said. "But you see, there was three of them policemen and he an' I never fought together before. Yes, miss. An' after I had got two of 'em fixed I had a chance to watch his style. That last clout was a peach, miss. It made the Cuban see clams perchin' on telegraph wires, miss. Take it from me, yer gentleman friend is all right, or my name ain't Brophy."

"Oh, thank you," said the girl, holding out her hand. "Martin, why did you forget an introduction? This is a pleasure, Mr. Brophy."

The sailor grinned. "I ain't had an introduction to *him* yet," he said.

"Indeed," exclaimed Dorothy. "Mr. Martin Lassiter, allow me to present you to your old and honored friend, Mr. Brophy, U. S. N. And now, Mr. Brophy, you won't mind if I take Mr. Lassiter away from you? I don't think his appearance this morning does him full justice."

"Oh, Dorothy, I want to tell you——"

"Not now. I don't want you sitting out here. That's why I dressed and came down. I have *some* pride!"

"He does look a bit stove in, miss," said the sailor judiciously.

"He looks like a last year's bird's nest," she said. "Come, Martin."

He had never heard her speak to him before with a tone of proprietorship. His instinct was to obey.

"Good-by, Brophy, old fellow," said he.

"Good-by, old marlin spike," said Brophy. "I'll tell the driver to leave the arnica with the clerk."

Only when Lassiter turned, as they walked through the hotel office toward the elevator, and saw that Miss Finch was walking beside him with as much smiling self-possession as if she had been walking with a ruler in robes of state, did he feel the agonizing pain of conviction that he had severed the last possibility of winning her.

Therefore it was no ordinary surprise to him when in the elevator, with the boy's back turned toward them, she slipped her warm hand into his. "Positively," she said, "I believe you will pass. When I look at your eye, Martin, I begin to believe that you are *human*."



"'Because she'd had the nerve to throw out the drunken loafer,' said Lizzie bitterly."

The Man of Property

By Mary Hastings

Illustrations
By G. W. Harting

MRS. RYAN straightened from the tub, and wiping her dripping hands on an equally dripping skirt, stepped heavily to the window.

"Is that Rosie Woods come to visit her ma?" she asked, squinting nearsightedly at the slim figure just entering her neighbor's yard.

"It is." Lizzie Ryan yielded her place at the narrow window, and, taking an iron from the stove which was heating the small kitchen to a degree of suffocation, she resumed her work at the ironing board. It was Sunday morning, otherwise Lizzie would have been at her work in the glove factory, vigorously treading a heavy machine. Mrs. Ryan continued staring and squinting.

"She's turrible grand," she commented. "That's a new suit on her—and a new hat, too."

"It's her old hat with new flowers," Lizzie stated, ironing away.

Mrs. Ryan looked disputatious, but after a glance at her daughter's firm, closed lips, she yielded the hat.

"Well, anyway, she did well by herself in life," she sighed.

"Her mother did well by her in the first place. When Rosie made a fool of herself at sixteen, running off and marrying some fellow who drank and beat her, 'twas the mother who come and took her home and paid for a divorce and got her new clothes and a new place and a fresh start in life. If

she's married a good man now, 'tis her mother's doings. Her mother made her."

"Well, her mother could—she didn't have but herself and five childer to do for." Mrs. Ryan was distinctively defensive. "Tain't as if she'd had my ten and *himself*."

She jerked her head to an open door through which came the sound of heavy snores and the odor of bad whisky.

"Yes, only five," said Lizzie bitterly. "And why? Because she'd had the nerve to throw out the drunken loafer who'd have fed on her and her children and ruined them all. Gawd, I wisht you'd kicked *him* out long ago!" She gave a tragic look at that open door. "Ten of us," she went on, pressing out ruffle after ruffle on a child's dainty dress. "Ten of us. Jule married to another drunkard, with four of her own; and Harry in jail and Johnnie Gawd knows where with the gang, and me working every day and Sunday, and Annie doing up bundles three basements below ground; and Pete working, too, at twelve, you swearing two years off his age in the affidavit; and Maggie and Gertrude, too pindling and undersized to be anywhere else but at school, and four more kids underfoot or in the alleys, and *him* in there, stealing our money and eating our food and beating the kids when our backs is turned—and why? *Why?* Because you *loved* him! Because you hadn't the grit to get rid of him when you knew he was bad as poison. Love," she repeated,



her voice breaking, “a lot of love it was for us!”

She bent closer over her work, her mouth twitching. Then she threw back her head with a gesture of repudiation. Her features stiffened into an expression of hard contempt, strangely at variance with their delicate youth. “I want none of that love for me,” she proclaimed. “When I marry I’ll be bettering myself.”

“I’m glad to hear it.” There was an accent of irony in her mother’s tones. She shuffled back to her tub hastily, as if rousing from the spell her daughter’s words had cast over her. “I hope ye live up to it.”

“I’m going to,” the girl somberly insisted. “It’s no hot air. I’ve had a few fellows after me—fine on hugging and kissing and throwing their money down their throats like all the rest—and I cut them all out. I met an older man at Smulski’s who’s been taking

me out once or twice. He’s nearer forty than thirty, an’ he’s been married before—his wife died three years ago; but he’s got a good job at Rothchild’s and he owns a home of his own. It’s on Sangamon Street. He’s asked me to go and look at it with him this afternoon and I’m going to—and if he asks me if I’ll live in it, I’m going to!”

She replaced her iron on the stove with a bang and stood erect a moment, resting her tired back. The sweat was pouring off her scarlet face.

Mrs. Ryan rubbed on mechanically for a time without speaking. “And you twenty,” she said, half to herself. “Well, I don’t gainsay you, Lizzie. Maybe you’re right.

Gawd knows your father made a fool of me. If you can do better, pitch in and let’s see you.” But she sighed. Involuntarily a dim memory in her jaded mind had brightened, a memory of a worn stile in the Old Country, and green grass underfoot and green branches overhead and the sunshine slipping in sparkles through the leaves. She had been twenty then, and her sigh was unconsciously for that lost youth and for the lack of that stile and the glory of its tender illusions in her girl’s mind. Lizzie had keen blue eyes, made for dreaming, but they had never harbored dreams. They had looked too early on the terror of realities. Again the mother sighed.

“Did ye say what his name was?” she inquired.

“Murray—Fred Murray, I guess ’tis. I’ve always called him Mister.”

“Is he nice looking?” A note of hope colored Mrs. Ryan’s voice.

Lizzie carefully tested an iron. "Nice enough."

"And you twenty!" the mother echoed, with despairing indignation under her breath. "Well, if you're going beaung the afternoon," she announced aloud and with decision, "you go and get off your feet and rest yourself and cool your face. You look like a toasted devil."

"Yes," Mrs. Ryan observed, one evening two weeks later, as she hung over her back fence in intimate converse with Mrs. Ross, Rosie Woods's mother, "yes, Lizzie went and done it this afternoon. They went to the minister's together, just them two. I couldn't spare the day off or I'd 'a' gone. Seems hardly Christian, so quietlike, after all the fuss we made over Jule; but, then, Jule was marrying a Cath'lic, and they do relish a show. Besides, Lizzie wouldn't have it no ways else. She's turrible set about the sensible thing. I dunno where she gets it from. He seems a nice man. I ain't had a fairly good look at him yet, seeing him just twice and that at night and me nearsighted, but then it don't make no dif-

ference what I think, anyway. Lizzie's doing well. He's a man of property. Owns his house. Took Lizzie all over it—she said there was a fine lot of rooms, and it's all in grand repair. And he'll do anything in the world for her. He's clean daft over Liz. Bought her *flowers* to pin on. Well, the girl has sort of a taking way, though she never was no hand for the fellows. I hope she'll be happy."

Mrs. Ryan heaved a sentimental sigh. Mrs. Ross stared out at the slanting clothes poles in the yard wavering under their burden of wash.

"She may," she said, in her husky, asthmatic whisper. "I've heerd some is." And she wended her way with no further leave-taking to block an encroaching goat.

An hour later, Lizzie and her man of property were walking together toward what was now to be their home. They had eaten their wedding dinner in a café where lights had blazed and a band played, and there had been a white cloth upon the table. Lizzie had never eaten off a white cloth before in all her life, and the fact that she had done so



now, and that she wore a small bunch of violets pinned to her shabby jacket, seemed to prove that the new era of prosperity had indeed arrived. She turned to the man at her side with a smile.

He was regarding her with a certain anxious wistfulness. Shorter than she, for she was a tall girl, he was appareled in a suit of checked brown, with tie and socks and handkerchief edge—just peeping above his left-hand breast pocket—of a purple whose violence seemed out of tune with the gentle harmonies of his features.

"Lizzie," he said, "you ain't sorry you've done it?"

The girl laughed. "Not *yet*," she answered, with that dryness which was one of her peculiar charms to his more loquacious and sentimental nature.

"You know I'll always be good to you." There was an urgency of appeal in his tone.

"Why, o' course," she gave back somewhat vaguely, and turned to look at him.

He had an air of increasing confusion.

"There's some things I expect I ought to have told you," he began, clearing his throat. "Of course, they don't rightly make any difference—it depends on how you look on it. But, you see—there's—well, there's pa and ma lives with me. My first wife's pa and ma. They always did—and I couldn't very well turn them out."

"No-o, I don't suppose you could," Lizzie owned slowly. Pa and ma, two old people, hung round his neck like a millstone, but she warmed next minute to the thought of his chivalry. "I guess you couldn't do a thing like that."

"No, I couldn't. Not in this case—as things are. You see," he desperately burst out, looking straight ahead, his cheeks reddening, "perhaps I hadn't ought to let you think I owned that house—I don't *yet*. Though I shall some day. It's just a matter of years. They are both very old. Not that I wish them any harm," he quickly thrust in, "for they are nice people—very. I know you'll like them. They are very glad I'm bringing you home. They would have told you so the other day, but they had—er—stepped out. And so, you see, it's practically mine—they call it so." He could not meet her eyes.

Lizzie, too, was staring ahead. She was thinking rapidly. Then at last she found her voice on an unsteady little note of laughter. "Since you're so fond of 'em,"

she said, "I hope my cooking won't kill 'em off—it's pretty rotten."

"Then you don't mind?" He took heart to look at her.

"I don't know what good minding would do—now."

He winced at her emphasis. "It would make me very unhappy," he said simply. "Perhaps you think I haven't been just fair to you—but it *is* mine, practically. And they are not at all hard to live with. They have been very good to—me," he finished abruptly, and swallowed.

"I guess it's about the same thing," she observed, taking kindly pity on his distress. Never was kindness buried deep within her, after all.

He put an awkward hand on her elbow to assist her across the street, and continued to keep it there. She could feel it strangely trembling.

"After all, you weren't marrying me for the house, Lizzie?"

The appeal of his voice affected her curiously. She was conscious of a glow vaguely akin to shame, though the shame, she repudiated, should have been on his side. She shook her head without looking at him. They turned a corner into Sangamon Street.

Immediately a piercing yell arose. It came from somewhere down the block—a wild, shrill shriek of joyous welcome, rapidly swelling in volume as the three open-mouthed beings who were responsible for it neared them on flying, white-stockinged feet.

"Pa-pah! Pa-pah! Pa-pah!" chorused the three approaching little girls, their six, tightly braided, hugely ribboned pigtailed streaming out behind them in level flight. They arrived in breathless confusion, a group that, like some active centipede, swarmed and wriggled about Lizzie's companion, embracing his knees in a violence of greeting that threatened to upset him.

"Pa-pah's come!" they were announcing, as if to the far horizons of the earth.

Lizzie halted and stepped aside, as indeed she was obliged to do, from her husband. They looked at each other. Before her eyes his own fell abashed to the three bobbing heads about him. He patted them absently with hands that trembled.

"Yes, Lizzie; yes, Lizzie," he said, answering the blazing accusation in her gaze. "Yes, Lizzie, I should have told you. I meant to. I should have done it that moment that I saw you were taking it for

granted that I was alone. I meant to, but I kept putting it off till——”

“Is this all there is of them?” asked Lizzie, in a voice whose deadly calm penetrated and awed the babble. The two eldest children, who had obtained possession of their father’s arms and were swinging them after the manner of pump handles, scented the unusual and stood off to look at her; the youngest was still obviously embracing his knees.

“Yes, Lizzie, all—quite all. And they are dear children, not at all hard to live with. The grandmother takes all care of them.”

“You’re sure it’s all?” she caustically insisted. “Haven’t you any other surprises up your sleeve? Let’s have ’em all while I got my mouth open. Ain’t there a paralytic uncle somewhere about the premises, or a blind aunt, or a couple of invalid cousins? Haven’t you got a grandfather or two of your own?”

“Nothing more,” he protested, scarlet with shame, “but a dog. You don’t mind dogs? He’s very old and I should hate to part with him. And a cat—I should say a cat and kittens to be accurate.” He had an air of painstaking recollection. Then he burst out, “I don’t blame you if you are angry. I *should* have warned you, but I kept putting it off—I don’t know how. I blame myself—I should have told you, but, oh, Lizzie”—and the truth shot out of him with irresistible spontaneity—“I was so dreadfully afraid of losing you! I *wanted you so much!*”

He looked at her over the swarming heads of his offspring, his brown eyes full of deprecation and anxiety and immense longing.

She met that look in silent fury, her lips tight locked. She was summoning words—bitter, stinging, annihilating words—that should pour out on him her wrath and disappointment, her fiery resentment of his perfidy. She despised him. He had deceived her. Well, she would make him sorry! . . . But that look in his eyes held her. It was a pathetic volume of a look; it revealed his heart from cover to cover, its tender depths, its faint-couraged shallows. And under and through it all was a quality that was like the

direct holding out of hands . . . his hands to her.

The bitter phrases behind Lizzie’s lips slipped insensibly away. That cold, tight gathering of anger in her relaxed, like a hand that has lost its grip—she had a sensation of actual warmth and glow in her breast. She did not know what was happening to her. She did not know why her angry tongue did not lash out in arraignment—she had never felt tenderness for a soul on earth. She had been sorry enough for her mother, but tenderness was not the word. So she did not know why it was that, instead of overwhelming him with a torrent of accusation, she felt a sudden, absurd, almost motherly impulse to ease him in some way of his own self-reproach. He had deceived her—but he was not a deceptive man; she could read his innate sincerity in the candor of that look. And his kindness—his petted children, his ridiculous cats! It was the first time that she had ever gazed into the face of this man, her husband. She began to realize him and the intimacy of their relation she had consented to so lightly. All these thoughts went streaming through Lizzie’s mind like one thought. Her set lips relaxed and she broke unexpectedly into bubbling laughter, quizzical yet merry, which embraced him and his house and his old people and his children and his dog and his cat and his kittens in a humorous acceptance that was absolution.

“If you ain’t the beatingest man of property!” she scoffed, and then put her hand with awkward shyness on the shoulder of one of the staring little girls. “What’s her name?” she asked.

There was no stile in Sangamon Street, no spring glory of gold sunshine and green trees, but something of the sweetness and softness of the spring moment had found its way into Lizzie’s heart and thrilled it with new meanings.





EDITORIAL NOTES



BURNING UP MONEY

SUPPOSE the officials of the Standard Oil Company should issue this order:

Whenever the president of the Standard Oil Company visits a refinery, the manager thereof shall cause to be publicly burned twenty-one ten-gallon tins of petroleum as a ceremonial of honor; nineteen ten-gallon tins of petroleum shall be burned upon the visit of the vice president; fifteen upon the visit of the chairman of the board of directors; thirteen for a member of the board of directors; eight for the manager of any refinery visiting another refinery.

When the official to whom the ceremonial is tendered enters the grounds of the refinery, his personal flag shall be hoisted over the main office building. Two rows of employees shall be formed facing each other near the office door through which he is to enter, and in such a manner as to permit him to walk between the rows. The number of employees to be so formed shall be: For the president, twelve; for the vice president, ten; for the chairman of the board of directors, eight; for a member of the board of directors, six; for the manager of a refinery, four.

As the official enters the door the employees stationed there shall whistle and salam thrice.

You would think this a clear indication of lunacy, would you not? If you were a stockholder in the Standard Oil Company you would demand the dismissal of the officers capable of such expensive folly.

Yet they would have the strongest possible precedent for the order. In that giant corporation, the United States Navy, scarcely a day passes in which the employees do not have to go through a ceremony as elaborate, foolish and infinitely more expensive. One hundred and fifty-two articles in the "regulations" of our navy are devoted to "Honors and Distinctions."

Assuming that you are a landsman, familiar with the briskness and directness of commercial life, you would imagine that there would be no particular trouble in getting an admiral aboard a ship, or in disembarking him. Yet in reality these acts are ceremonies compared to which the maze of a Masonic initiation is plain sailing.

If Admiral Dewey wishes to board a battleship or a cruiser to inspect some mechanical device, he could not step to the dock and

get a shore boat to take him to his ship as a president of a steamship company might, hustle aboard, attend to his business, and return to shore in time to catch the next train to Washington. Admiral Dewey must put on exactly the proper one of his numerous uniforms. He must see that the proper aides accompany him. He must see that a barge of a certain number of glistening oars, or a steam barge with shining brass work and proper pennant, is assigned to convey him.

As his boat approaches the gangway of the ship he can hear the gurgling of a silver whistle with various tuneful runs and twitterings—the boatswain "piping the side." At the top of the ladder he finds eight "side boys" in two rows to salute as he passes. His flag, a blue pennant with four white stars, unfurls at the aftermast. The commander of the guard brings his paraded marines to "present." The drummer sounds four rolling ruffles and the trumpeter four flourishes. The band plays a march. The admiral and all the officers hold their hands at their cap visors during the ruffles and flourishes. Then the admiral may proceed with his business.

Once it is finished he may not leave as a business man would leave, but the same ceremonial is repeated backward. After his boat has shoved off, a three-pounder cannon must open fire and never cease until it has delivered nineteen guns.

When a flag officer goes on board to assume command, the captain whisks his officers into line on deck, each bedecked in full dress. The whole crew is assembled and made ready for inspection. The guard of honor is paraded in full dress. The boatswain whistles and the band plays. The flag officer's pennant is flown to the breeze and he receives a salute of thirteen guns.

If the officer assuming command is the senior among several flag officers, his flag is saluted by firing from his own flagship and from the flagship of the officer next in rank,

which latter salute is returned by firing from the senior flagship. This involves the firing of three salutes of at least thirteen guns each. But let the officer assuming command be not the senior present, then by explicit regulation his flagship does not fire the salute to his flag, but to the flag of the senior, who then returns the salute. And so on.

When we consider that more than thirty officers on the active list under the Navy Department and more than one hundred and twenty on the retired list are entitled to the honors prescribed for flag officers, we get some idea of the amount of honorary gunpowder that is burned in the ordinary course of business for saluting officers within the navy's own domestic circle, and even then we have not begun to salute. There are other branches of the service. Every general officer of the army and of the marine corps is entitled to powder-burning festivities, and then there are others.

The entrance of one of our ships to a foreign port usually is a full-fledged bombardment—without shot or shell. To the foreign flag first twenty-one guns; then the various officers on shore and on foreign ships in the harbor must be received and sped with appropriate salutes.

When President Taft and the Secretary of the Navy visited Provincetown to dedicate the Pilgrims' Monument, they went in separate yachts, the Secretary a little in advance of the President. They followed the same program in departing. Each was duly saluted, and on that one day the Atlantic fleet, with only eight ships present, fired about six hundred guns in doing honor to their visitors.

Those that cling to the old way of doing things may argue that we must keep our royalistic ceremonies in order to be uniform with foreign navies, and to be able to render the same honors to foreign officers that our officers receive from monarchical states. It might as well be argued that our government should be obliged to maintain a king, in order to have a chief magistrate of proper rank to treat with foreign sovereigns. Our constitution forbids government officers to accept decorations or gifts from foreign nations without express sanction of congress. Should we not with equal propriety forbid the giving and taking of courtly honors?

In these days of so much talk of economy

in government, it would seem that there would be a chance for some economic expert to save some real money.

ARE WE A NATION OF IMITATORS?

UNDENIABLY, however, the tendency is all the other way. Our army officers have recently secured the precious privilege of going about adorned as to their chests with medals and badges like the army officers abroad, and even for privates we have adopted bodily the ridiculous ribbon devices of the English army. We seem to move not toward more simple, reasonable and sensible methods, but away from them.

The excuse for hanging gewgaws on an army officer's coat is that when he goes abroad he is embarrassed to wear a plain uniform in the presence of highly decorated foreigners. Hence he also must have his little playthings.

One might say with equal reason that he is embarrassed to be plain Major Smith in the presence of Colonel Sir Reginald Percy Ponsonby Cadogan Spencer, Baronet.

The man that serves a republic has a higher title than any hereditary system can possibly bestow, and no one has less need of stucco and medals about his person. We are a business nation, chiefly composed of sensible people. Nothing could be less appropriate than for our representatives and hired men in whatsoever capacity to go prancing about in the monkeylike garb of the countries that still cling to royalty and other fetiches of the Middle Ages.

The whole subject is interesting and deserving of the philosopher's wondering attention. Some years ago we suffered in our courts a sudden invasion of a similar fantasy, to the effect that justice could not be dispensed except by a man dressed out in a comical black robe. This was the way judges were dressed abroad; consequently we must have comic opera done by the judges of America.

The infection spread until it reached the police courts of New York City. When men held that only one in a black mother hubbard could properly send a drunkard to the workhouse, the sense of the ridiculous tardily awoke and saved us from further follies.

It is an odd reflection that, although they belong to the foremost nation in the world, many Americans are not content to be Americans, but are possessed of a mad

impulse to imitate somebody else. Still stranger is the fact that the thing imitated is almost always the outworn custom of some moribund nation of Europe. How these phenomena are to be explained we confess we don't know, but we are quite sure that it is about time to abolish them.

LET US HAVE MORE PUBLICITY

VARIOUS state legislatures have enacted measures requiring a greater or less degree of publicity of campaign-fund contributions. Congress has passed a law ostensibly designed to provide some measure of such publicity, and now the Democratic House has sent up to the Republican Senate a bill calling for the publication of such contributions before as well as after election.

Among public men of both the great parties there is always manifest—in their speeches—a perfervid enthusiasm for publicity. The curious thing about it all is that when they have opportunity to put their preachment into practice something almost always happens to prevent real publicity.

There has been a tremendous lot of talk in the last few years about publicity of the affairs of the great corporations and combinations that make up "Big Business." The Interstate Commerce law has at last furnished the means by which pretty much all the affairs of the railroads can be brought to such light as manages to percolate through the more or less opaque volumes of the Interstate Commerce Commission reports.

When the fight was on for the enactment of the corporation-tax provision in the tariff law of 1909, one of the most strongly urged arguments for it was the publicity that it would give to corporate affairs. But no sooner had that law gone into operation than a way was found—by a decidedly strained construction of the law—for preventing any publicity until Congress could come to the rescue with an amendment doing away with the publicity feature of the statute.

The biggest corporation in the new world is the government of the United States, and over its doings the softest of soft pedals is always pressing. Nothing is quite so difficult as to inject a little real publicity into the doings of the great general corporation of the people of the United States.

It is conceivable that there are certain

parts of the government work which are not susceptible to publicity. For some reason, diplomatic tradition is all against publicity in the realm of foreign relations. Since that is the view of all countries, it no doubt would hinder rather than help matters for this government to inaugurate the reform of giving publicity to its diplomatic doings. But when you come to consider the case, there is more than a little to be said on the side of publicity.

It is the business of the people, after all, that is being transacted at Washington, and what right have the servants of the people who are transacting it to withhold even the most minute details from their employers?

In the Department of Justice there are many matters constantly under consideration which rightfully are kept under cover. Otherwise the ends of justice might easily be defeated. But under what conception of governmental necessity or advantage is the business of the Department of Agriculture entitled to the least degree of concealment? Or, for that matter, the business of most of the other departments?

The military preparations of the War and Navy departments might be rendered valueless by publicity, but what is there about the appointment of a postmaster that justifies consideration behind tightly closed doors?

Especially is the business of the executive susceptible of just publicity. In fact, publicity might easily curtail the unnecessary and unjustifiable demands upon the time of the President. A considerable part of the work of the chief executive is that of selecting men for appointment to public office. There is scarcely a case that does not involve several consultations at the White House. The President gives week after week to that business. And every bit of it is done on the "confidential" basis. Why?

When a man runs for elective office he is compelled to go before the electors and make a public campaign. Why should a man seeking an appointive office be relieved from the necessity of having the public know all about him and his case? Appointive places are as much parts of the governmental system as elective. What peculiar characteristic do they possess that rightfully differentiates them from elective offices?

The habit of secrecy in making such selections is the hope and the resource of the spoilsman. We fancy that if after each visit of a place-hunter to the President a

full statement of what had been said in the executive offices were given out on official authority, there would be a vast reduction in the number of hours spent by the President in listening to such appeals.

Why should it not be done? That would be a proper publicity of business that is genuinely public, and it would be profitable to the public, too.

A SHIFT IN SIGNBOARDS

THAT unsubstantial but famous person, the Unprejudiced Observer, to whom habitually we appeal, might have had some fun out of the United States Supreme Court's antitrust decisions if he had been at the time sojourning in these parts.

He could hardly have failed to notice how many excellent persons of the reform order of mind actually took these decisions seriously as some form of attack upon the oil trust, the tobacco trust and the like unpopular institutions.

Some even went so far as to call the findings a "deadly blow," and others saw in them "a vindication of popular government" and a clear proof that the proper way to deal with the trust octopus is to set the Supreme Court on it.

The origin of this grotesque fancy remains mysterious, but certainly it had nothing to do with history, supposing the obsessed ones to read that useful branch of literature.

In 1903 the Supreme Court handed down a similar decision in the case of the Northern Securities Company.

Accordingly, the Northern Securities Company was dissolved.

But the combination for which it was the mere signboard was never dissolved, nor was the melon-cutting interrupted that it was put up to cover. Mr. James J. Hill took down one sign and put up another. Within the premises the melon (one of the juiciest ever produced in our proud land) came duly to table and was carved amidst loud acclaim, Mr. Hill officiating at the head of the board.

Similarly in the recent findings about the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company.

The Court has ordered the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey to dissolve. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey will proceed to obey the Court's behest. There are fourteen other Standard Oil companies that are not ordered to dissolve. Any one of

them is perfectly competent to carry on the business at the old stand and in the old way.

Wherefore, then, the applause? No one has suggested how the change of the signboards will advantage the nation or affect the trust situation, but the lack of information on this point will not discourage the joyous outcry in certain quarters. The Supreme Court has hammered the trust. Therefore, let us be merry, whether the blow be delivered with a feather or a slapstick.

Wall Street, which is seldom deceived about things as they are, saw what the decision really meant and at once up soared the stocks. Standard Oil, supposed to have been hit so hard, went up two points.

A point in the Street is worth a million cackles from Stodgyland, if one be looking for indications of the real.

Also the cartoonists and newspaper comedians found the decision useful to them in their business. They had great fun with that word "reasonable" that the Court read into the statute.

Blessed be humor, but we fail to see that it was so funny. When a Justice of the Supreme Court explicitly accuses his colleagues of usurping the functions of Congress and assuming (without right) to amend the laws, we should think that constitutes a rather serious condition.

If the Supreme Court can amend one law it can amend all laws, Congress ceases to be the final lawmaking power, and we have here a new form of government without precedent in the history of nations. If that favorite bugaboo of our fathers, an armed dictator, should arise and abolish Congress, the fact would probably have serious attention. The plain man will fail to see how Congress could be eliminated more effectually from affairs by a dictator than by a court that assumes to amend laws at its discretion.

Not long ago Justice Hughes spoke with feeling of the disastrous results that could fall upon us should we ever lose our reverence for the Supreme Court. On the whole, it looks as if the wisdom of Justice Hughes would show itself the richer if he addressed his admonitions to the Court. That is where they seem to be needed if the public is to continue to revere this venerable institution.

In the tobacco company case the Court's finding gives the discerning still less cause for joy. The essence is that the American

Tobacco Company has been in technical violation of the law. If it can so adjust its organization as to avoid this technical violation it can continue to operate exactly as before.

The officers of the company immediately undertake to make this adjustment and the incident is closed—except for the public's recollection of Mr. Justice Harlan's powerful and significant dissent.

In the plainest words Justice Harlan declares that when the people of the United States come to understand that the Supreme Court is usurping to itself the functions of the legislative department there will be trouble.

One might also surmise that when the same people come to understand that all their antitrust laws so far devised are nullified and useless there will be more trouble.

PUTTING A STOP TO WAR

WITHIN a short time the United States, France and Great Britain will have signed treaties agreeing to submit to arbitration whatever differences may arise among them.

If you believe in peace and do not believe in universal murder, here is something over which you may justly rejoice, because it is the best victory ever gained for peace.

There is no more sense in war than there is in brass knuckles. We have ruled out the one, and time is overripe to rule out the other. It is a curious notion that men should be gentlemen as individuals, and ruffians, cutthroats and bandits as nations. Nations are aggregations of individuals. The substance of war is that a million men may do with honor what one man is loathed, abhorred and hanged for doing.

When you stop to size up that incongruity you can see that war is doomed to extinction. Huge incongruities have no permanence, but hang like the avalanches in the Alps. A shout brings down one and the world's laughter the other.

Mr. Roosevelt is opposed to the treaties. His voice is still for war. This is not astonishing. One of his numerous and fervent biographers recently announced to the world that Mr. Roosevelt's dearest ambition is to be shot on the battlefield. Alone, we suppose, crying aloud for blood and vengeance!

Some persons that are prejudiced against

Mr. Roosevelt have frequently accused him of inconsistency, but we believe that toward war his faith and attitude have shown no variableness. He has steadfastly opposed international arbitration and stood for the arbitrament of the jungle and the gorilla. We believe that no one is surprised that against these present treaties Mr. Roosevelt has taken strong ground. Likewise we fancy that none is much concerned—except, of course, Dr. Lyman Abbott.

VOTES FOR WOMEN AT HAND

IF you are unalterably opposed to woman suffrage, you may do well to arrange to live elsewhere than in the United States of America, because here we are likely to have woman suffrage in a rush.

Washington has lately adopted it, California and several other states are to vote upon it shortly and the forecasts support the belief that Washington's example will generally be followed. In five states women now vote. If the coming fall shows additions to this list, we may easily believe that the day of universal suffrage is close at hand.

To those that still dwell in caves and gnaw the intellectual bones of the past, we respectfully present the manner in which the women are prosecuting their campaigns in these states.

The burden of the cave-dwellers' song is that women should not vote because they are mentally inferior to men. Well, not in political campaigning, certainly. The women that commanded the fight for the ballot in Washington, for example, showed the men some new things in that line. They not only fought with great skill, wisdom, foresight and self-control, but they kept their cause straight and respectable and they did not deal for it with the vote-brokers nor the political highbinders.

One of their performances was particularly good. Some of the Brahmin ladies of Boston ventured to take a hand in the row by telling the Washington voters that no women of the "better classes" favored equal suffrage. The suffragists of Washington instantly saw their chance, seized the weapon thus offered to them, made of it skillful and persistent use in their campaign and won in a very handsome manner.

It has always seemed to us that a man willing to admit a belief in the inferiority of women must be an extremely poor specimen of the race. If a man does not respect his

mother there is nothing in him worth anybody's respect. Even men denied of any opportunity for education or culture will resent the slightest slur upon their mothers, yet we have heard of highly educated men that not only entertained but indorsed such reflections. The idea is not only degrading, it is abnormal. How can the vastly superior be brought into the world by the vastly inferior?

But however this may be, the roll of equal-suffrage states seems likely to increase rapidly from this time on. One may learn with profit that Australia and New Zealand, where women have voted for many years, look with amazement upon the contest now being waged in this country. What seems most to puzzle our friends in the Antipodes is that anyone should listen to arguments against woman suffrage long refuted by practical experience.

We don't suppose equal suffrage is the perfect panacea for political ills. That kind of a panacea will be found on the day that the philosopher's stone is discovered, and will be of the same consistency. But equal suffrage seems to be just and reasonable, which, on the whole, is better than panaceas. Besides, it is inevitable. Therefore, what is the use?

A significant fact about the present campaign is the opposition of the corporations. There is something worth thinking about when you get time.

• THE WESTMORELAND STRIKE

By Rheta Childe Dorr

WESTMORELAND COUNTY, Pennsylvania, twenty miles west of Pittsburgh, has for the past fifteen months been the scene of the most stubborn strike in the history of American labor. On March 10, 1910, over seventeen thousand soft-coal miners went on strike against conditions of work and wages which they declared intolerable. According to the operators, the strike was called by agents from the United Mine Workers of America, whose presence in the county was strongly resented by the mine owners. Instigated, the operators allege, by union agitators, the miners demanded an eight-hour day, leave to spend their wages in other than company stores and to live in other than company houses. They also demanded, spurred on by the union agitators, the right to employ a weigher from their own ranks to stand at

the official scales and see that they were credited with the full weight of the coal they had mined. As a crowning insolence they demanded the right to a collective bargain. In other words, they asked to be allowed to join the United Mine Workers of America. All these demands were refused, and the seventeen thousand struck.

The operators, as quickly as possible, brought in a small army of newly landed immigrants to break the strike. They also brought in a small army of deputy sheriffs to protect the strike-breakers and to prevent disorder on the part of the strikers.

Since then Westmoreland County has been in a state of civil war the details of which appear incredible in an age which is called enlightened. At least six men have been shot dead, an unknown number have been wounded with guns, blackjacks and clubs, women have been drenched with hot water from company hose, houses have been fired and much property destroyed. Hundreds of families, evicted from company houses, have lived through a bitter Pennsylvania winter in tents and shacks and holes in the ground. More than a hundred babies died during the winter, and other babies who came to fill their places were born on the bare earth and wrapped in rags for clothing.

About ten thousand miners have sought work in other coal pits; perhaps two thousand have given up and gone back to work in their old places; five thousand are still on strike. That they and their families have not starved during the past fifteen months is due chiefly to the United Mine Workers and the International Miners' Union, both of which organizations have taxed their members a weekly sum to support the strikers. Outside the ranks of organized labor the Westmoreland strikers have excited little sympathy or even attention.

What has attracted attention is the fact that less than fifty per cent. of the ordinary output of coal has been mined in Westmoreland County since the strike began. This means, of course, an immense economic loss, felt not only by the operators, but by a long line of business interests.

The attention of the Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh having been called to the deplorable state of affairs in Westmoreland County, that body addressed a letter to the operators and also to the strikers' committee, advising them to submit their difficul-

ties to arbitration. To this proposition the strikers promptly agreed. The operators briefly replied that they would brook no outside interference with their business.

The question comes up, What is outside interference with business? The conditions under which the miners of Westmoreland County live and die are made for them by outsiders, boards of directors living in Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Could their decisions concerning wages, hours of work and the rest be called outside interference with the health and lives of seventeen thousand men and their families? Probably few people have the imagination and the human understanding to allow such an extraordinary contention.

But any fair-minded person will allow that a state of affairs such as exists in Westmoreland County is wholly unnecessary and wrong. It is wrong if for no other reason than that it debases and degrades men. The unemployed man speedily becomes unemployable. The man who ceases to work for a long period deteriorates industrially. A long strike invariably creates a new army of vagrants and tramps. Crime is recruited from these ranks. The sum of human waste and human misery increases. Society sags under the burden.

After all, it is the public which holds the largest stake in these industrial struggles, and the time is close at hand when resistance to "outside interference" will not be tolerated even from associations of coal barons who claim a warrant from on high as a title deed to their holdings. In some way arbitration will be forced on labor and capital alike.

The Canadian law, which forbids strikes or lockouts to occur until a government-appointed board of arbitration has investigated and reported on the dispute, appears to have worked well in preventing strikes. How well it has worked in increasing wages and ameliorating hard conditions has not yet been shown. Organized labor in the United States strongly disapproves the Canadian plan and resists its introduction here, on the ground that the workers cannot

afford to lose their right to strike at any time. A strike postponed, they say, is a strike lost.

We have in several states laws creating state boards of arbitration. In New York they have a State Board of Mediation which officially investigates all labor difficulties and endeavors to adjust them. But neither the arbitration nor the mediation boards appear to have much effect on the ceaseless conflict between labor and capital. These boards have no actual power, and, perhaps on that account, their recommendations are rarely accepted.

We have, on the contrary, a Federal board of mediation of which little is known, but whose influence in a limited field is tremendous. This is the Board of Mediation in the Interstate Commerce Commission, composed of Commissioner of Labor Charles P. Neill, a representative of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers or of some other railroad organization, and a representative of the railroad company involved in a labor dispute. All difficulties occurring between interstate railroad companies and their employees must be submitted to this board and the report of the board settles the dispute.

The railroad company is obliged to accept the report, because its own representative signs it. The railroad employees accept it because their representative signs. As for the Commissioner of Labor, he has earned such a reputation for fairness and justice, that both sides have complete confidence in his decisions.

What if we adopted this Federal plan and submitted all labor disputes to representatives of both parties to the dispute, with a disinterested third party as witness? There is only one real difficulty in the way, and that is that such a plan would involve full recognition of the union, for in order to choose representatives, labor would have to be organized. Neither capital nor indeed all labor appears to be prepared for such complete organization. And so the war goes on, with its waste and its brutalities and its suffering. Isn't it rather a pity?





CURRENT COMMENT

STRIKING BELOW THE BELT

IT is within our constitutional rights, subject only to the law of libel, that any and every magazine should have fair play in uncovering and exposing to the public view every coalition, combination or achievement by combined effort which debauches or tends to debauch the moral fiber of our institutions. Such questions have been thoroughly thrashed out, sparing none, however powerful their influence, bringing out into the clear noonday sun such a mass of corruption as ten years ago would have been unbelievable by the American people. This thrashing out by expert investigation has not only educated but appalled thinkers and HAMPTON'S has been foremost in cleaning up the Augean stables. Much of the filth has been removed, but more is there yet and it must be removed. Now this free and open warfare on the part of our magazines is to be muzzled by "putting on pressure" in the withdrawal of patronage, and in devious ways to cripple the effective work pursued vigorously by HAMPTON'S. This is striking below the belt, and the people will not stand for unfair pugilism.

The recent elections showed the temper of the people. The people will support you. We will have no effete and corrupt Bourbon dynasty in America. Our nation has been purified in the fires of investigation, but it needs more. Press on against the moneyed powers, wherever their mobilization is dangerous and corrupt. The thing most to be feared is the apathy of people. They are even now too indifferent. — A. E. R., Blodgett Landing, New Hampshire.

ENTITLED TO FIRST PLACE

YOU ask your readers to write what they think of your course as a free and untrammelled magazine. I think you are entitled to first place. You have been the means of enlightenment to hundreds of thousands. Other magazines have plowed the first furrows, but none has been so thorough and truthful on so many different subjects. Since reading in the papers that the money power was reaching out and gathering to itself so many of the magazines, the question has come home to me—will HAMPTON'S stand firm? Will it continue to be in the future what it has been in the past? Do not disappoint your subscribers. Do not add another to the wrecks that are strewn along the way. So many have started out as champions of the people only to be bought up and become deceivers. So long as HAMPTON'S is HAMPTON'S, so long will you receive my subscription and advocacy. For heaven's sake, for your country's sake, for humanity's sake do not sell out. You say "Watch." I do.

When I read your article on the Attorney-General, remembering his railroad bill and other things, while "many have been called yet few chosen," none punished, I wondered if that article was an entering wedge for a change of front. But I cannot believe you will change front. Be in the future as in the past, a leader for better things.—S. O. E., Downing, Wisconsin.

LAMENTATIONS OF A FARMER

YOU are doing a grand work. Go ahead! I wish everyone in the country could read your magazine. Your article on Düsseldorf was fine. But do you know that the farmers all about here pay just as high taxes as the citizen of Düsseldorf does? Taxes are as high in proportion to gross income. Here more than four fifths of the income has to go back into the ground in labor, fertilizer, seeds, et cetera. In a year of drought, or too wet weather, the farmer has to fall back on his bank account, if he is lucky enough to have one, to pay his taxes. Yet he has no free kindergarten, no two-and-a-half-cent trolley at his door, no seventeen-cent ticket to hear good music, no cheap but efficient waterworks, gas, electricity and furnace. He and his wife must drudge on with old tubs, pumps, must carry water, et cetera.

With a parcels post to cancel the post-office deficit and bring in a revenue to the government, and with the pension graft cut out and the government run on a strictly honorable business basis, our taxes could be cut down to a tenth of what they now are. We bear the heaviest burden of taxation, and do not get what we ask for. The National Grange has been asking for a parcels post for years.

On the farms where we have church only once in two weeks, because the parishes are so poor that one preacher has to do for five or six churches. Where we work all the time, and have very little social life, and cannot go to lectures, nor ever hear good musicals, our magazines are our greatest joy. You cannot know how much they mean to us. And now the kind government would make them more expensive for us!—F. G. A., Oregonia, Ohio.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

A MAGAZINE like HAMPTON'S is what the people want and greatly need. I hope the day may never come when the money interests will secure control of the now independent magazines.—E. F. W., Mohrsville, Pennsylvania.

I assure you that the great masses of the common people will stand with you and support you, to the extent of their ability, to maintain an independent magazine press like the one you have thus far so

ably carried on and so courageously maintained against the favored special interests of great wealth. I sincerely hope that you are not thinking for a minute of quitting the fight. I have purchased at the newsstands every single issue you have published, I think, and I intend to continue getting them so long as you keep on as you started.

The whole country is unmistakably "insurgent" against "boss rule" by machine politicians and the domination and extortion of organized wealth. We want a parcels post, popular election of United States senators, better or direct primary laws and the initiative and referendum laws with power of recall, public ownership of public utilities as fast as the people can get or regain control of the government (which now appears to be run for the benefit of the railroads, the bankers and corporations and trusts, if it is not entirely run by them). The people are going to get what they want now, since they appear to have been awakened to the actual condition of things in this nation through magazines like your own that are not owned and operated by the special interests whose only aim is to plunder the common people of their rights and interests.

I hope by all means you will be able to continue your efforts to maintain a free and independent magazine and to establish yourself so thoroughly in the support of the common people and masses that you never need to have any fear of the worst that the combinations of wealth and the corruptionists and public plunderers may be able to inflict upon you. Personally, you may count on me as being with you to the best of my ability.—E. C. M., Ogdensburg, New York.

I am anxiously watching Wall Street's attempt to control a majority of the magazines and put the others at their mercy. I think it is safe to predict that the magazines that are fearless and stand firm will have the support of the people and eventually "make good" financially. When a paper like the Philadelphia *North American* approves of you and champions you editorially, no one need to be worried.—M. S., Bordentown-on-Delaware, New Jersey.

BOTH DETESTS AND LIKES US

THERE are some things that HAMPTON's does to boom itself that I detest, but so long as it continues to print the truth about the robbers and their tools who hold up the people, and about the murderers who poison the people's food and drink you will get my subscription even if it costs three times the present price.—B. T., Deer Harbor, Washington.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF COCAINE

I AM particularly grateful for your recent article "RX Cocaine," by Cleveland Moffett. Some years ago I used a catarrhal powder, but soon found it contained cocaine, and fortunately I had not gone too far to quit quite easily. Let us take up the fight as individuals by refusing to buy those remedies and soft drinks which we have reason to believe contain cocaine; let the magazines exclude their advertisements and let us work to the end suggested: Government manufacture and control—delivered only to hospitals and reputable physicians for specified cases.

There is so much of good in your magazine that I cannot indorse each good article here, but I occasionally find one to disagree with. Keep up your good work, speed the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people. I realize that we as a

people must be educated to demand cleanness in our petty offices as well as in our national offices, and that education must come through those of us who see the light: you in your wide field, I in my narrow field.—L. S., Littleton, Colorado.

"PILE ON MORE FUEL"

IT is one of the most satisfying facts to me that every HAMPTON's I read makes me more anxious to see the next, and the more I read it the more I am convinced that no matter what the future of HAMPTON's may be my convictions are that up to date it has done more to awaken the people to a realization of the extent to which they have allowed their power to slip or be taken away from them than any other periodical published. In my opinion a magazine that will publish such articles as the one by Frederic C. Howe on the great work the people of Oregon have done, the one by Rheta Childe Dorr on what the women did in Colorado and that explanation of our relations with Canada by Arthur Stringer, is all that can be desired.

Every time I read HAMPTON's MAGAZINE I feel that I would like to have one hundred copies to distribute through the country to people I fear do not get such articles to read, and have grown more or less careless of the fact that right and power rest with themselves, and not with their public servants, to regulate laws. So long as you continue to publish such articles as the majority of the past have been there is no question that there will be a great demand by both those that approve of them and those that are afraid of them. So pile on more fuel, don't be afraid to blow off steam, and we will come at the sound of your whistle.—J. A. G., Roscommon, Michigan.

A SLIDING SCALE TAX

WHY not an excess tax? A "common people" alone can give stability to any country. Then let us protect and encourage, by law, a "common people." Let congress pass a law exempting the first \$1,000 every man owns from all taxes. From the second \$1,000 to \$100,000 let the possessor pay a nominal tax, the same as now. If a man owns more than \$100,000, increase the rate, say, one per cent. on each additional \$100,000.—G. J. D., Chicago, Illinois.

MODERN FETICHISM

I ALWAYS read HAMPTON's with pleasure and profit. This assertion I regard rather as a boast than as a compliment. I am indebted to the June number for the finest instance—a perfect gem—of modern fetichism I have met recently. In the argument against burning alive men, women and children in fire-traps, the pain, anguish, agony and death are not forgotten, but they lead to the climax, the coping stone of the demonstration, which is that the practice involves pecuniary loss. The people's crown of sorrow is the economic waste.

Greater adoration of the fetich of property could not be found. We know that gold is the measure of all things, including human happiness, misery, life, death and eternity. Presently to say of a man that he is sordid will be the highest meed of praise. I do not suppose Mrs. Dorr's argument represents the shape the matter takes in her own mind, but is rather an appeal to hard-headed business men and corporations. In appealing to these people it is necessary to use language they can understand.—W. C. R., Ashland, Massachusetts.

HAMPTON

MAGAZINE



August 1911



Painted by Fletcher C. Ransom for Cream of Wheat Co.

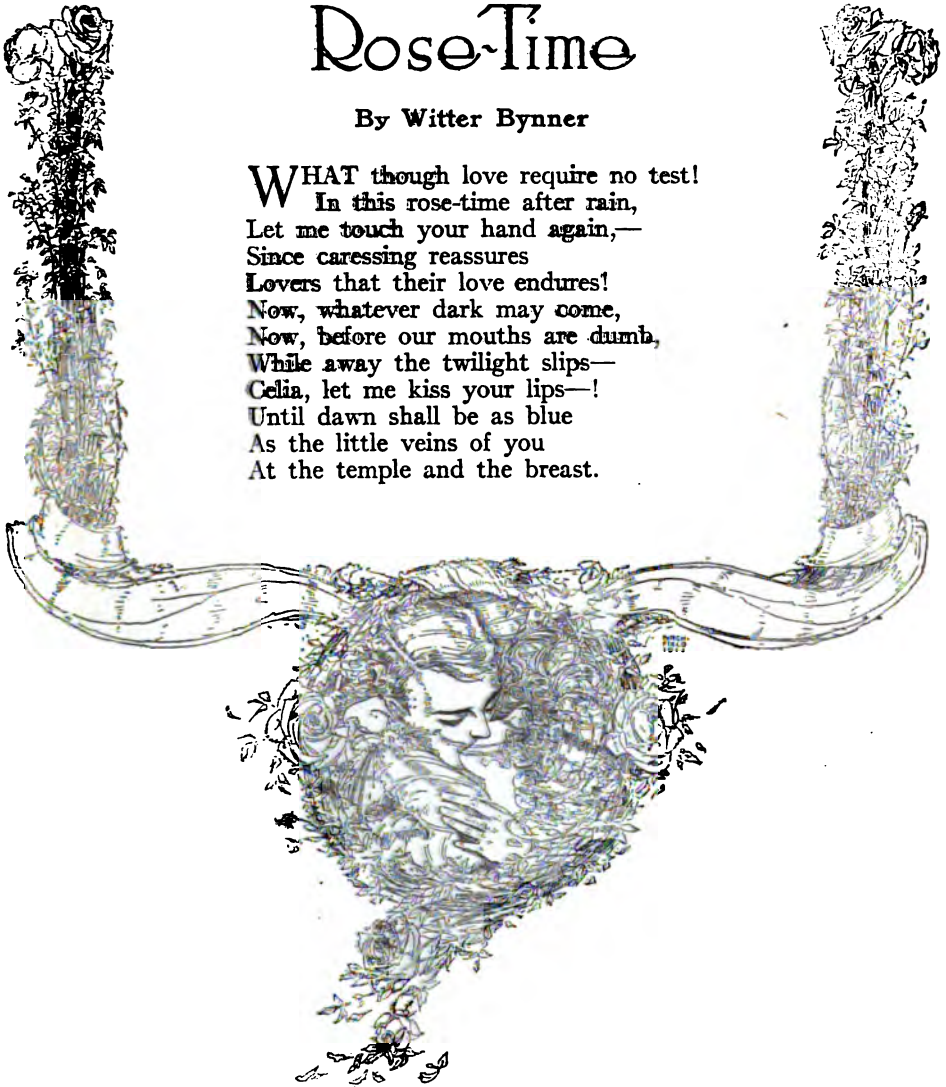
COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

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Rose-Time

By Witter Bynner

WHAT though love require no test!
In this rose-time after rain,
Let me touch your hand again,—
Since caressing reassures
Lovers that their love endures!
Now, whatever dark may come,
Now, before our mouths are dumb,
While away the twilight slips—
Celia, let me kiss your lips—!
Until dawn shall be as blue
As the little veins of you
At the temple and the breast.

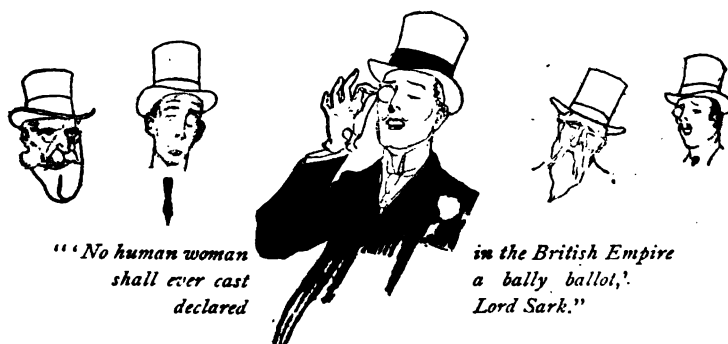




"THEN HE SAID SLOWLY, 'I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, BUT YOU KNOW I CAN'T DO IT.'"

—See "A Night at the Folies Bergere," page 170.

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE



"No human woman
shall ever cast
declared

in the British Empire
a bally ballot,"
Lord Sark."

Lords of Creation

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "Iola," "The Fighting Chance," "The Firing Line," etc.

Illustrations by Alexander Popini

THE riots in London culminated in an episode so cataclysmic that it sobered the civilized world. Young Lord Sark, replying to a question in the House of Lords, said:

"As long as the British peerage can summon muscular vigor sufficient to keep a monocle in its eye and extract satisfaction from a cigarette, no human woman in the British Empire shall ever cast a bally ballot for any bally purpose whatever. What?"

And the House of Lords rose to its wavering legs and cheered him with an enthusiasm almost loud enough to be heard above ordinary conversation.

But that unwise and youthful and masculine defiance was the young man's swansong. A male suffragette rushed with the news to Mrs. Pondora Bottomly; Lord Sark was followed as he left the House; and that very afternoon he was observed fleeing in a series of startled and graceful bounds through Regent's Park, closely pursued by several ladies of birth, maturity and fashion, carrying solid-silver hairbrushes.

The Queen, chronicling the somewhat

intimate and exclusive affair a week later, mentioned that "among those present was the lovely Lady Diana Guernsey, wearing tweeds, heather-spats, and waving a Directoire Banner embroidered with the popular device, 'Votes for Women,' in bright yellow and bottle green on an old-rose ground"; and that she had far outdistanced the aged Marchioness of Dingledeell, Lady Spatterdash, the Hon. Miss Mousely, the Duchess of Rolinstone, Baroness Moss-croppe, and others; and that, when last seen, she and the Earl of Sark were headed westward. A week later, no news of either pursuer or pursued having been received, considerable uneasiness was manifested in court and suffragette circles, and it was freely rumored that Lady Diana Guernsey had made a rather rash but thoroughly characteristic vow that she would never relinquish the trail until she had forced Lord Sark to eat his own words, written in frosting upon a plumcake of her own manufacture.

Sark may have heard of this vow, and perhaps entertained lively doubts concern-

ing Lady Diana's abilities as a pastry cook. At any rate, he kept straight on westward in a series of kangaroolike leaps until darkness mercifully blotted out the picture.

Remaining in hiding under a hedge long enough to realize that London was extremely unsafe for him, he decided to continue west as far as the United States, consoling himself with the certainty that his creditors would have forced his emigration anyway before very long, and that he might as well take the present opportunity to pick out his dollar princess while in exile.

young men were being chased in every direction by beautiful and swift-footed suffragettes. From his window in the Hotel Astor he had gazed with horror upon this bachelors' St. Bartholomew and, distracted, had retired under his bed for the balance of the evening, almost losing consciousness when a maid knocked at his door with a supply of towels.

Only one thought confronted him; the ocean rolled majestically between the Lady Diana, her pastry and the last of the house of Sark. Never should that terrible and



"LORD SARK WAS OBSERVED FLEEING IN A SERIES OF GRACEFUL BOUNDS THROUGH

But circumstances altered his views; the great popular feminine upheaval in America was now in full swing; the eugenic principle had been declared; all human infirmity and degenerate imperfections were to be abolished through marriages based no longer upon sentiment and personal inclination, but upon the scientific selection of mates for the purpose of establishing the ideally flawless human race.

This was a pretty bad business for Lord Sark. The day after his arrival, he was a witness of the suffragette riots when the mayor, the governor and every symmetrical city, county and state official was captured and led blushing to the marriage-license bureau. He had seen the terrible panic in Long Acre where thousands of handsome

athletic young woman discover his whereabouts, if he had to remain away from London forever! Never, never would he eat that pastry!

As he lay under his bed, stroking his short mustache and occasionally sneezing, he remembered with a shudder his flight from those solid-silver hairbrushes through Regent's Park; he recalled how, behind him, long after the heavier feminine aristocracy had given up the chase, one youthful, fleet, supple and fearsome girl had hung to his trail—a tall, lithe incarnation of her goddess namesake.

She had been too far away for him to distinguish her features; only in Liverpool where, one dark night, he ventured out to buy a copy of *The Queen* and eagerly read

the details of the function, did he learn the name of his closest pursuer. Later, furtively haunting the smoking room on the *Carmania*, he learned from the gossip of Lady Diana's vow that she would never rest until Lord Sark had eaten her plum-cake with its frosted inscription—this inscription to consist of the flippant words of his own rash speech delivered in the Upper House of Parliament.

Now, lying on his back under the bed, while outside in Long Acre the dreadful work was going on, he lighted a cigarette

3d. One indigestion incubated by cumulative series of pie and complicated by attentions from one large centipede.

4th. One contusion from a Montana boot, with suggestion concerning monocle.

5th. One 45-70 Winchester projectile severing string of monocle, accompanied by laughter and Navajo blanket.

6th. Comprehensive corporal casualties incident upon international altercation concerning relative importance of Guy Fawkes and July 4th.

7th. Physical debility due to excessive



REGENT'S PARK. CLOSELY PURSUED BY LADIES OF BIRTH AND FASHION."

and pondered the situation. He didn't believe that Lady Diana would attempt to trail him to America. That was one comfort. But, in view of the suffragette disturbances going on outside his windows, he saw little prospect of a dollar princess for the present. Meanwhile, how was he to exist?

The vague and British convictions concerning the rapid accumulation of wealth on a "ranch" of any kind comforted Sark. He also believed them. And three months later he had managed to survive a personal acquaintance with the following episodes:

1st. One large revolver bullet through hat, with request to answer affably when addressed by white men.

2d. One infuriated cow.

local popularity following personal encounter with one rustler.

8th. Complete prostration in consequence of frequent attempts to render thanks for toasts offered him at banquet in celebration of his impending departure for the East.

9th. General collapse following lump of coal and forcible ejection from freight train near Albany, New York.

II

THE duties of the young Lord Sark, the new man of the Willett estate at Caranay, left him at leisure only after six o'clock, his day being almost entirely occupied in driving a large lawn mower.

Life, for John Sark—as he now called him-

self—had become exquisitely simple; eating, sleeping, driving a lawn mower—these three manly sports so entirely occupied the twenty-four hours that he had scarcely time to do much weeding, and no time at all to sympathize with himself because he was too busy by day and too sleepy at night.

Sundays he might have taken off for the purpose of condoling with himself had it not been for the new telephone operator. She was a recent incumbent at the railroad station—a tall, clear-skinned, yellow-haired girl of twenty-five, who sat at her desk all day, saying in a low, prettily modulated voice, "Hello—hello—hello—hello," to unseen creatures of whom John Sark wotted not.

Three things concerning her he had noticed. She wore pink gingham; she never seemed to see him when he came down to the little sunburnt platform and seated himself on the edge, feet dangling over the rails; he had never seen her except when she was seated at the pine table which was ornamented by her instrument and switch board. She had a bedroom and kitchen in the rear; but he never saw her go into them or emerge; never saw her except seated at her switchboard, either reading or sewing, or, with the silvery and Greeklike band encircling her hair and supporting the receiver close to her small ears, repeating in her low, modulated voice, "Hello—hello—hello—hello."

He wondered how tall she might be. He had never seen her standing or walking. He wondered what her direct gaze might be like. Only her profile had he yet beheld—a sweet, youthful profile, nobly outlined under the gold of her hair; but beneath the partly lowered lashes, as she sat sewing or reading or summoning centrals from the vasty expanses of North America, he divined eyes of a soft lilac-blue. And he chewed his pipe-stem and kicked his feet and thought about them.

Few trains stopped at Caranay, except for water; the station, an old-time farmhouse of small dimensions, overlooking the track and Willow Brook, contained ticket office, telephone and telegraph in one, all presided over by the telephone operator. Sometimes as many as two people in a week bought railroad tickets; sometimes a month would pass without anybody either sending or receiving a telegram. Telephone calls were a little more frequent.

So the girl had little to do there at her

sunny, open window, where mignonette and heliotrope and nasturtiums bloomed in pots and the big bumblebees came buzzing and plundering the little window garden. And, except on Sundays, Sark had little leisure to observe her, although in the long late June evenings it was still light at eight o'clock, and he had, without understanding how or why, formed the habit of coming down to the deserted station platform to smoke his pipe and sometimes to fish in the shallow waters of Willow Brook and watch the ripples turn from gold to purple, and listen to a certain bird that sat singing every day at sunset on the tip of a fir balsam across the stream—a black and white bird with a rosy chest.

So lovely was the evening song of this bird that Sark, often watching the girl askance, wondered that the surprising beauty of the melody never caused her to lift her head from book or sewing, or even rise from the table and come out to the doorway to listen.

But she never did; and whether or not the bird's singing appealed to her, he could not determine.

Nobody in the little gossiping hamlet of Caranay seemed to know more than her name; he himself knew only a few people—men who, like himself, worked on the Willett place with hoe and rake and spraying cart and barrow—comrades of roller and mower and weed fork and mole trap, dull-witted cullers of dandelion and rose beetle—and mostly their names were Hiram.

These had their own kind in the female line to "go with," Caranay being far from the metropolis and as yet untroubled by the spreading feminine revolution. Only stray echoes of the doings had as yet penetrated to Caranay daisy fields; no untoward consequences had as yet ensued except that old Si Dinglebat's wife, after reading the remains of a New York paper found on the railroad track, had suddenly, and apparently in a fit of mental aberration, attacked Si with a mop, accompanying the onslaught with the reiterated inquiry:

"Air wimmen to hev their rights?"

That was the only manifestation of the *welt-weh* in Caranay—that and the other welt on Si's domelike and knobby forehead.

He encountered Sark that evening after supper as that young man, in clean blue-jeans, carrying a fish pole and smoking his pipe, was wandering in circles preparatory

to a drift in the general direction of the railroad station.

"Evenin', neighbor!" he said.

"Good evening," said the young man.

"Goin' sparkin'?" inquired Si, overflowing with native curiosity and tobacco.

"What?"

"Be you goin' asparkin'?"

"Nonsense," said Sark, reddening. "I don't know any girls in Caranay."

"Waal, I cal'late you know that gal down to the depot, don't ye?"

"No, I don't."

"Hey? I'm a leetle deaf."

"No!" shouted Sark, "I don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't know her, dammit!"

"Aw, quit yer cussin'," said Si, with a gummy wink. "Folks has been talkin' ever since the fustest time you set onto that there platform and that. Eden gal fooled ye with her lookin'-glass."

"What are you talking about?" said Sark impatiently.

"Issy Eden and her pretendin' not to see nobody—an' her alookin' into the leetle glass behind her table and aseein' of ye all the time! I know she kin see, because she ketched Hi Orville's boy ahookin' apples outen the bar'l thet——"

"You mean she is able to see *anybody* on the platform," said Sark, confused and astounded.

"You bet she kin. I know, because I peeked in the winder an' I seen her a-lookin' at you when you was fishin'——"

But the young fellow had recovered himself.

"All right," he interrupted, "that isn't your business or mine. Who gave you that crack on the lid?"

"By gum!" he said. "Hetty done it. I was that took! Forty year, and she ain't never throwed s'much as a dish pan at me. I wa'nt lookin' for no sech thing at my time o' life, young man. So when I come in to wash up for supper, I sez to my woman, 'Hello, Het!' sez I. An' she up an' screeched an' fetched me a clip. 'Lord a'mighty!' sez I, 'look out what ye doin',' sez I. 'Air



"LORD SARK HAD GAZED WITH HORROR ON THE BACHELORS' SAINT BARTHOLOMEW AND HAD RETIRED UNDER HIS BED, ALMOST LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS WHEN A MAID KNOCKED AT HIS DOOR."

John

wimmen to hev their rights?' sez she, makin' for me some more. 'Is wimmen to be free?' she sez. 'Yew bet,' sez I, grabbin' onto her, 'I'll make free with ye,' sez I. An' I up an' tuk an' spanked Hetty—the fust time in forty year, young man! An' it done her good, I guess, for she ain't never cooked like she cooked supper to-night. God a'mighty, what biscuits them was!"

Sark listened indifferently, scarcely following the details of the domestic episode because his mind was full of the girl at the station and the amazing discovery that, all these days, she could have seen him perfectly well at any moment, if she had chosen to take the trouble, without moving more than her dark, silky lashes. Had she ever taken that trouble? He did not know, of course. He would like to have known.

He nodded absently to the hero of the *welt-weh* clash, and, pipe in one hand, pole in the other, walked slowly down the road, crossed the track, and seated himself on the platform's edge.

She was at her desk, reading, and the young man felt himself turning red as he realized that, if she had chosen, she could have seen him sitting here every evening with his eyes fixed—yes, sentimentally fixed—upon the back of her head and her pretty white neck and the lovely contour of her delicately-curved cheek.

All by himself he sat there and blushed, head lowered, apparently fussing with his line and hook and trying to keep his eyes off her, without much success. His angling methods were simple; he crossed the grass-grown track, set his pole in position, and returned to seat himself on the platform's edge where he could see his floating cork and—her. Then, as usual, he relapsed into meditation.

If only just once she had ever betrayed the slightest knowledge of his presence in her vicinity, he might, little by little, cautiously and by degrees, have ventured to speak to her. But she never had evinced the slightest shadow of interest in anything, as far as he had noticed.

Now, as he sat there, the burnt-out pipe between his teeth, watching alternately his rod and his divinity, the rose-breasted gross-beak began to sing in the pink light of sunset. Clear, pure, sweet, the song rang joyously from the tip of the balsam's silver-green spire. He rested his head on one hand and listened. The song of this bird, the odor

of heliotrope, the ruddy sunlight netting the ripples—these, for him, must forever suggest her.

He had curious fancies about her and himself. He knew that, if she ever did turn and look at him out of those lilac-tinted eyes, he must fall in love with her, irrevocably. He admitted to himself that already he was in love with all he could see of her—the white neck and dull gold hair, the fair cheek's curve, the glimpse of her hand as she deliberately turned a page in the book she was reading.

But that evening passed, as had the others; night came; she lowered her curtain; a faint tracery of lamplight glimmered around the edges; and, as always, he lighted his pipe and took his fish and shouldered his pole and went home to die the little death we call sleep until the sun of toil should glitter above the eastern hills once more.

A few days later he decided to make an ass of himself, having been sent with a wagon to Moss Center, a neighboring metropolis. First, he sent a telegram to himself at Caranay, signing it William Smith. Then he went to the drug-store telephone and called up Caranay.

"Hello! What number, please?" came a far, sweet voice; and Sark trembled.

"No number. I want to speak to Mr. Sark—Mr. John Sark."

"He isn't here."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly. I saw him driving one of Mr. Willett's wagons across the track this morning."

"Oh! That's too bad. Could I—might I—ask a little information of you?"

"Certainly."

"What sort of a fellow is this John Sark? He doesn't amount to much, I understand."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I might want to employ him, but I don't believe he is the sort of man to trust—"

"You are mistaken!" she said crisply.

"You mean he is all right?"

"Absolutely."

"Honest?"

"Of course."

"Capable?"

"Certainly."

"Sober?"

"Perfectly."

"M-moral?"

"Unquestionably!" she said indignantly.

"Are you sure?"

"I am."

"How do you know?"

"I have means of information which I am not at liberty to disclose. Who is this speaking?"

"William Smith, of Minnow Hollow——"

"Are you going to take Mr. Sark to Minnow Hollow?"

"I may."

"You can't. Mr. Willett employs him."

"Suppose I offer him better wages——"

"He is perfectly satisfied here."

"But I——"

"No! Mr. Sark does not care to leave Caranay."

"But——"

"I am sorry. It is useless to even suggest it to him. Good-bye!"

With cheeks flushed and a slightly worried expression, she resumed her sewing through the golden stillness of the afternoon. Now and then the clank of wagon wheels crossing the metals caused her to glance swiftly into her mirror to see what was going on behind her. And at last she saw Sark drive up, cross the track, then, giving the reins to the boy who sat beside him, turn and walk directly toward the station. And her heart gave a bound.

For the first time he came directly to her window; she saw and heard him, knew he was waiting behind the mignonette and heliotrope, and went on serenely sewing.

"Miss Eden?"

She waited another moment—time enough to place her sewing leisurely on the table. Then, very slowly, she turned in her chair and looked at him out of her dark, lilac-hued eyes.

He heard himself saying, as in a dream:

"Is there a telegram for me?"

And as her delicate, lifted brows questioned him:

"I am John Sark," he said.



She picked up the telegram which lay on her table and handed it to him.

"Thank you," he said.

After he had gone she realized that she had not spoken.

III

WHENEVER he went to Moss Center with the wagon, he telephoned and telegraphed to himself; and about a month after he had begun this idiot performance he ventured to speak to her.

It occurred late in July, just before sunset. He had placed his rod, lighted his pipe, and seated himself on the platform's edge, when, all of a sudden and without any apparent reason, a dizzy sort of recklessness seized him, and he got up and walked over to her window.

"Good evening," he said.

She looked around leisurely.

"Good evening," she said, in a low voice.

"I was wondering," he went on, scared almost to death, "whether you would mind if I spoke to you?"

After a few seconds, she said:

"Well? Have you decided?"

Badly frightened, he managed to find voice enough to express his continued uncertainty.

"Why did you care to speak to me?" she asked.

"I — we — you —" and he stuck fast.

"Had you anything to say to me?" she asked, in a lower and, he thought, a gentler voice.

"I've a lot to say to you," he said, finding his voice again.

"Really? What about?"

He looked at her so appealingly, so miserably, that the faintest possible smile touched her lips.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Sark?"

"If—if you'd only let me speak to you——"

"But I am letting you."

"I mean—to-morrow, to-o——"

"To-morrow? To-morrow is a very, very long way off. It is somewhere beyond those eastern hills—but a very, very long way off—as far as the east is from the west. No;



"HAVE! NO FEARS FOR ME, DEAR," HE EXCLAIMED, "FORTIFIED BY MONTHS OF PIE, I DREAD NOTHING!"

Refin

I know nothing about to-morrow, so how can I promise anything to anybody?"

"Will your promise cover to-day?"

"Yes—the sun has nearly set, Mr. Sark."

"Then perhaps when to-morrow is to-day you will be able to promise."

"Perhaps. Have you caught any fish?"

After a moment he said:

"How did you know I was fishing? You didn't turn to look."

She said coolly:

"How did you know I didn't?"

"You never do."

She said nothing.

At her window, elbows on the sill, the blossoms in her window-box brushing his sunburnt face, he stood, legs crossed, pipe in hand, the sunset wind stirring the curly hair at his temples.

"Did you hear the bird this evening?" he asked.

"Yes. Isn't he a perfect darling!"

Her sudden unbending was so gracious, so sweet, that, bewildered, he remained silent for a while, recovering his breath.

"I never knew whether or not you noticed his singing," he said finally.

"How could you suppose any woman indifferent to such music?" she asked indignantly. She was beginning to realize how silence had starved her all these months, and the sheer happiness of speech was exciting her. Into her face came a faint glow, like a reflection from the pink clouds above the west.

"That little bird," she said, "sings me awake every morning. I can hear his happy, delicious song above the rushing chorus of dawn from every thicket. He dominates the cheery confusion by the clear, crystalline purity of his voice.

It scarcely surprised him to find himself conversing with a cultivated woman; scarcely found it unexpected that, in her, speech matched beauty, making for him a charming and slightly bewildering harmony.

Her slim hands lay in her lap sometimes; sometimes, restless, they touched her bright hair or caressed the polished instruments on the table before her. But, happy miracle! her face and body remained turned toward him where he stood, leaning on her window-sill.

"There is a fish nibbling your hook—I think," she said.

He regarded his bobbing cork vaguely, then went across the track and secured the plump perch.

At intervals during their conversation he caught three more.

"Now," she said, "I think I had better say good night."

"Would you let me give you my fish?"

She replied, hesitating:

"I will let you give me two, if you really wish to."

"Will you bring a pan?"

"No," she said hastily, "just leave them under my window when you go."

Neither spoke again for a few moments until he said, with an effort:

"I have wanted to talk to you ever since I first saw you. Do you mind my saying so?"

She shook her head uncertainly.

He lingered a moment longer, then took his leave. Far away into the dusk she watched him, until the trees across the bridge hid him. Then the faint smile died on her lips and in her eyes; her mouth drooped a little; she rested one hand on the table, rose with a slight effort and lowered the shade. Listening intently and hearing no sound, she bent over and groped on the floor for something. Then she straightened herself to her full height, and, leaning on her rubber-tipped cane, walked to the door.

IV

HE came every day; and every day, at sundown, she sat sewing by the window, behind her heliotrope and mignonette, waiting.

Sometimes he caught perch and dace and chub, and she accepted half, never more. Sometimes he caught nothing; and then her clear, humorous eyes bantered him, and sometimes she even rallied him. For it had come to pass in these sunset moments that she was learning to permit herself a friendliness for him and a confidence in him which was very pleasant to her while it lasted, but, after he had gone, left her with soft lips drooping and gaze remote.

Because matters with her, with them both, she feared, were not tending in the right direction, it was not well for her to see him every day—well enough for him, perhaps, but not for her.

Some day, some sunset evening with the west flecked with gold and the zenith stained with pink, and the pink-throated bird singing of paradise, and the brook talking in golden tones to its pebbles—some such moment at the end of the day she would end all of their days for them both—all of their days for all time.

But not just yet. She had been silent so long, waiting, hoping, trusting, biding her time, that to her his voice and her own at eventide was a happiness yet too new to destroy.

That evening, as he stood at her window, the barrier of mignonette fragrant between them, he said, rather abruptly:

"Are you ill?"

"No!" she said, startled.

"Oh! I am relieved."

"Why did you ask?"

"Because every Tuesday I have seen the doctor from Moss Center come in here."

In flushed silence she turned to her table, and, folding her hands, gazed steadily at nothing.

Sark looked at her, then looked away. The big, handsome young physician from Moss Center had been worrying him for a long while now, but he repeated, half to himself:

"I am very much relieved. I was becoming a little anxious—he came so regularly."

"He is a friend," she said, not looking at him.

He forced a smile.

"Well, then, there is no reason for me to worry about you."

"There never was any reason—was there?"

"No, no reason."

"You don't say it cheerfully, Mr. Sark. You speak as though it might have been a pleasure for you to worry over my general health and welfare."

"I think of little else," he said.

There was a silence. Between them, along the barrier of heliotrope and mignonette, the little dusk moths came hovering on misty wings; the sun had set, but the zenith was bright crimson. Perhaps it was the reflection from that high radiance that her face seemed to be tinted with a softer carmine.

Face still averted, she looked out into the west, across the stream, thinking now that for them both the end of things was drawing very near. And, to meet fate half way with serenity—nay, to greet him while still far off with a smile, she unconsciously straightened in her chair and lifted her proud little head.

"Lord Sark," she said quietly, "why do you not go back to England?"

For a moment, what she had said held no meaning for him. Then comprehension smote him like lightning; and, thunder-struck, he remained as he was, without moving a muscle, still resting against her window-sill, his lean, sunburned face illuminated under the zenith's fiery glory.

"Who are you?" he said, under his breath.

"Only an English girl who happened to have seen you in London."

"When?"

She turned deliberately, and, resting one

arm across the back of her chair, looked him steadily in the eyes.

"I am twenty-five. Since I was twenty your face has been familiar to me."

They exchanged a long and intent gaze.

"I never before saw you," he said.

"Perhaps."

"Have I?"

"Who can know what a fashionable young man really looks at—through a monocle."

"I don't wear it any more. I lost it—out West," he said, reddening.

"You lost your top hat once, too," she said.

He grew red as fire.

"So you've heard of that, too?"

"I saw it."

"You! Saw me attacked?" he demanded angrily, while the shame burned hotter on his cheeks.

"Yes. You ran like the devil."

For a moment he remained mute and furious, then shrugged.

"What was I to do?"

"Run," she admitted. "It was the only way."

He managed to smile.

"And you were a witness to that?"

She nodded, eyes remote, her teeth nipping at the velvet of her underlip. He, too, remained lost in gloomy retrospection for a while, but finally looked up with a more genuine smile.

"I wonder whatever became of that fleet-footed girl who hung to my heels long after the more solidly constructed aristocracy gave up."

"Lady Diana Guernsey?"

"That's the one. What became of her?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because she gave me the run of my life. She was a good sport, that girl. I couldn't shake her off; I took to a taxi and she after me in another; my taxi broke down in the suburbs and I started across country, she after me. And the last I saw of her was just after I leaped a hedge and she was coming over it after me—a wonderful, athletic young figure in mid air, silhouetted against the sky line. That was the last I saw of her. I fancy she must have pulled up dead beat—or perhaps she came a cropper."

"She did," said the girl in a low voice.

"Is that so?" he said, interested. "Hope it didn't damage her."

"She broke her thigh."

"Oh, that's too bad!" he exclaimed. "If

I'd guessed any such thing I'd have come back. The poor little thing! I mean that, though she was nearly six feet. I seem to think of her as little—and, of course, I'm six two and a half. Good little sport, that Diana girl! She got over it all right, I hope."

"It lamed her for life, Lord Sark."

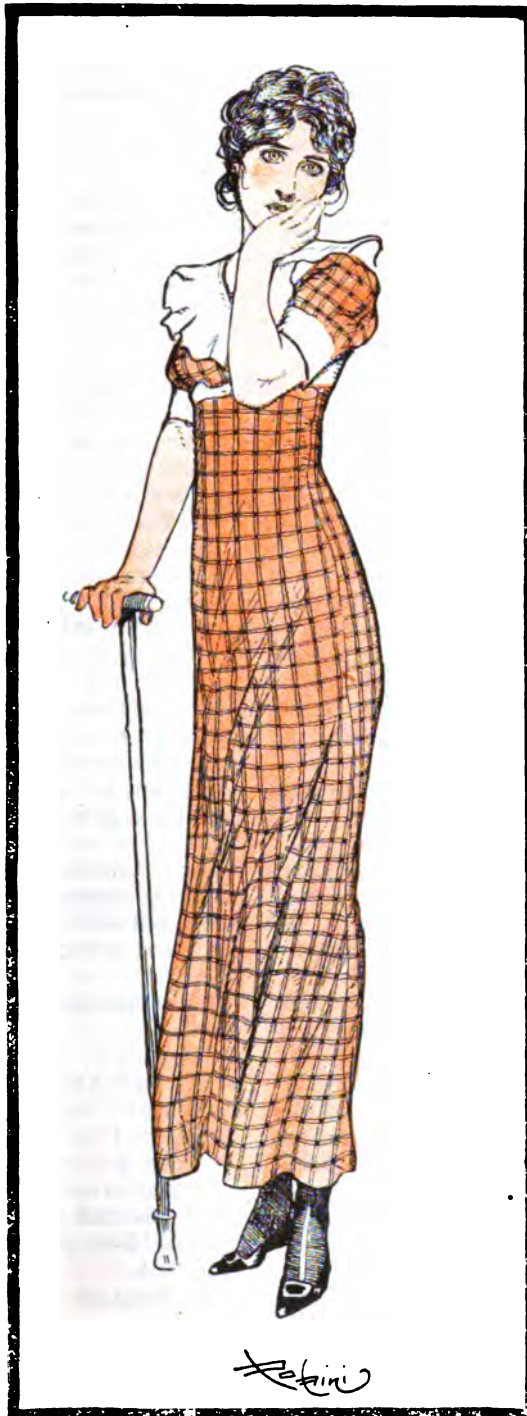
Shocked, for a moment he could find no words to characterize his feelings; then:

"Oh, dammit all! I say, it's a rotten shame, isn't it? And all on account of me—that superb young thing taking hedges like a hunter! Oh, come now, you know I—it hurts me all the way through. I wish I'd let her catch me! What would she have done to me? I wouldn't mind being pulled about a bit—or anything—if it would have prevented her injury. By gad, you know, I'd even have eaten her plumcake, frosting and all, to have saved her such a fate."

The girl's eyes searched his.

"That was not the most tragic part of it, Lord Sark."

"God bless us! Was there anything more?"



"SHE STOOD STOCK STILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR."

"Yes. She was in love with you."

"With — with me?" he repeated, bewildered.

"Yes. As a young, romantic girl, she fell in love with you. She was a curious child—like all the Guernseys, a strange mélange of impulse and constancy, of romance and determination. If she had fallen in love with Satan she would have remained constant. But she only fell in love with young Sark—and she loves him to this day."

"That — that's utterly impossible!" he stammered. "Didn't she become a suffragette and carry a banner and chase me and vow to make me eat my own words frosted on a terrible plumcake!"

"Yes. And all the while she went on loving you."

"How do you know?" he demanded incredulously.

"She confided in me."

"In you!"

"I knew her well, Lord Sark—not as well as I thought I did, perhaps, yet perhaps better than—many—perhaps better than anybody. We were brought up together."

"You were her governess?"

"I—attempted to act in a similar capacity. She was difficult to teach—very, very difficult to govern. I am afraid I did not do my best with her."

"Why did you leave her to come here?" he asked.

She made no reply.

"Where is she now?"

She gazed into the cinders of the west, making no answer.

He looked at her in silence for a long time, then:

"Is she really lame?"

"Yes."

"Very?"

"It is hip disease."

"But—but that can be cured!" he exclaimed. "It is now perfectly curable. Why doesn't she go to Vienna or to New York——"

"She is going."

"You mean she has been lame all this time and didn't know what threatened her?"

"She was—too busy to ask. Finally, because she did not get well, she called in a physician. But she is a very determined girl; she refused to believe what the physician told her—until—very recently——"

"See here," he said, "are you in constant communication with her?"

"Constant."

"Then tell her you know me. Tell her how terribly sorry I am. Tell—tell her that I'll do anything to—to— Tell her," he burst out excitedly, "that I'll eat her plum-cake if that will do her any good—er—amuse her—or anything! Tell her to bake it and frost it and fill it full of glue, for all I care, and express it to you; and I'll eat every crumb of that silly speech I made."

"Wait!" she exclaimed. "Do you realize what you are saying? Do you realize what you're offering to do for a girl—a lame girl—who is already in love with you?"

"By gad," he said, "do you think I ought to marry her? How on earth can I, when I'm—I'm dead in love with—somebody myself?"

"You! In love?" she said faintly.

He gazed across the brook at the darkening foliage.

"Oh, yes," he said, with a pleasant sort of hopelessness, "but I fancy she cares for another man."

"Why do you think so?"

"He comes to see her."

"Is that a reason?"

"She won't talk about him."

"When a woman won't talk about a man, is it always because she cares for him in *that* way?"

"Isn't it?"

"No."

They had lifted their heads now, facing each other in the violet dusk. Between them the scent of heliotrope grew sweeter.

He said: "I've been all kinds of a fool. For all I know, women have as many rights on earth as men have. All I wish is that the plucky girl who took that hedge, banner in hand, were well and happy and married to a really decent fellow."

"But—she loves you."

"And I—" he looked up, encountering her blue eyes, "am already hopelessly in love. What shall I do?"

She said, under her breath:

"God knows. I cannot blame you for not wishing to marry a lame girl."

"It isn't that!"

"But you wouldn't, anyhow."

"I would, if I loved her!"

"You *couldn't*—love a—a cripple! It would not be love; it would be pity."

He said, slowly:

"I wish, for one moment, that *you* were that lame girl. Then you'd understand me."

For a while she sat bolt upright, clasped hands tightening in her lap. Then turning slowly toward him, she said:

"I am going to say good night—and thank you—for Diana's sake. And I am going to say more—I am going to say good-bye."

"Good-bye! Where are you going?"

"To New York."

"When?"

"Before I see you again."

"There is no train until——"

"I shall drive to Moss Center."

"Where that—that doctor lives?"

"Yes. I am going to New York with him, Lord Sark."

He stood as though stunned for a moment, then set his teeth, clinched his hands, and pulled himself together.

"I think I understand," he said quietly.

"And—I wish you—happiness."

She stretched out her hand to him above the heliotrope.

"I—wish it—to you—" Suddenly her voice broke; again her teeth caught at her

underlip, like a child who struggles with emotion. "You—*don't* understand," she said. "Wait a little while—before you—come to any—unhappy—conclusions."

After a moment she made a slight effort to disengage her hand—another—then turned in her chair and dropped her head on the table, her right hand still remaining in his. Presently he released it, and she placed both hands on the edge of the table and her forehead upon them.

"I am coming in," he said.

She straightened up, swiftly, at his words.

"Please don't!" she said, in a startled voice, still tremulous.

But he was gone from the dark window, and, frightened, she bent over, caught up her walking stick, and took one impulsive step toward the door and stood, stock-still, in the middle of the floor as he entered.

His eyes met hers, fell on the supporting cane; and she covered her face with her left arm, standing there, motionless.

"Good God!" he breathed. "*You!*"

She began to cry like a child.

"I didn't want you to know," she said.

"I didn't want you to know. I thought there was no use—no hope—until yesterday. I—wanted to go to New York with the doctor and be made all sound and well again—b-before—before I let you love me—"

"Oh, Diana—Diana!" he whispered, with his arms around her. "Oh, Diana, Diana—my little girl, Diana!" Which was silly enough, she being six feet—almost as tall as he.

"Turn your back," she whispered. "I want to go to my desk—and I can't bear to have you see me walk."

He kissed her hands, held her at arm's length a second, then turned on his heel and stood motionless.

"Come here," she said, in a curious, choked voice.

He turned, went swiftly to her side.

"Great heavens!" he said. "When did you bake that cake!"

"Y-yesterday."

"Why?"

"B-because I was going away to New York, and I would never, perhaps, see you again unless I was entirely cured. And I meant to leave this for you—so you would know that I had followed you even here—so

you would know I had made a plucky try at you—through all these months."

"You—you corker!"

"D-do you really mean it?"

"Mean it! I tell you, Diana, you women put it all over the lords of creation—or any lord ever created! Mean it! You bet I do, sweetness! I'll take back everything I ever said about women. They're *the* real thing in the world! And the best thing for the world is to let them run it!"

"But—dear—" she faltered, lifting her beautiful eyes to him, "if men are going to feel *that* way about it, we won't want to run anything at all. It was only because you wouldn't let us that we wanted to."

He said, in impassioned tones:

"Let the bally world run itself, Diana. What do we care—you and I."

Then that rash and infatuated young man, losing his head entirely, drew from his jeans a large jackknife, and, before she could prevent him, he had sliced off an enormous hunk of plumcake, heavily frosted with his own words.

"Don't, dear!" she begged him. "I couldn't ask *that* of you—"

"I will!" he said, and bit into it.

"Don't!" she begged him. "Please don't! I haven't had much experience with pastry. It may give you dreadful dreams!"

"Let it!" he said. "What do I care for dreams while you remain real! Diana—Diana—huntress of bigger game than ever fled through the age of fable!"

And he bolted a section of frosting and began to chew vigorously upon another, while she slipped both hands into his, regarding him with tender solicitude.

"Have no fears for me, dearest," he said indistinctly. "Fortified by months of pie, I dread no food ever prepared by youth and beauty. Even the secret dishes of the Medici—"

"John!"

"W-what, darling?"

"After all—I don't cook so badly."

So, in the gloaming, he swallowed the last crumb, and gathered her into his strong, young arms, and drew her golden head down close to his.

"Take it from me," he whispered, relapsing into the noble idioms of his adopted country, "you're all to the mustard, Diana; your eats were bully, and I liked 'em fine!"



OUR MERCERIZED ARISTOCRACY

THE RESULTS OF A CENTURY OF CON-
STANTLY INCREASING TARIFFS ON
COTTON FABRICS UPON CONSUMERS,
WORKERS, AND OPERATORS

By Judson C. Welliver

Author of "Is Roosevelt Inevitable?" "The Story of Sugar," etc.

Illustrations from Photographs

ELEVEN years ago there was born in Providence, Rhode Island, a baby boy whose advent into this vale of tears was heralded to the nation with the announcement that he was the richest infant in the world. He is John Nicholas Brown.

New England authorities, keenly appreciative of the earning power of cotton-mill stocks, woolen shares, real-estate investments and banking securities, boasted that it was not the house of Rockefeller, of Carnegie, of Morgan or of Rothschild that could claim the richest infant in the world: it was the house of Brown. His inheritance represented the noble usufruct of the pampered and protected industry of textile making. In him is vested the present generation's concentration of interest in the great Brown-Ives fortune piled up in a century of cotton-milling activity.

There are various ways of building an aristocracy. Ownership of slaves has historically been one. Ownership of entailed estates in land has in modern times been the most common. In our country the domination, generation after generation, of a great

industry which enjoys excessive tariff protection, has brought the flower of an American aristocracy to fullest, perfect bloom.

The hereditary aristocracy of New England cotton milling is the particular orchid to which inspection is invited. During many generations the same families have largely dominated the business. Their properties, processes and policies have been handed down from father to son. The names you will read in the Textile Blue-books of to-day are to a striking extent the same names, standing for the same fine, thrifty old families, that your great-grandfather might have read in the corresponding directory of his generation.

We pride ourselves on being a nation of money-makers, almost money-worshippers. Must we not swell with pride as we see how well our system of a protective tariff has served the aristocracy which we have thus generously dowered? If the getting and holding of the special privileges that enrich our aristocracy have incidentally corrupted our government and demoralized our public conscience, have we not yet left the splendid thought that the richest baby is such because our generosity made him such?



JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN, THE "RICHEST BABY," ON HIS WAY TO THE CORONATION.

True enough, in making these scores of American lords with dollar-marked crests we have also made thousands of underpaid laborers, of ill-clad children, of mothers toiling and grandparents in poverty; we have made poverty the commonest estate, and pauperism the easy destiny of the masses who toil that the few may loll. But it is not well that we think on these things; to think begets disaffection; it breeds discontent.

The poor we have always with us; they were intended to be poor; they are poor because they are poor. Why pursue further a disagreeable phase of the problem? Turn with me to the brighter side, to the study of those glories which you and I, our parents and grandparents, have made possible by the simple expedient of taxing ourselves that our favorites might be enriched.

As we give thought to the noble structure of riches we have permitted these favored ones to rear, let us keep in mind that they are just now suppliants at the bar of Congress for a continuance of their subsidies. A cold-hearted, unappreciative leadership in the new House of Representatives has proposed to reduce the duties on fabrics, with purpose to cheapen products and deflate

those splendid profits that have accrued to this aristocracy so long that this accretion of wealth has come to be regarded as a right. It is possible that, for the poor sake of letting ninety millions of insignificant consumers wear cheaper clothes, these vested rights in swollen profits may be effectively questioned.

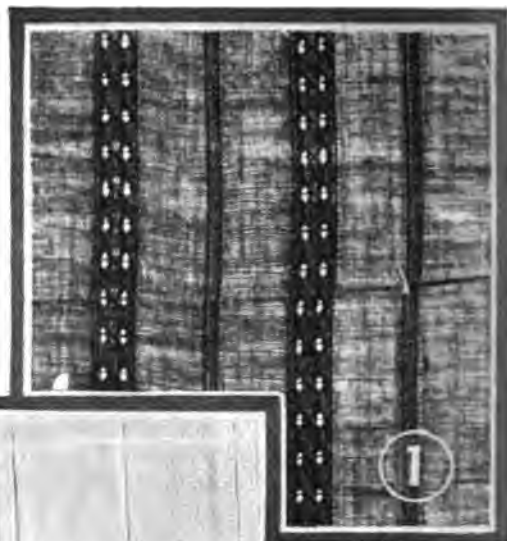
The tariff on textiles is at the door of revision; unless we raise a Macedonian cry against such painful maltreatment of our most select and superior group of multi-millionaires, the deed may be done—unless, of course, the Senate, as usual, may be depended upon to come to the rescue.

The New England textile barons of the present day are the lineal descendants, in large part, of that good and thrifty band that emigrated from Massachusetts under Roger Williams and founded Rhode Island. Right hand to Roger Williams was Chad Brown, "that man of God," as Williams called him, founder of the great Brown-Ives family and earliest progenitor of the "richest baby." Chad Brown was the founder of the solid structure of Rhode Island business which has persisted even to this day.

Several years after Roger Williams and Chad Brown had got their settlement fairly

established, their assertions of independence were disputed. Roger Williams went to England to secure a royal charter which would guarantee the autonomy of his colony. He succeeded in his mission.

I think I can see in that embassy of Roger Williams to the Court of St. James the beginning of the Rhode Island political system of to-day. Rhode Island to-day is controlled by a few strong men, just as was the Rhode Island of Williams and Brown. From Roger Williams going to London in behalf of Rhode Island interests, down to Aldrich going to Washington to plead for Rhode Island "interests" is a step indeed, and how vastly has the conception of Rhode Island's "interests" changed! And how sadly have the methods changed by which ambassadors are chosen! Rhode Island



THESE SAMPLES OF TON CLOTH GEN- THE AVERAGE ING SHOW THE OP READJUST- IN THE COTTON PAINE-ALDRICH FENDERS ASSERT- MADE "POSITIVE- OVER THE DINGLEY

No. 1. Colored fancy cord muslin valued at 12.78 cents per square yard; the Dingley rate of duty was 4.47 cents; the Aldrich duty is 5.25 cents—an increase of 3.78 cents or an 84% advance.

No. 2. White checked muslin valued at 11.77 cents per square yard; the Dingley rate of duty was 4.25 cents; the Aldrich duty is 5.25 cents—an increase of 1 cent or a 24% advance.

No. 3. Black stripe muslin valued at 13.12 cents per square yard; the Dingley rate of duty was 4.59 cents; the Aldrich duty is 6.25 cents—an increase of 1.66 cents or a 36% advance.

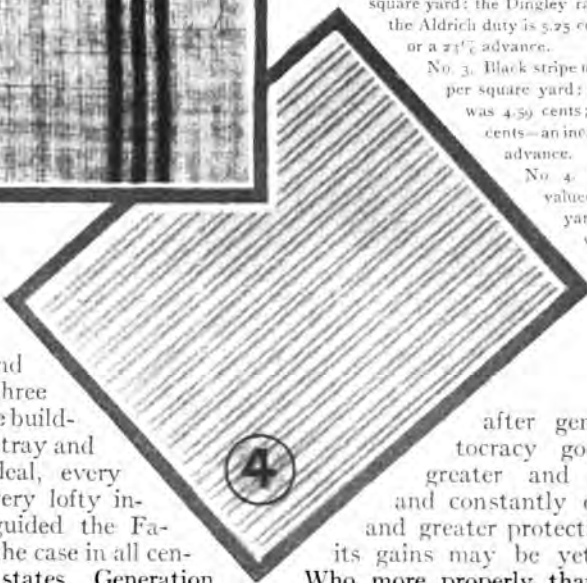
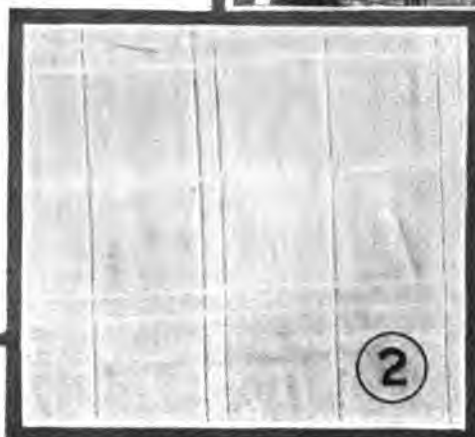
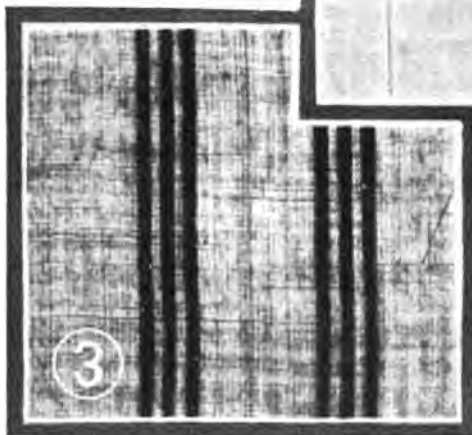
No. 4. Colored grosgrain poplin valued at 29.55 cents per square yard; the Dingley rate of duty was 11.82 cents; the Aldrich rate is 13.50 cents—an increase of 1.68 cents or a 14% advance.

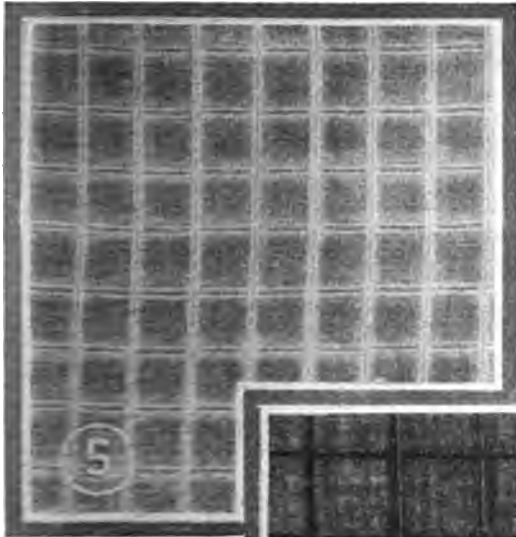


is to-day the least democratic, the most oligarchic, of the states.

The Rhode Island aristocracy has in three centuries of fortune building managed to betray and debauch every ideal, every noble purpose, every lofty inspiration which guided the Fathers, and this is the case in all central New England states. Generation

after generation this aristocracy goes on rolling up greater and greater fortunes, and constantly demanding greater and greater protection that in future its gains may be yet more satisfying. Who more properly than the descendants





IMPORTED COT-
TERALLY USED IN
WOMAN'S CLOTH-
ACTUAL EFFECT
ING THE DUTIES
SCHEDULE OF THE
TARIFF, WHOSE DE-
ED THAT THIS ACT
LY NO ADVANCE"
DUTIES OF THE
TARIFF.

No. 5. White check muslin valued at 14.46 cents per square yard: the Dingley rate of duty was 5.06 cents; the Aldrich duty is 8.25 cents—an increase of 3.19 cents or a 63% advance.

No. 6. Colored check muslin valued at 12.78 cents per square yard: the Dingley rate of duty was 5.11 cents; the Aldrich rate is 7 cents—an increase of 1.89 cents or a 37% advance.

No. 7. White fancy lawn valued at 21.58 cents per square yard: the Dingley rate of duty was 9.55 cents; the Aldrich rate is 13 cents—an increase of 3.45 cents or a 36% advance.

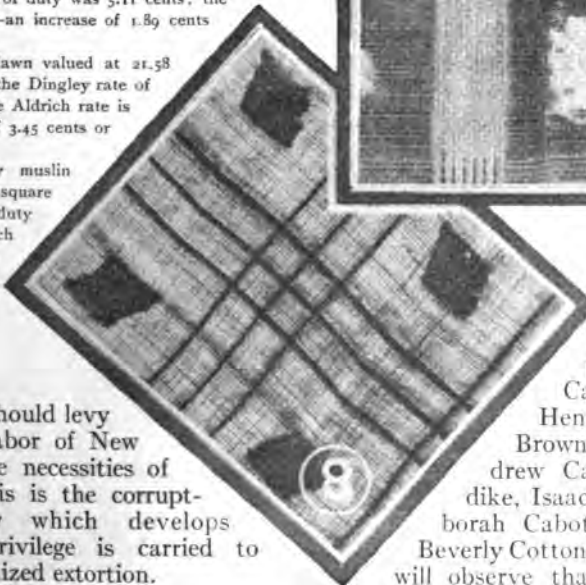
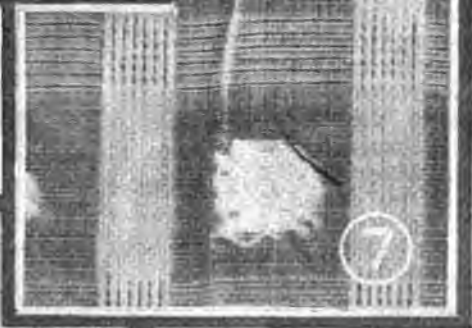
No. 8. Colored fancy muslin valued at 23.46 cents per square yard: the Dingley rate of duty was 6.71 cents; the Aldrich rate is 8.25 cents—an increase of 1.54 cents or a 22% advance.

of the founders should levy tribute on the labor of New England and the necessities of the nation? This is the corrupting philosophy which develops when special privilege is carried to the point of legalized extortion.

Manufacture of cotton goods by hand began in this country early in the eighteenth century. There is record that in that period William Borden was given "liberal bounties" and "granted a loan" by the Commonwealth of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations to establish a cotton-duck factory at Newport. To-day, after two centuries, the name of Borden is one of the greatest in the American textile world.

In the rude old days promoters had to rely on the generosity of colonial legislatures for bounties, loans and exemptions. Following the formation of the Federal Union, the more effective method of tariff protection came into vogue.

British laws had restricted manufactures in the colonies before the Revolution. Soon after the Revolution, in 1789,



the Massachusetts legislature granted a subsidy of five hundred pounds to John Cabot, Joshua Fisher, Henry Higginson, Moses Brown, George Cabot, Andrew Cabot, Israel Thorndike, Isaac Chapman and Deborah Cabot, members of the Beverly Cotton Manufactory. You will observe that the beneficiaries



THE LORRAINE MILLS IN RHODE ISLAND, A HUGE DIVIDEND PAYER
WHOSE OUTPUT IS HIGHLY PROTECTED, OF WHICH
JOHN R. MACCOLL IS MANAGER.

bore names which to this day occupy distinguished prominence in New England's "Who's Who." Before long the company needed more money, and another thousand pounds was raised for it.

Following Richard Arkwright's inventions of power cotton spinning machinery in England, the cotton textile industry languished for a time in New England because hands could not compete successfully with machines.

To Moses Brown, one of the ablest of the early cotton manufacturing stock, we owe the introduction of Arkwright machinery in this country. He realized the crisis and set about to penetrate Arkwright's secrets. He enlisted the services of Samuel Slater, an Englishman who had been associated with Arkwright. Brown made it worth Slater's while to produce drawings of the Arkwright machines and to superintend their construction. Then

the first power cotton spinning plants in America were established in Rhode Island, with Slater in charge. By 1813 there were 120,000 spindles in Providence and 5,000,000 pounds of cotton were used annually.

The Brown-Slater and other textile interests expanded rapidly, especially after tariff protection was given. We have seen how the Brown stock evolved the "richest baby."

The family and fortune founded by Samuel Slater have persisted even down to the present. In 1799 Samuel Slater & Company built a great cotton mill at Pawtucket. John Slater, a son, succeeded his father in 1835, expanded the business into Massachusetts and Connecticut, and in turn passed it on to his sons, A. & W. Slater. The Rhode Island branch of the business passed thence into control of William S. Slater, who in turn was succeeded by John W. Slater, to-day one of the important factors in



JOHN R. MACCOLL, WHO
ADVISED ALDRICH ON
COTTON DUTIES.



A TYPICAL RHODE ISLAND FACTORY VILLAGE: THE TARIFF IS FRAMED TO PROTECT AMERICAN WORKERS: THESE HOUSES ARE CHEAP IN CONSTRUCTION, BUT THE BEST THE WORKERS CAN AFFORD.

the industry, proprietor of a great business at Slaterville, Rhode Island, and with others of his family controlling extensive interests in many other concerns.

The Brown family became by intermarriage the Brown-Ives dynasty, and in turn, through the succession passing to the female side, became the Goddard and Gammell interests. These are deep in a great complexity of textile, financial and real estate holdings reaching well throughout New England.

Another house which generation by generation has held and increased its money and also its political power is the Sprague family. William Sprague II in 1808 started the family in cotton milling and in the boss-ship of Rhode Island politics, which he ruled for many years. His son, William Sprague III, besides serving well the family fortune, served the state as speaker of its assembly, governor, con-

gressman and senator. His son, in turn, William Sprague IV, still living at the age of eighty years, was Civil War governor of Rhode Island, czar of its politics, United States senator.

Other families of this textile aristocracy are the Knights, Fletchers, Metcalfs, Lippitts, Sayleses, MacColls, Dyers, Chaces, Watermans, Greenes, Dunnels, Richmonds and Grosvenors. Almost without exception, they date back as regnant powers in textiles, finance and politics from two to five generations.

Especial present-day interest attaches to the Lippitt family, because, consistent with the history of Rhode Island politics, it has just contributed its leader, Henry F. Lippitt, to represent the textile oligarchy in the United States Senate. The family has been cotton milling more than a hundred years. Henry Lippitt was governor of Rhode Island in 1875-6; his son,



HENRY F. LIPPITT, NOW UNITED STATES SENATOR. AN ADVISER TO ALDRICH.

Charles Warren Lippitt, later occupied the same position, and it is another son who now succeeds Aldrich in the Senate.

Such is the close alliance between the great textile interest and the politics of New England. It chances to be more distinctly visible and easily traceable in Rhode Island; but it exists throughout New England.

The great Amoskeag company in New Hampshire for many years has divided with the Boston & Maine railway the regency of New Hampshire. The milling interests of Massachusetts and Connecticut have insisted that the representation of those states in Congress should ever be loyal to the manufacturers.

No other industry in our country presents a parallel to this for maintenance of family control generation after generation. It has been done, and the profits have been piled higher and higher, by dint of maintaining a political control that was ever made to serve business. Statesmanship has been the handmaiden to enterprise.

Governors, legislatures, senators have been used to further, not the interests of all the people, but of the great proprietary aristocracy. That aristocracy has been represented at Washington by senators and congressmen who have been the ambassadors of business; always of the owners, not the workers. Tariffs have been made to serve the "industry"; but industry, in the New England view, has meant the profits of the proprietors, not the welfare of the working masses.

In Rhode Island, for instance, the great prizes in politics are the United States senatorships. For so many years that the memory of man knows not the

contrary, the owners of huge fortunes have made it a regular business to control the legislature when there was a senator to be elected, by buying the votes of the small towns which hold the balance of power in the legislature.

They tell you most astounding things in Rhode Island about barter in votes. So long has it been going on, and so unquestioningly accepted, that the suffrage is rated as a cash asset, and quotations on votes are estimated in proportion to the heat of the campaign. And always in the background, pulling the strings, furnishing the cash, may be seen the political agents of "the industrial interests."

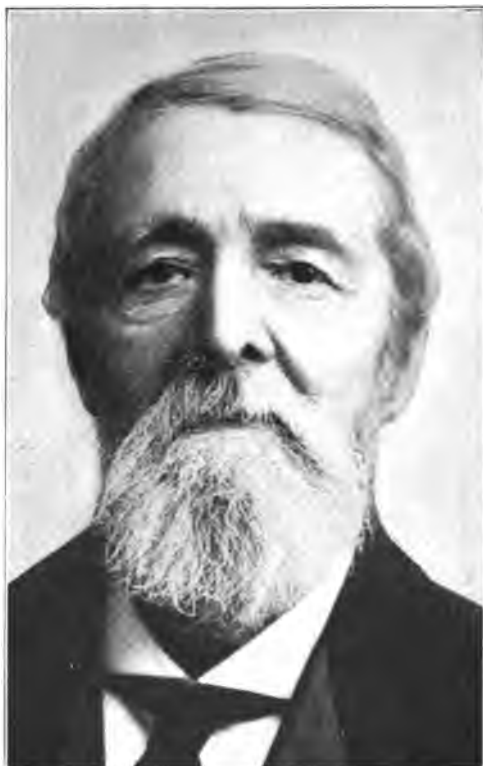
"But what do you mean by the industrial interests?" I asked a seasoned politician.

"The textile manufacturers furnish most of the money and always take the keenest interest." And then my cynical informant explained: "They regard their high protection as a right to be preserved at all hazards. They must control our representation at

Washington or their privileges may be lost."

Rhode Island has a business government, and Nelson W. Aldrich has for thirty years been its foremost exponent. For the rich men whose patronage and money sustain the system it has been a success. No other investment of the Rhode Island manufacturers has earned them such splendid dividends as that which has brought its returns through Aldrich's domination of tariff making these thirty years.

When we come now to study the financial conditions of the cotton manufacturing industry, we may present some suggestive facts in the form of a table:



WILLIAM SPRAGUE,
FORMERLY CZAR OF RHODE
ISLAND POLITICS.

NAME.	Capital.	Surplus.	Earnings per \$100 share 1907.	Total dividends eight years ending 1907.	Book surplus per share.
Amoskeag.....	\$5,760,000.00	\$3,720,691.00	\$21.30	126	\$64.59
Androscoggin.....	1,000,000.00	1,128,864.00	24.91	75	112.38
Bates.....	1,200,000.00	1,376,361.00	41.87	130	114.61
Border City.....	1,000,000.00	333,598.00	37.50	109	33.35
Richard Borden.....	1,000,000.00	502,174.00	32.62	101a	50.21
King Philip.....	1,500,000.00	851,765.00	25.65	168	56.78
Dartmouth.....	600,000.00	685,105.00	82.50	158	114.18
Dwight.....	1,200,000.00	1,299,219.00	20.78	100	108.26c
Great Falls.....	1,500,000.00	960,000.00	21.33	117	64.00
Laurel Lake.....	600,000.00	184,251.00	28.24	190b	37.08
Massachusetts.....	1,800,000.00	1,431,690.00	41.30	50	79.53
Lawrence.....	1,250,000.00	787,000.00	25.57	122	62.06
Pacific.....	3,000,000.00	6,332,854.00	55.00	124	2,110.95d
Pepperell.....	2,556,000.00	1,628,487.00	158	63.71
Sagamore.....	900,000.00	355,693.00	48.53	85	39.52
Troy.....	300,000.00	474,294.00	67.00	189	794.90e
Union.....	1,200,000.00	584,044.00	46.00	183	48.67
Whitman.....	1,500,000.00	945,411.00	29.76	58	63.02

a. In addition to which a 25% dividend was paid.

b. In addition to which a 100% dividend was paid.

c. Par value of shares \$500.

d. Par value of shares \$1,000.

e. Par value of shares \$500.

These mills are scattered throughout New England. The Amoskeag and Great Falls are in New Hampshire. The Androscoggin and Pepperell are in Maine. Massachusetts claims the Bates, Border City, Richard Borden, King Philip, Dartmouth, Dwight, Laurel Lake, Massachusetts, Lawrence, Pacific, Sagamore, Troy, Union and Whitman mills.

The dividend rate is not the only evidence of large profits. The big surpluses represent undistributed profits which are commonly put into new mills. After paying the generous dividends, the mill corporations distribute their surplus in "stock dividends."

To contemplate the financial record, for example, of the Dartmouth Company is enough to make an investor's mouth water. In 1901 the Dartmouth paid 12% dividends. Then for three years it paid 8% annually. Then in 1905 the dividend jumped to 20%. This was not nearly big enough to distribute profits, so the 1906 dividends were 26%.

This might have seemed satisfactory to an investor accustomed to snap up a farm mortgage drawing 5%, but it was only a suggestion of the possibilities of a well-conducted cotton mill. So in 1907 the Dartmouth paid 66% in dividends, and in 1908, the year of depression following the panic of 1907, it struggled along so well that it repeated this 66% performance.

That would seem enough to decimate even a most able-bodied surplus; but the finest thing of all was yet in store for Dartmouth stockholders. In 1909 the company distributed a stock dividend of 100%. That is, every stockholder received as a gift a certificate for additional shares of the same number he had held before. Besides this, there was a 13% cash dividend. In 1910 it paid 4% per quarter on the stock, old and new; that is, at the rate of sixteen dollars per annum on the increased capitalization!

It is interesting to know that one New England cotton conscience has been touched by the contemplation of this sort of profits. Walter H. Langshaw, president of the Dartmouth company, has come out in a pronouncement against the excesses of the present cotton schedule, and charged that they were forced into the Payne-Aldrich Act by a conspiracy of the Amoskeag, Arlington and Pacific mills. There is no better informed cotton man than Mr. Langshaw.

If he is right, and if the Amoskeag, which according to our table paid 126% in dividends in eight years; the Pacific, which paid 124%, and the Arlington, which makes a similarly prosperous showing, have been engaged in a conspiracy to increase their profits, what, may we assume, would be a satisfactory dividend rate to these guardians of infant industry?

In addition to paying large cash dividends for years, the Butler Mill, of New Bedford, paid a stock dividend of 20% in 1910; the Manomet Mill, of New Bedford, paid a stock dividend of 33⅓% in 1910; the Soule Mill, of New Bedford, distributed a stock dividend of 20% in 1909; the Whitman Mill, another New Bedford concern, declared a stock dividend of 33⅓% in 1909; the Bourne Mill, of Fall River, declared a stock dividend of 40% in 1903; the Chace Mill, of Fall River, declared a 20% stock dividend in 1905, and 33⅓% in 1907; the Davis Mill, of Fall River, in 1907 distributed a stock dividend of 25%, and the Davol Mill, of Fall River, did the same.

The Laurel Lake Mill paid 11% in 1906, 14% in 1907, 13% in 1908, 8% in 1909, and in 1907, as amiable recognition of the goodness of Providence and the tariff makers, doubled its capitalization and distributed a stock dividend of 100%. You will observe that a stock dividend of 100% makes it possible to distribute just twice as much money to stockholders without changing the percentage rate of the dividend. Thus a Laurel Lake stockholder who in 1906 received 11% on one share would get eleven dollars. But when 1908 came around his share of stock had increased, by the process of the stock dividend, to two shares, and the dividend rate had gone up to 13%; so that in 1908 his share of the usufruct was twenty-six dollars.

The dividend record of each of the other mills is equally extravagant.

I hope the stockholder was a widow and orphan. He ought to have been, for the widows and orphans constitute the final justification for passing these good things along to our thrifty New England friends.

DIVIDENDS UP, WAGES DOWN

In Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine and Connecticut, just as in Rhode Island, the big, rich corporations are generally closely controlled by limited groups of capitalists who are able to derive these fat benefits from your and my amiable but extravagant innocence about their affairs; in short, from our willingness to grant them protection which they do not need, and which they coin into immense returns based on monopolistic privilege.

The high-water mark of nominal dividends was reached by the cotton mills in 1907. That was the year of generous stock

dividends, as well as special cash distributions. Now, when a mill makes a 100% stock dividend, it means that to maintain its former dividend *rate* it must double the amount of earnings devoted to dividends.

The year 1908 was a year of business depression. Dividends were generally cut, earnings in many fields of industry disappeared. It would have been an especially trying year for the cotton mills, because of their recent immense increases of capitalization, if the cotton milling industry had been like others. But it is not. When the depression year of 1908 came, the mills calmly paid their usual rates of dividends.

True, their already underpaid labor had to suffer sharp reductions in wages; true, also, you and I and the other wearers of protected cotton goods were compelled to pay prices that were excessive when compared with price tendencies in other lines of business. That was unimportant to the cotton mill millionaires, the textile aristocracy. It would have its dividends, and it got them. Part was squeezed out of us consumers, part out of its operatives.

Yes, it got them, because it had the power to extort them. The grotesque exaggerations of the policy of protection gave it power to take them. It could pay as low wages and charge as high prices as it chose; the tariff wall held it secure in its domination.

HISTORY OF THE COTTON TARIFF

We have seen how politics is corrupted and the functions of government prostituted that the owners of these gross accumulations of wealth may continue in control of the state government and the state's representation at Washington. I shall proceed to an examination of the results of this system of corrupt control as those results are written into the tariff laws of our nation, and incidentally reveal the details of the conspiracy of 1909 which resulted in a great advance in the already excessive rates on cotton goods.

The first tariff for the protection of cotton manufacturers was imposed in 1816. Although the industry might then have been described justly as an infant, the duties imposed at that time were very moderate compared to those which have since been conceded in response to the constantly increasing demands of the manufacturers. Through various mutations of administrative and

legislative details, the policy of protecting the industry continued down to 1897. By that time the cotton interests had become very powerful and profitable and the manufacturers took advantage of the Dingley revision, and of the reaction at that epoch in favor of high protection, to have unprecedentedly heavy protective duties written into that law. Under the Dingley tariff, the duties actually collected at the custom houses on cotton goods imported amounted to 53.38%.

This figure I derived from the publications of Sereno E. Payne's Ways and Means Committee of 1909. One of these gives the following figures on the cotton industry for the normal, average year 1905:

Number of Mills.....	1,154
Capital invested.....	\$613,110,655.00
Wages paid.....	96,205,795.00
Value of output.....	450,467,704.00
Total imports.....	73,059,508.93
Duties collected on imports.....	38,999,267.30

You will note that the business produced \$450,467,704 worth of goods at manufacturers' prices in 1905. Since then the production has greatly increased and the dealers in cotton goods at wholesale inform me that the present annual output represents, by the time it is sold at retail to the consumer, just about a billion dollars. I think you will agree that the infant has grown encouragingly.

To determine the average protection actually collected on cotton goods under the Dingley law I have taken the figures on imports and duties collected for this typical year 1905 as the basis of my computation. On \$73,059,508.93 worth of cotton goods actually imported the duties were \$38,999,267.30. A simple calculation in percentage shows that the duties actually collected were 53.38% of the importing value of goods brought into the country. I take this figure, therefore, to represent the actual percentage of protection imposed by the Dingley law.

Some highly interesting deductions may be made from these figures. According to the



R. KENNETH MACLEA, GREATEST
EXPERT ON COTTON TARIFF
EXCESSES IN THE COUNTRY.

protection theory, the protective duty should be sufficient to measure the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. Latterly, however, there has been introduced a new element, by the addition to this formula of the phrase, "together with a reasonable profit to American industries."

TARIFF PROTECTION EQUALS TWICE THE LABOR COST

The cost of production is made up mainly of the cost of materials, cost of labor and interest on capital invested. In the matter of cost of materials, the American cotton manufacturer has rather the best of the situation because the supplies of raw cotton are mainly produced in the United States.

The next item is the cost of labor. The

figures used by Mr. Payne's committee show that \$96,205,795 was expended for labor in producing \$450,467,704 worth of cotton goods. Another of those simple operations in percentage will show you that the entire labor cost was therefore 21.13% of the value of the goods produced. **And yet, in order to protect the labor whose entire contribution to the value of the goods was only 21.13%, we find that duties of 53.38% were actually imposed and collected!**

That is to say, the duty under the Dingley law, designed supposedly to protect labor, was two and a half times as much as the entire labor cost of the protected goods! To put it in another way, the \$450,000,000 worth of cotton goods produced in 1905 was guaranteed protection at an average rate of 53.38%. Now 53.38% of \$450,467,704 is \$240,459,740.39. Thus we gave to our American manufacturers the guarantee of over \$240,000,000 worth of protection in order that they might pay good American wages to their employees, and then the total amount of wages they paid out was \$96,205,795!

Or, to put it in still another way: If the foreign cotton manufacturers had had to pay nothing whatever for their labor, and if they had tried to send this \$450,467,704 worth of cotton goods into the United States, we would have needed to impose a tariff duty high enough only to represent total duties of \$96,205,795, in order to overcome the advantage which their absolutely free labor gave them; a duty of 21.13% would exactly have done that. And yet the duty we were charging and actually collecting at that time averaged 53.38%!

Our protection, instead of measuring the difference between cost of labor at home and abroad, in fact amounted to just about two and one half times the cost of labor at home. Which is about as absurd as to assume that the foreign manufacturer might have had his labor absolutely free.

After careful study of labor and wage conditions here and in England, I am of the opinion that an average protection of 8% would be ample to maintain any difference in wages which now exists. If the cotton goods tariff be placed at 12% it will not only protect the present difference between wages here and in England, but it will leave 4% of protection to guarantee "a reason-

able profit to American industries," which certainly ought to be ample.

But instead of getting 8% as protection to his labor, and 4% as protection to his "reasonable profit" the American cotton manufacturer appears to be getting 8% for protection to his labor, and 45.38% protection to his "reasonable profit." Judging by the huge profits which we have found are paid to stockholders this would appear to be about the way he is distributing the benefits.

THE PLOT BY WHICH THE COTTON TARIFF WAS RECENTLY INCREASED

Let us now study the plot by which a group of New England cotton manufacturers succeeded, with the assistance of Senator Aldrich, in greatly advancing the already excessive Dingley rates on many lines of cotton goods when the Payne-Aldrich bill was written.

Under the Dingley Act, duty on cotton cloths was assessed in large measure on the *ad valorem* plan; that is, the duty was fixed at a certain percentage of the foreign cost of imported goods, *ad valorem* meaning, "according to value." These duties were so high that no American manufacturer had the hardihood to assume that Congress would intentionally increase them. Therefore a subterfuge was adopted.

It was alleged that under the *ad valorem* system of assessing duties, gross frauds had been perpetrated by importers, in some cases by the process of securing false bills of lading from the foreign vendors of the goods, in which the valuations were placed lower than in the true bills; in other cases by having smart customs lawyers and experts secure interpretations of the law which allowed duties to be assessed at lower rates than Congress intended.

Senator Aldrich and Senator Smoot talked a great deal about the tremendous fraud which had been operated, costing the government many millions in revenues and breaking down the protective value of the law. All this was part of the large scheme of a few of the rich New England manufacturers to becloud the whole subject in mystery in order to secure an increase of rates while pretending that they were doing nothing of the kind.

It was insisted that the *ad valorem* method of determining duties was loose and dangerous because importers would get their goods under-valued and thus reduce the

duty in proportion to the under-valuation. For instance, a piece of goods costing in England a dollar per yard would be liable under the law to a duty of 35%, or thirty-five cents a yard. If by presenting a false bill of lading at the custom house the importer could make the appraisers believe he had paid only fifty cents per yard for that cloth in England, the duty would be only 35% of fifty cents, or seventeen and a half cents—the importer thus beating the government out of seventeen and a half cents.

SENATOR ALDRICH'S CLEVER TRICKS

To read the defenses which Aldrich made of his schedule you would believe that there was not an honest importer in the country, or a competent customs official in the government service. But it served the purposes of the plot to increase rates under the pretense that a change was to be made from the ad valorem to a specific duty basis.

A specific duty cannot be affected by under-valuation, because the duty has no relation to the value of the goods, but is determined by the technical description of the particular piece of cloth.

For example, I have before me a sample of white checked muslin. It cost in England 14.45 cents per yard. Under the Dingley law it was subject to a duty of 35%, or 5.06 cents per yard. That was all there was to fixing the duty on this kind of cloth under the Dingley Act. You found out what it cost abroad, and then the duty was 35% of that amount.

Precisely the same kind of cloth has been brought into the country since the Payne-Aldrich bill passed, but the duty was assessed in a very different way. There was first a duty of 5¼ cents per yard for this general class of cloth. Then there was added 2 cents per yard under a provision in the Aldrich schedule that 2 cents should be added on account of the introduction of extra threads, for ornamental purposes, that could be removed without destroying the fabric. This additional 2 cents on account of the extra threads was specifically provided for in the Payne bill. To this we must add another cent per yard because the goods had been mercerized.

Mercerizing is simply the process of dipping cotton goods into a bath of caustic soda, which has the effect of shrinking the filaments of the cotton together in the thread that composes the fabric, so that the

weave becomes more sharply defined, and an appearance of what may be called fuzziness is done away with. In addition to this, the caustic soda bath gives a glossy effect which is much desired. The Payne-Aldrich bill added a specific duty of one cent per yard on account of mercerization.

Recapitulating, we find that this sample of cloth, imported under the Payne-Aldrich law, was assessed 5¼ cents, plus 2 cents for additional threads, plus 1 cent for mercerization; total duty 8.25 cents. You will observe that this 8.25 cents was assessed without any reference to the relation it might have to the value of the cloth. Whether the cloth cost 5 cents or 50 cents per yard was immaterial. If it was a bleached cotton cloth, of one hundred and fifty to two hundred threads per square inch containing "additional threads that could be removed without destroying the fabric," and mercerized, then the duty was automatically fixed at 8.25 cents per yard.

As I said at the outset, the same goods paid a duty of 5.06 cents under the ad valorem duties of the Dingley law; it paid 8.25 under the specific duties of the Payne-Aldrich law. The increase was 3.19 cents per yard, or 63% over the Dingley law duty.

There is a specific case illustrating how the Payne-Aldrich law did increase duties. Aldrich and his confreres insisted to the end that they were not going to increase the rates; they were merely going to change ad valorem duties to specific duties, in order to prevent the wicked importers defrauding the government by the use of under-valuations and bogus bills of lading.*

SPECIFIC EXAMPLES OF INCREASES UNDER THE NEW LAW

I have given in some detail above the illustration of the tariff on a certain grade of muslin, because it covers a considerable class of cases and shows how increases of rates have been cloaked under the pretense of changing from ad valorem to specific duties.

* In behalf of myself during my own investigation, and also in behalf of those members of Congress who during the tariff session devoted weeks of unceasing effort to get and expose the truth about the textile industry and the tariff, acknowledgment is made particularly to Mr. R. Kenneth MacLea, chairman of the Wholesale Dry Goods General Committee of New York. For several years Mr. MacLea has been the real leader of the movement first to correct the excesses of the Dingley tariff, and afterwards to prevent their still further exaggeration in the Aldrich-Payne Act. He failed to secure reforms through legislation because Senator Aldrich was powerful enough to defy all demands. But the people have repudiated the Payne-Aldrich bill and about everybody in any wise responsible for it.

I have before me another sample of plain bleached cotton cloth, extensively used for women's and children's wear. There are less than one hundred threads to the square inch of the fabric. The foreign cost was 15.56 cents per square yard. Under the Dingley law it paid a 25% ad valorem duty, or 3.89 cents per yard. Under the present act, paragraph 315, it pays a specific duty of 6 cents, and under paragraph 323 and 320 it pays an additional 1 cent per yard on account of being mercerized; total duty under Payne-Aldrich Act 7 cents per yard. That is, the Dingley duty was 3.89 cents, and the Aldrich duty 7 cents; an increase of 80%. And yet, according to the Aldrich-Smoot coterie, "by the new system of specific rates there is positively no advance!"

And here is a sample of colored cotton cloth, in plaid, used for dress goods, the cheapest imitation of silk which poor people can obtain. Under the Dingley law, paragraph 306, it was subject to a duty of 35%. Its English cost was 15.10 cents per yard. The 35% duty on this was therefore 5.29 cents. Under the Payne-Aldrich law there has been imposed on this same goods, and paid by importers, first a specific duty of 7 cents, plus the mercerizing duty of 1 cent, making a total of 8 cents per yard. In this case the duty is increased from 5.29 to 8 cents, or 40% advance.

A sample of plain black dyed cotton cloth with a shiny surface in imitation of satin, known in the trade as a sateen, next claims our attention. It is commonly and extensively used for women's dresses and for linings for both men's and women's garments. Its English cost was 20.9 cents per yard, on which the duty of the Dingley law was 8.38 cents. The same goods imported under the Payne-Aldrich law paid first a specific duty of 11.25 cents, and in addition the mercerizing duty of 1 cent; total duties 12.25 cents, an increase of 3.87 cents, or 46%. How, pray, are we still to believe that "by the new system of specific rates there is positively no advance?"

I have on my desk as I write thirty odd samples of goods whose tariff history under both the Dingley and the Payne-Aldrich bills I have carefully traced. All are higher in price because of the present law. To make up a like showing for hundreds of different pieces of goods, on every one of which the new law greatly advanced the

rates, would be a mere matter of time and patience.

HOW RICH MILL OWNERS SECURED ADDITIONAL TARIFF PRIVILEGES

If you are willing now to concede that there must have been some mistake about the assurance that "by the new system of specific rates there is positively no advance," I can give some history which has never before been printed.

Shortly before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives began its public hearings, in anticipation of the 1909 tariff revision the Arkwright Club of Boston, the great organization of cotton manufacturers and merchants, met to consider what it ought to do about changes in the tariff schedules. A tariff committee was appointed with Frederick Dumain, treasurer of the Amoskeag Company, as chairman. It was understood then that the Dingley schedule was satisfactory and that the club would ask no changes.

Later, James R. MacColl, treasurer of the Lorraine works in Rhode Island, went to Dumain and explained that some changes should be made in the duty to protect new and finer grades of cotton goods. He said that he and Henry F. Lippitt, manager of the Manville Company and one of the big men in the textile industry, planned to spend considerable time in Washington and would be glad to represent the Arkwright Club. Accordingly, Dumain and the other members of the tariff committee agreed to allow MacColl and Lippitt to relieve them of the necessity of leaving their business to look after matters at the Capital.

Having secured authorization to assume that they represented the Arkwright Club, MacColl and Lippitt went before the Ways and Means Committee and established the impression that they desired no material changes. Then they sent a letter to Chairman Payne, suggesting some changes that were intended to be regarded, in the light of their previous assurances, as entirely incidental and unimportant. The contents of that letter were not submitted to the Arkwright Club or to its regularly appointed tariff committee.

The proposed "incidental and minor" changes looked so unimportant that they completely hoodwinked Chairman Payne. He wrote them into his bill almost exactly as suggested by his Rhode Island advisers.

STYLE.	Value per square yard 00 cents.	Dingley rate per square yard 00 cents.	New duty per square yard 00 cents.	Amount additional duty under Aldrich Law.	Percentage of duty increase.
White figured lawn.....	11.31	4.25	5.25	1.00	23%
White check muslin.....	14.46	5.06	8.25	3.10	63%
White fancy lawn.....	21.58	9.55	13.00	3.45	36%
Colored check muslin.....	12.78	5.11	7.00	1.89	37%
Colored fancy muslin.....	13.46	6.71	8.25	1.54	22%
Colored fancy cord muslin.....	12.78	4.47	8.25	3.78	84%
Black stripe muslin.....	13.12	4.59	6.25	1.66	36%
Colored figured madras.....	12.34	4.75	5.75	1.00	21%
Poplin (white).....	23.76	8.32	11.00	2.68	32%
Colored grosgrain poplin.....	29.55	11.82	13.50	1.68	14%
White check muslin.....	11.77	4.25	5.25	1.00	23%
White waisting.....	15.36	6.14	7.50	1.36	22%
Plain voile.....	17.82	6.24	9.00	2.76	44%
White stripe voile.....	15.73	5.51	7.50	1.99	36%
Same thing in colors.....	16.20	5.67	8.00	2.33	41%
White spot voile.....	17.16	8.01	11.00	2.99	37%
Same thing in colors.....	17.81	8.23	11.00	2.77	33%
White figured suiting.....	13.36	4.68	6.25	1.57	33%
Same thing in colors.....	14.33	5.73	7.00	1.17	22%

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE ACTUAL INCREASES IN DUTIES UNDER THE NEW LAW. THE TABLE IS MADE UP FROM ACTUAL EXPERIENCE IN IMPORTING GOODS UNDER THE OLD AND NEW LAWS.

When the text of the bill became public there was a prompt howl of protest from widely different interests—merchants, manufacturers, brokers, importers, consumers. The more those changes were examined by people competent to understand them, the more objectionable they looked. Payne yielded, struck them from his draft, and restored the Dingley language.

Lippitt and MacColl were not thus easily to be vanquished. Defeated in the House, they carried their amendments over to Senator Aldrich, the real boss of tariff making, and demanded that he force them into the bill. Aldrich was willing, and able. These were the men and interests that had kept him so long in the Senate, and he did not question that to serve them now was his whole political duty.

And so the Aldrich committee on finance restored to the bill the provisions which Payne had stricken out. Aldrich did not care for clamor or protests. He never had cared for public opinion in any form. He knew he had the necessary majority of votes to force through the Senate anything he demanded. So he "stood pat"—as a good standpatter should—and, despite the great fight which the insurgent senators made, forced the objectionable features into the law.

We have seen how those changes worked out in actually advancing duties while Sena-

tor Aldrich had assured the Senate that they would make no difference whatever.

A COTTON MANUFACTURER EXPOSES THE PLOTTERS

Our next step is to inquire just who benefited by the increases, and what the true motive was back of this remarkable plot in misrepresentation and trickery.

For illumination on this point I shall quote the statement of Walter H. Langshaw, to whom I have already referred. Mr. Langshaw is president of the Dartmouth Manufacturing Corporation, employing 3,400 operatives, and of the Bristol Company, employing 1,000. His properties are credited with an annual production of about \$6,000,000 worth of goods. Mr. Langshaw's career has been marked by his rise from the loom to the head of the companies with which he is identified.

The Dartmouth company is one of those concerns whose immense dividends, aggregating 158% in eight years, we have already examined. He took charge of the Bristol factory when it was losing money and has placed it on a regular and satisfactory dividend basis.

Concerning the genesis of the cotton schedule in the Payne-Aldrich bill, Mr. Langshaw charged that a small group of wealthy men interested in the Amoskeag,

Arlington and Pacific mills, with representatives of the Arkwright Club and Cotton Manufacturers' Association, got up that schedule and secured its passage. Mr. Langshaw named J. R. MacColl, Henry F. Lippitt, and William Whitman as the men controlling the Arkwright Club.

He charged that the Arkwright Club refused to make any report on the manner in which its funds had been expended at a time when the suspicion was abroad that a large amount had been used to influence legislation.

One of the most remarkable statements in Mr. Langshaw's discussion of the subject is this: "I know of no fabric manufactured in New Bedford on the lowest scale of wages that has existed since the passage of the Dingley bill that can be produced at anywhere near the same cost abroad."

Mr. Langshaw said also: "Recent evidence would seem to indicate that the special favors desired by Messrs. Lippitt and MacColl were sufficient to induce them to permit the cotton schedule to serve as a cloak to cover up the increase in rates on other commodities for the benefit of large combinations, of which apparently the rubber trust is one."

Mr. Langshaw charged that the Arkwright Club and the Cotton Manufacturers' Association are largely composed and influenced by the big cotton merchants and the manufacturers of textile machinery. He insisted that the makers of machinery have by no means the same interest as the

men who use the machinery to make cotton goods. Yet, as he pointed out, George Otis Draper, a machinery manufacturer, was vice-president of the Cotton Manufacturers' Association, and he suggestively observed that "this may explain the 55% duty," referring to the high tariff on cotton textile machinery.

In short, Mr. Langshaw, than whom no man in the country is better informed, charged that Lippitt and MacColl were the active agents of a clique of manufacturers who had perfected a trust in the manufacture of colored cotton goods; that they wanted the duties raised in order to increase the profits of this trust; that the manufacturers of textile machinery were let into the combination because they wanted to retain the tremendously high protection of 55% on their machinery; that the Arkwright Club was used for the furtherance of this plot; that at a time when it was suspected of using its funds to secure legislation, it refused to make an accounting; and finally, he makes the remarkable statement that he knows no fabric produced in New Bedford, the greatest cotton manufacturing center in the New World, that can be produced at anywhere near the same low cost abroad.

There is the skeleton in the tariff closet.

It is exposed for the admiration and edification of the public, not by a magazine muck-raker or a political demagogue, but by one of the biggest and wealthiest cotton manufacturers in America.



The Dreamer

By John E. Dolsen

HE stands within the shadow of the night,
But looks beyond it toward the coming light;
And sees, far off, with tranced, prophetic eyes,
The consummation of the centuries.



"HE'S A PERFECTLY GRAND GRINNER; HE
INVENTED IT, I THINK," SAID MARJORIE."



NAPOLEON SMITH

by

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Author of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," etc.

Illustrations by C. M. Relyea

CAPTAIN HAMMOND passed the gate of the modest Smith residence at a good round clip, for he had his usual scant seconds to catch the eight twenty-seven. An elastic step at his side suddenly swung into perfect accord with his heel and toe rhythm, and a young voice, which nevertheless sounded like that of a "regular man," bade him a very cheerful good morning. At that moment Captain Hammond was answering the morning mail which he had not yet seen. The Eureka Iron Mills was behind in its orders, and there would be not less than eight fiery protests from complaining cus-

tomers. Without looking around, he merely said, "Unh!"

"Mr. Hammond, I want a job," was the next remark of the voice. Captain Hammond was just then answering suppositious letter number six, which was about the worst of the lot; so he frowned and turned to find himself looking slightly upward, straight into the grin of young Napoleon Smith.

Now the grin of young Napoleon was the most infectious and ingratiating joy ever devised. Every feature of his well-muscled face took part in it, from his blue eyes to his



"'DECLARED IRREGULAR,' ANNOUNCED BILLY CHEERFULLY. 'AGAINST THE RULES TO ASK ANY SMITTEN SWAIN TO PRAISE THE DEADLY RIVAL.'"

white teeth. It shot right at you; it warmed the cockles of your heart; it made your world a bright and a cheerful place to live in, and it made you firmly believe that whatever Napoleon Smith said or did was just about right.

Meeting that grin, Captain Hammond relaxed and smiled in spite of himself.

"What can you do?" he asked, looking at young Smith again, this time critically and a little enviously, too; for a clear, boyish complexion and an athletic body full of good, sound nerves are gifts which pass with youth.

"Hustle," stated young Smith in reply to the question.

This time Captain Hammond laughed outright.

"That's the most valuable asset you can own," he declared. "Your name's Smith, isn't it?"

Napoleon admitted that it was.

"How you kids do grow up!" said the captain wonderingly, with a thought of his own gray head.

The eight twenty-seven just then whistled for Briarscot, and both men started to run.

"Bless me," puffed the captain, when they had plumped into a seat and were speeding onward, "even golf don't restore my wind. Do you golf?"

"Not yet," replied Smith, shaking his head and grinning.

Again Captain Hammond laughed.

"You're right that it's an old man's game, after all; also it's a delusion and a snare. Fat old men lose no weight at it, and thin ones gain no muscle."

"But about that job?" suggested young Smith again.

"Oh, yes," said the captain, and unconsciously he frowned once more. "I don't know of a thing at our place. We're crowded with applications, but I don't suppose those applicants are all hustlers. You say you've had no business experience at all?"

"None that I care to tell about," replied the other, smiling reminiscently. "All through college I served as a correspondent for various papers, and through vacations I worked on general assignments on the *World*. It was a good school. I met a lot of business people in that way, and became acquainted with a queer lot of business methods. I could go to work on the *Herald*

now, but the occupation doesn't seem to promise much of a future."

The captain nodded his head with a jerk.

"Choosing a profession is like making a wise investment," he said. "Not one in a hundred succeed in picking the right ones. I understand your father's estate didn't cut up quite so well as was expected?"

"No," returned young Smith cheerfully.

"It totaled to exactly nothing, and nothing to carry. You don't think, then, that there is anything in your place?"

"Not just now," said the captain. "However, I shall bear you in mind."

Napoleon arose and looked at the captain and merely grinned.

"Pardon me," he said, "I see one of the scouts of the *Tribune* up there; he may know something," and he made his vigorous way to the forward end of the car.

II

CAPTAIN HAMMOND strode into his office and fired off his usual morning question.

"Where's Bluffing?" he demanded.

"Not down yet," said the girl of the straw-colored hair, slightly worried.

The captain went into his usual morning fit of temper, and in that attitude pounced upon the letters of complaint, of which fortunately he found only four. Two of the answers he tore up later in the day, for they were undiplomatic. About half an hour later, Bluffing, a young man with a big straw hat and puffs under his eyes strolled in, smoking a cigarette, and, after a moment's deliberation, decided that he might as well work as not.

"Mr. Bluffing," said the captain, "I'd like to remind you that the address of this office is 710 Green Street, and that we look forward with eager anticipation to the pleasure of your society between the hours of nine and twelve and one and five. If those hours seem a trifle inconvenient to you, you might state so in writing and I'll put the matter up to the Board of Directors."

"Very sorry, Mr. Hammond," said Bluffing with a wink at the straw-haired girl. "You see, we got caught in a jam at—"

"I don't give a continental what held you," responded Mr. Hammond, having just found a fifth complaint, which he had overlooked. "The point is that we want you

here at nine o'clock, with no excuse short of a broken leg."

On the second mail an excessively large order soothed the captain somewhat, and at noon the arrival of a tall, black-haired young lady with a color in her cheeks which never came from a chemist's shop, soothed him still more.

"I suppose you have a lot of old business engagements for luncheon, haven't you, daddy? Now tell me yes," she said.

"But I am going to tell you no," replied the captain, all smiles.

"Then," she informed him with a mock courtesy, "I am going to allow you to buy some *éclairs* and things for a stunning young lady to whom you may point with pride."

"By George, Margie," said the captain, now as gentle as any suckling lamb, "how you have developed! There is just a little bit of a pang in that last remark of yours. Some of these days it will be some other fellow's place to point with pride and fill all other male hearts with envy."

"Indeed!" she said, quite loftily. "Maybe that time has already come."

"Who's the fellow?" he wanted to know, with a genuine anxiety which he carefully attempted to conceal.

"Oh, lots of them!" she gayly returned.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, much relieved. "My! My! My! Margie, it only seems yesterday that you were a little bit of a kid."

"You oughtn't to remind me of it, daddy, because while no woman wants to become old, it takes such a long, long time to grow up. And while they may indulge in fairy-tale wishes, growing up is the biggest thing that kids really want."

He laughed and closed his eyes for a second.

"That's twice to-day I've remarked how kids grow up," he said. "I had a queer experience this morning with young Smith, up in our suburb."

"Pole Smith?" she inquired.

"Pole!" he repeated.

"Yes; Napoleon, you know. We called him Pole because he was such a gangling, spindle-legged youngster when we organized the Briarscot Tennis Club. Since he's grown handsome he doesn't like the name very much, so we call it to him all the time."

"You know him pretty well, then?"

"Why, he fairly haunts our front porch! Haven't you seen him there?"

"No."

"Yes, you have, I know; but you're a fine, trustful daddy, and you never put a microscope on the young men I bring around."

"How could I, Margie?" he said, clasping the hand which had rested upon the edge of his desk. "How could I, when in every speech and in every action and in every thought you are so nearly the image of your dear mother?"

"That's nice," she said, pulling his ear. "I don't believe any of the young men ever said a prettier thing to me. They're all nice saying young men, too."

"What sort of a fellow is this Pole Smith?" he asked.

"Why, daddy, he's a regular, sure-for-truly, cross-my-heart, hope-to-my-die fellow."

He looked at her in affectionate wonder.

"If you had all those words in your system, I am glad you got them out," said he. "Modern language is somewhat of a shock to me, I must confess, but after all, it is not an unpleasurable shock. By the way, I formed about the same impression of your Pole Smith that you've given me. He's good to look at, and I've been remembering that wonderful grin of his all morning. It's like a drink of good wine."

"He's a perfectly grand grinner; he invented it, I think," agreed Marjorie, and they went to lunch.

That evening, just before closing time, Hammond looked suddenly up from his memoranda and snapped:

"Bluffing, did you see about securing that adjoining tract of land for the extension of the Eureka Works?"

"Why—no," faltered Mr. Bluffing, "I haven't seen to it yet."

"You haven't!" roared Hammond, "Bluffing, I am going to pain you. I have threatened to myself a million times to fire you, and this time I am going to make good. Go do business with the cashier, and don't bother to come back and shake hands. Good-by. You'll find your hat upon its accustomed hook."

That evening, after having accepted the angry resignation of the girl with the straw-colored hair, the captain took a train fifteen minutes earlier than his accustomed one, and stopped at the gray



"'STOP YOUR BLATHERIN' AND FOOLIN'.
NOW, TERANCE,' SHE COMMANDED."

cottage of the Smiths' on his way up to his own big stone residence at the end of the boulevard. In answer to his ring a very pretty brown-haired girl came to the door, and Captain Hammond, whose heart was growing younger through the day's experiences, fairly beamed upon her.

"My goodness me! And you're one of the grown-up Smith children, too, aren't you?" he said, as one just awakening to a startling discovery.

"Yes, Captain Hammond," she replied, dimpling. "I'm June. Don't you remember, you used to give us peppermint drops? You always had them in your pocket."

"Why, so I did!" he exclaimed, delighted. "My! I'd forgotten about that. I must get into the habit again. I'm afraid I'm growing old. Where's your brother?"

"Oh, he's up at your house playing ten-

nis, I think. We were just going up to join them," and she looked back over her shoulder and smiled, as a chubby young fellow of about twenty-two strolled out hatless and saluted the captain with a flourish of his hand.

"Hello, Peters!" said the captain; "you're a great one. I never see you twice with the same girl."

"Hush!" said Billy Peters in a careful burlesque of a confidential undertone. "I don't dare encourage any of them too much." And he gave a fine imitation of a man yawning.

"Some of these days, my boy," warned the captain, laughing, "you're going to be so hard hit that it will make a man of you. By the way, June, I'm suddenly so interested in all you young people that I forgot my errand. I understand that your brother is looking for a position."

"Oh, no!" she said, beaming with sisterly pride, "he found one this morning."

Then the captain, who usually tried to be most circumspect in the company of ladies, forgot himself.

"Hell!" he said.

III

NAPOLEON SMITH had "scouted" in perhaps a dozen places before he found a good Samaritan who led him to the offices of Forsythe and Spencer, who needed a man of exactly Napoleon Smith's height and breadth and energy and grin. They called themselves promoters, did Forsythe and Spencer, although they chiefly promoted real estate deals and would follow a dollar through Hades, or until they had annexed it. Forsythe's hair, face, mustache and beard were the color of a dish of ice cream, and he looked up at one through shrewd old eyes which bored down through the soul to the pockets. He looked down through the soul of Napoleon Smith, but could not see into the pockets for a grin blocked the way.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," he quavered in his high-pitched and nasal voice, "we do need a man, but I'm afraid from what you tell me that you haven't had enough business experience."

Young Smith did a little soul reading of his own.

"Assuming that you are correct," he said, "how much money would you be willing to pay me?"

"Ten dollars a week," stated Mr. Forsythe.

Napoleon grinned. Forsythe liked that grin; he knew it had commercial value, and he waited with concealed anxiety for the answer.

"Ten dollars a week," repeated young Smith. "And what would I be expected to do?"

"Anything you're told."

"No," decided Mr. Smith. "One gets more money for that. We'll say about twenty-five dollars, and even then there'd have to be reservations."

Around the corners of Forsythe's mouth there came an unfamiliar twitch, and after a hard struggle the corners turned upward.

"I see," he said. "Well, Mr. Smith, suppose we leave the question of salary an open one. Suppose you work with us for two

weeks. At the end of that time, we'll sit down and have a good quarrel upon the matter of pay."

"I'll take you," said Napoleon, with an alacrity which almost startled the older man.

"Come in and meet Mr. Spencer," he said, grimly. Young Smith had a disposition to be too cocksure of himself, he feared.

Mr. Spencer proved to be an iron-gray-haired man of about forty-five, who acknowledged the introduction to Mr. Smith with a grunt and dismissed him with another. But after the new employee had gone out, he said:

"He'll do. I'd break him in on showing people around the Sunnyview addition."

So it came about that Napoleon Smith was put out in Sunnyview, so called because it rained there in sympathy with every other spot in the United States, and began the Herculean task of selling building lots to prospective home seekers. The first week he was well-nigh discouraged, for, in spite of all his engaging efforts and his pleasing personality, and even despite his grin, the flock of people attracted by the Forsythe and Spencer advertising came and looked at the appalling forsakenness of the place and went away; and by Saturday noon he had only sold eight lots.

That was not the way they put it in the office of Forsythe and Spencer, however.

"What do you think of that Smith boy?" said Forsythe, rubbing his bloodless old hands together. "He sold eight of those Sunnyview stickers. It's a record for that type of place. I never thought we could get it moving."

"Keep him out there," advised Mr. Spencer sagely. "And tell him he'll have to do better if he's going to stay with us."

A hint to that effect on the following Tuesday, however, set Napoleon, heretofore humble, upon his defense.

"I'm doing the best I can, and hope to do better," he declared. "What ought my sales to reach?"

"Well—um—not less than fifteen lots," stated Forsythe, his grasping soul leaping at the idea that Smith might be spurred on to that figure.

The younger man was silent for a moment, looking into the beady little wrinkled eyes of his employer.

"How much profit do you make on those lots?" he suddenly asked.

Mr. Forsythe visibly winced.

"Profits!" he exclaimed. "Um—you see, Mr. Smith, it's impossible to tell until we're all through, on account of advertising expenses, cost of selling, and other items, to say nothing of the heavy investment in the site."

The famous grin sprang into instant illumination, and scared the astute Mr. Forsythe nearly into heart disease.

"Yes," said the owner of the grin with calm joy, "I met the former proprietor of that land out at Sunnyview just yesterday, and he told me your exact investment. I think, Mr. Forsythe, that on Saturday night I am going to have more salary than I have mentioned; or else I may go on a commission basis."

IV

NAPOLEON walked up on the moonlit Hammond porch and found Billy Peters comfortably located on the swinging seat with Miss Marjorie.

"Come on, Pole," said Marjorie, moving over. "There's always room for one more."

"Indeed there's not," declared Billy, moving squarely into the center of the remaining space. "Go away, Pole Smith. I'm making love."

Napoleon regarded him for a moment with tolerant humor.

"All right, Billy," he agreed. "I think the best thing I can do, for the sake of contrast, is to let you go ahead at it. Where's your father, Margie?"

"He's in the library," she replied, laughing as he had done, at Billy Peters' drawling avowal. "But come back soon, won't you, for Billy's an awful fluffer at his chosen specialty."

As he walked away, Marjorie looked after his tall figure with appreciation.

"Isn't he a certainly fellow?" she observed.

"Declared irregular," announced Billy cheerfully. "Against the rules to ask any smitten swain to praise the deadly rival."

"Billy, Billy," she laughed. "Don't you ever think of anything serious?"

In the meantime, Napoleon sought the library where Captain Hammond, then poring over his plans for the extension of the Eureka Iron Mills, arose instantly with a smile of pleasure and extended his hand.

"Well, Pole," he said, unconsciously

adopting his daughter's name for young Smith, "you got away from me. I made a job for you the very day you asked for it, and I've had a Dickens of a time to fill the vacancy."

"I couldn't wait," explained Pole.

"How do you like your new place?" went on the captain, offering him a cigar.

"Oh, it's interesting, though I'm not sure I'd like it for a life occupation. I'm learning something, I think; salesmanship principally. There's one queer thing I've noticed. It's wonderful how much business can be done on a small amount of ready money. I find Forsythe and Spencer are swinging that whole Sunnyview deal on an initial cash payment of a thousand dollars, mortgage notes for the balance. They bought in the land at two hundred dollars an acre, and are selling it out in building lots at two thousand. They do a big business in options, too, I've found, and they make a dollar go farther than I'd ever dreamed it could reach."

"You've only known the spending dollars," returned the captain with a smile. "A single, ordinary, spending dollar is of no more use than a safety razor at a colored picnic, but a business dollar has no time for foolishness. It works twenty-five hours a day. It's as serious as an old maid's wedding. I'd like to see you succeed, Smith. To do that you've got to appreciate that there's no sentiment or friendship in business. If there is, the business fails. Remember that, will you?"

"I'm not likely to forget it," replied Napoleon seriously. "It was because of such lovable weaknesses that my father failed."

"Yes," admitted the captain. "Your father always was a sentimentalist, and he lost many a good opportunity through it. I beat him out myself once in a business deal, just because of that."

"You did, eh?" said young Smith, his brows contracting a trifle.

"Oh, it was a fair and a square arrangement, where one of us had just as good a chance as the other, only I was less particular than he in taking an advantage when I saw it. We parted good friends enough."

"Yes, father always was charitably inclined."

"Charitably the devil!" exclaimed the captain. "There was nothing of the sort needed in that or any other deal. The

sooner you get out of your head, young man, that money has any emotions, the better off you'll be."

"I see," said Napoleon dryly.

"The quicker you see, the better," insisted the captain, dwelling upon the subject so strongly that one might think he had really almost need to defend himself. "Where would I have been if I had stopped for such considerations? As it is, I built the Eureka Iron Mills out of nothing—a little bit of a sixteen by twenty shop, where we made plain castings—to its present twenty-acre spread. Not only that, but we must have more room, large additions, too, right away. There's success for you. We need twenty acres more in which to spread, which means—By Hokey!" and the captain pounded his fist on the table, irritated by a sudden thought. "I left the matter of securing that property to young Bluffing, then I fired him and haven't turned over the job to anybody else. I must see to it to-morrow. I'm growing neglectful in my old age."

"I suppose you have plenty of room in which to spread?" observed the younger man politely.

"No, that's the dickens of it," said the captain. "We haven't. There are only two pieces of land available, and only one of them desirable."

"Where is your plant?" asked young Smith with growing interest.

"Out on the Cedarpong Division of the L. & I., at Hammondville. You ought to go out some day and see the place."

"Hammondville! Why, I pass the Hammondville station every day on my way to the Sunnyview addition, but I never noticed your plant."

"No, we haven't the business advantages that we ought to have," admitted the captain; "I'm thinking of cutting away the sand ridge which shuts off the view of our factory from the railroad."

Just then the telephone bell rang, and the call proved to be for young Smith. Excusing himself from the captain, who seemed reluctant to let him go, Napoleon walked out on the porch.

"For whom was the call?" asked Marjorie.

"For me, of course," declared Billy Peters. "I'll gamble it was some one of the girls calling me up. They're always bothering around me."

"No," said Napoleon abstractedly, thinking upon other matters so deeply that he had no time to reply to Billy Peters in his own banter. "The call was for me. It's from June. She wants me to come down and get her," and he started toward the gate.

"Just what I told you," said Billy triumphantly. "I wish your sister would quit following me around. You ought to speak to her about it, Pole. But never mind; you stay here, and I'll go ahead. You may try to make love to Margie while I am gone."

"Trying to make love to Margie is rather a bromide," said Napoleon. "Everybody has the same idea." Nevertheless, he sat down most comfortably and contentedly by Marjorie's side, and allowed Billy Peters to stroll negligently after his sister.

V

HAMMONDVILLE consisted of a station and three streets of well-populated workmen's cottages. Beyond, reached by a wagon road and a spur track, was the Eureka plant, a low-lying collection of brick buildings which sprawled in every direction. To the front was a sand ridge; to the rear, the Sound; to the east, a stretch of level land; and to the west, an equal area which, however, was one third marsh. As young Smith stepped into view around the turn of the road, workmen were removing the "for sale or lease" sign from the better tract, and Napoleon stopped to look upon this operation with a trace of annoyance.

"Quick work," he said. Then he approached the workmen. "Who's bought this place?" he asked. "Captain Hammond?"

"I couldn't tell you, sir," said the older man of the crew. "Mr. Panz told us to move the sign over to Greeneck."

Panz was the real estate agent whose name was on the board, and with a sigh Napoleon saw he had been correct in his surmise; that the captain had taken extraordinarily prompt action.

"A fool's errand," he told himself; and yet there came to him a sudden determination never to arrive at any conclusion without investigation, but in each and every case to sift his facts to the bottom. He hurried back to the station, where there was a public 'phone, and called up Panz's office.

"I understand you have a tract of land for sale at Hammondville," he observed.

"I couldn't tell you about that," said the clerk at the other end. "Who's this speaking?"

"Smith, of Forsythe and Spencer's office."

"Oh! I'll find out about it right away, Mr. Smith." Then a moment later: "We no longer have control of that tract. It was sold yesterday."

"To whom?"

"To the Consolidated Hame-ring Manufacturing Company, which we understand intends to erect an extensive plant there."

"Good," said Smith. "Thank you," and he rang off.

So, after all, the captain, through his forgetfulness, had lost the most desirable piece of extension property, and there remained only the marshy ground.

"Who owns that piece of property to the west of the Eureka Iron Mills?" he asked the station agent.

"Mrs. McGundy," said the lantern-jawed station agent, scraping his finger nail tenderly over his nose. "She lives in that sky-blue house just to the end of the frog pond. Her husband has been dead for ten years, and she wants to go back to Ireland. She's a good-natured fat old woman with an awful temper."

These and many other bits of information the station agent proceeded to relate, all the while, however, scraping his finger nail tenderly over his nose; and Napoleon Smith listened most patiently, for he wished to know all that he could learn about Mrs. McGundy. Finally, however, the station agent switched to topics concerning himself and his own family and his past career and future prospects, and Napoleon hurried away to the little blue house, where he found Mrs. McGundy to be a globular person cut into two hemispheres by an apron string.

"Mrs. McGundy," queried Napoleon, "do you wish to sell your land out here?"

"Show me the man that will buy it?" said she, and having no more opportunities to talk than the lonely station agent she started right in to make up for lost time. "I surely could part with it without breaking my heart. Twenty years ago, when Jim bought it for a song, it was supposed that if we held on to it for twenty years it would be worth all the money in the mint, but in all that time never have I seen the man

that would ever be wanting that land, unless it would be Captain Hammond. But he don't want it. Twice I have gone myself to sell it to him, and twice he gave me to understand that if he bought any land it would be the other piece. Last time he made me desperate angry, and I swore I never would sell it to him. You're not representing Captain Hammond?"

"No," said Napoleon briskly, "I am representing myself. What will you take for the land?"

"Well, there's twenty acres, and it's worth, Jim always said, two hundred dollars an acre. That's four thousand dollars. Give me that and I'll take the next steamer for Dublin."

"I can't give you the four thousand cash," said Smith, "but I'll give you one thousand cash, and a mortgage note on the balance, payable in sixty days. You can wait the two months for the collection of that note, or you can probably discount it."

"Let me understand that," said Mrs. McGundy.

He carefully explained to her about the mortgage note, and with each period she nodded her round gray head emphatically.

"It sounds well," she said, "and you seem like an honest boy. But before I say aye, yes, or no, I'll go in and see Mr. McShane of McShane and McShane, who was my husband's old friend; and whatever he says, I'll do. Do you know Mr. McShane?"

Mr. Smith was unfortunate enough never to have had that pleasure, and he expressed himself contritely about it.

"What time does the next train go?" he wanted to know. "Can you come to town with me right now?"

Mrs. McGundy looked him over carefully, and glanced at the clock.

"Lord love you, boy!" she said. "What a ragin' tearin' hurry you're in! Oh, well, it's been many a long day since I took a jaunting with a handsome-looking young fellow like yourself, and I think I'll treat myself to it just this once. There's a train goes in about twenty minutes. Do you go down to the station and wait, and in due time I'll come along with my best bib and tucker on."

Napoleon lost no time in getting down to the station, and lost no time, furthermore, in calling Captain Hammond by 'phone.

"This is young Smith, Captain Ham-

mond," said he. "I want to borrow a thousand dollars."

"Oh, you do?" inquired the captain. "On what security?"

"Mortgage on our house," returned Napoleon crisply.

"When do you want it?"

"Within an hour or so. Captain, I want you to let me have the check this morning and let me fix up the mortgage with you to-morrow."

"It isn't business, but I'll do it," agreed the captain after some hesitation. "But would you mind telling me what you want it for?"

"Oh, I have a little real estate opportunity."

The captain pondered a moment.

"You want to be careful about that," he warned. "Real estate deals are not always what they appear on the surface."

Napoleon Smith grinned sweetly into the 'phone.

"I'll guarantee this one to be all right," he confidently affirmed. "It's a piece of property that's wanted, and I'll clean up two thousand dollars on it in less than a week."

"All right," said the captain. "Of course I am not your guardian, and you're not compelled to tell me all the details of your business, only I warn you not to do anything foolish. Come into the office and get your check at any time."

Napoleon grinned so amiably as he turned away from the 'phone that the station agent, coming in at that moment, demanded to know what was funny; and the agent stood looking after him in slow wonder even after Smith had taken the train with Mrs. McGundy, who was dressed her bravest in a little black bonnet and Persian shawl and silk as stiff as sheet iron.

On the way to McShane and McShane Napoleon had Mrs. McGundy stop a moment in the lobby of the Kingston Building while he ran up to Captain Hammond's office and got his check. Still on the way, he stopped and deposited that check at the bank where he had a small account, and then was ready for business. The broad-boned old lawyer would have made the deal pompous and difficult had he been left alone, but Mrs. McGundy stopped him as soon as she saw his direction.

"Stop your blatherin' and forlin' now,

Terrance," she commanded. "Hurry up and finish the business with this young man. I like the cheerful face of him."

After that, Napoleon went out to Sunnyview and sold lots with particular vim and energy.

VI

MR. FORSYTHE, having sent for his new assistant in extreme haste in the afternoon of the same day, peered up at that young man with something tigerish in the expression of his white old face.

"I understand that you secured possession of a tract of land in Hammondville," said he, "and that you only purchased it this morning."

Napoleon grinned cheerfully. •

"All quite true," he confessed.

"Don't you know that was most unethical?" demanded Mr. Forsythe. "Why, in our employ, and upon our time, you took occasion to do some private business for yourself in our exact line!"

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Smith, with no abatement of his pleasant expression. "How do you come to know about it?"

"Because Mr. Hammond called us up early this morning and commissioned us to buy that very piece of ground for him."

This time the grin of Napoleon became a laugh.

"That's almost retributive justice," he said. "I suppose Captain Hammond gave you the commission because I was employed here."

"Well, he did say something about that," admitted Forsythe grudgingly. "But the point under consideration just now is that you have been doing business on your own account, on our time, and in our line, which we cannot permit."

The grin of Napoleon was positively radiant now.

"You said that before," he gently reminded Forsythe. "Do you think I ought to turn it over to you?"

"Well not exactly that," said Mr. Forsythe. "But as our employee, you are bound to consult our interests. As our employee we couldn't recognize you in this deal, but there's one thing we can do; we can admit you into partnership in this particular transaction. Captain Hammond has commissioned us to secure this piece of property, which he imagined could be purchased for four thousand dollars. You

have purchased it, and I presume intend to sell it to him at an increased price. Now, we might arrange to fix the price between Forsythe and Spencer and yourself, and you and us split the profits."

Napoleon paused for an extra special grin.

"No, I resign," he stated. "That's a still better scheme. Now I'll sell you that land for six thousand dollars, cash."

In vast pain Mr. Forsythe eventually was compelled to call up Mr. Hammond, and inform that gentleman that the land for his extension would cost him the modest sum of six thousand dollars.

"Buy it," directed Hammond. "It's my own fault for not having seen to it a long time ago."

"I might add," said Mr. Forsythe with a malignant glance at his ex-employee, "that the property in question is at present owned by young Smith, formerly in our employ, but to-day resigned."

"Smith!" exclaimed Hammond. "Is he in your office now? If he is, put him on the 'phone." And as Mr. Forsythe indicated the captain's desire to Napoleon, he could hear the captain, at the other end of the wire, saying to himself: "Well, I'll be damned!"

"Look here," demanded the captain of young Smith, "did you actually have the nerve to borrow that thousand dollars from me this morning to buy the very piece of property you knew I wanted, so as to compel me to pay you a two-thousand-dollar profit on the loan?"

"That's right, Captain," admitted Napoleon cheerfully.

"Well, Smith, don't you think that was a little ungrateful and unfriendly? Don't you think you stepped over the bounds of both business and social ethics?"

"By no means," said Napoleon. "You told me yourself, just the other night, that business knows no friendship, and that a dollar has no sentiments or emotions. I want this two thousand dollars, and intend to have it. It's as unsentimental and unemotional a block of money as there is in the world. Moreover, Captain, I intend to retrieve the reputation my father made with you for allowing his feelings to in-

terfere with business. I think you remarked that at one time you beat him in a deal because of that particular weakness of his. Do you want this property at six thousand?"

"Of course I do, you young pirate," said the captain. "Tell Forsythe I'll send him a check for his commission, then you come over here and settle up with me. I'll have my lawyer here and tell him to watch you."

"All right," laughed Napoleon. "I'll be right over, thank you."

"Thank nothing!" snorted the captain. "I ought to have you arrested."

That night as the captain sat in the library, Marjorie came in to use the telephone, and paused behind her father's chair to pull his ears.

"Who's that you have with you on the porch, Margie?" he asked.

"Pole Smith," she informed him. "He's just telling me all about how well he's going to like business. He says he made two thousand dollars in one deal to-day."

"Yes, confound it, he did!" exploded the captain. "He made it out of my pocket and borrowed my money to do it with."

Her laugh upon that was delicious; so much so that the captain stopped to listen to it in positive joy, all his annoyances of the day forgotten.

"I guess I'm a lemon," he confessed, laughing with her.

"A nickel's worth of them," she agreed, twisting two corkscrews in his gray hair. "I should think that a shrewd old business tiger like you would feel humiliated to have a mere youngster like Pole Smith come along and eat him all up."

The captain smiled grimly.

"To tell you the truth, Margie, that's exactly the point which peeved your poor old father. I don't mind the loss of the money so much as having a youngster like that beat me. But in spite of myself, I forgive him for it. He's a fine chap, young Smith is."

She slipped her arm around his neck and laid her cheek against his.

"A fine chap? Just finding it out? Daddy, daddy, daddy! You don't keep up with the news very well, do you?"

A NIGHT AT THE FOLLIES BERGERE



Ethel
Levey
and
Laddie
Cliff
singing
"Down
the
Strand"
in
"Gaby."

A PURSUIT AFTER WICKEDNESS IN NEW YORK'S
NEWEST PAYRIZZIAN "PALACE OF AMUSEMENT"

By Harris Merton Lyon
Author of "Sardonics," etc.

Illustrations by Louis Fancher

AS soon as I saw it announced "More Parisian than Paris," I said to myself, "I *must* see this."

And then, when *The World* came out the day after the opening and said that it cost in the neighborhood of thirty dollars for two people to have an evening's entertainment there, I said, "Oh, I *must* see this." For that is the New York attitude of mind. More Parisian than Paris and costing a sum of money sufficient to send thirty mothers and ninety children to the seashore for a whole day, with lunch and supper and boat ride and bath in the ocean and a chance to roll in the sand and all sorts of fresh air and relaxation thrown in.

The "More Parisian than Paris," though, is what hit. For New York is, sap and essence, a "more than" town. One of the fundamental ideas that travels eternally in the breeze up Broadway from the Battery is to grab off somebody else's notions and go them one better . . . or what New York considers is one better.

This ecstatic tendency ramifies in many directions until we find New Yorkers putting more than food into a more than stomach while sitting in a more than restaurant and gazing out at a vista of more than architecture; and most of those that don't wear less wear more than clothes, and in a general striving fashion negotiate themselves through a more than life.

What we expected to find here was a more

than wickedness. All good Americans know well that Paris is wicked—when we get there and see the shows they give for Americans. When somebody in New York says that he has a show more Parisian than Paris we all want to write, talk or otherwise lead condemnation against such a show. Incidentally, to get our ammunition, we want to see it. And when we do see it, we are still an adolescent enough nation not to enjoy wickedness or to be disgusted with wickedness, but simply to hang our head, avert our eyes and be afraid of wickedness.

So I came down from the farm to see it. And then I said to the policeman, "Where is this Follies?" and stopped. I didn't want to have to try to pronounce the surname or the penult or whatever it is. Nobody does. New York is having an awful time over it. Diamond Jim Brady makes it a dactyl with a hard "g" and gets an effect like "bergeree," so they tell me. I don't know.

I heard one fellow (not a longshoreman either—that is, judging externally) call it "burgoo." Once, later on during the evening, there sat behind me a neat little brainless girl and an old, old man (usual New York café combination), and that delicious moth looked up at that extinct crater and said:

"Tad, the cartoonist, says it ought to be pronounced 'Foley's Brewjare.' I saw it in the paper the other day."

And the old man replied: "Waiter, some more Krug. Well, I don't believe it. He's a humorist. It might not be pronounced that way at all."

When I asked the cop, he just said: "You mean the Payrizzian one? It's around in Forty-sixth Street."

And when I got there, a man who knows all about these things, but who shall be nameless because he is a press agent and therefore fated to an anonymous existence, took me by the arm and told me everything. He even pronounced it himself—pronounced it wrong, I think. His explanation ran thus:

Folies is a plural adjective modifying the singular noun *bergère*. A *bergère*, he confessed, was a shepherdess. What a shepherdess was doing in that gallery I could not

see. But he said the idea of a frolicsome shepherdess had started in France about five hundred years ago, and the French sign-painter who made the original sign was either ignorant of spelling or suffering from painter's colic or something, and so he put that plural adjective before that singular shepherdess. Just why any Frenchman should learn to spell, anyway, is beyond me, because they never use any of the letters they put into a word.

Then he broke loose madly and affirmed that the entire plan of this theater was unlike any other theater. At this I stopped and gazed upon the scene: a cozy little playhouse, its shadowy pit starred with glowing red lights where the diners sat at tables sipping their coffee and cognac. Beyond them, on the stage, Ada Lewis-giving a take-off of Maude Adams in the Prologue to "Chantecler." Above them, a compact balcony with more tables. Above that, a tiny gallery of one dollar seats and no tables.

"Why," argued the Compendium, waving his hands, "why take your best girl to one place to dinner, another place to the show and still another place to supper after the show? Come here, get all three, and save taxi hire."

There was the little stage and all the funny-looking actors and beautifully composed ladies just as in any other theater; but here on the orchestra floor, instead of having rows of seats, there were rows of tables. At these tables you sat and ate. One man and his friends "ate" sixty dollars' worth the

night I was there. If you were a cacophonous eater and happened during part of the show to drown out the actor's lines or the orchestra, it made no difference. That was your privilege.

More than one million dollars was put into this theater in order to "give New York a fresh amusement thrill" and to carry the poor old squeamish metropolis "far beyond provincialism into the freedom and adult delight of the world-famous music halls of Europe."

An adult can get in there and begin his delight by eating his dinner at six o'clock. During dinner five fat mandolin players hop around among the tables, slap each other on the chest,



Frozen-Ear Frazier,
the Notorious First-
Nighter.

thrum those fascinating musical instruments and yodel in vivacious French, Italian and Spanish. Girl pages and sometimes girl messenger "boys," dressed in the conventional bifurcated messenger uniform, flit delightfully to and fro among the adults.

Then, too, said this highly excited man, "the exquisitely responsive senses of a learned, exacting public" will find a public bar upstairs at which both women and men can stand with their feet on the brass rail and be learned and exacting about what kind of a cocktail Louie shall mix for them, and after they have got their cocktails, they can crook their elbows and let their senses respond. Women can and do smoke cigarettes all over the place, if they wish to.

Next year Chicago will also have a Foolish B'gee. And the year after, if the going is good and the track not too heavy, poor provincial San Francisco will get its little drops of fire which make the pleasant land.

Then I said to the Illustrator, "Let us close the Compendium and go to the wickedness. Let us have a look at this bar."

Being an adult and champing for delight, I wanted to see a learned and exacting lady come up there and ask for a Sin Twister or a Clover Club or something. We hung around a half hour or so, and pretty soon what is technically known as a "broad"—"broad" being the latest New Yorkese—hove into sight. She timidly approached Louie, the gentlemanly barboy, and cleared her throat a few times. I bent an ear (the flexible one) and heard the learned and exacting demand:

"C-o-could I please have a small glass of water?"

"But they say," queried the Illustrator, after this disgusting exhibition, "that on 'Society nights' the faucet hangs its head despondently in innocuous desuetude?"

"I get you," answered Louie, the herb-concocter who cures your pains. "On society nights the ladies that blows up to



A young girl whispered, "Mother, don't look!"

my counter generally ask for crim de mawnth."

"You mean cream de menth." My French.

"I mean crim de mawnth. That's what they all say."

"Were ever a lady intoxicated at this bar?"

"Hewere. But we checked his monocle in the safe and led him gently to the door."

"I see," remarked the Illustrator, "we are up against a riot of sin in this place."

So we sat down and ate until one o'clock the next morning, the while the wit of librettist, the noise of violin, the worse noise of the female voice, the antics of fat or slim comedians and the *jambes des coryphées* were paraded before us.

A word about the *jambe*, as it is the symbol of two thirds of the playhouses of

New York. It seems to be what New York worships—indeed a golden calf. At the Folies it is in the very air of the place. In the opening *revue*—which is, of course, a scene in Hell, as has been since the first *revue* was written five hundred years ago when the one-eyed French sign-painter tore the husks off grammar—Hell is literally packed with *jambes*. I suppose this is appropriate and natural. At any rate, it is interesting, not to say fascinating.

I imagine out-of-town deacons visiting the place will get a lot of fortifying strength in seeing and knowing that Hell teems with *jambes*. The *jambe* will do nobody in New York any good; possibly it may do some harm. However, it seems to be here to stay; and the coped, lofty and crested critic can talk a leg off of the drama without affecting the *jambe*.

There is a sad sign over the door of this Hell. It reads, "Abandon care all ye who



enter here." This is sad because in New York it is impossible. In New York you do not abandon cares; you swap cares in the middle of the stream. And the attempt to make you forget your cares by displaying to you the *jambe*, electric-lighted, silk clad, slippered, pomponned, contorted, elevated—in fact, the *jambe* in all its technique—seemed to be a thorough failure the night that I was there, no matter how much champagne was sold into the more-than-stomachs by the proprietors of this likesome place.



*I saw Denarber sing her naughty
French song and "borrow"
a drink of champagne.*

for champagne.) Frozen-Ear had evidently gone to the Folies that first night with his embalming instruments and a few quarts of formaldehyde, had successfully performed his operation and had thought to himself, "Doesn't the

corpse look natural?"

You shall see.

"Balzac," said the Illustrator, "got a lot of his stuff by slooching. He would slooch along behind people, overhear what they said, and make books about it. Let us slooch."

The first man behind whom we tarried with our notebooks in our hands was Frozen-Ear Frazier, the notorious first-nighter. Frozen-Ear had, of course, been there on the opening night. He was a mollusc of some sort and he possessed that marvelous oyster-gray complexion. He was talking to Tommy Titwit, the wine agent. (Wine is American

When the Illustrator and I dropped over the eaves, he was just saying through an orifice between his lips about big enough to expel a *sotto voce* whistle:

"And then when I saw the flowers go up over the footlights I said to myself, (a) Sheaf of Wheat, (b) Broken Pillar, (c) Gates Ajar. That let's them out, R. I. P."

I looked at the Illustrator. "Dull care in the house of folly," said I.

And Tommy Titwit, the champagne agent, patted his plump little abdomen as a man pats his favorite hound and said:

"This game is killing me. Why, I'm getting Bright's, dropsy, palpitation of the heart, bronchitis, vertigo, cirrhosis—everything but hydrophobia. Now they're cutting my expense account down one half. I can't sleep nights. I've had all the good times that are to be had——"

She was a neat, sensible-looking woman of about thirty, her hair done in that fashion which I haven't seen since I left the small town—that fashion which I wish was the fashion now. She had a complexion that looked as if it came from drinking butter-milk and working in the garden. She seemed a trifle fagged. Across from her sat her husband. He was a gaunt young fellow, about six foot three. She was conscious of her clothes; he was conscious of his. He

for two dollars. I'm plumb tired, Jim, my feet hurt and my head hurts, and I want to go home."

His voice had a kind of deep, sweet sound, not like the voices of most New York men. "Honey, we'll call this the last one. I wanted you to enjoy yourself after you'd worked so many years. And you always honed for New York; you know you did. Now you've saw the skyscrapers and Wana-maker's and the Waldorf-Astoria and Chineytown and the *Lusitania* and Maude Adams and all that. And I know you ain't liked any of it—'ceptin' maybe



The valse d'amour with its stale and customary wriggings.

may have been thirty-two. However, all I noticed about him was that if he had been standing up he could have hit from the knee with his fist and cleaned out any trouble occurring three feet away.

"But we've seen enough of 'the world,' Jim," she was saying. "It's all alike. Like this. And I'm really worried about Pa. I want to get back. I just can't drink this champagne wine, and I can't sleep if I eat in the middle of the night; and there's no use my trying to. As for those dances and ballies and things, they're all right, but they're so long. So far as show is concerned, I think a bally is about thirty cents' worth

Maude Adams. We'll go home to-morrow. Don't you fret."

Said the Illustrator to me: "Dull care where you didn't expect to find it."

(And all the while that vacuum-cleaner which was supposed to pick up each particle of care was buzzing and throbbing on the stage, thus:

I would like to exchange one husband forty years old for two twenties.

I want a husband who doesn't drink.—Try the dry-goods department.

I want a husband who is a wine agent.—Skate department.

I claim a foul in this boxing contest. This is a union club and he hasn't on a union suit.

Salome! Ah, there, my undressed kid!

But it never touched the carpet once.)

I met Bill Kirk, the eminent Swedish nightingale, in the lobby, and Bill, he said, said he:

"It is a far cry from North Dakota, but sure enough I saw two other Swedes here, one masculine and one feminine. They were watching the ballet with blue eyes that popped out under rolls of blonde hair.



When the horrid notion arises that the actor is rotten.

“‘Yeerusalem!’ exclaimed Ole, for it was indeed Ole. ‘Yeerusalem, dis har ban a place var fallers ban getting fooled all the time. A faller ban telling me down at hotel ven Ay ban asking for tickets to a gude show, he ban saying, “Ole, ef yu go to dis har Folies de Bergstrom yu skol get a gude chance to see a lot of swell skirts, Ay bet yu.” And Ay ant seeing any skirts at all. Ay tenk Ay ban bunked.’

“‘Be still, Ole,’ admonished his lady friend. ‘Ay tenk everybody ban looking at yu. Yentlemen ant ban looking for skirts. Dey ban only looking for nice music.’”

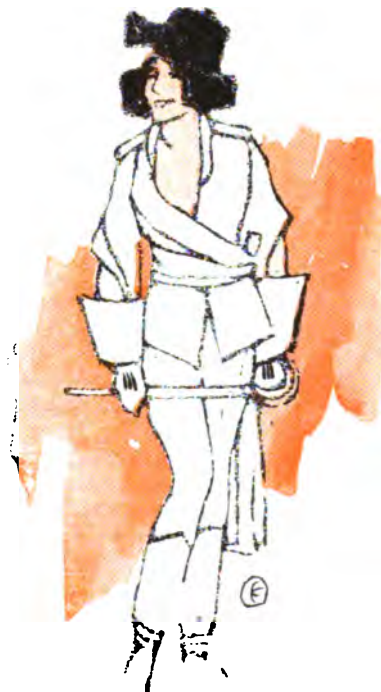
Kuhnnell Laws Bingham was there with Miz’ Bingham, otherwise Aunt Sallie. The Kuhnnell was from Boone County and he looked kind o’ like a “hand” of tobacco himself. Parallely, if one may say so, he chewed the weed; and having masticated it into a neat lump of nicotine fabric, he lodged it dexterously somewhere in his throat, alongside his Adam’s apple, and allowed these two natural phenomena to play hide-and-go-seek in his larynx, œsophagus and swallowing apparatus. With Kuhnnell Laws the idea of ejaculating always coincided with the idea of expectorating.

“Excuse me, suh, but Lawd!”—squit—“these people think they’re wicked. He! He!”—squit—“Miz’ Bingham is sittin’ down there eatin’ ice cream like a wood-chuck at a cabbage patch. Dassent look up. Fact, suh. Swearin’ at me, suh (in huh way, suh, in her mild and femin-yne way, suh), for bringin’ huh to this place.”—squit—“The femin-yne mind is peculiar,

if you ever happened to notice it, suh. Peculiar sort of mind that has been given the femin-yne human being, if I may so express myse’f, suh. Always kind of cloudy when you expect it to be clear and always very, very clear when you expect it to be cloudy!”—squit—“They have a baw, haven’t they? I know one they make in N’yAw-lins. Half Cascade, half Italian Vermouth and a dash or two”—squit—“say, two of Peychaud’s bitters. If you will lead me to the baw I’ll ask the boy to concoct it.”

Ikey Barns (his name in Poland was Bernsdorffsky) was there. Ikey is in the lace business.

“I guess I got to be good to myself,” said Ike as he settled into his two-dollar-and-a-half seat. “Nobody else ain’t going to do it for me. Doggone it, I wisht I could eat more; but I got a stomach on me that’s



“Hell” teems with jambes.



Her learned and exacting demand of the bar boy was, "C-could I have a small glass of water?"

behind the scenes. "Talk about the icicle Christmas present! Of all the things I ever had handed to me—a Y. M. C. A. spear in a joint like this. Ain't that the limit? With that bunch of grapesmashers out front hollerin' their heads off over the Elks' girl and the Eagles' girl, me havin' to come poundin' in carrying this hymn-book sign and just about as welcome as a hearse. And I have to smile while I'm doin' it. I'd like to spit in their eye! If I do say it myself, I got a better figger than any goil

like one of these here thermometers. If business is bum, believe me, a ham sandwix and a cup of coffee would give me indyspepsia. Hey, waiter! W-a-i-t-e-r!"

Several people scowled and hissed at Ike's uproar.

"That's all right," said he, throwing on the loud pedal. "A feller what is paying for his stuff as he goes along has got a right to make hisself heard." He addressed the air calmly. "And, moreover, there is folks around which makes a darned sight more noise with their French peas than I do callin' my waiter. And, moreover again, I have saw this show four times already and I give you my word when the orchestra comes to that Dixie song you will hear a yell out from me. I'm as good an American as the rest of you and a good American is a man that makes hisself heard when he's spendin' his money, ain't it?"

Little Dollie Doodle, the girl who carries the Y. M. C. A. emblem in the New York Clubs ensemble, was airing her grievances

on this stage and to think they've wasted it on the Y. M. C. A.!"

Yet it is a likesome place, I suppose. Everybody likes to go there; Sam Bernard and Dicky Davis and Lillian Russell. So you see.

Everybody does sit at ease and eat and drink deliciously. There is seldom anything sodden about the people in the audience; they wear through a long evening in respectable shape, only very occasionally heaving a bowl at an actor when the horrid notion suddenly bursts over the heaver that the actor is rotten. The audience sits calmly through four or five hours and demands of the players: "Now, here I am; be wicked for me." For the most part, it remains an unmoved audience.

I did see a one-legged man who, when the ballet came on, seemed to me to have a jealous expression.

Then, too, when the master of ceremonies comes on in the cabaret show, there is perceptible a slight loosening and tremor

around the gills of the audience. The master of ceremonies is an old English institution. He bandies words with individuals in the audience and announces each performer. Here is a sample:

"The next act will be two young ladies posing as statues. Their costume was put on with a brush. I wish I was a painter."

There have been strong men arise in their editorial "we" and proclaim this sort of show wicked. The display of Hell humorously upon the stage in what the librettist calls profane satire has been announced as wicked, so labeled and so digested by much of the country. The *jambe en l'air* is said to be wicked. Mine was a pursuit after wickedness, to trace it through its disguises to its most intimate form, to strip it of its absurdities, to show it in its horrors. All of us, when we consider wickedness, somehow have a mad desire to kill it.

Some say this is our Puritanism. Some say it is our provincialism. Some say it is our youth and inexperience. At any rate, it is here—a national endeavor that has its high lights of humor and its high lights of passion.

SEEKING THE WICKEDNESS OF NEW YORK

Thinking these thoughts, of a sudden in that place of folly a serious purpose came to me.

I wanted to see the real wickedness of New York.

With that curious desire in the back of my head whispering for an answer, I sat and watched the chorus girls in their almost nakedness, scantily attired in what I presume the Supreme Court would call a "reasonable" amount of silk and satin. I saw them in the song "How Would You Like to be the Shoestore Man?" with all its hints of salaciousness.

And the whisper said, "This is not the real wickedness of the old town."

I saw Salome come out; her form was shocking to me only because it was so evidently pneumatic. I saw the *valse d'amour* with its stale and customary wriggings. I heard the usual jokes about Hell. I saw the long, involved, time-killing ballet of "Temptations" with, to quote the programme, "Sixty Ladies of the Corps de Ballet impersonating Cigarettes, Liqueurs, Cards, Roulette, Daughters of Eve, Courtesans and Slaves of Love."

And the whisper said, "This is not the wickedness you seek."

I saw Ethel Levey as the Spanish dancer, in a harem skirt and the usual contortions which fond tradition says are popular under the blazing Andalusian sun. I saw naked girls, their flesh daubed with grease and am-I-marble, simulating statuary. Behind me sat a young physician. I heard him gasp and whisper, "This is the wickedest thing I ever saw in a theater." Another fellow said, "I wish I had a bean shooter." A young girl at the next table whispered sharply, "Mother, don't look." Her mother put up her lorgnette and stared at the shapely, motionless, silent figures.

"Why not?" said my own little curious voice. "This is not the wickedness that damns this town forever."

Then came the cabaret show. This is a string of vaudeville which begins at eleven o'clock at night and runs until one o'clock in the morning. Around this hour of the night, when coalheavers snore and the farm dog barks at the whippoorwill, when actors are rubbing off their grease paint and getting into their street clothes, when ghosts walk and the cadet in the dark side street off Broadway is stirring his own private graveyard into action, the New Yorker sits down to "a little supper."

In the cabaret show I saw the "wicked" Denarber, called the French Eva Tanguay, sing her naughty French songs and "borrow" a drink of champagne from an old man in the audience. I saw some more "wicked" living pictures and the like.

WORKING TOO HARD TO BE BAD

"Now," said the little whisper, "you are disappointed, I know. Because this cannot be essential wickedness. The people on the stage have worked too hard trying to be wicked. The people at the tables—even that old woman displaying four inches of stocking and a French-heeled slipper—have worked too hard trying to get their money's worth of wickedness. Wickedness is a spiritual thing: it springs from the spirit, just as goodness does. If it didn't, it would be so easy for us to draw the line between what is good and what is bad! Remember that the Devil was a fallen angel."

Then I said: "Where will we find this thing beneath the surface of New York, this thing which springs from the heart?"

Answered the little whisper: "Nowhere

in what the audience thinks of the show. But somewhere in what the audience thinks of its own life."

So we took a turn at that cheerful audience and stalked for the dark and sinister word that should make all clear.

"Saturday night in the good old summer time," said a plump little any-suit-in-this-window-for-twenty-dollars man. He spoke to another man who had evidently gone in with him and bought one also; and he spoke in that wise and nasty tone which marked him as born somewhere between the Battery and the clean woods. "The town ought to be full o' buckwheats, but I don't see none of 'em here."

"Buckwheats," said the other in the same tone, "buckwheats is a new one. Answer."

"Rubes." He waved his cigarette. "Any guy that comes from the camps."

And they both laughed harshly at the rest of the world outside New York.

"We are getting close," said the whisper. "But this is only the track of the thing. However, it has passed this way."

THE VOICE OF THE "HAM"

"Look at that entrance. He ought to come staggerin' on. He crabs that act right from the start, before he ever gets to the center of the stage."

We turned. It was the voice of what is known as a "ham," because Shakespeare once wrote a play. A "ham" actor. He was jeering at the work of the actor on the stage. "That aéroplane monologue of mine is what they need in this show. It'd put ginger in it." Then four other "hams" each began telling the old, old story of how good they were and how perfectly rotten was the man who had the job and was getting the money therefor.

Said the whisper, "Envy. It might be the mark of Its left hind foot. But—look there!"

He was old enough to be her grandfather. They were sitting at a little table, the soft glow of the shaded red lamp throwing only his face and her face clearly before us. Then her little hands came up twitching and plucking at the table while her face turned away toward the show. Then his white shirt bosom leaned over. He was gray-haired, well-groomed, solid, pompous; there was a flush of color in his cheeks and his eyes swam like little gray fishes in the champagne he had drunk. And she was

rather cheap, and she was rather thin, but she was very young and very pretty. More. Conventionality murmured that she was a demi-rep, while his rep was quadruple X. He would go back to his business to-morrow and be a great man in his world, and she would go back to a slim little Italian waiting in a tawdry room to either take her money or give her a beating, or both.

Then he said slowly, with his lips pursed calculatingly, "I'd like to help you, but you know I can't do it. I've got to consider the thing from my point of view, little girl. I——"

She still kept her face turned away and broke in: "Oh, well, I suppose help is a pretty hard thing to get in this world. But let it go."

"Yes, let it go," he exclaimed gayly. "Drink a little more wine, and let it go." He reached over and poured it out for her himself. Then the little gray fishes swam in one direction, flirted their tails, and turned and swam the other way in his head.

"Well, well," he laughed.

The orchestra was playing a popular New York tune and he began singing the words:

"Who are you with to-night, to-night,
Oh, who are you with to-night?
Who is the dreamy, peachy, creamy, vision of
sweet delight?"

He whistled a bit and then, taking a hasty gulp of champagne, he concluded with the orchestra:

"Will you tell your wife in the morning
Who you were with to-night?"

The music stopped. "Aw, rats," he suddenly sneered. For the girl, lifting her glass to her lips, had quietly broken into tears and was sobbing at her hell as she set the glass down again.

"Not yet," whispered the voice, "but that is Its right hind foot set down hard. If we are lucky we will get all four foot-prints together, where the thing has crouched and sprung."

WHEN THE PLAY DIED AWAY

Then slowly the play died away. And as the play died, the crowd began to leave. Down came the curtain. Chairs were pushed back from tables. People called, "Here!" "Page!" "Check!" "Get me this coat and hat." "Waiter, here. Bring me my bill."

Slowly they shuffled toward the door, their minds anticipating, always anticipating, what had happened being at once forgotten.

"Good show."

"Oh, yes."

"Where'll we go now?"

"I know a place about two blocks from here. Open all night." And they stumbled and gathered and fussed and bawled. Except one pair, two men who sat so close to me I could have pulled the nearest one's sleeve, and his sleeve dangled from a stooped shoulder. His back was to me so I could not see his face, but he had a mild, weak back.

Opposite him sat the man. He was stout, fairly young, bullnecked, bullheaded, with that cleft of his chin which some are foolish enough to think a dimple. He was so torn with what he was saying that he never even noticed the close of the show and the bustle of the crowd.

A fan stood in front of him, a patent signal fan to call the waiter. It looked like a brass tube on the table. You pushed a button. The fan sprang up. The waiter came.

My man pushed it. The waiter said: "Nothing more to-night. It's one o'clock."

He looked at the waiter a little heavily and remarked: "Oh, is it? All right. Bring the bill." Then he beat the table and swore at the other: "Well, as I've told you, by God, I've got him. I've been after him for ten years, and now I've got the Indian sign on him. And when I say the word, he's done." Bang. "Done, that guy is, and to-morrow is his funeral."

Stoop-shoulders murmured something I couldn't catch.

"Rats. What do I care about his wife and kids?"

Stoop-shoulders murmured something else.

And then came the answer that showed me what I was trailing; then came the answer that showed me the old town's inmost notion of life; then came the answer that threw the light on the real blackness of the old town's heart; then came the answer that I had sought, the thing that was wicked beyond all the surface wickedness of a million places like the Folies Bergere.

"Love," snorted the man with the cleft in his chin, "Love? Come out of it! Why, I don't love a single damned thing on the face of the earth!"

Deathless

By Charles Hanson Towne

O LOVE, if our life here be only this—

A casual record on Time's mystic scroll,

A memorandum that the years can roll

In the absorbing night of some abyss,

And utterly extinguish; if our bliss

Is thus to perish; heart and brain and soul

To be removed beyond our poor control—

Need we forget one single hour to kiss?

Nay, we must love until the stars are tossed

Into the darkness of Oblivion;

Until in wasted ashes burns the sun,

And the mad moon hangs like a disc of frost;

Then on Faith's loom, where every thread is spun,

Our golden pattern never shall be lost.



"SHE SIMPLY STOOD THERE, WHITE-FACED AND SPEECHLESS."

The Woman in the Case

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Wiretappers," etc.

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

I NOTICED, as I turned into Fifth Avenue, that the moving finger of light on the Metropolitan clock-dial pointed to an hour past midnight. So I veered aimlessly about that delta of idleness, where the noontide turbulence of Broadway empties its driftwood into the quietness of the square, and pursued my languid way up the avenue.

No one can claim to know New York who does not know its avenues in those mystical small hours that fall between the revolving street-sweeper and the robin-call of the first morning paper. Fifth Avenue, above all

her sisters, then lies as though tranquilized by Death, as calm as the Coliseum under its Italian moonlight. She seems, under the stars, both mediævalized and spiritualized. She speaks then in an intimate whisper foreign to her by day, veiling her earthlier loquacity in a dreaming wonder, softening and sweetening like a woman awaiting her lover. The great steel shafts enclosed in their white marble become turrets crowned with mystery. And the street-floor itself, as clean and polished as a ballroom, seems to undulate off into outer kingdoms of romance. An occasional lonely motor-car

dipping up its gentle slopes like a ship threading a narrow sea-lane buoyed with pearls as huge as pumpkins, only accentuates the midnight solitude.

So up this dustless and odorless and transmuted avenue I wandered, as passively as a policeman on his beat, asking of the quietness when and how I might capture that thief of weariness known as sleep.

I wandered on, mocked at by a thousand drawn blinds, taunted by a thousand somnolently closed doors. I felt a pariah in that city of rest, as homeless as a prairie-wolf. The very smugness of those veiled and self-satisfied house-fronts began to get on my nerves. The very taciturnity of the great silent hostelrys irritated me; everything about them seemed so eloquent of an interregnum of rest, of relaxed tension, of invisible reservoirs of life being softly and secretly filled.

Yet as I came to the open width of the Plaza, and saw the wooded gloom of Central Park before me, I experienced an even stronger feeling of disquiet. There seemed something repugnant in its autumnal solitudes. That vague agoraphobia peculiar to the neurasthenic made me long for the contiguity of my own kind, however unconscious of me and my wandering they might remain. I found myself, almost without thought, veering off eastward into one of the city's side-streets.

Yet along this lateral valley of quietness I wandered as disconsolately as before. What impressed me now was the monotony of the house-fronts which shouldered together, block by block. Each front seemed of the same Indiana sandstone, of the same dull grey, as though, indeed, the whole district were a quarry checker-boarded by eroding cross-currents out of the self-same rock. Each tier of windows seemed backed by the same blinds, each street-step barricaded by the same door. I stopped and looked up, wondering if behind those neutral-tinted walls and blinds were lives as bald and monotonous as the materials that screened them. I wondered if an environment so without distinction would not actually evolve a type equally destitute of individuality.

I turned where I stood, and was about to pass diffidently on, when one of the most unexpected things that can come to a man at midnight happened to me. Out of a clear sky, without a note or movement of warning,

there suddenly fell at my feet a heavy bundle. Where it came from I had no means of telling. The house above me was as silent and dark as a tomb. The street was as empty as a church. Had the thing been a meteor out of a star-lit sky, or a wild-cat leaping from a tree-branch, it could not have startled me more.

I stood looking at it, in wonder, as it lay beside the very area-railing on which my hand had rested. Then I stepped back and leaned in over this railing, more clearly to inspect the mystery. Whatever it was it had fallen with amazingly little noise. There was no open window to explain its source. There had been no wind to blow it from an upper-story sill. There was no movement to show that its loss had been a thing of ponderable import. Yet there it lay, a mystery which only the deep hours of the night, when the more solemnly imaginative faculties come into play, could keep from being ridiculous.

I stood there for several minutes blinking down at it, as though it were a furred beast skulking in a corner. Then I essayed a movement which, if not above the commonplace, was equally related to common-sense. I stepped in through the railing and picked up the parcel. I turned it over several times. Then I sat down on the stone steps and deliberately untied the heavy cord that baled it together.

I now saw why I had thought of that falling bundle as an animal's leap. It was completely wrapped up in what I took to be a Russian squirrel motor-coat. The tightly tied fur had padded the parcel's fall.

Enclosed in that silk-lined garment I found a smaller bundle, swathed about with several lengths of what seemed to be Irish point lace. Inside this again were other fragments of lacework. Through these I thrust my exploring fingers with all the alert curiosity of a child investigating a Christmas-tree cornucopia.

There, in the heart of the parcel, I found a collection which rather startled me. The first thing I examined was a chamois bag filled with women's rings, a dozen or more of them, of all kinds. I next drew out a Florentine *repoussé* handbag set with turquoises and seed-pearls, and then a moonstone necklace, plainly of antique Roman workmanship. Next came a black and white Egyptian scarab, and then, of all things, a snuff-box. It was oval and of gold,

enameled* *en plein* with a pastoral scene swarming with plump pink Cupids. Even in that uncertain light it required no second glance to assure me that I was looking down at a rare and beautiful specimen of Louis XV jeweler's art. Then came a small photograph in an oval gold frame. The remainder of the strange collection was made up of odds and ends of jewelry and a leather-covered traveling-clock stamped with gilt initials.

I did not take the time to look more closely over this odd assortment of valuables, for it now seemed clear that I had stumbled on something as disturbing as it was unexpected. The only explanation of an otherwise inexplicable situation was that a house-breaker was busily operating somewhere behind the grey-stone wall which I faced.

The house behind that wall seemed to take on no new color at this discovery. Its inherent sobriety, its very rectangularity of outline, appeared a contradiction of any claim that it might be harboring a figure either picturesque or picaresque. It was no old mansion stained with time, dark with memories and tears. It carried no atmosphere of romance, no suggestion of old and great adventures, of stately ways and noble idlers, of intrigues and unremembered loves and hates, of silence and gloom touched with the deeper eloquence of unrecorded history. It was nothing more than a new and narrow and extremely modern house, in the very heart of a modern New York, simple in line and as obvious in architecture as the warehouses along an old-world water-front, as bare of heart as it was bald of face, a symbol of shrill materialities, of the day of utility. It could no more have been a harbor for romance, I told myself, than the stone curb in front of it could be translated into a mountain-precipice threaded with brigand-paths.

Yet I went slowly up those unwelcoming stone steps with the bundle under my arm. The thief at work inside the house, I assumed, had simply tied the heavier part of his loot together and dropped it from a quietly opened window, to be gathered as quickly up, once he had effected his escape to the street. The sudden after-thought that it might have been dropped for a confederate caused me to look carefully eastward and then as carefully westward. But not a sign of life met my gaze. My

figure standing puzzled before that unknown door was the only figure in the street.

Heaven only knows what prompted me to reach out and try that door. It was, I suppose, little more than the habit of a life-time, the almost unconscious habit of turning a knob when one finds oneself confronted by a door that is closed. The thing that sent a little thrill of excitement through my body was that the knob turned in my hand, that the door itself stood unlocked.

I stooped down and examined this lock as best I could in the uncertain light. I even ran a caressing finger along the edge of the door. There was no evidence that it had been jimmied open, just as there was nothing to show that the lock itself did not stand intact and uninjured. A second test of the knob, however, showed me that the door was unmistakably open.

My obvious course, at such a time, would have been to wait for a patrolman or to slip quietly away and send word in to police headquarters. But, as I have already said, no man is wholly sane after midnight. Subliminal faculties, ancestral perversions, dormant and wayward tendencies, all come to the surface, emerging like rats about a sleeping mansion. And crowning these, again, was my own neurasthenic craving for activity, my hunger for the narcotizing influences of excitement.

And it has its zest of novelty, this stepping into an unknown and unlighted house at three o'clock in the morning. That novelty takes on a razor-edge when you have fairly good evidence that some one who has no business there has already preceded you into that house.

So as I stepped inside and quietly closed the door after me, I moved forward with the utmost care. Some precautionary sixth sense told me the place was not unoccupied. Yet the darkness that surrounded me was absolute. Not a sound or movement came to my ears as I stood there listening, minute after minute. So I crept deeper into the gloom.

My knowledge of that stereotyped class of residence provided me with a very fair idea of where the stairway ought to stand. Yet it took much prodding and groping and pawing about before I came to it. One flicker of a match, I knew, would have revealed the whole thing to me. But to strike a light, under the circumstances, would be both foolish and dangerous. No



"THE FURY OF THE MAN IN THE SHAGGY AND BEARLIKE DRESSING GOWN WAS MORE THAN I COULD UNDERSTAND."

house dog, I felt, would interrupt my progress; the mere remembrance of the intruder above me set my mind at rest on this point.

I came to a stop at the head of the first stairway, puzzled by the completeness of the quiet which encompassed me. I directed my attention to each quarter of the compass, point by point.

But I might have been locked and sealed in a cistern, so complete was the silence, so opaque was the blackness. Yet I felt that nothing was to be gained by staying where I was.

So I groped and shuffled my way onward, rounding the banister and advancing step by step up the second stairway. This, I noticed, was both narrower and steeper than the first. I was also not unconscious of the fact that it was leading me into a zone of greater danger, for the floor I was approaching, I knew, would be the sleeping floor.

I was half way up the stairway when something undefined brought me to a sudden stop. Some nocturnal adeptness of instinct warned me of an imminent presence, of a menace that had not yet disclosed itself.

Once more I came to a stop, straining my eyes through the darkness. Nothing whatever was to be seen. Along the floor of the hallway just above my head, however, passed a small but unmistakable sound. It was the soft *frou-frou* of a skirt, a skirt of silk or satin, faintly rustling as a woman walked the full length of the hall. I had just made a mental register of the deduction that this woman was dressed in street-clothes, and was, accordingly, an intruder from outside, rather than a sleeper suddenly awakened, when a vague suffusion of light filled the space above me and was as quickly quenched again.

I knew the moment I heard the soft thud of wood closing against wood, that a door had been quietly opened and as quietly closed again. The room into which that door led must have been faintly lighted, for it was the flowering of this refracted light that had caught my attention.

I went silently up the stairs, step by step, listening every now and then as I advanced. Once I reached the level floor I kept close to the wall, feeling my way along until I came to the door I wanted.

There was no way whatever of determining what stood on the other side of that door without opening it. I knew what

risks I ran in attempting any such movement. But I decided it was worth the risk.

Now, if a door is opened slowly, if every quarter-inch of movement is measured and guarded, it can, as a rule, be done noiselessly. I felt quite sure there was not one distinguishable sound as I cautiously turned that bronze knob and even more cautiously worked back the door, inch by inch.

I came to a stop when it stood a little more than a foot from the jamb. I did not, at first, attempt to sidle in through the aperture; that would have been needlessly reckless. I stood there waiting, anticipating the effect the door-movement might have had on any occupant of the room, had it been seen. While I waited I also studied that portion of the chamber which fell within my line of vision. I saw enough to convince me that the room was a bedroom. I could also make out that it was large, and from the rose-pink of its walls to the ivory-white of its furnishings it stood distinctly feminine in note.

There was, I felt, a natural limit to that period of experimental inaction. The silence lengthened. The crisis of tedium approached, arrived, and passed. Audaciousness re-conquered me, and I actually advanced a little into the room. Steadying myself with one hand on the door-frame, I thrust my body through the narrow aperture until the whole four walls lay subject to my line of vision.

The first thing I noticed was a green-shaded electric lamp burning on what seemed to be a boudoir writing-table. It left the rest of the room in little more than twilight. But after the utter darkness through which I had groped, this faint illumination was quite adequate for my purposes.

I let my gaze pivot about the room, point by point. Then, if I did not gasp, there was at least a sudden and involuntary cessation of breathing, for standing beside a second door at the farther end of the room was a woman dressed in black. On her head was a black hat, round which a veil was tightly wound, the front of it apparently thrust up hurriedly from her face. But what startled me was the fact that both her attitude and her position seemed such an exact duplication of my own.

With one hand, I noticed, she clung to the frame of the door. With the other hand she held back a heavy portier which hung across this frame. I could see the

white half-oval of her intent face as she stood there. Something about her suggested not the spying intruder so much as the secret listener. Her attention seemed directed towards something which her eyes were not seeing. It appeared as though she stood waiting to overhear a sound which meant much to her.

As I peered past her through the dim light I could catch a faint glimmer of green and white marble, with here and there the high-lights reflected from polished nickel. I knew then that the room into which she was peering was a bath-room, and this bath-room, I concluded, opened on a second sleeping-chamber which held the *raison d'être* of her motionless apprehension.

I directed my glance once more at the woman. Something almost penitential in her attitude brought the sudden thought to my mind that she had committed a crime at the mere memory of which she was already morally stricken. Unexpected discovery, I began to suspect, had driven her to an extreme which she was already beginning to regret. There was, in fact, something so pregnant and portentous in that unchanging attitude of hers that I began to feel it would be a mean surrender on my part to evade the issue in which I had already risked so much. So I moved silently into the room, crossing it without a sound, until I dropped into a high-backed *fauteuil* upholstered in embossed and pale-green leather.

I sat there studying her, unaccountably at my ease, fortified by the knowledge that I was the observer of an illicit intrusion and that my own presence, if impertinent, might at least be easily explained. I saw her sigh deeply and audibly, and then gently close the door, dropping the curtain as she turned slowly away.

I watched her as she crossed to the dresser, looked over the toilet articles on it, and then turned away. She next skirted a heavy cheval mirror, crossed to the writing-table with her quick yet quietly restless movements, and from this table caught up what seemed to be a metal paper-knife. She moved on to an ivory and mother-of-pearl desk, which, apparently, she already knew to be locked. For after one short glance towards the curtained door again, she inserted the edge of the knife in a crack of this desk and slowly pried on the lock-bar that held it shut.

I saw her second apprehensive glance towards the curtained door as the lock sprung with a snap. She sank into a chair before it, breathing quickly, obviously waiting a minute or two to make sure she had not been overheard. Then with quick and dexterous fingers she rummaged through the desk. Just what she swept from one of the drawers into her open hand-bag I could not distinguish. But I plainly saw the package of letters which she took up in her hand, turned over and over, then carefully and quietly secreted within the bosom of her dress. She looked deeper into the desk, examined an additional paper or two which appeared not to interest her, and slowly swung back the cover.

She slowly rose to her feet, standing beside the desk. She let her gaze, as she stood there, wander about the room. I could distinctly see the look on her face, the hungry and unhappy look of unsatisfied greed. I sat there motionless, waiting for that expression to change. I knew that it must change, for it would be but a moment or two before she caught sight of me. But I had seen enough. I felt sure of my position—in fact, I found a wayward relish in it, an almost enjoyable anticipation of the shock which I knew the discovery of my presence there would bring to her. I even exulted a little in that impending dramatic crisis, rejoicing in the slowness with which the inevitable yet epochal moment was approaching.

Her eyes must have dwelt on my figure for several seconds before her mind became convinced of my actual presence there. She did not scream, as I thought she was about to do when I saw one terrified hand go up to her partly opened lips. Beyond that single hand-movement there was no motion whatever from her. She simply stood there, white-faced and speechless, staring at me out of wide and vacant eyes.

"Good evening—or, rather, good morning!" I said, with all the calmness at my command.

For one brief second she glanced back towards the curtained door, as though behind it lay a sleeper my words might awaken. Then she stared at me again.

She did not speak. She did not even move. The intent and staring face, white as a half-moon in a misty sky, seemed floating in space. The faint light of the

room swallowed up the lines of her black-clad figure, enisling the face in the unbroken gloom of a Rembrandt-like background, making it stand out as though it were luminous.

It was a face well worth studying. What first struck me was its pallor. Across this the arched, faintly interrogative eyebrows gave it a false air of delicacy. The eyes themselves had a spacious clarity which warned me my enemy would not be without a capable enough mind, once she regained possession of her wits. Her mouth, no longer distorted by terror, was the nervous, full-lipped mouth of a once ardent spirit touched with rebellion.

She was, I could see, no every-day thief of the streets, no ordinary offender satisfied with mean and petty offences. There would, I told myself, always be a largeness about her wrong-doing, a sinister brilliance in her illicit pursuits. And even while I decided this, I was forced to admit that it was not precisely terror I was beholding on her face. It seemed to merge into something more like a sense of shame, the same speechless horror which I might have met with had I intruded on her bodily nakedness. I could see that she was even beginning to resent my stare of curiosity. Then, for the first time, she spoke.

"Who are you?" she asked. Her voice was low; in it was the quaver of the frightened woman resolutely steeling herself to courage.

"That's a question you're first going to answer for me," was my calmly deliberate retort.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, still confronting me from the same spot. I remembered the bundle of loot which I had dropped just outside the door.

"I can answer that more easily than you can," I replied, with a slight head-movement towards the broken desk-top.

Once more her glance went back to the curtained door. Then she studied me from head to foot, each sartorial detail and accessory of clothing, hat, gloves, and shoes, as though each must figure in the resolution of some final judgment.

"What do you want?" she demanded. "What do you intend to do?"

I resented the way in which she anticipated my own questions. I could see, from the first, that she was going to be an extraordinarily adept and circuitous person

to handle. I warned myself that I would have to be ready for every trick and turn.

"What do you suppose I'm going to do?" I equivocated, looking for some betraying word to put me on firmer ground. I could see that she was slowly regaining her self-possession.

"You have no right in this house," she had the brazenness to say to me.

"Have *you*?" I quickly retorted. She was silent for a second or two.

"No," she admitted, much as she would like to have claimed the contrary.

"Of course not! And I imagine you realize what your presence here implies, just as what your discovery here entails?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"And I think you have the intelligence to understand that I'm here for motives somewhat more disinterested than your own?"

"What are they?" she demanded, letting her combative eyes meet mine.

"That," I calmly replied, "can wait until you've explained yourself."

"I've nothing to explain."

There was a newer note in her voice again—one of stubbornness. I could see that the calmness with which I pretended to regard the whole affair was a source of bewilderment to her.

"You've *got* to explain," was my equally obdurate retort.

Her next pose was one of frigidity.

"You are quite mistaken. We have nothing whatever to do with each other."

"Oh, yes we have. And I'm going to prove it."

"How?"

"By putting an end to this play-acting."

"That sounds like a threat."

"It was meant for one."

"What right have you to threaten me?"

She looked about as she spoke, almost wearily. Then she sank into the chair that stood beside the ravaged writing-desk. It was all diverting enough, but I was beginning to lose patience with her.

"I'm tired of all this side-stepping," I told her. I saw the answering look of anger that flashed from her.

"I object to your presence here," she had the effrontery to exclaim.

"You mean, I suppose, that I'm rather interfering with your night's operations?"

"Those operations," she answered in a fluttering dignity, "are my own affair."

"Of course they are!" I scoffed. "They *have* to be! But you should have kept them your own affair. When you drop a bundle of swag out of a window you shouldn't come so perilously near to knocking a man's hat off."

"A bundle of swag?" she echoed, with such a precise imitation of wonder that I could plainly see she was going to be the astutest of liars.

"The loot you intended carrying off," I calmly explained. "The stuff you dropped down beside the house-step, to be ready for your get-away."

"My what?"

"Your escape. And it was rather clever."

"I dropped nothing," she protested, with a fine pretence of bewilderment on her face.

"Nor let it roll quietly off a front window-ledge?" I suggested.

"I was near no window—it would be impossible for me to open a window," she protested. Her words in themselves were a confession.

"You seem to know this house pretty well," I remarked.

"I ought to—it's my own," was her quick retort.

"It's your own?" I repeated, amazed, at the woman's mendacity.

"It *was* my own," she corrected.

I peered quickly about the room. It held three doors, one behind the woman, opening into the bath-room, a second opening into the hallway, and a third to the rear, which plainly opened into a clothes closet. There had been too much of this useless and foolish argument.

"Since your claim to proprietorship is so strong," I said as I crossed to the hall door, and, after locking it, pocketed the key, "there are certain features of it I want you to explain to me."

"What do you mean?" she asked, once more on her feet.

"I want to know," I said, moving towards the curtained door beside her, "just who or what is in that front room?"

The look of terror came back to her white face. She even stood with her back against the door, as though to keep me from opening it, making an instinctive gesture for silence as I stood facing her.

"I'm going to find out what is in that room," I proclaimed, unmoved by the agony I saw written on her guilty face.

"Oh, believe me," she said, in supplica-

tory tones, a little above a whisper, "it will do no good. It will only make you sorry you ever interfered in this."

"But you've made it my duty to interfere."

"No; no; you're only blundering into something where you can do no good, where you have no right."

"Then I intend to blunder into that room!" And I tore the portier from her grasp and flung it to one side.

"Wait," she whispered, white-faced and panting close beside me. "I'll tell you everything. I'll explain it—everything."

The tragic solemnity of that low-toned relinquishment brought me up short. It was my turn to be bewildered by an opponent I could not quite understand.

"Sit down," she said, with a weary and almost imperious movement of the hand as she advanced into the room and again sank into the chair beside the writing-desk.

"Now what is it you want to know?" she asked, with only too obvious equivocation. Her trick to gain time exasperated me.

"Don't quibble and temporize that way," I cried. "Say what you've got to, and say it quick."

She directed at me a look which I resented, a look of scorn, of superiority, of resignation in the face of brutalities which I should never have subjected her to. Yet, when she spoke again her voice was so calm as to seem almost colorless.

"I said this was my home—and it's true. This was once my room. Several weeks ago I left it."

"Why?" I inquired, resenting the pause which was plainly giving her a chance to phrase ahead of her words.

"I quarreled with my husband. I went away. I was angry. I—I— There's no use explaining what it was about."

"You've *got* to explain what it was about," I insisted.

"You couldn't possibly understand. It's impossible to explain," she went quietly on. "I discharged a servant who was not honest. Then he tried to blackmail me. He lied about me. I had been foolish, indiscreet, anything you care to call it. But the lie he told was awful, unbelievable. That my husband should ask me to disprove it was more than I could endure. We quarreled, miserably, hopelessly. I went away. I felt it would be humiliating to stay under the same roof with him."

"Wait," I interposed, knowing the weak

link was sure to present itself in time. "Where is your husband now?"

She glanced toward the curtained door.

"He's in that room asleep," she quietly replied.

"And knowing him to be asleep you came to clean out the house?" I prompted.

"No," she answered without anger.

"But when service was begun for an interlocutory decree I knew I could never come back openly. There were certain things of my own I wanted very much."

"And just how did you get into the house?"

"The one servant I could trust agreed to throw off the latch after midnight, to leave the door unlocked for me when I knew I would never be seen."

"Then why couldn't that trusted servant have secured the things you came after? Without all this foolish risk of your forcing your way into a house at midnight?"

Her head drooped a little.

"I wanted to see my husband," was the quiet-toned response. Just how, she did not explain. I had to admit to myself that it was very good acting. But it was not quite convincing; and the case against her was too palpably clear.

"This is a fine cock-and-bull story," I calmly declared. "But just how are you going to make me believe it?"

"You don't have to believe it," was her impassive answer. "I'm only telling what you demanded to know."

"To know, yes—but how am I to know?"

She raised her hand with a movement of listless resignation.

"If you go to the top drawer of that dresser you will see my photograph in a silver frame next to one of my husband. That will show you at a glance."

For just a moment it flashed through me as I crossed the room that this might be a move to give her time for some attempted escape. But I felt, on second thought, that I was master enough of the situation to run the risk. And here, at last, was a point to which she could be most definitely pinned down.

"The other drawer," she murmured as my hand closed on the fragile ivory-tinted knob. I moved on to the second drawer and opened it. I had thrust an interrogative finger down into its haphazard clutter of knick-knacks, apparently thrown together by a hurried and careless hand, when

from the other end of the room came a quick movement which seemed to curdle the blood in my veins. It brought me wheeling about, with a jump that was both grotesque and galvanic.

I was just in time to see the figure that darted out through the suddenly opened door of the clothes-closet.

I found myself confronted by a man, a thin-lipped, heavy-jawed man of about thirty-five, with black pin-point pupils to his eyes. He wore a small-rimmed derby hat and a double-breasted coat of blue cheviot. But it was not his clothes that especially interested me. What caught and held my attention was the ugly, short-barrelled revolver which was gripped in the fingers of his right hand. This revolver, I noticed, was unmistakably directed at me as he advanced into the room. I could not decide which was uglier, the blue-metalled gun or the face of the man behind it.

"Get back against that wall," he commanded. "Then throw up your hands. Get 'em up quick!"

I had allowed her to trap me after all! I had even let myself half-believe that pleasant myth of the slumbering husband in the next room. And all the while she was guarding this unsavory-looking confederate who, ten to one, had been slinking about and working his way into a wall-safe even while I was wasting time with diverting but costly talk.

And with that gun-barrel blinking at me I had no choice in the matter—I was compelled to assume the impotent and undignified attitude of a man supplicating the unanswering heavens. The woman turned and contemplated the newcomer, contemplated him with a fine pretense of surprise.

"Hobbs," she cried, "how did you get here?"

"You shut up!" he retorted over his shoulder.

"What are you doing in this house?" she repeated, with a sustained show of amazement.

"Oh, I'll get round to *you*, all right, all right," was his second rejoinder.

Hobbs' left hand, in the meanwhile, had lifted my watch from its pocket and with one quick jerk tore watch and chain away from its waistcoat anchorage.

"You're a sweet pair, you two!" I ejaculated, for that watch was rather a decent one and I hated to see it ill-treated.

"Shut up!" said Hobbs, as his hand went down in my breast-pocket in search of a wallet. I knew, with that gun-barrel pressed close against my body, that it would be nothing short of suicidal to try to have it out with him then and there. I had to submit to that odious pawing and prodding about my body. But if my turn ever came, I told myself, it would be a sorry day for Hobbs—and an equally sorry one for that smooth-tongued confederate of his.

"You're a sweet pair!" I repeated, hot to the bone, as that insolent hand went down into still another pocket.

But it did not stay there. I saw a sudden change creep over the man's face. He looked up with a quick and bird-like side-movement of the head. It was not until he wheeled about that I realized the reason of the movement.

The actual motive behind the thing I could not fathom. The real significance of the tableau was beyond my reach. But as I looked up I saw that the woman had crept noiselessly to the hall door, and with a sudden movement had thrust out her hand and tried to open this door. But as I had already locked it, and still carried the key in my pocket, her effort was a useless one. Just why it should enrage her confederate was more than I could understand. He ignored me for the time being, crossing the room at a run and flinging the woman in black away from the door-knob. She, in turn, was making a pretence to resent that assault. Why she should do this I did not wait to ask. I saw my chance and took it.

Half-a-dozen quick steps brought me to the bath-room door, one turn of the knob threw it open, and another step put me through it and brought the door closed after me. There was, I found, a key in the lock, on the inside. Another second of time saw that key turned. A quick pad or two about the cool marble wall brought my hand in contact with the light-switch.

The moment the light came on I darted to the inner door and tried it. But this, to my dismay, was locked, although I could catch sight of no key in it. I ran back for the key of the first door, tried it, and found it useless. At any moment, I knew, a shot might come splintering through those thin panels. And at any moment, should they decide on that move, the two of them might have their own door into the hallway forced open and be scampering for the street.

I reached over and wrenched a nickelled towel-bar away from the wall opposite me. One end of this I deliberately jabbed into the white-leaded wood between the frame and the jamb of the second door. I was about to pry with all my force, when the sound of yet another voice came from the room before me. It was a disturbed yet sleepy voice, muffled, apparently, by a second portier hung on the outside of this second door.

"Is that you, Simmonds?" demanded this voice.

I continued to pry, for I felt like a rat in a corner, in that bald little bath-room, and I wanted space about me, even though that meant fresh danger. The mysteries were now more than I could decipher. I no longer gave thought to them. The first thing I wanted was liberation, escape. But my rod-end bent under the pressure to which I subjected it, and I had to reverse it and try for a fresh hold.

I could hear, as I did so, the sudden sound of feet crossing a floor, the click of a light-switch, and then the rattle of the portier-rings on the rod above the door at which I stood.

"Who locked this door?" demanded the startled voice on the other side. For answer, I threw my weight on the rod and forced the lock. I still kept the metal rod in my hand, for a possible weapon, as I half-stumbled out into the larger room.

Before me I saw a man in pajamas. He was blonde and big and his hair was rumpled—that was all I knew about him, beyond the fact that his pajamas were a rather foolish tint of baby-blue. We stood there, for a second or two, staring at each other. We were each plainly afraid of the other, just as we were each a little reassured, I imagine, at the sight of the other.

"For love of God," he gasped, wide-eyed, "who are you?"

"Quick," I cried, "is this your house?"

"Of course it's my house," he cried back, retreating as I advanced. He suddenly side-stepped and planted his thumb on a call-bell.

"Good!" I said. "Get your servants here quick. We'll need them!"

"Who'll need them? What's wrong? What's up?"

"I've got two burglars locked in that room."

"Burglars?"

"Yes, and they'll have a nice haul if they get away. Have you got a revolver?"

"Yes," he answered, jerking open a drawer. I saw that his firearm was an automatic.

"Where's the telephone?" I demanded, crossing the room to the door that opened into the hall.

"On the floor below," he answered. He pulled on a brown blanket dressing-gown, drawing the girdle tight at the waist.

"You can get to it quicker than I can," I told him. "Give me the gun, and throw on the lights as you go down. Then get the police here as soon as you can."

"What'll you do?" he demanded.

"I'll guard the door," I answered as I all but pushed him into that hallway. Then I swung to the door after me, and locked it from the outside. "Quick, the gun," I said. There was no fear on his face now, yet it was natural enough that he should hesitate.

"What are you? An officer?"

There was no time for an explanation.

"Plain-clothes man," was my glib enough answer, as I caught the revolver from his hand. He switched on the hall lights.

He was half-way to the top of the stairs when a woman's scream, high-pitched and horrible, echoed out of the room, the room where I had the two confederates trapped. It was repeated, shrill and sharp. The face of the big blonde man went as white as chalk.

"Who is that?" he demanded, with staring eyes, facing the locked door of the second room. Then he backed off from the door.

I flung a cry of warning at him, but it did not stop his charge. His great shoulder went against the panelled wood like a battering-ram. Under the weight of that huge body the entire frame-facing gave way; he went lunging and staggering from sight into the dimly-lit inner room.

I waited there, with my gun at half-arm, feeling the room would suddenly erupt its two prisoners. Then, at a cry from the man, I stepped quickly in after him.

I had fortified myself for the unexpected, but the strangeness of the scene took my breath away. For there I beheld the man called Hobbs engaged in the absurd and extraordinary and altogether brutal occupation of trying to beat in his confederate's head with the butt of his heavy revolver. He must have struck her more than once, even before the man in the hairy brown

dressing-gown and the blue pajamas could leap for him and catch the uplifted arm as it was about to strike again.

The woman, protected by her hat and veil and a great mass of thick hair, still showed no signs of collapse. But the moment she was free she sat back, white and panting, in the same high-armed *fauteuil* which I myself had occupied a half-hour before. I made a leap for her companion's fallen revolver, before she could get it, though I noticed that she now seemed indifferent to both the loss of it and the outcome of the struggle which was taking place in the center of that pink and white abode of femininity.

And as I kept one eye on the woman and one on the gun in my hand I, too, caught fleeting glimpses of that strange struggle. It seemed more like a combat between wild-cats than a fight between two human beings. It took place on the floor, for neither man was any longer on his feet, and it wavered from one side of the room to the other, leaving a swathe of destruction where it went. A table went over, a fragile-limbed chair was crushed, the great cheval-glass was shattered, the writing-desk went down with a leg snapped off, a shower of toilet articles littered the rugs, a reading-lamp was overturned and went the way of the other things.

I no longer thought of the woman. All my attention went to the two men struggling and panting about the floor. The fury of the man in the shaggy and bear-like dressing-gown was more than I could understand. The madness of his onslaught seemed incomprehensible. This, I felt, was the way a tigress might fight for her brood, the way a cave-man might battle for his threatened mate. Nor did that fight end until the big blonde form towered triumphant above the darker clad figure.

Then I looked back at the woman, startled by her stillness through it all. She was leaning forward, white, intent, with parted lips. In her eyes I seemed to see both uneasiness and solicitude and desolation, but above them all slowly flowered a newer look, a look of vague exultation as she gazed from the defeated man gasping and choking for breath to the broad back of the shaggy-haired dressing-gown.

I had no chance to dwell on the puzzle of this, for the man enveloped in the shaggy-haired garment was calling out to me.

"Tie him up," he called. "Take the curtain-cords—but tie him tight!"

"Do you know this man?" something in his tone prompted me to ask, as I struggled with the heavy silk curtain-cords.

"It's Hobbs."

"I know that, but who's Hobbs?"

"A servant dismissed a month ago," was the other's answer.

"Then possibly you know the woman?" I asked, looking up.

"Yes, possibly I know the woman," he repeated, standing before her and staring into her white and desolate face. It took me a moment or two to finish my task of trussing the wrists of the sullen and sodden Hobbs. When I looked up the woman was on her feet, several steps nearer the door.

"Watch that woman!" I cried. "She's got a load of your loot on her!"

My words seemed merely to puzzle him. There was no answering alarm on his face.

"What do you mean?" he inquired. He seemed almost to resent my effort in his behalf. The woman's stare, too, seemed able to throw him into something approaching a comatose state, leaving him pale and helpless, as though her eye had the gift of some hypnotic power. It angered me to think that some mere accidental outward husk of respectability could make things so easy for her. Her very air of false refinement, I felt, would always render her viciousness double-edged in its danger.

"Search her!" I cried. "See what she's got under her waist there!"

He turned his back on me, deliberately, as though resenting my determination to dog him into an act that was distasteful to him.

"What have you there?" he asked her, without advancing any closer.

There was utter silence for a moment or two.

"Your letters," she at last answered, scarcely above a whisper.

"What are they doing there?" he asked.

"I wanted them," was all she said.

"Why should you want my letters?" was his next question.

She did not answer it. The man in the dressing-gown turned and pointed to the inert figure of Hobbs.

"What about him? How did he get here?"

"He must have followed me in from the street when the door was unlocked. Or

he may have come in before I did, and kept in hiding somewhere."

"Who left the door unlocked?"

"Simmonds."

"Why?"

"Because he could trust me!"

There was a muffled barb in this retort, a barb which I could not understand. I could see, however, that it had its effect on the other man. He stared at the woman with suddenly altered mien, with a foolish drop of the jaw which elongated his face and widened his eyes at the same moment. Then he wheeled on the sullen Hobbs.

"*Hobbs, you lied about her!*" he cried, like a blind man at last facing the light.

He had his hand on the bound and helpless burglar's throat.

"Tell me the truth, or by the living God, I'll kill you! You lied about her?"

"About what?" temporized Hobbs.

"You know what!"

Hobbs, I noticed, was doing his best to shrink back from the throttling fingers.

"It wasn't my fault!" he equivocated.

"But you lied?"

Hobbs did not answer, in words. But the man in the dressing-gown knew the answer, apparently, before he let the inert figure fall away from his grasp. He turned, in a daze, back to the waiting and watching woman, the white-faced woman with her soul in her eyes. His face seemed humbled, suddenly aged with some greying blight of futile contrition.

The two staring figures appeared to sway and waver towards each other. Before I could understand quite what it all meant the man had raised his arms and the woman had crept into them.

"Oh, Jim, I've been such a fool!" I heard her wail. And I could see that she was going to cry.

I knew, too, that that midnight of blunders had left me nothing to be proud of, that I had been an idiot from the first—and to make that idiocy worse I was now an intruder.

"I'll slip down and look after that 'phoning," I mumbled, so abashed and humiliated that as I groped weakly out through the door I stumbled over the Russian-squirrel bundle which I had placed there with my own hands.

"I've been such a fool!" I muttered, unconsciously echoing the woman's words.

"Small taxpayers generally were paying full rates while the public service corporations, steam railroads and large land-owning interests were paying between ten and twenty per cent of the amount required by law."



The Inequalities of Taxation

by Tom L. Johnson

Cartoons by J. H. Donahey

THE SECOND ARTICLE IN "NINE YEARS' WAR WITH PRIVILEGE"

IN this article I shall go into detail about the matter of taxation, and especially of railroad taxation, because it shows clearly how farcical, how unjust the whole scheme of taxation is as applied in this country to-day. The very officers you elect—the auditors, attorneys-general, and so on—refuse to obey even the letter of the law, refuse to do their duty by you, with the consequence that the men whom you elect to office simply put that much more burden on your pocketbook.

If, for instance, the railroads I fought in Ohio had not been able to corrupt the officials of the state and had been compelled to

pay in their just and due taxes to the state, and had Cleveland got her share of the tax money lawfully due her, it would have lightened the indebtedness of every citizen in Cleveland. Public works of all kinds could have gone forward without any financial setbacks, city and citizen alike would have felt the benefits from this money. But no.

The railroads lied, the auditors winked, the people were cheated and the money stayed where it could do the least good and the most harm—in the pockets of Privilege. And this sort of thing is going on every day of your life in your own city, out through the counties of your own state, in your state houses and under the dome of the national capitol.

ON January 8, 1901, I had spoken at the Jackson Day banquet in the Kennard House, Cleveland, and announced that I was now practically free from business and intended to devote my life to politics. I said that I would not be a candidate for any office, but would fight in the ranks for the principles of democracy. On February 1st a delegation of fifty Democrats called on me at my home and presented me with a petition signed by 15,682 names, asking me to become a candidate for mayor.

It would have been cowardly for me to refuse to run simply because I had publicly announced that I had no intention of doing so.

I was by no means acceptable to all the Democrats, most of those holding office being especially opposed to me, and I supposed I would have to contest the nomination. There were no other candidates, however, and I was nominated at the Democratic primaries, February 19, 1901.

My platform declared against granting extensions of franchises to the street railroads at any fare higher than three cents, for public improvements and for equal taxation. What I wanted to convey was that the city with its privileges and its responsibilities is the *people's* city; that it is as much their home as the houses in which they live.

A LAND GRAB BY A RAILROAD

Most of my time in the campaign was spent in the discussion of the street car question and the unjust appraisal of real property made in the summer of 1900; this appraisal, under the state law, was to stand for ten years. I promised the people that in the event of my election I would do

everything in my power to right this great wrong.

Between the graft of contractors and the graft of an unequal appraisal of property, the evils of the unjust appraisal are much the greater. The graft of the contractor includes a few conniving officials outside the law and is insignificant in its broad philosophic aspects, but an unequal appraisal of property for the purpose of taxation takes

dollars out of the pocket of one citizen and puts them into the pocket of another. This is larceny of the state for private graft.

The city was in a controversy with the steam railroads over the possession of the lake front of Lake Erie. As a citizen I had brought suit to prevent the then mayor, "Honest John" Farley, from signing an ordinance passed by a crooked council settling this controversy by conveying the land in question to the railroads without compensation.

The founders of the city of Cleveland, wise in their duty and generation, had set apart land on the lake front to be used as a public wharf and landing place for the commerce of the Great Lakes. In the forties the city had sold to

the Pennsylvania and other steam railroads a strip of this ground one hundred and fifty feet wide. The railroads had extended this land by using the lake front as a dumping ground and filling in between the shore and rows of piles driven in the lake. The litigation which had been going on for years was over several hundred feet of "made land," the accretions to the strip which the railroads had purchased, and on which the Union Depot and yards are located.

This made land was estimated to be worth from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 at the time



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I brought my suit to enjoin the city from settling and it has increased enormously in value since. This case has been in the courts practically ever since the railroads began "making" the land and it has recently been decided in the city's favor by the court of common pleas and the circuit court. The supreme court of Ohio can hardly fail to uphold the decision of the lower courts that the city had no right to dispose of this land. Eventually the lake front will be used for a public wharf, the purpose to which it was dedicated by the founders of the city and without Privilege being able to exact tribute for its use.

The people were deeply interested in this controversy and the fact that the Chamber of Commerce, made up of 1,500 business men, supported the settlement proposed by the Farley administration, added to their feeling of outrage. In contests between the people and Privilege the Chamber of Commerce was with Privilege and against the people on every question which came up while I was mayor.

MY FIRST STEP AS MAYOR

I was elected mayor of Cleveland, April 1, 1901, receiving upward of six thousand more votes than the Republican nominee. A few Democratic ward councilmen were returned, but I was the only Democrat elected on the general ticket.

The law provided that the mayor-elect could take office as soon as he had qualified, and it was customary to do so within two or three weeks after election. My injunction which prevented the city from executing the ordinance in the lake front case was to expire at 11 A.M. April 4th, and I did not propose to let precedent stand in the way of the best method of dealing with that matter. I therefore requested the members of the Board of Elections to work day and night in order that the vote could be canvassed before the expiration of the injunction. At 10.23 A.M. April 4th, just thirty-seven minutes before the injunction expired, the Board completed its labors and announced the official count. I took the oath of office and filed my bond at 10.30 A.M., and went directly to the mayor's office.

Mr. Farley looked up as I came in and mumbled ungraciously, "Well, Tom, when are you going to take hold?" I replied that I hoped he would take his time about moving his belongings, but that I had been

mayor for several minutes. One of the very early acts of my administration was to cause the introduction of an ordinance in the council repealing the ordinance of the Farley administration in the lake front matter.

There were innumerable other matters calling for my immediate attention when I became mayor and I acted as quickly as possible in as many directions as I could. The secret of a good executive is this—one who acts quickly and is sometimes right.

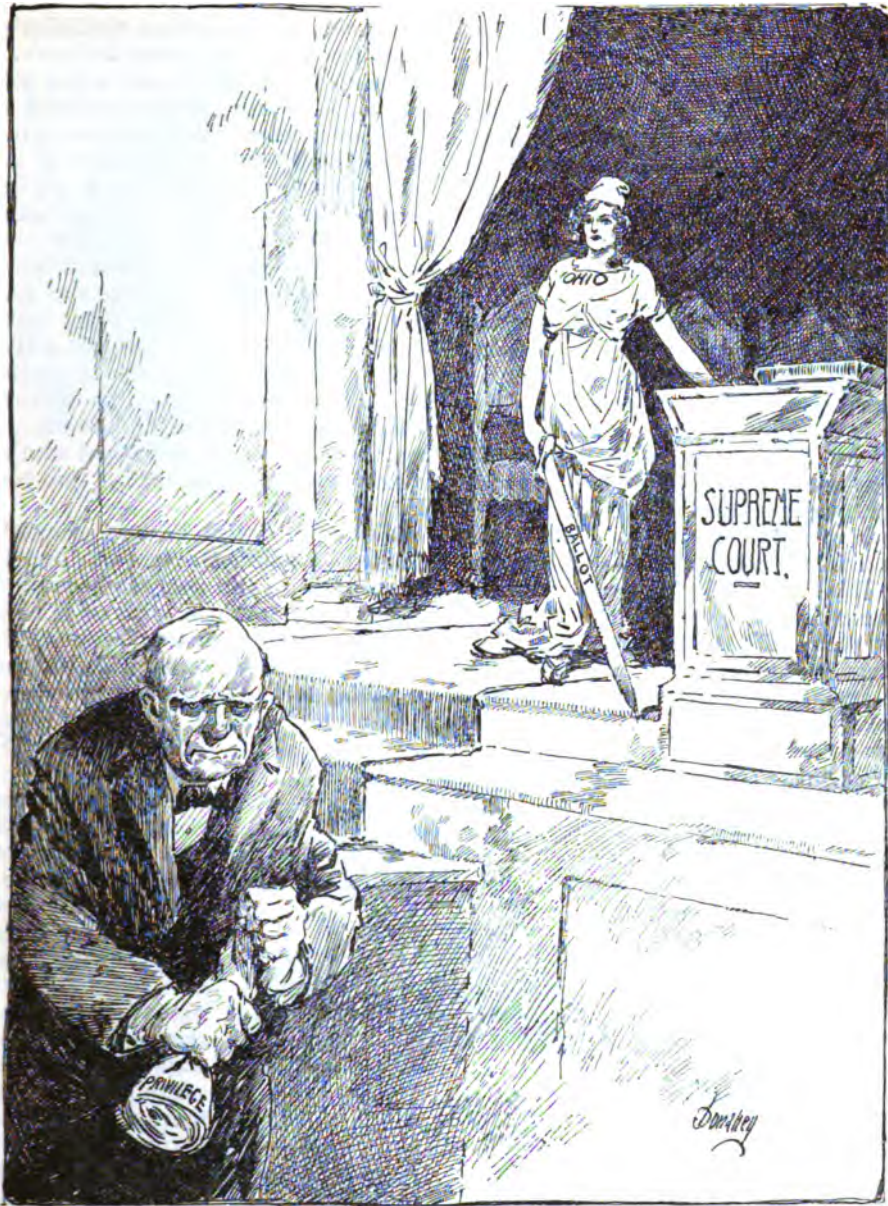
I ordered strict inspection of theaters and other public buildings, made war on billboards, ordered old frame structures torn down, put a force of "white wings" to work cleaning up the downtown streets, inaugurated steps looking toward a better lighting system, set the law department hunting up expiring street railway franchises, moved to reduce water rates, had a contest with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company over the ownership of twenty-nine streets, looked after some city cases pending in the Federal court, established a department examiner to keep an eye on all departments of the city government, took down the "keep off the grass" signs in the parks, commenced to institute people's amusements in the parks, and a number of other things.

Of course, all these activities cost money, and as there was not sufficient available money in sight, the usual howl of "extravagance" was raised. I knew these things had to be done, however, if we were to keep our promise to give good government, and I went ahead and did them, trusting to devise a way to get the funds afterwards.

Under what is called "economy in city government" there is much foolish holding back of necessary public improvements. If fraud and graft are kept out there is not apt to be much unwisdom in public expenditures, and from the business man's standpoint the return for the original outlay is very large—even where debt is created within reasonable limits.

With anything like an equitable system of collecting the just revenues of a city, the expense of these improvements, if paid in the first instance by tax levy, would be wise. Good sanitary conditions, public parks, pure water and well-paved streets are the best kind of investment, while the absence of them entails not only heavy pecuniary loss but operates to the moral and physical deterioration of the city's inhabitants.

Limitation on taxes for public works is as



THE PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO WAKE UP.

foolish as limitation on increase in capital and plant of manufacturing enterprises. The question is not "How much do you spend?" but "How wisely do you spend?" To economize on needed public improvements is worse than wasteful.

The generally accepted standard of values in this connection is all wrong. So obsessed have we become with the idea of property rights that we are constantly forgetting that,

in the last analysis, we are dealing with men and women and children and not with things.

To give "good government" in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term was not the thing I was in public life for. It was a part of our policy from the beginning of our work in Cleveland, it is true, but merely as a side issue. While we tried to give the people clean and well-lighted streets, pure water, free access to their parks, public

baths and comfort stations, a good police department, careful market inspection, a rigid system of weights and measures, and to make the charitable and correctional institutions aid rather than punish wrongdoers—in short, to do the hundred and one other things that a municipality ought to do for its inhabitants, and even to outstrip other cities in the doing of them—we never lost sight of the fact that these things are not fundamental.

However desirable "good government" or government by good men may be, nothing worth while will be accomplished unless we have sufficient wisdom to search for the causes that really corrupt government. I agree with those who say that it is Big Business, and the kind of big business that deals in and profits from public service grants and taxation injustices, that is the real evil in our cities and the country today. This type of Big Business furnishes the sinews of war to corrupt bosses, regardless of party affiliations. The Big Business that profits by *bad government* must stand against all movements which seek to abolish the scheme of special privilege.

It was these fundamental wrongs that I wished to attack, and one of my first acts as mayor was to establish a "tax school," the object of which was to show the inequalities in taxation. This school was placed in charge of Peter Witt, with Newton D. Baker as legal adviser. They had numerous assistants. Mr. Baker was later city solicitor during all but the first year of my first term as mayor and has served continuously in this office ever since, for even when I and the rest of my ticket were defeated in 1909, he was reelected.

An incident in one of my meetings in my 1894 canvass for Congress brought me into contact with Peter Witt, one of the bravest and most

resourceful fighters against special privilege it has been my good fortune to know. My meeting had proceeded only a few minutes when about a third of the audience set up a call for "Peter Witt," and the name was cheered lustily two or three times.

I had never heard of Peter Witt, but ten minutes later, in response to my customary invitation for questions, an angry, earnest man, with flashing eyes and black locks hanging well down on one side of his forehead, rose in the center of the tent and, shaking a long finger at me, put a question in the most belligerent manner imaginable. I knew that the man for whom the audience had been cheering stood before me. I disregarded his question and asked with all the friendliness I could summon, "Are you Mr. Witt?"

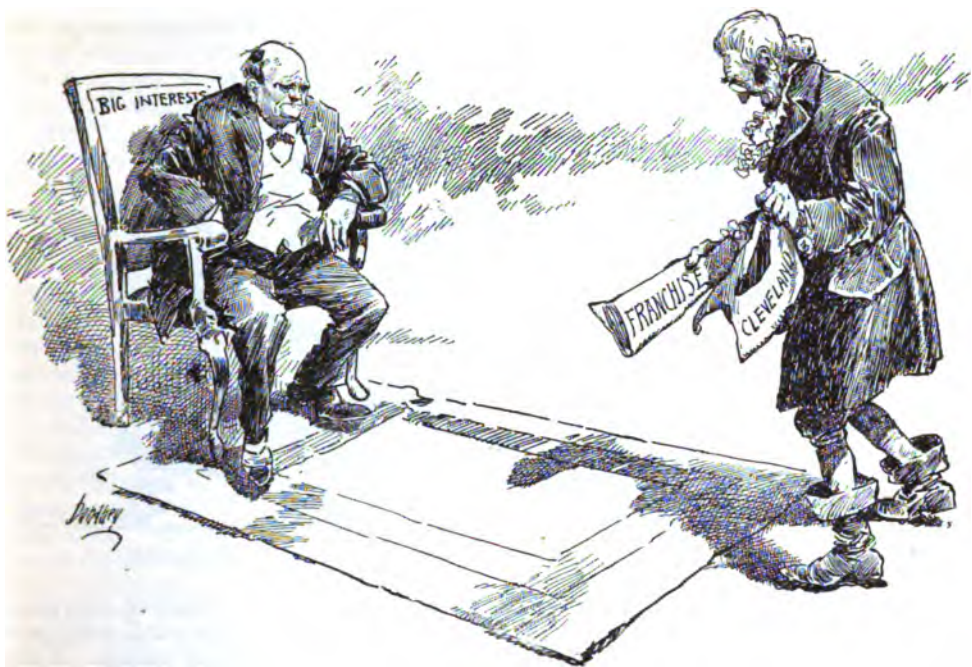
With scant civility he half growled, half grunted an affirmative answer, and I continued: "Since you seem to have so many friends here, and in a spirit of fair play, I would be glad to share the platform with you. I do not like to see you at the disadvantage of having to speak from the audience."

There were mingled shouts of "Come on, come on!" and "Speak where you are!" from the crowd, and the angry young man was literally forced to come forward. The time consumed and the difficulty encountered in stumbling over camp chairs, through the crowd and up onto the platform worked a change in Mr. Witt's manner. Fully half his steam had escaped, and there was not much of his venom left when I grasped his hand. So little of kindness had come his way that he was not prepared for the warm reception and cordial introduction to the audience which I gave him.

Peter Witt was an iron molder by trade, and the things he had suffered because of the brutalities of our industrial system had made



"THE BIG CORPORATIONS GET ALL THE BENEFITS OF THE PRESENT METHODS OF ASSESSMENT BY INFLUENCING AUDITORS, LEGISLATORS AND COURTS."



THE CITY BELONGED TO THE BIG BUSINESS INTERESTS.

him hate the system and long to free his fellow workers from its baneful power. His literal reward for his struggles, his sacrifices and his passionate devotion to the common good had been—to use one of his own expressions—“the blacklist of the criminal rich and the distrust of the ignorant poor.”

Believing the Populist party offered more hope of relief than any other political organization he had allied himself with it, and I afterwards learned that the demonstration in my tent was a preconcerted plan on the part of the Populists to capture that meeting. They did not capture the meeting, nor did we capture the Populist orator, for not once during that campaign did Witt let up in his fight against the Democratic ticket, nor would he admit any change of feeling toward me personally. However, he has fought with me, not against me, in every campaign I have been in since then, and one of the strongest friendships of my life commenced that night when I welcomed Peter Witt to my platform.

WITT TAKES HOLD OF THE TAX SCHOOL

During the early months of my administration Peter Witt was not a city official or an employee and he had no contract with

the city. He was in my employ in a private capacity. He was made the chief of the tax bureau which was put into operation in the city hall. Under him were a number of clerks who were all employed by me in my capacity as a private citizen.

The tax bureau had no legal connection with the city government. Those connected with it were granted the use of city maps and were permitted to call upon employees of the civil engineer's department for help in connection with the maps. Witt was the first man I appointed and he objected to taking the position, but I would not take “no” for an answer.

The constitution of Ohio says that all property shall be appraised at its “true value in money,” and the statute carrying this provision into effect uses the same words.

Land and buildings were appraised once in ten years by appraisers elected in the wards of cities and in the townships of counties, their work to be completed within a ninety day period of time. As new buildings were erected they were added to the tax duplicate by the city board of equalization, appointed by the mayor. This board also took care of personal property returns and was clothed with power to correct inequali-



PRESERVING THE SACRED LIBERTY OF THE CITIZENS—TO BE ROBBED.

ties in appraisals of land made by the decennial appraisers.

Steam railroad property, both realty and personal, was appraised annually by the county auditors in the counties through which the railroads ran. These auditors sat as a board in the largest city of the several counties. Outside of cities there were assessors appointed by the county auditors whose duty it was to appraise personal property.

This, briefly, was the system in operation when we started our tax school. The city board of equalization, appointed by previous mayors, was in control of tax dodgers. While it was really vested with great power, this board had exercised that power principally in correcting clerical errors or adding to the tax lists the value of additions to small property, such as the painting of houses or putting in bath tubs.

Small taxpayers generally were paying full rates, while the public service corporations, steam railroads and large land-owning interests were paying between ten and twenty per cent. of the amount required by law. More than half the personal property and nearly all of the valuable privileges were escaping taxation.

The clerks in the tax school under Peter Witt, employed for this special taxation work, first copied the records in the county auditor's office showing the assessed value of all lots and buildings in the city. From

these records, on a map sixteen feet square and comprising one whole ward, were shown the inequalities in assessed values. A large room was used in the city hall. The map was suspended at one end of the room and citizens in general and tax-payers in particular were invited to study it.

The assessment of real estate, block by block and ward by ward, was shown. Discussion was invited, criticisms and suggestions asked for, and by means of this discussion—together with a searching investigation of the records of real estate transfers and leases—we ascertained the real value of one foot front of land by one hundred feet in depth. When the unit values were finally agreed to, they were written into the center of each block on the map.

By this time the members of the city board of equalization were my appointees, so they signed the map, making it thereby a public record. A photographer made a picture of the map. Negatives of this photograph were furnished to the clerks who were at work in another room. They had before them six hundred small maps showing the individual ownership of all land in the city in addition to the photographic record of the unit values. With these they worked out and wrote in the space provided on each of these maps the actual cash value of each particular piece of land and the assessed value as well. The total number of subdivisions of land in Cleveland was 101,000 and the assessed values varied from two per

cent. to one hundred and sixty-eight per cent. of actual or market value.

We were not satisfied with getting this information to the persons who visited the tax school. We wanted to reach every tax-payer in the city with it. So the tax school issued a circular letter to the people of each ward, setting forth the cash value of all land in Cleveland and the appraised value of all land in Cleveland; then the cash value of all land in that particular ward, likewise its appraised value; then stating the number of parcels assessed at *less* than the average value in the ward and citing the best known piece as a concrete illustration; then stating the number of pieces assessed at *more* than the average value, and again using the best known pieces as the illustration of this point.

The city board of equalization, already referred to, was a municipal institution of long standing and its members who signed the map in the tax school would have corrected the inequalities in taxation had not the state legislature wiped out the board and provided in its stead a board of review appointed by state officials. This board of review was paid from county funds for purely municipal service. To this board we sent the names of all owners and the description of their property which was *under assessed*. To the people we sent the letter already mentioned and requested all those whose property was *over assessed* to seek their remedy from the board of review.

So far as I know this was the first intelligent and concerted effort to relieve the people of Ohio of the *injustice of privilege in taxation* which had

been a decennial bone of contention in the state for eighty years.

By this time the tax school was operating as a part of the city machinery, the city council having made an appropriation for its maintenance.

The privilege of having another man pay your taxes is the greatest of all privileges, and the beneficiaries of unjust taxation could not stand our agitation. So on October 8, 1902, W. J. Crawford, a Republican and a large property owner, brought suit to enjoin the expenditure of city money in this manner.

The case was carried through the courts. The temporary injunction was made permanent and the tax school was forced to suspend. However, by that time it had been in operation twenty months

and its work could not be undone. Not only was it instrumental in making public service corporations pay sixty thousand dollars a year more in taxes but, fearing the result of a tax fight, these same corporations made a secret settlement of back taxes at the end of his term with their friend, County Auditor Craig, paying into the county treasury more than one hundred thousand dollars of back taxes.

Important changes in the state tax laws may be traced to the work of the tax school. While much still remains to be accomplished, the results thus far obtained more than justified the publicity methods which we employed to direct the attention of an indifferent public to the all-important question of taxation.

Land and buildings in Ohio are now appraised separately for taxation and the old



"OUR HANDS WERE TIED BY SUPREME COURT INJUNCTIONS FOR ELEVEN MONTHS."

decennial appraisement has been replaced by a quadrennial appraisement. The quadrennial boards of appraisement, consisting of five members, are elected at large without party designation. Though the entire Democratic ticket, with the exception of Mr. Baker, went down with me in November, 1909, we succeeded in electing four out of five of our candidates to this board. Under the law, the board was compelled to complete its labors prior to July 1, 1910.

We now had the machinery but lacked the time for a perfect performance of the task of assessing the real estate of the city. Instead of waiting until the first of the year, the board organized at once and proceeded with its work. It hired as its chief clerk Mr. W. A. Somers, who had furnished his system to us in 1901. The real estate duplicate as made in 1900, to which had been added the buildings erected since, was now about \$180,000,000. When the board got through with its labors the real estate duplicate, exclusive of such exempted property as churches and property owned by Federal, state and municipal governments, reached \$500,000,000. For the first time since Cleveland ceased to be a village, property was appraised with some degree of fairness between its owners.

The heaviest increases, of course, were made on the most valuable property which for years had been paying taxes on a shamefully low appraisement.

The question of taxation was no less a state question than a local one. Indeed, from the very beginning, our whole Cleveland movement was more than local, more than a one-city movement. The big lesson we started out to teach through the tax school and in other ways was that taxation in all its forms, however designated, is merely the rule by which burdens are distributed among individuals and corporations.

Farms, buildings, personal property and land pay no taxes, yet so persistently have these inanimate objects been spoken of as being taxed that the public has all but lost sight of the fact that it is men and women who are taxed, and not things. So long and so universally has taxation been regarded as a fiscal system *only* that comparatively few people recognize it for what it is, viz.: a human question.

Early in our fight for equal taxation an opportunity presented itself to take aggressive measures on the subject of railroad

taxation. The county auditors' board met in Cleveland in May, 1901, for the purpose of making a valuation of steam railroads whose roads ran through Cleveland and Cuyahoga county. I invited Professor E. W. Bemis, an expert on the valuation of public service corporations and the only such expert on the people's side, to come on from New York, where he was then living, and assist us in arriving at the true valuation of these properties. Moreover, I attended the meetings of the auditors and insisted upon being heard.

We had to get at the real tax valuation of the railroads running through Cleveland.

FIGHTING FOR JUST ASSESSMENTS OF RAILROADS

Time and time again I took Professor Bemis before the auditors of the various counties through which these railroads passed to come into Cleveland. Our desire was to get the county auditors to place at least a sixty per cent. valuation upon this property. They constantly obstructed us. As a rule, they placed their assessments of railroad properties in exact accordance with the returns given them by auditors and land-tax agents of the various railroads, who made the returns on their respective properties at from fifteen to twenty per cent. of their market value.

I attended a great many meetings of the county auditors, trying to force them to value the railroads on the same basis that they valued the property of small householders and other people. I frequently asked them to give me just a few minutes of their time while my experts showed them how inadequately they were adjudging these valuations, and on one occasion went before the court in mandamus proceedings to compel them to give me a hearing.

In the discussion over the Cleveland Terminal & Valley Railroad I remember saying at one time: "I charge this fact, that railroad companies by distributing favors and passes are getting off with paying from about six or seven per cent. to about fifteen per cent. on their properties, while other property owners are taxed on the basis of sixty per cent. or higher valuation."

The railroads always had a claim agent or lawyer present at auditors' meetings to swear in their "valuation." I often asked auditors and representatives of the railroads: "Is there any reason why railroads

should be assessed differently from farm and home property?" I never got any answer.

On one occasion I said: "How do you auditors arrive at a valuation of \$5,500 a mile for this railroad property? I claim that instead of being appraised at \$5,500 a mile it should be appraised at \$106,000 a mile."

Auditor William Craig said: "Mr. Johnson, our members were not prepared for this. I think we had better postpone the hearing until to-morrow."

Then the claim agent for the "Valley Railroad," as it is called, remarked: "Yes, we should have twenty-four hours, at least."

"You have had twenty-four years," I retorted, but they took their twenty-four hours.

SELLING PRICE AND EARNING PRICE

In the case of the Cleveland Belt & Terminal Railroad, Colonel Myron T. Herrick, afterwards governor of Ohio, then chairman of the railroad's board and its receiver, was present when the auditors were about to pass upon the valuation of the road. The road's written return placed the property at \$19,655. J. E. Taussig, the assistant general manager of the W. & L. E., which owns the Belt Line, in handing over the report, said: "That's all we have to say."

Then I spoke up and told the auditors that this road was sold for \$400,000. "You will remember, Myron," I said to Colonel Herrick, "how you and I tried to buy it about five years ago for \$500,000, and we thought that that was dirt cheap? And it hasn't depreciated any since then, has it?"

"It isn't earning anything," answered Colonel Herrick.

"Well," I said, "the law says that property shall be assessed for what it is worth, not for what it is earning, and it is worth just what it will sell for."

I then called upon one of my assistants who said that he had walked over the entire length of the road, measured the width of the right of way, and ascertained the value of the adjoining property. I then called upon another assistant, an engineer, who testified that he had measured the earth-work of the embankment of the road, and had estimated the worth of trestles, bridges and rails, et cetera.

"Now, then," I said to the auditors, "we demand of you that you assess this road at

sixty per cent. of its actual value. If you assess it at \$19,000, as this railroad asks you to do, and as it has been assessed in the past, you are taking money out of the pockets of the people and putting it into the pocket of the railroad just as much as though you went out on the street with a club and robbed a man."

At this point, Assistant Manager Taussig interrupted to say that my assistant's figure as to the number of acres was nearly twenty acres too high.

"All right," I said, "if you acknowledge fifty acres, we'll stand on that. Honestly, now, do you think \$19,000 is what this road ought to be returned for?"

"Based on its earnings, yes. You wouldn't buy anything that wasn't earning anything, would you?"

"My dear sir, that is the way I have made all my money—buying things that other people didn't know how to handle."

"You wouldn't buy this for what you claim it was sold for, \$400,000?"

"Yes, I will."

"That's a bluff."

"Is it a bluff? I will make a big cash deposit right here, and take this road for \$400,000."

"You know this road is in such shape legally that it can't be sold," interrupted Colonel Herrick.

"And you wouldn't sell it for anything like \$400,000 if that were not the case."

At this point the railroad's attorney spoke:

"All this is nonsense and politics."

"Politics?" I answered. "Of course it is politics. It is the kind of politics with which all the people of Cleveland—Democrats and Republicans—are in sympathy. They want to see these railroads pay their just share of the taxes, and they look to me, as the mayor of all the people, to do my utmost to see that it is done. That's what we are here for, sir; we present figures and facts, and we challenge you to review them. You don't try. You can't. You run away. You say you only ask that you be assessed as other railroads are assessed; that you have precedent in your favor. Yes, you have precedent and you have the votes; you have the county auditors; you have the auditor of this county."

It was also at this meeting that I called upon Auditor Craig for some definite information about the bonds of this road. He replied: "That was before my time."

"I expected that answer," I said. "That is what they all say. I have been here often, and I have seen roads assessed at fifteen to twenty per cent. of their value. I understand that the auditor of this county believes that railways should be assessed the same as farm lands, which is at sixty per cent. of their value. I want to know what the auditor will do, and what his method of assessment will be."

The auditor answered: "I don't know that I can tell that, or that I would care to."

"Your answer is satisfactory. I am going to prove that you auditors simply guess. You don't know whether or not you are buying a gold brick."

In the hearings before the auditors about the Nickel Plate road, I protested every inch of the way. When its attorney, who was present as the representative of the road, returned the value upon which the Nickel Plate road was to be taxed, I took this document and showed where the report was dishonest. It listed twenty-six first-class passenger locomotives in fair condition at \$1,555 apiece; sixty-six first-class freight locomotives in fair condition at \$2,509 apiece. I charged that that was not fifteen per cent. of their real value.

"Here," I said, "are six thousand box cars at \$140 apiece. We all know \$140 would not pay for half a truck under one end of one of these cars. Now I ask you again to call on this company to appear before you and explain."

"Now, gentlemen," I continued, "the market value of the bonds and stocks of the Nickel Plate company is about \$40,000,000. As about forty-six per cent. of the road is in Ohio, it has over \$17,000,000 worth of property in this state. The law says you shall assess property at its full value in money and that includes railroads, but as you have adopted a rule to assess property at only sixty per cent. of its value, I ask you to apply that rule in this case. If you apply this rule of sixty per cent., the Nickel Plate road will be assessed in Ohio at about \$10,000,000 instead of \$3,000,000, as it has been valued and wants to continue to be valued."

Then Auditor Craig called the other auditors into executive session and the attorney, who seemed to know how the vote would go, said: "Now we will see."

"Oh, you've got the votes of this board of auditors all right," I replied, "but you

haven't got the last say. We will put this matter up to the state board of railroad equalization at Columbus, and if it does not do the right thing we will put it up to the courts. And if we don't get a square deal there, we will put it up to the voters of Ohio. The people will take this matter up finally and then the railroads will be brought to time."

So thoroughly under the control of the railroads was this board of auditors that the railroad's return was accepted. The result of all this demonstration was that the auditors raised the valuation of the road over what it was the year before less than one per cent.!

USING THE MANDAMUS AS A CLUB

I put detectives on the trail of these auditors to find out exactly what relations they held with the railroad companies, but they, knowing they were watched, did nothing more criminal than dine with the railroad's representatives and ride on passes. Frequently I tried to get them to let me address them, but they always voted me down. Finally I got out a mandamus to force them to put railroad officials on the stand and make them swear under oath to the actual valuation which they returned in their tax list.

Just before the writ was served I asked for information.

"Oh, pay no attention to him," half a dozen auditors exclaimed.

I began to laugh, and just then the sheriff arrived with the writ of mandamus and served it on the auditor.

"Get on to the grandstand play of this accidental mayor," shouted an auditor named Sissler. "Let's see what he's got."

After he saw what I had, he added, "I guess we've got to stop."

"That's the first chance I've had," I said.

"Yes, and it's all you will get," said Sissler. "We're sick and tired of this — nonsense."

"So am I. Why don't you stop it?" I answered.

After this long session with these men I said to them: "Gentlemen, you have succeeded in keeping the railroad taxes just where they were. You have but dammed up the courses that will eventually sweep over me. The time will come when you will be sorry."

I carried this question to the people in

two very aggressive state campaigns and always into the state conventions of the Democratic party. I showed the methods by which the railroads controlled the county auditors. Railroad land agents were very active in nominating conventions before election, and after election, in addition to giving auditors and their friends passes, it was no uncommon thing to take the auditors and their families to the seashore for the summer. These abuses were so evident and met with such universal condemnation throughout the state when I called attention to them, that a great many auditors fell into line, promised to be "good" and stood on our platform. It was noticeable, however, that we rarely found a majority of our friends on any auditor's board.

ANOTHER VAIN APPEAL

We appealed for a public hearing to the state board of equalization, composed of the governor and several other state officers, which board had power to equalize the returns of the county auditors.

I took Professor Bemis and Attorney Newton D. Baker with me to Columbus. The board tried to hide behind the statute. It claimed that it could do nothing in the way of raising the assessment on the railroads, that the county auditors levied the assessment and that the only business of the state board was to handle matters of "equalization."

"Well," said Attorney Baker, "suppose that the county auditors for some reason failed to return a road at all. What then?"

"We couldn't do a thing," answered the chairman.

"Suppose that they return a road for a valuation so low as to be ridiculous, and on its face not one hundredth part of what it should be taxed for. What then?"

"We would not be able to do anything," protested the chairman. "The statute says we shall equalize the values as returned by the county auditors."

The total taxes to be paid by a railroad are divided among the several counties according to the railroad mileage therein. This often gives an agricultural county more taxes than a county in which there is a city where the railroad's valuable terminals are located.

"Whether the plan of assessing railroad property by the mile is constitutional," I said, "is a matter that the lawyers will have

to decide. Certainly no man will say that it is just. It's true that it benefits the rural counties in that it gives them money they are not entitled to—money that rightfully belongs to the counties in which are located the large cities. It was by that species of argument and powerful lobbies that the railroads secured the enactment of the law establishing this system. I am not here to attack that statute because it benefits the rural counties, but to complain because the boards of county auditors have failed in the performance of their sworn duties, and thereby robbed not only the counties in which are located the large cities but also those in which our rural brethren live."

"Perhaps the auditors did not know any better," suggested Attorney General Sheets.

"Perhaps they didn't," I replied, "but those who met at Cleveland could not offer such an excuse. We told them better, and we didn't ask them to take our word for it either. We asked them to call in the railroad officials and demand their books and see for themselves, and we ask this board to do the same. We do not ask you to accept our statements alone. We have pointed out the facts and have told you how you can find them for yourselves. I think the boards of county auditors combined are very much like other public bodies. Some of the men are honest, some are fools and rascals. I do not know of a public body that is constituted otherwise, from the Senate of the United States down.

"Now suppose this board," I said, turning to Mr. Sheets, "refuses to equalize these appraisements by assessing all the roads at sixty per cent. of their true value in money, what remedy have the people? None. If you do not do your duty, there is no higher body to which the people can appeal. But that is not true of the railroads. If you exceed your powers by the fraction of an inch, the railroads will at once appeal to the courts and have it corrected. The supreme court will undo any illegal act that you may do, but it will not do any legal act which you should have done. I do not know what you will do, but I do know that there will come a time when the people will find a way of making the great steam railroads and other corporations carry their just share of the burden of taxation.

"The big corporations get all the benefits of the present methods of assessments. How? By influencing auditors, by influ-

encing legislators, by influencing courts and by influencing elections. Let us take off the mask and be frank with each other. I say that no auditor or other official who has a railroad pass in his pocket, or accepts other favors from these corporations, is a fit man to say how much of the tax they shall pay. Some men may be above these influences, but among those who compose the boards that have to do with the questions of taxation in the state of Ohio, I doubt if there are many. Why, gentlemen, this business of extending favors to public officials has even gone so far as to extend to your august body. Two of you accepted an invitation of a certain railroad official to take a long trip in a private car to California. I hope it did not influence you."

The board turned a deaf ear to our pleadings.

SUPREME COURT DECISION IN FAVOR OF THE RAILROADS

Our next appeal was to the supreme court whither we were followed by the excited attorneys for the railroads. We petitioned the court for a writ of mandamus compelling the board of equalization to review this entire case and appraise the railroads at a fair valuation.

If the supreme court had decided in our favor the state board would have had to reassemble and add about two hundred and seventy million dollars to the valuation of steam-railway property in Ohio. Such an addition would have increased the tax receipts in Ohio from steam-railway property alone about four million dollars.

Our petition was denied. The supreme court referred us to the legislature. The railroad lawyers followed us and here again, with the assistance of the railroad lobby, they blocked our every move.

The increase in the tax rate which resulted from this effort was so slight that if we had accomplished nothing but that, we might well have felt that it had not been worth while to try. The agitation then started, however, has been going on ever since and will continue, I am confident, until the things we started out to do have been fully consummated.

Some definite progress has been made, for the county auditors' tax boards have been abolished and in their stead there is a state tax board which fixes the valuation of steam-railroad property *including franchise*

values. Two cents a mile is now the legal rate of fare on Ohio railroads, and it is significant that the railroads did not even attempt to have the law declared unconstitutional. The pass is prohibited by law, and state and local officials no longer ride free—at least not openly.

While our state fight against the railroads was in progress, the Cleveland local tax board, or board of equalization as it was generally called, composed of my appointees, was enjoined by the court of common pleas, July 22, 1901, from increasing the returns of the personal property of public-service corporations in Cleveland. We fought the injunction and it was dissolved July 30th. On the same day the board added nearly \$20,000,000 to the tax duplicates of the street railways, the gas and electric lighting companies.

These corporations appealed to the board of revision to prohibit the increased valuation. The appeal was made in November, 1901, and on January 4, 1902, the board of revision sustained the increase.

Three days later the case was appealed to the state board of tax remission, controlled by the Republicans. The petition claimed among other things lack of power on the part of local boards to impose the additional assessment in question. This power had never been questioned when it was exerted in extorting additional taxes from the uninformed and helpless—but here was a different case.

On February 1st the state board of tax remission, composed of the State Auditor, the State Treasurer and the Attorney General, remitted the entire increase.

"I suppose you will want to know why we did this," said Attorney General Sheets to the newspaper men. "We based our decision on the fact that the Cleveland board applied the principles of the Nichols law to determining the value of the property of these corporations. (This law was enacted to apply to the property of express, telegraph and telephone companies in Ohio. It provided that for tax purposes their value shall be determined by the selling value of their stocks and bonds.) If the board had simply made an error in judgment as to the value of the property, we would have had no jurisdiction."

"In other words," said the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, commenting on this statement, "if the Cleveland board had gone out

and looked at the physical property of the corporations concerned and then guessed at its value, this board could not have remitted a cent, though the guess had been that a total of twenty million dollars should be added. It was because the board based its action, according to the Nichols law, on the market value of the stocks and bonds of these concerns that the state board overruled it."

Continuing, the *Plain Dealer* said: "The fact that the value of the stocks and bonds was confirmed by the Cleveland board by a careful appraisal of the physical property and the cost of reproduction in each case was not sufficient departure from the fixed rule laid down in the Nichols law to suit said board. That law was enacted to apply to the property of express, telegraph and telephone companies in Ohio. It provided that for tax purposes their value shall be determined by the selling value of their stocks and bonds."

Of course a decision against the public-service corporations would have meant a shutting off of campaign contributions—and that was the real reason why the tax was found illegal.

PRIVILEGE FIGHTS BACK

Privilege was beginning to take notice of our tax work. On May 12, 1902, the Republican legislature destroyed the board of equalization, creating in its stead a board of review with unquestioned power to do just what our tax board had attempted.

This board of review is appointed by the State Treasurer, Auditor, Secretary of State and Attorney General. Although the work is entirely local, and the expenses of the board and the compensation of its members are paid from local funds, the members are not in the remotest way responsible to the city for their actions.

The agitation against state appointment of these boards has been so persistent and the sentiment in favor of home rule is now so pronounced that it is a matter of a short time only until the legislature will be forced to provide for their local appointment or election. In fact, the mayor, through deputies, might well be the taxing official, and the paramount question in each election should be *not*,

"Mr. Mayor, did you see that our money

was properly expended?" or "Mr. Candidate-for-Mayor, will you see that our money is properly expended?" *but*

"Have you seen to it, or will you see to it that the money is properly paid in?"

With the recall as part of every municipal charter there would be no danger in placing all this power in the hands of one man, for on his shoulders would rest all the responsibility and he could be removed easily if he abused the one or shirked the other.

The most pressing of all civic problems is that of municipal home rule by the people themselves, and it is more pressing in the United States than elsewhere. Our old questions of state sovereignty were set at rest by the logic of the Civil War. Let the theory of state rights linger as it may, the stern fact is that Federation has given way to Nationality. In national affairs the central government is now supreme. The only power states can any longer hope to preserve is power over their internal affairs—the exclusive right of home rule in matters of state concern.

The readjustment of the relations of the nation with the state is suggestive and prophetic of a similar readjustment of the relations of states with their cities. Along with the decline in the political power once asserted by the states has arisen a necessity, if popular liberty is to be preserved, for an extension to municipalities of the same principle of home rule to which the states themselves may still lay claim.

Municipalities must cease to be answerable to their states, except in matters of state concern, and become answerable in matters of home concern only to their own people. Every city should make its own laws, design its own organization, govern itself by the ballots of its own people, absolutely untrammelled by outside dictation or interference except with reference to matters of outside concern.

More and more as the years go by is the city going to reach out and demand control of her own affairs from the states. In that way she will rapidly rise; she will learn more about self-government. And the voice of her people will be heard direct, demanding of her officers the things the people want; and the officers will hear and do—or lose their jobs.

The third article in "Nine Years' War With Privilege" will appear in the September HAMPTON'S.



The SOLOIST of CENTER POND

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "Eben Holden," "Keeping Up With Lizzie," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

HIS name was Star—Pelopides Star—and he was overloaded with memories and had a list to starboard, as one might say. We called him Uncle Peel. You could always hear him coming. Chunks of conversation began to fall around you, and when he had arrived he took possession of a square mile of silence and spread his voice all over it. He was a perpetual talker. Often in the lonely trails he was both orator and audience, and judged by its effect, his talk was then most convincing.

His voice flowed like a spring brook down a mountain side, laughing over pebbles, roaring over falls, turning this way and that. It had been dammed variously but never adequately—never so as to produce more than a moment's pause in the genial flood of his conversation.

That voice had certain notes of the wild wood in it, notably those of the crow, the owl and the bittern. It had, too, a penetration and impartiality which reminded one of an old time musket.

Edison once told me that while experi-

menting with the phonograph he discovered that the same phrases of music, repeated day after day, seemed to weary certain bars in his ear and produce nausea. That helps one to understand the singular effect of the unending solo of Pelopides.

We had gone over to his camp for a few days of shooting. His talk wearied us and wearied him, but he didn't mind. Everything about him had a worn and weary aspect. His dog had run away, his wife was half gone, his clothes were trying to desert their post, his potatoes were hiding in the weeds, his cabin wore a God-have-mercy look, and conversation had done it all and done it thoroughly. Yet he never said anything—this kindly old woodsman—never had time—because he had so much to say.

His walk was like his conversation. He flowed along swiftly, reeling from one foot to the other—all loose from head to heel—and wearied any who tried to follow him. His dialect was unique, unclassified, inhuman I had almost said. It had come of

much aimless communion with his own singular, simple self in lonely situations—a rough corduroy running into swamps of recollection and curiously bound together with whiches and side remarks.

When we arrived he was smoking a potato which he had hollowed out with his knife, having punched the “peth” from a piece of witch hopple for a stem. He began his long solo at once:

“O, I tell ye, they’s some ways where the ol’ man beats the world! One day I started to go to my traps with ol’ Susy which, ye know, I had two houn’s Susy an’ Tige. Susy, ye know, why she’d lock jaws with a

lion, if I give her the word—ay uh! I see they was a bear in the trap an’ I says to Susy ‘sick im,’ says I, an’ Susy—say she was a dandy which they ain’t no mistake! Got her from Ad’rondack Murray—why—ay uh! didn’t you know ‘at I knew him? Why, one day me an’ him was a-fishin’ on Surnac which was a Friday—no ‘twant—’twas a Thursday—ay uh! ‘twas a Thursday—when ‘long come Bill Dobson an’ his wife in a canoe—kind o’ foolin’ with one ‘nother, an’ all ‘t once they upshot an’ in they went. I see she was goin’ t’ drownd so in I jumped. I’d knowed

her ever since she was that high—ay uh! Why, one day I carried her on my back more’n twenty mile with a pack heavier’n she was, ay uh! We was a stout fam’ly. Why, my mother’d think nahthin o’ doin’ her m o r n i n ’ s work, which she’d ten cows t’ milk, an’ hippin’ a baby off five mile for a visit an’ be back in time



t’ git supper ready. She was married when she was fifteen—my mother was—an’ had fourteen children, an’ my wife had ‘leven an’ when Susy, the second child was born, ye know—named her after my houn—I was over to Surnac, which the child was born Tuesday night—the same as Monday—an’ I got t’ worryin’ an’ put her through the woods forty-five mile an’ say, comin’ up the Mud River that night I hearn a panther kind o’ purrin’ in the brush—ay uh they will—an’ say, did you know a panther can’t run more’n half a dozen jumps? Why, their lungs—ye know—they ain’t bigger’n yer two fists, their lungs ain’t. They got no pump fer wind but say, can’t they grab a deer? Why, one night I was a-floatin’ an’ I knocked a hole in a deer an’ when I was a-draggin’ of him out I hearn a noise kind o’ like that (here he imitated the purring of a panther). Tow, I want scairt—not reely. I slit the deer open an’ was a-dressin’ of him off an’ say—did you know a deer ain’t got no gall on their livers? Why, that’s the reason they can eat pizen. Once when Senator Brown was over to my camp—say, did I ever tell you ‘bout the time I went down to see the Senator? Ay uh! I did. Got up at daylight, went out t’ Short Hill fer a load o’ provisions an’ fetched up at Beaver Crick in time fer the noon train. An’ say!—they was a man lay drunk on the railroad, kind o’ quoterin’ right by the switch, ye know, an’ the train a-comin’ like a buck deer when ye’ve ripped his pants a leetle, an’ I got onto the track



ahead o' that 'ere train 'an worked my j'int's supple, I can tell ye, an' ketched holt o' the man right by the switch, an' say—did I ever tell you that I'd invented a switch fer the railroad an' they say it'll beat the world? Why, ye see it works this way—same as this is the track——”

This wild stampede of old memories continued until my friend got a case of the hiccoughs and I felt as if I had been shot in the abdomen. The monotonous, penetrating voice, the kaleidoscopic shifts and

of a sinker on a line. It produced inertia and reflection. We were as helpless as live bait. The hurricane of conversation fell upon us. We were dragged from one climax to another and each story ran into the next with a loud bang, and both were shattered. His way was strewn with wrecks, and we broke away as soon as possible and went off in the woods and lay down to rest.

“Let's send for Grimshaw,” my friend proposed. “He'll break the old man down.”



“STAR BEGAN WITH THE LOUD PEDAL OPEN, BUT HAD TO RAISE HIS VOICE ANOTHER NOTCH.”

suspenses had begun to wear upon me. We picked up our rifles and retreated.

Next morning we were awakened before daylight by the beginning of the day's solo. Soon he blew a tin horn.

“He wants to get at us,” said my friend. “It's conversation time. The sun isn't up but Star's voice has risen.”

We dozed a few minutes and again the horn sounded. Star was saying, soon, that if “them dod dinged sports didn't git up they wouldn't git no breakfast.”

We got up and faced the music and “the jerk” and “the gridders” and the deadly coffee. The food had an effect like that

Now Grimshaw was almost as deaf as a rock and fond of “social converse,” to quote his own phrase. As an absorber and receiver of conversation he was unrivaled—absolutely unrivaled. His curiosity was greater even than the difficulty he found in satisfying it. He wished to hear everything that was said and took offense if he didn't. He was a vacuum cleaner, a mammoth cave, an extinct crater. He was often saying: “Would you mind speaking a little louder please—a little bit louder?” Every one down at the hotel had strained his throat shouting at Grimshaw.

We sent our guide for Grimshaw with a



"HE SPRINT HIS NECK TRYIN' TO MAKE
THAT MAN HEAR HIM."

note of invitation which promised a rare treat. He came and saw and conquered. With great joy we led them face to face. As we expected, each embraced the other as a golden opportunity—a long-felt need. Star got his voice in action. Grimshaw halted him at once.

"Would you mind speaking a little louder?" he asked.

Star began again with the loud pedal open, but had to raise his voice another notch and Grimshaw held him there. Star had started the tale of Susy and the bear. His voice rang through the valley and we could hear its echo in the distant hills. At his first turn Grimshaw halted him—politely but firmly. He wanted to know what happened to the bear.

Star went on louder than ever.

"There—that's good!" said Grimshaw. "Keep yer voice right there—if you don't mind."

Uncle Peel didn't mind. He opened his throttle and let her go with joyful recklessness. We picked up our rifles and set out for the hunting grounds. That strident voice pursued us for a mile or more.

When we returned at sundown a deep

silence brooded over the camp of Star. We could hear pleasant sounds that were new to us in that vicinity—the low songs of the tea kettle and of poor Mrs. Star as she moved about getting supper ready.

"Where is Uncle Peel?" I asked.

"Got a sore throat an' gone to bed," said she. "Can't speak above a whisper."

"And where is Mr. Grimshaw?"

"Gone to bed, too. Said he was sick to his stummick."

We went into the dining tent, full of suppressed emotion.

"They've floored each other," said my friend as we sat down at the table.

"Peel nigh killed himself talkin'," said the old lady as she poured the tea. "Says he spraint his neck tryin' to make that man hear him."

Uncle Peel came in presently and sat down near us with a whispered greeting. He wore a bandage on his throat. He looked wistfully into our faces and shook his head.



"HE GOT MAD AND SHOOK HIS FIST IN
MY FACE."



"'HE'S *AWFUL* DEEF,' UNCLE PEEL
WHISPERED."

"He's *awful* deef," Uncle Peel whispered. "I don't want to talk no more to him—no more. Once I stood on one side o' Long Lake an' tried to talk with a man on t'other side an' spraint my neck doin' it, but he's farther away 'n that—a good deal."

His eyes grew moist. He shook his head mournfully.

"I had suthin' t' tell ye but I can't. I'm all dammed up, here. I've got to lay down."

In a minute Grimshaw appeared, and seeing Uncle Peel, backed out and retired, hastily, as if he had forgotten something.

"I've had enough of him," he said to me in confidence after supper. "He kept dodging around. I couldn't understand him. By and by I couldn't make him speak loud enough. Then he got mad and shook his fist in my face."

They say that Uncle Peel always had a

weak voice after that, which was good for his wife and garden I doubt not. When I saw him again he was different. There was a new note in his voice—a note of tenderness—and he hadn't so much to say. Slowly he came out of the potato patch and sat down beside me and told of the loss of his wife.

"Never ketched her breath, ner guggled, ner nahthin," he explained. "It was jes like goin' t' sleep—ay uh! I says, 'Why, ma, don' ye know me,' I says, but she only shet her eyes an' went t' sleep."

I tried to think of some word of comfort, but he got up and went into the kitchen.

By and by I tried to rally him.

"Uncle Peel, you don't have much to say these days," I remarked.

"My crick has sunk—kind o' flows underground lately," he said. "Don't lie ner swear any more—not no more at all."

"Uncle Peel, you never told a lie in your life—not a real, finished lie," I said. "You may have meant well, but I don't believe the Recording Angel was ever able to get a line on you."

"I'm so busy thinkin' seems so I don't have no time t' talk these days," he said as he returned to his task.



"'MY CRICK HAS SUNK. KIND O' FLOWS
UNDERGROUND LATELY.'"





"'LEAVE ME THIS MEMORY,' HE SAID, '—THAT I, WAS ONCE USEFUL TO YOU.'"

The Unpaid Debt

By Edna Stanton Michelson

Illustrations by H. S. Potter

IT seems to me that nobody nowadays shoulders his wrongdoings in the way that we were made to when I was a child. Everyone makes excuses. There is hardly anything that heredity and environment between them won't excuse. Bad tempers are bad stomachs, and criminality is a matter of defective brains. In my own case, I don't see that heredity will furnish much of an excuse for me, for there have never been any spendthrifts in the family.

However, it is true that my family always had a great deal of money till I came along. Then, in the panic, there were some bad in-

vestments, and somehow our wealth just melted down to mere fairish living if one were careful of one's expenses. We were. That is, *they* were.

As far as environment and early training go, grandmother, who raised us after mother died, was one of those capable women who always did everything better than anyone else, and would rather do any task quickly herself than bother to teach a child and bear with the inevitable imperfection.

"Gracious, that isn't the way to do that. Here, give it to me," she would say, and snatch the stocking I was darning from my

hands. She never allowed any of us children to enter the kitchen for fear we would upset the cook, so that, while the cooks preserved their tempers in her household, not one of us three girls could so much as fry an egg.

And as far as learning to manage money and expenses, everything I wore was bought for me and charged to the house accounts without my even knowing what it cost.

As I was a booky child, without any natural practical bent in my nature, it would in any case have been difficult to make household economy interesting to me, and grandmother was too old and had too many other worries to try. No one ever came to the management of a household more unprepared than I did.

It was not long after I was married and free from supervision that I discovered I was afflicted with a great failing, though at that time I had no idea to what dreadful lengths it would lead me.

I pretended that it was a new disease, and christened it the "Buy-phobia." The symptoms were a morbid and irresistible desire to buy things, whether I really wanted them or not. Sometimes it overtook me in front of a hardware store or a drug store, and I would try to persuade myself that there was something there that I needed that I should buy. Of course it was worse when I was in the shops where they sold things that I did want and could use, but could not afford. I soon got so that without a painful self-denial I could not pass a bargain-counter in a dry-goods store. In the magazines I have always read the advertisements first, and sometimes I have had a real sense of loss when they contained nothing but advertisements of guns, harvest machinery and heating plants, things which I could not by any stretch of the imagination want to own.

The worst feature of my shopping was that, the very moment that any purchase was charged to my account, I had the feeling that it was settled for. At any rate, it was off my mind. And long before the bill came in, the money that should have paid for it had been spent and spent again. Of course, the stores make a diplomatic effort to entice just such weaklings as myself, knowing that there is back of them a father or a husband who will eventually settle the account. And it is not their concern to prevent the scenes that ensue in the family when these debts are at last discovered.

When I first started housekeeping, there

were two ideas of living foremost in my mind, though I did not formulate them then. One was to live as "everyone else" lived. By this I meant the young people in my own set, whom I felt that I must compete with, whether I could afford to do so or not.

That "having to have a thing" is the curse of most young households. I constantly compared my house with the houses of my friends, omitting the consideration that most of them had married wealthy young business men, while my husband's profession—he is a newspaper man, a writer on international law, and was at that time writing the book which has since made his reputation and put us on easy street as far as money goes—excluded the idea of ever making a big fortune. I did not take into account the fact that he found his equivalent in the love of his work and the honors and interests it brought. I did value these things, but I wanted money, too.

My other idea was that the laws of good taste and immaculate hygiene should be the supreme guides in the matter of the house. The fact that mere cleanliness is one of the very greatest luxuries, and that many people do not have it simply because they can't afford it, I did not know and would have declined to believe.

If we were to have a home, it was my business to have that home as perfectly run and as charmingly furnished as it could be. It was my husband's business to pay for it. As far as economy went, I did not want a vulgar display, and preferred, and took great credit in preferring, a charming chintz to a silk or velour upholstery, a quaint bit of pottery to a piece of cut glass, a good, plain square-meshed net to an elaborate lace curtain.

I come now to a point in my history which was to work out most unfortunately for me. I might have found some moral support in the help, advice and example of my husband, who is, and always will be, the dearest thing in life to me. But my husband has a curious attitude on the subject of money. In the first place, I have never seen anyone of such Spartan simplicity of taste. Luxury does not appeal to him. He takes neither pride nor pleasure in the beauty of the house, but lives in the freer atmosphere of thought and idea. Much of the time he is absolutely unaware of his immediate surroundings. I could change the places of all the living-room furniture and he would not



"BY MY CHILDREN'S BED, I SOLEMNLY PROMISED GOD, BY MY LOVE TO MY BABIES, THAT I WOULD NEVER CHARGE ANYTHING AGAIN."

notice it for weeks, provided his own particular chair and bookcase were not changed.

The one and only luxury he craves is an untroubled mind about money matters. He truly feels and believes that our possessions not only exact of us far too much in time and thought and money, but are in every way our encumbrances and impedimenta, which hold us back from the free, noble, truly important life of the mind. He dislikes intensely to see me worrying about the pretty things with which I have surrounded myself. He resents even the housekeeper's instinct of preservation. He even feels that it is hampering our pleasant intercourse with our children to remind them not to kick the chair legs, or brush their buttered toast against the living-room sofa.

The moment the question of household economy comes up between us, he is depressed, his whole face clouds, his manner grows irritable and there seems to be nothing in him to which I can appeal or explain my ideas or ask advice. Gradually I have learned to suppress all money talk between us. On every other subject he is indulgent and kind—the ideal husband. If only I can keep this one thing from intruding on our peace we are the best of companions.

My position was difficult. From the very first he made me a housekeeping allowance, which was to cover all house expenses and every possible cost of living.

From it I was to pay all monthly bills and all extras—coal, taxes, all repairs on the house, doctor's bills and the annual Christmas expenses.

Now, as I had neither experience nor advice, I naturally began on a scale of living which was entirely beyond our means. I left wholly inadequate amounts for doctor's bills and coal and such essentials, and sometimes I didn't have anything left of the sum I intended to appropriate for such purposes. By the time the taxes were due, their appropriation would be spent refitting the linen closet, or in buying a new carpet for the guest room, because we simply had to have one.

I never kept a book of expenses, because nobody had ever showed me how to do so, nor would my husband have looked it over or showed any interest in it if I had done so. And as for myself, I wanted no record of my bungling; my object was always to try and forget my worries as much of the time as I could. I opened accounts everywhere, and

bought what I thought we needed and then forgot, and bought other things before the bills of the first purchase were due.

My milk and grocery bills were frightful and ran from month to month, so that when I did pay a bill it was always so old and long outstanding that I could not have told whether I had really had the goods and whether the charges were right.

Year after year I would run into debt, stuff away the bills I could not pay in the back of a drawer and try to forget about them. As long as I did not bother him with money matters, my husband and I were very happy together. When, finally, after many sleepless nights, I would burst into tears and confess my debts and my inability to handle the problem, there would be a scene; my husband would look and feel incredibly grieved and misused, and would finally ask sternly how large a sum would set me right again. He never could bring himself to take a look at the bills themselves, or to look over my muddled calculations. I invariably named a sum much smaller than the one really needed to start me free from debt, and with indication and attitude of martyrdom my husband would sign a check to that amount.

Of course, it would be only a little while before the same scene would be repeated, usually with the sum a trifle increased. At last, after several years, when the arrival and needs of our two children had greatly increased the expenses of living, and more than doubled my share of the worry and burden of the household, we had a very serious clash. My debts this time were so large that my husband had to sell one of the bonds that constituted his savings in order to meet them. He did not this time forgive me as quickly, and I realized that it must never happen again; that if it did happen, I could not fling my arms around his neck and win his forgiveness.

Then I began a frantic attempt to cut down our living expenses. And still we ran behind, and I wrote to each creditor in turn that we would surely pay him next month, or sent small, partial payments to appease him. My allowance, paid to my bank on the first of the month, was always used up by the third, and sufficed scarcely to keep things going at all.

And yet there were times when I would forget all this misery and my mania would take possession of me. I would suddenly

start out and buy things that I felt we could not go without or that tempted me, regardless of everything except that they were lovely and that I wanted them. I remember a lot of exquisite Irish lace that I bought once after I had spent a sleepless night of worry over my debts. It was a wonderful bargain, and I knew that I should not have to pay the bill for months. Another time I had the carpenter put a gymnasium in the attic for the children, for a rainy-day play place, although I knew that all my allowance for months ahead was pledged to pay back bills for actual necessities.

One day I picked up a newspaper and my eye fell on an advertisement that seemed to hold the promise of a way out.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

it said in fat black print. Did I indeed? Who could need it more? I read on with a beating heart, and the fear that my husband must see my excitement and guess the cause. But he was deep in his international law.

"Money will be lent with greatest privacy to all responsible persons, salaried clerks, or ladies with allowances, etc." That was the announcement.

The next day I started the minute my husband was out of the house to follow up the advertisement. I had never before stepped out of the usual routine of a woman of my class, interested in her house, in charitable work, social duties and pleasures, dress-makers and shopping. This round makes a very limited district on a map of the city.

I was nervous in the feeling that I was slipping outside of this charmed circle, and yet I never wavered. I telephoned to an old school friend, whom I knew to have rather easy-going standards and who was somewhat under obligations to me, telling her what I was going to do, and asking her to go with me. We took the street car to a part of the city I had rarely seen. It was a street far from the center of the town, a street of small but prosperous shops, running through a district of flat houses and small frame houses with pleasant yards. Quite unfashionable, but by no means a slum. The elevated road ran overhead.

Our destination turned out to be what at first seemed to be a harness shop, from the saddles, whips and child's pony cart that filled one window. But the other window exhibited a cooking stove and a baby car-

riage, and inside we saw a lot of apparently quite new furniture of the cheaper sort.

I asked for the Mr. Hancock. There were no clerks in the store. I had to ask a woman at a little cashier's window for the man I wanted.

She stared hard at me for a moment. "Private business?" she asked significantly.

She took in my name herself, and while we waited I had time to notice that almost all of the wares were in or close to the windows. A partition closed off the main body of the large store. The real business of the shop went on behind the partition.

Presently a sallow little clerk appeared, and with a funny, solemn, secret manner motioned us to follow him. It was all too much like a cheap melodrama mystery to impress me. With these people I still felt myself to be Mrs. John Worthington who would presently call a cab and drive back to her quiet smart street and her pleasant home.

The queer little clerk took us to a dingy place, a sort of oasis among bookshelves and what seemed to be thickset, clumsy wardrobes, all labeled with gummed paper labels which I afterwards made out to be geographical names, for the most part of the states from Maine to California, though there were several Long Island labels among them, and two labeled "Atlantic."

The cubby-hole we were in reminded me of the stalls of some of the German restaurants, only there were no Gothic decorations. An old sofa and a chair furnished our stall, and when we stood we could see over the low partition and catch a glimpse of the mysterious clerk, ushering in other people, mostly men, though there was one nice looking old lady in a remoter stall among the wilderness of bookcases and wardrobes.

We waited no end of a long time, and I really got quite cross, for I did not see why, just because I had come to make a loan, I need be treated without courtesy or consideration.

At last the clerk reappeared, more mysterious than ever, and took us into a little office at the very back of the store. It was almost filled by a huge roll-top desk, behind which sat a very common looking middle-aged man, the kind who might have had a little upholstery business on a side street. He motioned us to the sofa, and at once

plunged into a queer lecture on the advantage of being perfectly frank and honest with him, just as he would be with us. He did not give me time to speak, nor did he wait to see whether I would be businesslike or not.

At last he stopped and I told him that I wanted to borrow the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and that as security I offered an allowance paid into my bank on the first of each month by my husband.

He then asked me who my husband and my father were, and with much blustery talk looked up their standing in some business directory. For the most part he talked in a very voluble and affable way, but although I was utterly inexperienced in actual business, his talk did not take me in for a minute, it was so very different from the quiet manner of any member of even a reputable retail firm. I knew that he was in a shady kind of business, though he argued much to prove to me that he was not, and told unending tales of the many people whom he had helped.

He finally assured me that he considered the moral responsibility of my case so good that he was willing to lend me the money, although it was a larger sum than he usually lent, and the actual security was poor. He talked a great deal and very chattily about his various customers, and told me that while wives came to him in fear and terror lest their husbands find them out, often these very husbands were deeply in his debt for three— What am I saying? five times the sum. He said this very slowly and pointedly and wagged his head at me, leering cynically, so that I knew he wanted me to think he meant my own husband. I had to laugh inwardly, to think what a poor guess that argument was in my case. No doubt he has often found it will work.

At last I was able to pin him down. I was to receive the sum outright, and to pay him back fifteen dollars each week, until the whole sum and seven per cent. interest were paid off. This was to be paid by check and each month I was to send back the cashed checks, returned to me by the bank, of my payments to him of the preceding weeks. Further, I was to sign two papers, one a contract of which I could make nothing at all, though I read and reread it. It was so involved and full of legal jargon I did not understand it. I asked him whether he would let me take this document home to

show to a friend who was a lawyer, but he would not allow it to go out of the office. The other document was an informal letter I was to write under his supervision but in my own words, telling my husband of my difficulty and acknowledging my debt and asking him to pay it. This, the man assured me, was merely a small matter of form, to be used only in case of my sudden death.

I knew, of course, that it was this that constituted the real security, and that moreover should I at any time fail in my payments he would present it. I guessed moreover that such a paper could not stand legally, but that any respectable man would pay it if threatened with the publicity that a refusal would entail.

It was the sordidness of this letter to my husband that I could not bring myself to consent to. It seemed too terribly deceitful. I rose to go.

The money lender rose too, and seeing his prey slip away he quite changed his tone and became rude and bullying, and called me weak and cowardly. That disgusted me entirely and we hurried out of the place.

At first I was so glad to get away from the odious man that I did not realize that my mission had failed and that I was once more face to face with my hopeless debt. But slowly the shadow of my anxieties overtook me again, and as we walked along the crowded streets I could have screamed aloud in agony and fear.

I began to feel that I was going to lose my mind. I began to see my own trouble reflected in others. I pitied all business men, who, I fancied, had worries like mine, and when I went into a grocery or butcher shop I would look to see whether the proprietor appeared careworn or worried. My whole life was undermined, and I walked through the day like an automaton, glad to be let alone.

One day I was walking in the park, in a very depressed mood, wondering whether I ever would have the courage to kill myself, and whether they would bring up my children properly without me, and whether my husband would forgive me after I had expiated my folly by death.

I slipped out on the pier and stood looking at the lake, dappled over with cheerful little rippling waves. The free horizon and the sunshine and the clear bracing wind cheered me in spite of myself. Behind me the park



"THIS, HE ASSURED ME, WAS ONLY A MATTER OF FORM, TO BE USED IN CASE OF MY SUDDEN DEATH."

looked radiant in the fresh leaves of the young season. A large touring car came bounding along the drive that edged the shore. The horn honked joyously as it passed. I looked closer. If I had not known that Dubarry Boynton was in New York I could have sworn that was his big new car.

I stood up to make sure. The man driving the car must have recognized me, outlined against the lake and sky, for he stopped it suddenly and came down the pier toward me. It was Dubarry Boynton.

"Well, when did you come back," I said as he came up. "John will be awfully glad for they have been shorthanded at bridge lately."

Dubarry Boynton was one of my husband's bachelor friends, and came at least

once a week to play cards. Though their friendship dated from boyhood, of all John's friends I knew him least, but he was always very courteous and rather flattering in his manner. Perhaps that was the reason that he was more of a stranger to me than the others, who had adopted a sort of brotherly tone of teasing familiarity. Dubarry Boynton was always very polite, but something told me he was not the man to be interested in any woman who was the wife or the sweetheart of another.

To-day I welcomed any diversion from my troubles. We sat down and began to talk. Pretty soon he told me that something had happened to alter me, that I had changed completely since we had met last. He said he could see that something

was on my mind, and that there was a look of patience and suffering about me that it hurt him to see. I realized with a pang that my husband had been living beside me day after day, and had never noticed that anything was wrong, while Dubarry had noticed it the very first moment.

I admitted that I had been troubled, and, he was very kind and very tactful. I felt sure that I could trust him absolutely—I told him the whole story. No one will ever know the inexpressible relief of unburdening my mind. He listened quietly but with the keenest attention and muttered "Poor little girl," "Poor child," several times while I was talking, and of course this fed my self-pity and gratified me very much.

When I was through, he was quiet for so long a while that I feared that, after all, he was bored or shocked with my confession. At last he spoke.

"Do you know why I went East?" he said.

"No."

"John didn't tell you?"

"Oh, yes, he did, but I forgot. I can think of nothing but my troubles—I remember now, an uncle of yours died. I am sorry."

"Yes. He left me four hundred thousand dollars."

"That was nice of him," I managed to say naively.

"Well, I did not need it, I have been making over twenty thousand a year lately, and poor old dad left me quite a bit too. I suppose you think I am rather vulgar in the way I am telling you all this, but I am coming to the point. If you had all this money, much more than you could use, so that your miserable little debt looked like fifty cents beside it, and I was in a sickening need of some small sum that you could lend me and never feel at all, wouldn't you feel hurt if out of distrust and false pride I refused to take it from you? I know you would. And yet that is just what you would do if I should ask you now to let me help you out. Isn't it?"

I laughed and nodded, but I put out my hand to him and told him that anyway he had comforted me very much already.

Of course I was quite decided not to accept the money from him, but it undoubtedly was very comforting to know that there was money that I could have for the asking. Above all I liked his kind and gen-

tle way of talking to me, and his clear-headed questions and grasp of every detail of the situation. He seemed so strong and executive. We really had a very helpful talk, and he scolded me, in a gentle laughing way, for having been a little spendthrift and for having let all sorts of tradesmen cheat me.

And after a while he told me about his early life and a lot of his own money troubles, which turned out to have been much worse than mine.

He said that he had never told anyone so much about himself before, but that now we were trusted friends and would share each others' secrets.

Then he spoke very nicely about John and their lifelong friendship and how he admired John's work and his fine mind, and still I could see that he thought that John and I were so different that it must somehow be hard. He said that John was a wonderful old Spartan, and that it was strange that that severe temperament was always lacking in the aesthetics of living and the sense of beauty as applied to daily life. Of course that is very true. John has not got one bit of it in him.

"And that is where you beat everybody I have ever known, little woman," said Dubarry. "You are an artist, and your medium is life."

This flattered me very much. It was true in a way, too, but I did not know that anyone had understood it.

Dubarry Boynton took me home in his car that day, and after that he used to come quite often, and talk over my troubles with me, and insist on going over all the old bills, and beg me to let him help me out. He knew a lot about clothes, too, and praised or criticised mine. Sometimes we would make the dinner together, and even run down to the big down-town markets to buy more cheaply and bring meats and vegetables for a week home in his car. He was so helpful that I really felt I was learning a lot, and began to see hope ahead, if only I could start clear once more. So in the end, of course, I was weak enough to let him lend me the money.

He brought out the seven hundred and fifty dollars in fifteen crisp fifty-dollar bills and told me to pay off my debts in cash. I never spent a happier day than the one on which I went around in a taxicab and paid off all my astonished creditors. I

had ten dollars left. I got theater tickets with it, and that night John and I had a better time than we had had together for ever and ever so long. I flew to meet him the moment he came home, and he teased me all evening about my sudden relapse into youthfulness. I was dying all evening to tell him of Dubarry's kindness, only it was one of those matters that I had learned to keep to myself, for it would have involved admitting my debts. I kept my own counsel.

My plan was this: In the first place I closed all my accounts, and frankly admitted that I hadn't brains enough to manage a charge account. I resolved never to buy a single thing that I could not pay for right out of my purse. I was so afraid that I might at some time be tempted to break this resolution that I wrote to all the stores that I was leaving town, and formally closed my accounts. And I changed my grocery and started dealing with a cash market. I gave up telephoning the order and marketed every day myself. I was amazed to find how exciting it was, trying to keep to a certain sum each day.

One night, I went through a sort of a childish solemn ceremony, standing beside my children's beds barefooted and in my nightgown, and solemnly promising God, by my love to my babies, that I would never charge anything again.

As to my debt to Dubarry Boynton, I intended to open a savings account and put in five dollars every week, till it was paid off. He was in no hurry for it, being a rich man, and I comforted myself by thinking how gladly I would have done the same thing for him, if I had been rich and he poor.

The amazing thing that happened now was that I suddenly discovered that, where actual money itself was concerned, I was not at all wasteful. In fact I was often almost stingy, and hated to part with the nice crisp bills, or the fat prosperous silver dollars. I would deny myself for days and days in order to keep a certain bill intact. Dubarry would bet me a box of candy or theater tickets on the sum I would need to feed the family for a month, and then praise me wonderfully when I had made him lose his bet by spending eleven cents less than the sum mentioned.

It seemed incredible that I could become interested in the problem of economy, but it is certainly true that I did. Dubarry

said all I needed was to be taught to use my imagination in the problem. All these weeks I was steadily saving up to pay what I had borrowed, and adding my birthday check and half my dress allowance to it to make the time shorter. Everyone said that my health and looks were so improved. It was just having no worries, and being able to talk over with somebody the things that made up my life. I was happy all the day long, hummed around the house as I used to when I was a girl, and was never cross or impatient with my babies.

I used to think sometimes that Dubarry looked at me in a strange way when he was with us, and that he used to sit and watch me. I wondered what he could be thinking about. I knew he could not possibly be worrying about his money.

I did not think that my not telling John shocked him, for he knew John so well that he understood perfectly that one could not treat him quite like other people.

One day I was sitting sewing, when I saw Dubarry's machine pull up in front of the house. It was only ten o'clock in the morning, a most unusual time for him to call. I smoothed my hair, and stopped to put on a prettier collar and a new lace jabot and my afternoon slippers. Then I ran downstairs.

The moment I saw Dubarry's face I knew that something serious had happened. He was so quiet and businesslike and watched me so carefully.

"Alice," he said, watching to see how I would take it, "John has met with an accident. He has been struck by an automobile."

I felt as if the world were whirling round me. I held on to the back of a chair, so as not to whirl with it. Then I heard my voice say quite distinctly and quietly:

"Is he dead?"

"No, but he is badly hurt. They have taken him to a hospital, and I have come out to take you to him." I did not ask another question, but flew upstairs, and came back, putting on my hat as I came. I forgot my gloves. Dubarry held the door open for me. Then we jumped into his car.

And all the time I felt he was watching me closely.

"You needn't be afraid I am going to faint," I said, "I am not that kind. Now tell me how it happened."

I saw that he hesitated, and seemed

strangely to be thinking of something else. But all that I wanted to know was that John was still alive, and that I was hurrying to him.

"Tell me everything," I urged impatiently.

Dubarry seemed to shake off some preoccupation. "Your husband stepped out into the street to save a child that was in front of the car. The machine struck him. We were walking along on Monroe Street. We had met by accident at the bank. I went with him to the hospital, and then came out to fetch you. I wanted to tell you about it myself—" he added as if to himself.

"Is he . . . has he suffered much?" I could hardly bear the thought.

"I doubt if he regains consciousness before the operation. After that, no doubt, you can nurse him through the tediousness of convalescence."

"You're quite sure, Dubarry, that he will recover? You're not keeping any worse thing from me?" I gripped his arm till it hurt my fingers, and leaned forward to force him to look me in the eyes, and make him give up the whole truth.

His eyes were hard, it seemed to me, and pitiless, but I saw he was telling me all that he knew. I wondered that he was not more affected.

"Oh, he'll pull out of this," Dubarry said. "Lucky dog, he's a hero now, and you'll live happy ever after." It almost sounded like a sneer.

All through John's long illness Dubarry was awfully good to us. He sent his car every day to take me to and from the hospital, and he came and sat with John and talked international law with him by the hour, and read to him or played casino or cribbage.

One day when he was nearly well, John said to me: "We'll miss old Dubarry awfully, won't we, when he goes? He's a conceited sort of chap and has a narrow outlook on life, but he's an awfully good sort, just the same."

It was time for John's medicine, and I gave him that first. He insists that it gives me endless satisfaction to have him where I can overrule his independence, and make him take naps and cups of broth at all hours, and that I love to pour out the vilest tasting medicines and make him swallow them. It is odd, but if it had not been for John's in-

evitable suffering, these weeks would have been the happiest ones in many years. It was so splendid to be together all day, and to feel that I was really necessary to my husband. When we were settled again, I remembered about Dubarry.

"Where ever is he going to?" I asked.

"Oh, he's going to break away from civilization. Call of the wild, and all that. He's done it before. This time it's South America. He has interests down in Argentina, went in with a lot of English fellows, something on quite a monstrous scale, I believe. I wonder he hasn't talked to you about it."

Then, for the first time, it struck me that it was weeks since I had talked to Dubarry Boynton alone. He usually came and sat with John, while I went for a short walk or drive, or else John and he would talk and I would sew. And then Dubarry came in.

"We were just talking about you," said John. "Alice didn't know that you were going away. Poor child, she thinks of nothing but medicines and bandages."

Dubarry did not answer. "Are you going away," I said—the thought of my debt to him occurring for the first time in weeks.

"Yes, I'm off sooner than I thought. I go to-night." He hesitated a moment. "I was going to ask Alice if she wouldn't come out for a short run in the machine. It's a corking day, and will do her good."

I went. At first Dubarry seemed to be in a very bad humor. He hardly answered my questions. When we were way out on the beach, he made me get out and we sat on a fallen log, while he poked in the sand morosely with his cane.

Then suddenly he turned toward me almost fiercely, and said, "Look here, do you know why I am going?"

"I'm off because I can't stand this any longer," he went on without waiting for an answer. "I love you, Alice, and any other woman on God's earth would have known it long ago. You're such a confounded baby. I can't tell whether I hate it in you, or adore you for it. But I can't go off and have you go on doing the things you have been doing, and getting yourself into trouble. John is more of a child than you are, and I am going to give you a lesson and a lecture. You will be angry, but that does not matter, if it does you any good. Now, listen to me: That money lender would have hounded you down without mercy, if you had borrowed

from him, till you would have had to tell your husband, or he would have done so. But, just the same, it would have been infinitely better that you should have borrowed from him than let a man of your acquaintance lend you money without your husband's knowledge."

I felt as if Dubarry had struck me.

He put out his hand and held mine a minute, and looked at me so kindly and gently, that I let him go on. His face looked older, and so very serious that I felt like a child.

"When you told me about your troubles, that day on the pier," he went on, "I welcomed the idea of putting a very pretty and charming woman under obligations to me, and I fully intended to use any advantage that might come to me from the situation. Now, listen, Alice. I am not as good a man as your husband, but I am no worse than the majority of men, and the majority of men would have sooner or later abused the situation.

"Then, in the days that followed, I began to understand you, perhaps better than you understand yourself, and I saw that while you are weak in some ways, you are strong in others, with an unconscious strength that is almost superhuman. And then I found that I loved you. Alice, I have always had what I wanted, before. And to know that in this supreme thing I was not to have what I wanted, and that John, a dreamer, and one who seems to me never more than half alive, should stand between us, nearly killed me.

"Alice, what I want to tell you is this: I know that I could make you love me. I know that I could. I am never fatuous, no matter what my faults are. You are my kind. But I know, too, that you would not be happy. I've seen that in your own way you love John. I am giving you up, Alice, for your sake and for his, and though it won't kill me it's no easy thing to do. But you must promise me to take care of yourself. Don't go on being a child. For I can't stay here to look after you. But I tell you this: I will always know about you, and if you throw yourself away, if you put yourself in another man's power as you did in mine, if you make my sacrifice useless, I swear to you I'll come back and kill the man, no matter who he is."

By this time I was crying quietly to myself. All that he said was so dreadful and

hurt me so fearfully. Yet I was so sorry for him, and I saw that it was all true, he was suffering because he cared for me, and I did not know what to do about it.

"Will you promise?" he asked.

I nodded through my tears, and held out my hands to him.

He took them, and held them so tight he hurt them.

"God, Alice," he said, "you don't care at all, do you?"

And I answered: "Dubarry, I am awfully fond of you."

He stood gazing at me for a moment, my hands still in his, then he laughed and flung them away almost roughly.

"Alice," he said, "you do see that I am trying to do the white thing?"

"Of course."

"Well, I want you to do me a favor that is always going to give me pleasure as often as I think of you. Will you do it?"

I nodded. "If I can."

"I want you to promise to never repay that money. Keep the savings for your children, if you won't take it in any other way. You have learned your lesson, I think. And promise me never to tell this affair to John. You can afford to be generous. Leave me this memory of the one secret that we share, Alice, you and I—the memory that I was once useful to you in trouble, and that you trust and like me well enough to let the matter rest so."

His voice was so gentle and sad now that I would have promised almost anything. Besides, it would have seemed unworthy and petty to have refused him at such a moment.

We had reached the place where his car was waiting. The sun had set and the park looked suddenly bleak and bare. Dubarry folded the robes around me with the same care that he gave to every detail that made for comfort.

"I am going to leave you here, Alice," he said. "Say good-bye to John for me. Good-bye." He looked at me once, imploringly—tenderly—then he added before I could speak, "To the hospital, Murray."

And the last I saw of him, he was standing under the bare leafless maple trees in the darkening park.

On the way home a poor miserable little street cur jumped right under the car, and was instantly killed. At that, my nervous tension broke. I cried openly like a

child all the way home. When we got to the hospital I threw myself in John's arms, a woe-begone, disheveled creature. And he comforted me as he would one of the children.

"The automobile ran over a little dog," I sobbed, "and Dubarry wants me to say good-bye to you. He's gone."

Later that evening, when we had had supper on a cozy little table by his bedside, John said thoughtfully:

"Do you know, Alice, I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were partly on your account that old Dubarry got out of here? He's been kind of odd lately, moping and jeering at life, and I have thought once or twice that he might be beginning to care for you too much. He's a queer romantic sort

of chap in certain ways. Did he intimate anything of that sort to you this afternoon?"

"Yes, John, he did," I said. That isn't the sort of thing I could deceive John about, ever.

He drew me closer to him, and kissed me and patted my back. "You poor soft-hearted little girl," he said. "And then you ran over a dog on top of that."

And there is no use talking, I love to be petted and babied, although I have kept my promise to Dubarry and taken the serious side of life seriously. And I have always kept the secret that he asked me to.

I am still saving five dollars a week, and the account now stands, in the children's name, at six hundred and fifty dollars.

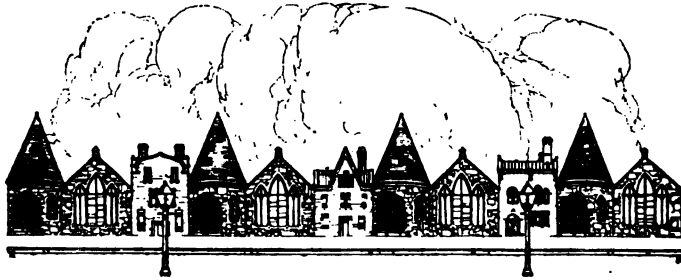


Yet This Shall Be

By Charles C. Jones

YET this shall be: Would any mortal make
 Converse with one far-stationed oversea,
 He need not set the wireless flashing free,
 Nor in deep-lying, shell-burred cable wake
 The tell-tale tremor; for his own end's sake
 He shall but think with time-trained faculty,
 And lo! his message shall transmitted be,
 Though oceans rend and storms with fury break.
 Then shall man triumph over Space, and call
 Old Time to serve him better than before;
 Then shall the earth for circling thought wax small;
 Then shall mind mix with mind, till no man fail
 To see the right, and with no cause of war,
 To greet his kind, "Earth-countrymen, all hail!"

What is to Become of The Preacher?



By Dr. Thomas E. Green

Author of "Revivals and Revivalists," etc.

Illustrations by Mayo Bunker

THE Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in a thriving Wisconsin town of twenty-seven hundred inhabitants. We shall call this town Cedarville.

Cedarville stands in the midst of one of the most fertile farming regions in the Middle West. Situated in a southern tier of counties, its county line joins the rich Rock River valley of northern Illinois. Farm lands in the neighborhood are worth a hundred and fifty dollars an acre.

The two thousand and seven hundred people of Cedarville are almost all prosperous. For the most part they are intelligent, well educated, highly moral, good citizens. The town has two banks, a couple of weekly newspapers, a creamery, a grain elevator and a fine new high school.

Not an undesirable place for the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley to be assigned to by the annual conference. The parsonage, though small, is a cheerful, well-built frame cottage. The Bradleys have lived in much worse houses; in fact, they have seldom lived in a better one. In the course of twenty years' itinerancy, a Methodist minister's family has a chance to experience a variety of housing conditions, and learns to be satisfied with mere comfort.

In addition to the house, Mr. Bradley's congregation allows him for his services as their pastor the sum of \$800 a year—that is, they promise him \$800. Generally the quarterly payments are in arrears.

Periodically this question of the minister's salary becomes acute, and the parish board of directors holds a series of meetings to consider ways and means of making up the deficit. When the relief comes and the minister is paid his back salary, the board always appears to be making him a present. He is expected to be grateful, and to show his appreciation by working a little harder than before.

To be sure he is grateful. The matter of arrears in salary is in a constantly acute stage in the privacy of the minister's family. His wife, who is the business manager of the household, never rests from her responsibility of paying old bills. At forty she looks back on what seems a long life of poverty as hopeless as it was pathetic; a poverty that must hide its face behind a pretense of comfort and contentment, and that must contrive somehow to live up to the requirements of gentility demanded by a clergyman's social position.

The family must dress neatly, the children must be educated, the home must be attractive to visitors, there must always



be room at table for a chance guest. The problem of maintaining the standard on a small income paid at uncertain intervals keeps the minister's wife in a state of nervous tension, hardly ever relaxed. Sometimes her tired nerves give way in a fit of temporary rebellion.

The Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley was in the midst of his next Sunday sermon when his wife walked into the study with an expression of countenance which he had learned to dread.

"Charles," she exclaimed in a tense voice, "I can't endure it any longer! Something has got to be done. We cannot cut down expenses another penny, yet I cannot meet this week's bills. The children need shoes or hats or dresses. Charlie hasn't a decent suit to graduate in next month, and I haven't had a new gown in three years.

"We cannot go on this way any longer. It was easier when the children were little, but now they are growing up I cannot manage on the miserable salary they allow you. If they paid promptly it would be difficult enough, but as it is, the thing is simply impossible."

"They are doing pretty well, Mary," murmured the parson. "They are only ninety dollars behind now, and there is to be a meeting of the trustees to-morrow to decide on a plan to make up the deficit."

"Why should there be a deficit? Why should this rich parish be in arrears, year in and year out? Why does O'Leary, the bricklayer down the street, get five dollars a day, *get* it, too, while you are paid less than half his wages and wait for your pittance?"

"You are simply opening up the old question of clergymen's salaries, Mary. What's the use? Be patient. The Lord will provide."

Ministers should be more tactful. They should not use the old formula, "The Lord will provide," at moments of acute financial stress. It invariably provokes a crisis. The minister's wife cannot with propriety follow her inclinations and shriek out in so many words that she does not believe it. All she can do is to burst into hysterical tears and a flood of rebellious, incoherent words. This was exactly what Mrs. Bradley did, and in the middle of the storm the doorbell rang. Mrs. Bradley fled, and the Reverend Charles, his nerves raw and his heart sick with pity and shamed sorrow, stumbled to the door. Mechanically he answered the greeting of the handsome, middle-aged woman who stood on the porch.

FOR THE HEATHEN

Mrs. William Anderson was the wife of the president of Cedarville's largest bank, and the leading woman in Mr. Bradley's congregation. Childless, rich, energetic, Mrs. Anderson gave much of her time to parish activities. She was the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, president of the Woman's Missionary Society, and active in all the Epworth Leagues, temperance societies, Bible study circles and the like which make up the life of a church.

Her motor car purred at the curb as she trailed her silken skirts into the little parlor of the parsonage.

"I've only a moment, Mr. Bradley," she said cheerfully. "Mr. Anderson is waiting for me to drive him to the farm. It's such a



charming day to go to the country, isn't it? I wanted to make sure, though, that you remember that next Sunday is our annual collection for foreign missions. I do hope you will urge the congregation to give liberally. We want a good showing in the conference report, you know, and we must do our part in the great missionary movement which is waking up the church just now. Thirty thousand additional missionaries called for, just think of it! I hope Mrs. Bradley is well. Give her my love, and you *will* say all you can next Sunday for the missions, won't you?"

"Surely," agreed the minister. "Missionary activity is the very life of the church. I had not forgotten, but thank you for coming just the same."

The motor car spun round the corner, the minister went slowly back to his shabby desk and sank wearily into his chair. Before him lay a circular of the Missionary Board, its headline in bold type staring him in the face:

"Fifty Millions for Missions."

For the first time, or perhaps not for the first, but for the hundredth time, it occurred to the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley, "Why, in the name of common sense, did I not become a foreign missionary instead of an itinerant parson?" It is too late to wonder now. The Reverend Mr. Bradley, at forty-six years of age, with four half-grown children and a tired wife, is undesirable timber for the foreign mission service. But if he only had chosen the foreign field—

In Cedarville he is getting \$800 a year and a house, say \$1,000 in all. That is, he

is promised that much, but getting it is more or less problematical.

In the foreign field he would have been paid at least \$1,500, and he would have received it with clockwork regularity. Moreover, the purchasing power of \$1,500 in American gold is so much greater in foreign lands than in the United States that the missionary finds his income almost three times as large as the figures indicate.

In addition to his income there is frequently a salary paid his wife. The Missionary Board does not ask the missionary's wife to perform the unpaid services expected of the parson's hard-worked, unappreciated partner. If the missionary's wife teaches or nurses or helps with the Gospel work, she is paid for it—as she should be, of course. The missionary's wife does not even have the drudgery of taking care of her babies. For every baby that arrives the family income enables her to employ a patient, efficient, silent-footed, restful servant.

Rare indeed is the minister at home who can have three or four quick, industrious, obedient servants, his own conveyance, a comfortable, not to say commodious dwelling, and a position of social eminence.

And there is no peril any more in the work of a missionary, if he be content to be simply a missionary. Let him keep clear of politics and avoid the ever-present temptations of mixing in with the grasping avarice and dishonesty of business promotion and he is as safe in Japan, in India, in equatorial Africa as he is in Wisconsin.

"Fifty Millions for Missions!" Every meeting of the Protestant churches in conference echoes this demand. Fifty millions,



mark you, in addition to the regular appropriations of the missionary boards of the churches. The great sum has been called for and it will undoubtedly be found.

Of course, only a small part of the money will reach the thousand million heathens for whose conversion it is spent, although the fund will be administered with the most religious honesty, and with no little ability into the bargain. Converting the heathen is about the most expensive luxury in which the Church indulges.

It has always been an item in the budget of the missionary board that it took one dollar to make a dollar efficient in the field. That will halve the appropriation. Actually, the cost of missions is greater than that. At least a missionary whom I met last year in Japan, on his way home on furlough after eight years' work in India, told me that every dollar that came into actual practical use in his work had cost the Foreign Missionary Society three dollars and seventy-five cents to put it there.

Nevertheless, if it costs six dollars instead of three dollars and seventy-five cents, the money would still be spent. The conscience of Christendom demands missionaries. Look at the situation.

According to the figures set forth by the World's Geographical Society, the population of the earth in round numbers is 1,440,000,000.

According to the most hopeful and optimistic figures compiled by religious statisticians, one billion of them are not Christians. Four hundred and forty millions comprehend the membership of all the divergent and oftentimes warring sorts and kinds of Christians. A thousand million of

the world's teeming life make up "the perishing heathen."

Among the various nations and peoples there are 13,350 missionaries, for whose support the religious forces of the United States contribute this year ten million dollars.

Since the vast majority of the heathen, when they are not persisting in their allegiance to Mohammed or Confucius, are continuing to bow down to wood and stone, it is apparent that we need more missionaries and more millions. The call has gone forth for thirty thousand new missionaries and fifty million dollars to back them up.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY?

If a part of these aliens to the Gospel chance to be observing and philosophical folk, and happen to ask us if Cedarville, Wisconsin, and the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley are the best or a fair average of what we can show at home as a result of what we are so earnestly trying to propagate abroad, what are we going to say?

We can say, most of us, that we did not know that our home situation was as bad as the Bradley case indicates. The fact is, our situation is as bad, and worse. Examine first the matter of clergymen's salaries.

In the year 1909, there were in the state of Wisconsin one hundred and sixty-six ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church, and they received an average salary of \$775. In the Milwaukee district, with thirty-six ministers, the average was \$866. Counting three hundred working days to the year—and the minister works three hundred and sixty-five, and then some—these ministers averaged \$2.25 a day. An average bricklayer makes \$5 a day.



In the Presbyterian Church of the entire country there were last year twenty-five hundred ministers who received as much as \$1,000 salary. The other five thousand pastors averaged \$600—less by much than masons or carpenters.

The average of all Christian ministers in the United States, taking no account of negro ministers or congregations, is \$663 a year. In some of the smaller denominations the salaries are pitiful. The Congregational Methodists have three hundred and twenty-four ministers, who average only \$111 a year. The Separate Baptists average only \$121.

Ministers in the great Baptist Church in the states south of the Ohio River, the section where it is strongest, average only \$367 a year.

The Unitarians average the highest—\$1,653 a year; but their churches are comparatively few and are confined to the larger towns and cities of New England and the Middle West.

The Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley is far in advance of the average of his profession. He has \$800—promised at least—as against an average of \$663. And yet, here is a man of culture and refinement, a man of intellectual parts far above the average, given to a profession presumably the highest and most sacred in human activity, here is this man up against the very problem of living.

The average young minister comes from a theological seminary. He has a "call" to a fair parish at a promised salary of \$1,000. If he be of any sort of prudent frame of mind, he is afraid to marry, for fear of the children, whose coming he dare not

prevent, but each of whom means an additional unit in the solution of his sum in short division. In India or in Japan the babies, as we have said, may come as they will.

In the ministry, you see, conditions have been reversed. The life of sacrifice and denial is here at home; the life of comfort and comparative ease is in the foreign field.

I know there will be some unctuous soul who will say that the clergyman is expected to face a life of sacrifice and denial when he undertakes the ministry as his profession. There may have been times and places when that sentimental point of view was true, but certainly not in the United States, and in the twentieth century.

In heathen lands and in the vicarious work a man undertakes by voluntary choice, such as settlement work amid the festering foreign congestion of our great cities, it may be true; but why should it be in the average prosperous town in the United States?

For the position of pastor in a church we demand a man of education and natural gifts, of refinement, of literary culture, to say nothing of religious fervor and personal piety. We expect him to give all of his time to the labors of his calling, to conduct public worship, to visit the sick, to bury the dead, to instruct the young, to train the choir, to steer the various societies in peace through the troubled waters of factional cliques and social jealousy.

We expect him to organize all sorts and kinds of attractive and alluring activities; to enter successfully into cheap rivalry with lunch counters and restaurants in the guise of church suppers and chicken dinners; to

resigned their pulpits and went into the life insurance business, because they actually could not make a living in the ministry.

I know I am skating on thin ice just now, but it is a healthful thing occasionally to summon your courage and stand face to face with fact. Since I wrote the last word I have gone through my morning paper. Within easy reach of me three ministers have resigned within twenty-four hours. One is from a large city church; he resigned because he says he is a theologian and not a banker, and refuses therefore to attempt the financial conduct of what is at best a precarious institution. Of the others, one has absolutely resigned and gone into business for the sake of a living, and the other refuses to preach what he no longer believes.

The theological seminaries are failing to make good the constant loss in numbers in the ministry. Young men are entering the profession in constantly diminishing numbers. Who will doubt that this is accounted for by the poor financial outlook before the prospective preacher? Less than a thousand dollars a year, unless he be able to rise to the level of a very small percentage of his profession! And from this he must live and save

enough to be independent of starvation when his hair turns gray and the super-sensitive congregation no longer desires his services.

Either that, or beg, or starve.

conduct fairs and sales and all the other outrageous folderols of ecclesiastical merchandising.

And then, while the wage of skilled physical labor has increased forty per cent in the last ten years, we hold the preacher down to the old price, or under, and tell him he ought to expect sacrifice and denial, because he is "a man of God!"

Increasingly the intelligent, thoughtful, religious young man is turning his back on the profession of clergyman and seeking other means of serving God and humanity.

The proposition of pastorless churches is constantly increasing. On January 1, 1911, one denomination in its annual convention reported one thousand vacant charges, and eight hundred and eighty-seven closed churches.

In 1906 the Baptists had 6,302 more church buildings than ministers, the Lutherans 3,353, the Presbyterians 2,855, while the Methodists of various sorts had 20,253. And this in spite of the fact that each of the larger denominations is in possession of invested funds whose income is sufficient to provide a university and theological education to "satisfactory applicants" without one cent of expense to the young man from beginning to end—a free gift, if the young men would only come.

In a single state last year twenty-three ministers



"IT COSTS A DOLLAR TO PUT A DOLLAR INTO FOREIGN MISSIONS."



There are a hundred times as many automobiles as there were ten years ago; wages have gone up; beef has gone up; flour is higher; milk is dearer; but the dead level of ministerial poverty abideth forever.

Something is wrong. What is it?

There is no gainsaying the fact that the minister's salary remains below the poverty line because a large proportion of the American public has lost interest in the minister and in the Church.

The present census of the United States shows a population in continental America of approximately 90,000,000. In 1906, the membership of all religious denominations in the United States was 32,936,445. This total is not the result of adding denominational renumeration, but the record of official registration. That many people acknowledged themselves as members of the various churches. Of this total 20,287,742 were Protestants and 12,790,142 were Roman Catholics.

In the United States, therefore, there are 57,063,555 people who refused to enroll themselves as attached to any form of organized Christianity.

Of the Protestant denominations 80.6 per cent of all the communicants were outside of the principal cities of the country.

In the first-class cities, and those having a population of 300,000 or more, only 17.3 per cent of the people were members of Protestant churches.

Of the Roman Catholic communicants 27.9 per cent were in cities of the first class, and 47.8 per cent in districts so rural as to be outside of towns of 20,000.

In our five principal cities the proportion of communicants to the population is: New York, 44.7; Chicago, 40.7; Philadelphia, 38.8; Boston, 62.6 and St. Louis, 46.6.

CHURCHES ARE LOSING GROUND

It needs neither figures nor argument to establish the fact that church attendance and church worship are in a condition of decline. The experience of any community is ample proof.

An economic explanation is frequently given in the historic explanation that epochs of great material prosperity have always witnessed spiritual inactivity. Let there come, says a class of students of such things, a time of great business depression, of financial stringency in the United States and men will instinctively turn to devotional activity.

But the same thing is true elsewhere. Since 1905, the collections in London churches have fallen off thirty-five per cent.

The Reverend Dr. R. F. Horton says: "The habit of Sunday worship in church is slowly but surely dying out in England. Not more than one twentieth of the population of London ever attends church."

Before the late Dean Farrar died he stated that a census of the laboring communities of England showed that not five per cent. of English workingmen ever entered a church. It does not require a census to establish the same significant fact in America.

There is a certain presumption about an attempt to give any adequate reason for these conditions. But there are two facts in whose statement and discussion we are on safe ground. I say safe, because nothing is more dangerous than any attack, even the most moderate and charitable, upon deep-rooted religious prejudice. However lacking people may be in personal belief, intelligent comprehension or even the most superficial obedience, they spring with almost an unbelievable loyalty to the defense of what is often merely a hereditary allegiance or a circumstantial connection.

THE PEOPLE DO NOT BELIEVE

The principal reason for the religious decadence of to-day is that the great mass of intelligent thinking people no longer believe much of what the "creeds" teach. They no longer believe simply because much of it is unbelievable, impossible of acceptance by the modern mind, by the educated reason of to-day.

The morals of religion, the insistence upon righteousness and justice and truth in individual character and in all the relations of life, the exaltation of the life and the matchlessly simple teaching of Jesus as the great example of all true living—these are the foundation of all goodness, universally admitted and accepted.

But the "theologies," various and divergent, that are the reasons for the multitude of divisions and the endless variations of creeds, are in large part archaic, unchanged from the conceptions and the conclusions of medieval philosophy. Theology stands to-day the one unchanged and surviving fragment of the belief and teaching of five centuries ago. Its terms, its very vocabulary, are in words that were in common use only before the invention of printing.

Everything else has changed. Social, civic and political codes have adapted them-

selves to modern conditions. The medical profession no longer devotes itself to charms and exorcisms that were the remedial methods of an age of superstition. Even the law, the most substantial and unchanging philosophical system of organized life, has adapted itself to modern standards.

But theology still sets forth a system that is mystical, unscientific, so full of contradictions that it must be explained, apologized for, twisted into all sorts of impossible interpretations that it may present itself for rational acceptance.

"Of course, nobody believes or teaches these things now," says the liberal theologian of to-day, as he defends his "heresy" at the bar of orthodox belief and conformity.

And just there is the explanation that answers our questions. No system can have authority that must apologize for itself. The great movement for which the world is waiting is the heroic iconoclasm that shall embalm and lay away as relics of the past the multiplicity of already moribund words and phrases, and shall set forth the Saviour's creed of human helpfulness—the gospel of the clean heart and of the Golden Rule. To such a creed the heart of universal humanity will be forever orthodox and obedient.

The second and practical reason for the waning influence of organized churchism lies in the self-evident fact that division always breeds weakness.

THE MULTIPLICITY OF CREEDS

To show the extent of the division, and to give concrete evidence of the resulting weakness, let us go back to Cedarville, Wisconsin.

Among other evidence of prosperity this town has thirteen churches; or, more specifically, thirteen religious organizations. They are:

Presbyterian,
United Presbyterian,
Reformed Presbyterian,
Congregational,
Baptist,
Methodist,
Disciple,
United Brethren,
Adventist,
Friends,
Christian Science,
Spiritualistic,
Episcopalian.

Of these, eleven have church buildings. The Presbyterians and the Methodists are

the strongest, each scheduling 325 members, good, bad and indifferent. (Church statistics, by the way, are notoriously elastic, and are seldom revised. Additions are always enthusiastically enumerated, while losses are generally disregarded. Church members, from the viewpoint of tabulation, never resign—and seldom die.)

In this town the weakest sect is the Christian Scientists, who number only 25. Of the others, the Reformed Presbyterians have 140, the Congregationalists an even 100. Of the rest, none has more than 60.

To the ministers the largest churches pay \$2,000 and \$1,500 respectively, the others from \$900 down to \$200. One pays \$700, three pay \$500 each, and one pays \$300.

Of the church buildings the cost varies from \$1,000 for the poorest to \$15,000 for the best. Two of the denominations have no church buildings, but conduct their services in homes or in halls.

The total salary list aggregates \$8,100, the expense account aside from salary \$2,300.

The contributing strength of the town under all this pressure of multiple appeals is therefore \$10,400, and this is divided unevenly between thirteen organizations. Of the eleven resident ministers, nine are facing the actual problem of existence, of making ends meet in the struggle of daily life. Side by side with the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley and his over-burdened, discouraged wife, they are a part of the Tragedy of the Ministry.

Cedarville has only a small part of the long list of denominations. Outside of various independent congregations, there are in the United States a hundred and forty-two different sects and sorts large enough to maintain a definite organization.

It is questionable whether the average reader has ever given a serious thought to the reason why there are so many religious denominations—why, to use the ordinary phrase, there are so many different churches in the town in which he lives?

IT IS ECONOMICALLY RIDICULOUS

Were it anything else he would brand it at once as foolishness, as suicidal. Attempt the same plan in education, in business, or in politics and it would be self-evidently absurd. Judged by any standard of practical efficiency the religious condition of the average town would be ridiculous were it not so pitiful.

There are in the United States fourteen kinds of Baptists; twenty-four sorts of Lutherans; fifteen types of Methodists; twelve subdivisions of Presbyterians. Between the minor divisions the differences are often infinitesimal, their beginnings so long ago that they have been absolutely forgotten.

Once begun they continue, not because the issues of whose discussion they are the monuments still exist, or have any earthly value, but because no one has the courage to challenge their value or usefulness, or reverently to lay them away among the other relics of antiquity.

In a town near the border of Manitoba there is a *Southern* Methodist Church, its very name a relic of the Civil War, and on the Gulf of Mexico an anemic, starving, *Northern* Presbyterian congregation is struggling to keep itself alive.

Between the great denominations there were originally temperamental differences of expression and of worship, depending largely upon the root stock upon which they grew. English, Scotch, Dutch, Saxon and Latin peoples naturally differed in many traits of character. But these beginnings are long past. With a most unique and unprecedented capacity for assimilation, an ethnic digestion that is one of the wonders of the world's life, we have made a composite temperament in which the best and the most virile from every whither have endured, and the weaker and local peculiarities have sloughed away.

No one will dispute the fact for which Plutarch contended, that religion—a religion—is necessary for the well-being of humanity. No one will dispute the fact that from at least our viewpoint Christianity is the highest in ideals and accomplishment of all the world religions.

No one will dispute the fact, apparent on every hand, that the present condition of organized American Christianity is neither satisfactory nor promising.

This being the bitter truth, why is it that the foreign mission continues to flourish? Why is it that the American people who are ceasing to support the church at home are still eager to establish the church in heathen lands?

THE PUBLIC DOES NOT KNOW

The explanation is psychological. The American public does not know, or at least

it does not believe, that it has ceased to support the church. The individual American may know that he rarely goes to church, does not contribute five dollars a year to the church, but he thinks that the great public goes, and that the church is supported. So, when the cry goes forth for a fund for foreign missions, the casual churchgoer contributes. The contribution eases the conscience, or it makes the giver feel generous, and it is less of a tax on the pocketbook than a regular sum paid into church coffers.

The regular churchgoer retains his ardent enthusiasm for foreign missions because the foreign field is far away; it is picturesque; it appeals to the imagination.

Another reason, and a very good one, too. The foreign mission does not convert a nation, but it does, in a small way, get concrete results. It takes groups of "natives," teaches them to read, to work at skilled trades, to be clean in body and habits; it heals the sick and literally rescues the perishing. The foreign mission is a social settlement in the best sense of the word. It is a truly Christian institution, which is a great deal more than the church at home, split into dozens of warring, narrow-minded, mediæval divisions, can claim to be.

Perhaps—who can say?—the knowledge of this is the unuttered, deep-seated explanation of the Christian's continued allegiance to foreign missionary work. The people of America are still a Christian people. When Christianity expresses itself through a church which answers the people's needs, they will support that church, just as at present they support foreign missions, social settlements, hospitals, humane institu-

tions of every kind. They are waiting for the church of the future. Whatever that church will be, it will eliminate the narrowness of denominationalism.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

The people are waiting for church unity, but not as the term is generally used.

No one will venture for a moment to believe, what was once the inspiration during generations of doctrinal discussion and dogmatic warfare, that any one of existing denominations will be the ultimate form to which all others will come. That kind of church unity, long indulged in by visionary enthusiasts, is merely an "iridescent dream."

The practical proposition is a combination by elimination, the seeking of a common ground, framed by the fundamental syllables of common belief.

Already farseeing leadership is realizing the necessity of combination. The many sorts of Methodists are reaching out to a greater Methodism; Presbyterians, Lutherans, Baptists are beginning to learn wisdom from "the children of this world."

At a recent General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church a commission was created to enter the religious world at large and attempt a corporate union of the religious forces in America, and behind its prospective work one layman placed a fund of one hundred thousand dollars to insure its unhampered activity.

The difficulty will lie not among the leaders along various lines of denominational activity, but in the prejudices and antipathies of the masses of people who are loyal to traditions and to issues long since buried in the flight of years.





The Speech Impromptu

by
MARY LAVINIA BRAY

Illustrations by P. J. Monahan

MRS. STANTON BLAIR hesitated one moment before the glass door bearing in unobtrusive gilt letters her husband's name, while she reassured herself that the request she had come to make was a perfectly legitimate one. Then, with a confident toss of the head, she entered.

Her entrance caused a faintly perceptible stir among the employees, not unlike the momentary restiveness of a poultry-yard when some wild stranger, delaying for a second its free flight, hovers curiously. There were glances of admiration, of envy, of wistfulness, all merging into pleasant responsiveness as Mrs. Blair smiled recognition upon the room.

Only one was unmoved by the advent of

the lady, Miss Cunningham, head stenographer and secretary to Mr. Blair. She was surprisingly young for the position and appealingly little, with an independence of mind and fierceness of spirit not at all to be suspected. At first glance Miss Cunningham answered the description of a dear little thing. Ten minutes' conversation on any subject near to her heart would give a startlingly different impression. Not that she ceased to be either dear or little, but, incongruously, exhibited dangerousness.

She had had a struggle for existence entirely unfair to youth and gentleness, so that she had gathered much knowledge of the sharpness and little of the sweetness of life. Having an ardent spirit, she rebelled against the injustice of conditions as she had found them. Having read much inflammatory

argument and heard much speech making of brilliant extremists, she was a passionate rebel. And no one ever had listened to Miss Cunningham expressing her opinions, with blue eyes suddenly ablaze and soft hair flying out electrically, without some sense of confusion. She bewilderingly suggested an infant giving voice to anarchistic sentiments.

To Miss Cunningham, Mrs. Blair was one of the well-meaning, undesirable, superfluous band of parasites supported at the expense of the social body. Miss Cunningham was not one to curry favor with a parasite or to gratify a parasitical longing for unmerited recognition. Therefore, never raising her level brows, she applied herself to correspondence.

After a minute, during which Mrs. Blair had waited in impressive abstraction, her husband came to escort her to his private office. The little flurry of interest subsided. Miss Cunningham allowed her eyes calm contemplation of the lady's elegantly disappearing back, and a smile curved the outlines of her firm but pretty mouth.

Mr. Blair closed the door, drew forward a chair for his wife, and said, "Well, my dear?" all in the same breath. He did not mean to be abrupt, but the pressure of business was upon him, and in his office no one wasted time.

"I shall not interrupt you for more than a moment, Stanton," she began. "You know I would not have come if my errand were not one of vital importance."

Her husband responded amiably, and she plunged into her subject.

"You remember that when Mrs. Knox defeated me for presidency of the Melpomene, by underhanded methods, I told you it was the last straw, and that I should never rest until I could pay her back. Well, my opportunity has come." She paused significantly. "Mrs. Hatch has an aunt coming from London, unexpectedly, Lady Calder-Gay. It's a relationship by marriage. Between you and me, I believe they didn't know it until she looked them up, or we'd have heard of it before. Well, she is going to be here only a few hours on her way to San Francisco to attend the wedding of her second son to an heiress out there, and only one evening on her return journey. The Melpomene Club has arranged with Mrs. Hatch to have a reception for Lady Calder-Gay when she stops on her way out. That means only *one* person can entertain her

when she comes back. Mrs. Knox is perfectly determined to be that person. So am I."

Mrs. Blair paused for breath. Mr. Blair's face clouded, the while his eyes were sympathetically fixed upon his wife. He had never been able to understand why two women might not decently share social honors instead of struggling with unending bitterness and hypocrisy for leadership.

"I hope you can manage it," he said. "What have I to do with it?"

"Everything," she answered with brisk assurance. "Mrs. Hatch, in talking with me, dropped the remark that Lady Calder-Gay had mentioned something about suffrage conditions over here. That means she's a suffragist. I'm going to take up woman suffrage at once, organize a society and ask her to meet the members—guest, adviser, guide, you know. We might name it after her. And if Mrs. Knox doesn't join under my leadership—she hates to be in anything unless she can be the whole thing—she won't even be among those present at the reception at our home!"

Mr. Blair smiled appreciatively, and unconsciously cast a restless eye toward his desk.

"And, Stanton—this is what I want of you."

Mr. Blair was all attention again.

"This has all happened so suddenly. She arrives day after to-morrow, and whatever I do must be done then, at the club meeting. Stanton, I cannot possibly—I have innumerable things to do—I simply cannot get up a paper on woman suffrage within that time. And I must be accurately posted."

She looked at him with troubled eagerness, hopeful that he would show some sign of anticipating her idea. But he was waiting blankly.

"Stanton, couldn't you—won't you do me the tremendous favor to get up a little paper for me? It would take you only a few minutes to dictate it and one of the stenographers could write it out and mail it to me immediately. Not more than a thousand words."

He looked at her without a word.

"You will, won't you?" she said. "You are always such a dear. You understand how important this is. It is so much to me. And such a little thing for you to do—you are so wonderfully able."

She rose to her feet as though the matter



**"YOU AND I ARE GOING TO DO GREAT THINGS TOGETHER, MISS CUNNINGHAM,"
SAID MRS. BLAIR."**

had been settled, and Mr. Blair recovered himself with immediate decision.

"Natalie! I am not sufficiently able to dictate a thousand-word article in a few minutes upon a subject that I know nothing about. I am amazed. Do you know that I am a busy man? Look up your facts and write your article."

"But I don't know the facts about suffrage."

"Neither do I. Look them up."

"I haven't time."

"Is it possible you imagine that I have?"

"Stanton, I cannot do it. I have a luncheon, a settlement meeting, a board meeting and a tea to-day, and we go to the Morrises' to-night. I have the dressmaker at the house to-morrow, and besides, it's my day at home."

"Natalie, if I were to give you a list of the things I have to attend to every twenty-four hours, you would wonder that I ever get home at all. I have not one moment to spare to-day. I absolutely refuse to write this paper. I am astonished at your asking me."

Mrs. Blair's features relaxed despondently. She sank into the chair again. She was too strong a woman to cry, but her handsome face depicted grief controlled.

"Don't tell me this one opportunity must pass," she implored. "I'll never have another like it. You give such good newspaper interviews, Stanton, with so little effort. I thought doing this would be a trifle. And I would never have thought of bothering you if I could possibly have done this myself."

He rose impatiently and went to the window, while she waited, studying his back with hopeful anxiety. One of her great characteristics was her ability to wait while others moved events to her satisfaction.

"Here, I have it!" he exclaimed, turning suddenly. "Miss Cunningham will do it for you, if you ask her. She's a sort of Socialist. Of course, she knows all about woman suffrage!"

His wife stared in surprise. "Who? That little—"

"Exactly," he replied. "I believe she addresses meetings. She isn't twenty. Amusing, isn't it? She has all sorts of refreshing views. Very intelligent girl. Indispensable here. Shall I send for her?"

Mrs. Blair hesitated. She was really desirous of being friendly with all of the young

women in her husband's employ, particularly with those who evidently appreciated her kindness. She had made some overtures to Miss Cunningham without finding properly grateful response.

"I would rather it were one of the others," she said slowly.

"I have no other suggestion to make, Natalie," he began with alarming coldness.

Mrs. Blair capitulated hastily. "However, if she can do it—since you say you positively cannot—I can't stay to talk with her now, Stanton. I shall be late for luncheon. Can you send her to the house to see me to-morrow morning, while I am at home with the dressmaker?"

"Natalie, dear, can't you see her here?" he remonstrated. "Miss Cunningham is needed in the office. Besides, she's a queer little girl—if she doesn't care to go, she'll refuse point-blank."

"I should think your word would be law to your employees," she remarked with dignity. "Of course I can go to the expense of having a secretary of my own, to meet such emergencies, if you hesitate to command yours."

A contraction of Mr. Blair's eyelids betrayed annoyance. "I'll speak to her, Natalie," he said, opening the door. "If you can get the girl interested, she'll do what you want satisfactorily."

"Don't tell her I want her to write anything for me," she admonished. "Just say I am very much interested in suffrage and wish to talk it over with some one thoroughly informed."

A moment later Mrs. Stanton Blair again caused a subtle stir in the outer rooms, as she passed, inwardly elated, hurrying toward her next appointment.

The following morning Miss Cunningham found herself for the first time within a home of wealth, where the smallest and most trivial things were elegant, where yet such taste prevailed that each object was an inconspicuous part of a luxurious and harmonious whole. She had arrived with sharp instinct for criticism, and she had a disturbing sense of gradual disarmament as she waited and looked about her.

She was kept waiting for a long time, so long that when the man entered to announce that Mrs. Blair was ready to see her she was startled from a pleasant abandonment of mind in which she had been enjoying the beauty of her surroundings. It was re-



"LADY CALDER-GAY WAS INDEED EYING SEVERELY THE UNCONSCIOUS AND GRACIOUS SPEAKER."

storing to her to contemplate the creature in livery and marvel with pitying scorn at his self-content.

In wonderful negligee of brocaded silk and lace and with beaming cordiality Mrs. Blair received the girl, whose cold, clear eyes met hers with no abashment.

"My dear Miss Cunningham! So good of you to come! I had such a time persuading Mr. Blair that he could spare you. I have become suddenly but vitally interested in suffrage. Mr. Blair tells me that you know all about public questions, address meetings, and do all sorts of terribly clever things—how do you find time?"

"I work at night," was the brief reply.

"Oh!—my nights are as crowded as my days. I wish I could get time to call my soul my own. And I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting. I have been enduring fittings! Dressmakers are so exasperating—don't you think so?"

"I buy my clothes ready-made," said Miss Cunningham, mentally appraising the cost of Mrs. Blair's robe at three months of her

own salary. "And I'm always careful to see that they bear the label of some factory in which humane conditions are maintained."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Blair, concealing a slight irritation. "Now to get to the question. I know something of the needs of women in my sphere, how tremendously we could use political privileges for the good of the community. Now, tell me what do other women think? Do they want the ballot—do they need it as we property-owners do?"

Miss Cunningham looked at her in grim perplexity. "Is there any idea in your mind that the woman who works for a living has less need of the protection of political rights than yourself?"

"Certainly not!" Mrs. Blair exclaimed. "We are all sisters—you and I and all the women in the world. I wish to help my sisters—to be of use in the world. I believe that to join the fight for suffrage, bringing the weight of influence of prominent women whom I can interest with me, will help

them—will help us all. Now, is my point of view right or wrong? I wish you would tell me every argument you know for woman suffrage. My instincts are for it. My intelligence cries out for it. But what of reason and logic? I have called upon you, Miss Cunningham, as a woman who has wrestled with this problem, to help me find myself."

Thus adjured, Miss Cunningham thawed, at first slowly; but with each exclamation of assent, each tactful question and appeal, she waxed warmer, until her eyes glowed and her words burned with convincing enthusiasm.

"No wonder you address meetings!" Mrs. Blair ejaculated aloud. And to herself: "Lord, Lord, why wasn't I blessed with the gift of oratory! What couldn't I do at the Melpomene!"

Fairly fascinated by the intensity of the girl, Mrs. Blair listened and finally confessed complete conversion.

Then Miss Cunningham, who in her zeal had nearly forgotten certain social antipathies, felt it honestly incumbent upon herself to speak a word of caution.

"It's very gratifying to hear you say you're convinced," she said, "and that you're going to work for the cause; but before you go into this thing you want to ask yourself very seriously if you know what you're about. Woman suffrage is coming whether you society women take it up or not, because there are increasing thousands who are beginning to realize the necessity for it in their struggle for existence. These people are in earnest, and they outnumber you a hundred to one. They may do things that you won't like—and you will always be in the minority. Suffrage is not a toy for society women to play with. You may find it a boomerang."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Blair asked. "Doing things we mightn't like? Wouldn't we all be working in a common cause?"

"Up to a certain point," said Miss Cunningham. "You may not realize what a power the ballot is. Few do. We might legislate you out of existence."

Mrs. Blair uttered an exclamation of incredulous surprise.

"The poor have theories as to their wrongs," the girl answered cheerfully.

"But we would be helping them!" cried Mrs. Blair.

"The right kind don't care much to be helped," said the girl. "They want to be

able to help themselves. And they don't particularly admire society women."

"How perfectly absurd," said Mrs. Blair, "when we are all sisters, working for the common good! If the poor don't like us it is because they misunderstand us. All the ill-feeling in the world is the result of misunderstanding." Her eyes grew moist with sentimental tears. "Lots of us, Miss Cunningham, would do anything to make the world happier and better. We would give our lives to a cause. We would die for the poor if that would abolish poverty!"

"Well," said Miss Cunningham, "if you live and work for them, that's better. We'll be glad enough to have you work with us. Only don't say I haven't been perfectly frank and warned you. We have wonderful meetings at Perkins Institute every Tuesday night. I wish you would come."

"Oh, I shall!" Mrs. Blair cried enthusiastically. "At least, I must arrange to be able to drop in for a few minutes. Tuesdays, you say." She made a note in a tiny memorandum book, and looked up with winning sweetness. "Miss Cunningham, do you think you could write out the most important things you have been telling me—about the laws for the protection of working women and children being enforced if officials had their votes to fear—and—just—the chief arguments? I want to bring up this subject at the Melpomene Club immediately—to-morrow. It should not be delayed a moment, should it? I couldn't present the subject at all as you can, and the first presentation ought to be most effectively made. Can you get me up a little paper? Five hundred words would do. The more brief, the better; but it must be very striking and emphatic and clear. I know you can do it so well. Do you think you could find time? It would be such a help to the cause to get the Melpomene Club interested."

Miss Cunningham's eyes were wide and bright. "I could do it to-night," she said. "I will."

"How adorable of you!" said Mrs. Blair. "You and I are going to do great things together, Miss Cunningham. This is only the beginning."

They parted with a handclasp whose warmth penetrated to the girl's heart; and she left the house feeling toward the woman a buoyant friendliness which an hour before she would have considered impossible.



"'IN THE HOME,' SHE SAID SWEETLY, 'WILL WOMAN FOREVER FIND TRUE NEED OF HERSELF, AND TRUE HAPPINESS.'"

"If they were all like that—" she said to herself; and, doubtfully, "If they *are* all like that I haven't been fair. It isn't their fault they have money. If they use it well the community is served." The wistful thought came to her that it would be very lovely to dwell in so beautiful a home with a freedom from petty cares permitting one to assist in adjusting and carrying the great burdens of the world.

"I couldn't be happy with so much while others have so little," she reminded herself soberly. But the uncompromising honesty of her nature forced the reluctant admission that, still, to live so would be very lovely.

At midnight the typewritten address was on the way to Mrs. Blair. It was brought to her with the early mail before she had arisen for the day, and after reading the opening paragraph, she sprang excitedly out of bed, thrust her feet into soft, dainty slippers, threw on the same charming negligee in which she had met Miss Cunningham the day before, and began to read aloud. She

moved majestically through the room, her draperies sweeping about her, declaiming with excellent elocution and elegant gesture.

The concluding lines she memorized, dramatically casting the manuscript aside. "Surely woman is a rational, intelligent being. The day is past when the right of such beings to self-government can *safely* be denied!"

She whirled toward the telephone on her writing desk and in a few moments was in communication with the author of the address.

"My dear Miss Cunningham!" she exclaimed. "It is wonderful—every word effective! How did you ever do it? I shall not make the slightest change. And I want you to hear me speak. Come up immediately after luncheon and I'll take you to the Melpomene with me. You'll have the opportunity to meet a celebrated guest to-day. Oh—I'll arrange it with Mr. Blair. Tell him I *insist*. If he has any objection, ask him to telephone me at once. I'll tell you

how pleased I am when I see you. Good-by."

Mr. Blair did not telephone. And Mrs. Blair escorted a plainly garbed but self-possessed young woman within the fashionable portals of the Melpomene.

The reception room of the club was filled with handsomely gowned women, chatting pleasantly, among whom Mrs. Blair moved as a person of distinction. Miss Cunningham followed in her trail, acknowledging perfunctory introductions, and feeling fairly at ease for the reason that no one paid the least attention to her.

When the ladies had been seated, and Mrs. Knox, the president, led forth upon the platform an elderly lady of charming bearing, "Our distinguished guest, Lady Calder-Gay," there was a burst of gloved applause. Then Mrs. Knox spoke a few words of greeting.

She had uttered but a sentence or two when Mrs. Blair and Miss Cunningham exchanged startled glances. The former stiffened in her chair as the speaker progressed, and two red spots began burning in her cheeks, two darts of fire glowing in her eyes. Mrs. Knox was introducing the subject of woman suffrage.

She spoke in a politic manner, referring to the notable activities of their guest, reminding the club that the offer of the Federated Suffragists to enroll the Melpomene Club among their active branches had never been acted upon; suggesting that as a body of representative women they should no longer delay giving proper thought to the matter, even though there would be, no doubt, divided opinion among the members; intimating (with a graceful bow to the guest) that she was personally in sympathy with the movement, though, as president, entirely impartial, et cetera, et cetera.

The chagrin of her patron was obvious, and Miss Cunningham whispered consolingly: "You needn't feel a bit disappointed. When you read your paper her remarks will sound like nothing. She is only vaguely touching the subject, and, I should say, with no real idea of what she is talking about."

Mrs. Blair, who had been dazed at visible defeat, roused herself to answer. "It is perfectly impossible," she said in a stony undertone. "I could not imagine myself ranged on the same side of any question with *her*."

"Don't you like her?" Miss Cunningham inquired curiously.

"We are born antagonists."

"Nonsense," said the girl. "You would not obtrude a personal feeling into our grand conflict for humanity?"

Mrs. Blair did not answer. Miss Cunningham looked toward the platform, and a low, inadvertent laugh escaped her.

Mrs. Blair flashed a glance upon her. "I'm surprised you find anything amusing in the situation."

"Look at Lady Calder-Gay," Miss Cunningham replied softly, with a broad smile. "She doesn't appreciate your enemy, the president."

To Mrs. Blair's amazement, Lady Calder-Gay was indeed eying severely the unconscious and gracious Mrs. Knox. In fact the beginning of a frown was perceptible.

"You know she's an 'Anti,'" Miss Cunningham murmured.

Mrs. Blair gasped. "What?"

"Anti-suffragist," Miss Cunningham answered coolly. "I recognized the name at once. She isn't one of the very most prominent and active, but she writes letters of protest to the journals that favor the cause. This is a rich joke on her."

A wave of jubilation made Mrs. Blair sway in her seat. She nearly laughed outright. Miss Cunningham, mistaking the cause of so much joy, chuckled with her.

Mrs. Knox concluded amidst applause that diminished cautiously as it was seen that the guest refrained.

Mrs. Blair arose, letting the manuscript roll unnoticed to the floor, and having been recognized by the chair, with pensive eyes, she spoke in honeyed words:

"With reference to the suggestion of the president—perhaps Lady Calder-Gay will be glad to know that in America, as in England, there are some women who, like her, still believe that woman's sphere is in the home. In the home will woman forever find true need of herself and true happiness. Let us not sacrifice these blessings for the excitement of superficial activities. Let us not go forth into the world and lose the greater world that is within us."

Smiled upon by Lady Calder-Gay, amidst a second outburst of applause, Mrs. Blair resumed her seat beside a thunderstruck and speechless maiden.

By the time that Miss Cunningham had grasped the situation—which was within a

few seconds—and was about to pour forth a volley of outraged feeling and denunciation, the rush for personal presentation had begun, and she was being dragged among a hundred women toward the platform, where the guest awaited them in a bower of palms and roses.

"I have changed my convictions," Mrs. Blair whispered hastily, pressing forward with a skillful undulation of movement that carried her too far ahead to hear the girl's choking reply:

"So have I. To think of intrusting power to your unscrupulousness!"

Mrs. Blair, triumphant and oblivious of her treachery, managed to be conspicuously detained by Lady Calder-Gay. When her eye lighted upon Miss Cunningham, in compunction she seized and personally presented her. The girl, whose eyes were brimming with angry tears, would have bowed and fled; but my lady, with extended hand, inquired, "Cunningham? Miss Cunningham? I suppose not Alberta Cunningham?"

The girl nodded.

Lady Calder-Gay smiled delightedly. "What! The Alberta Cunningham who has replied to me in such fiery terms? Who has never let one of my letters to the *Perkins Recorder* pass unchallenged? My child! I am charmed! Before I left England, I said: 'I wonder if by any chance I shall meet this Cunningham person who assails me so unmercifully—what a dragon she must be!' Come and talk to me," she said, dropping her voice. "I am being terribly bored."

To the amazement of everyone, Lady

Calder-Gay withdrew with the little unknown to a sofa, where the two talked with evident animation. Sparkles lighted the old lady's eyes, and now and then she laughed, patting affectionately the hand of the girl who, wounded but not in retreat, remonstrated her convictions and spoke them fearlessly.

It was only when Miss Cunningham found that she had overstayed her leave of absence that Lady Calder-Gay released her.

Mrs. Blair came up presently to say in cordial tones perfectly audible to the discomfited Mrs. Knox who stood near by: "On the Tuesday when your ladyship returns, a few of us not in favor of suffrage are going to meet at my home to consider the forming of an organization to carry on a campaign of opposition. With your great experience you could help us so much. May we not expect you to honor us by meeting with us, to give us a few words of wisdom, a few suggestions?"

"I am so sorry," said Lady Calder-Gay. "But that charming child is going to take me to Perkins Institute that evening."

Through her lorgnette her eyes followed the figure of Alberta Cunningham dutifully making for the door. "I shall take her to England with me," she said suavely, as though in the habit of casually doing unusual things. "She will attempt to convert me—I shall try to tame her; it will be an interesting experiment. You will have one little radical the less, and I shall have a clever secretary." She laughed melodiously. "What delightful quarrels we shall have!"

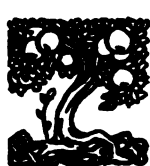
The eyes of Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Blair met. One count was added to each score.

To Her Lover

By Harriet Monroe

Oh, love me well—
But love not me alone!
Love the hot sword, the banner and
the song,
The crowded way of sorrow and of
wrong,
The dream no tongue can tell,
The enemy prone!
Yea, love not me alone—
But love me well!

Oh, serve me well,
But serve not me alone!
Serve all who will, the oppressor and
the oppressed.
Serve all who will not; bare thine ach-
ing breast!
Even though thou hear love's knell
Go bravely on!
Yea, serve not me alone—
But serve me well!



PERSONALITIES

UP in New Hampshire they call Robert Perkins Bass their "Fighting Governor," but that is a weak description of him. He is not a fighter; he is an earthquake. The Progressive Republicans, with Bass showing them how, have turned New Hampshire upside down; and as things appear now, the members of the "Old Guard" and their machine are resting uncomfortably at the bottom of the heap.

Rob Bass, as everyone in New Hampshire calls him, got into politics in 1904. He was not "called."

There was no "urgent behest of friends." Outside of Peterboro, where he had been rather busy taking care of a five-hundred-acre farm ever since he was graduated from Harvard in 1896, few persons knew who he was. He felt that somebody ought to take a punch at the Boston & Maine railroad monopoly, which was relieving the people of a few of the burdens connected with the government of the state.

"Who can we get to do it?" he asked himself. "Are there any volunteers?"

"I will," he answered.

Thus chosen unanimously, he went out and told the people who he was. They made him one of the three hundred and ninety-three members of the New Hamp-

shire House of Representatives. He had done no public service before. Appendicitis kept him from serving many days of that term, and two years later he was sent back. Chairman of the Committee on Retrenchment and Reform was his job that session. This committee had never been known to do any of the things its name implied it should do. Bass put it to work. The heads of state departments were called in and Bass whispered a few words to them.

"Who? Me?" they asked, startled.

"Yes, you."

Their alibis were no good. They were caught. One night somebody stole the committee's notes. Bass subpoenaed his witnesses all over again. His little investigation saved the state about \$100,000.

Two years later he went to the state senate. There he wrote and introduced the direct primary bill which, with a number of other progressive measures that he supported, was passed after a furious battle. The Progressives wanted him to run for governor. A committee went to him last summer with the proposition.

"No," he said firmly. "I will take no job where I have to wear a silk hat in the day time."

He joined the committee in a search for a candidate. They could not find one.



ROBERT PERKINS BASS, THE "FIGHTING GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE."

"Come on, Rob, take it," the committee pleaded. "You know you might win."

"What about the silk hat?"

"You don't need to wear one if you don't want to," the committee agreed regretfully. He consented to make the race. He has not slept much since.

In the legislature this year he had the aid of a Progressive House in a rather rough argument with a most unprogressive senate. He won. The legislature passed nine platform measures and solved a railroad problem the way the experts said was correct, not the way the Boston & Maine suggested. He got the railroad out of politics and now he is walking a beat around the state house to be sure that the railroad stays where he put it.

When Rob Bass started to go in for politics even his friends smiled. He never had had much experience in the outside world. He was a "home boy," a child of a millionaire. His father, a lawyer and friend of Lincoln, accumulated a large fortune in real estate to the management of which Bass had devoted his whole time. He seemed hardly the sort of a man to be chosen to head an insurgent campaign in a New

England state. But now—now he is so popular that parents write to him and ask permission to name the baby after him.

Governor Bass is very much interested in conservation. At the last session he was enthusiastic—as enthusiastic as the ethics of his office would permit—over the plan to buy Crawford Notch and over a bill to extend fire protection for forests. Both bills were passed. He has planted hundreds of his acres with young trees. In his second term in the House he was a member and clerk of the Committee on Forestry. In 1906 he was named by Governor McLane as a member of the state forestry commission. He worked hard at this job until he was elected governor. He is a member of the board of directors of the American Forestry Association.

Robert P. Bass was born in Chicago thirty-seven years ago and is unmarried. There is no hidden romance in his past life. His affections are cut three ways: one part for his mother, one for his brother John, who is a war correspondent—and a good one, too—and the third for a vicious looking black pipe that he has personally conducted to all the large cities of Europe.

A CANADIAN WOMAN SCIENTIST

THERE are clearing houses for great financial institutions, clearing houses for food supplies, clearing houses of various kinds for almost every business of any importance, but it has remained for a woman to establish a clearing house for medical knowledge, which is the most important business of all. The woman is Dr. Maude E. Abbott, B.A., C.M.M.D., with a first lien on the rest of the alphabet.

The unique clearing house which Dr. Abbott established is the international association of medical museums. The idea of such an association, whereby every important medical discovery in any part of the civilized globe is placed on record and made accessible to every reputable practitioner, is that of Professor Wyatt Johnston of McGill University. The late Major James Carroll, U. S. A., curator of the Army Medical Museum in Washington, devoted a great part of his life in bringing about its formation. Dr. Abbott brought it about.

A woman who can bring to embodiment

one man's dream and another man's life work cannot be devoid of determination. Dr. Abbott's record proves that this is the case. She received her early education at home with the exception of one year in a private school in Montreal where she won the McGill University scholarship. She was graduated in Arts from McGill University in 1890, but for reasons best known to the faculty they refused to allow a woman to take the medical course. Nothing daunted, she won her degree in medicine at Bishops College.

After a few years of study abroad, in Edinburgh where she took the Triple Qualification, in Vienna and in Zurich, Dr. Abbott returned to Montreal and was appointed assistant curator of the pathological museum of McGill University. A few years later she was appointed curator, and McGill has been making amends ever since. In 1906 she was made Governor's Fellow in Pathology, and last year the faculty unanimously recommended her for the degree of



DR. MAUDE E. ABBOTT, WHO ESTABLISHED
THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF MEDICAL MUSEUMS.

C.M.M.D., *honoris causa*. This is not only the first degree in medicine conferred by McGill upon a woman, but it is the first honorary degree ever conferred by a Canadian University upon a woman for scientific work.

The occasion for the conferring of this honorary degree was the completion by Dr. Abbott of the formation of the association of medical museums. In the spring of 1907, after fire had destroyed the medical museum of McGill University, she went to Washington to further her favorite plan. She was not only successful, but was made secretary-treasurer of the association. But Dr. Abbott's tireless activities did not cease with this success.

She immediately applied to the Surgeon-General of the United States Army for specimens from the great army medical museum. From this and other sources she collected two thousand specimens with which to inaugurate a new medical museum at

McGill. It was on the occasion of the formal opening of the new medical buildings at that University that she received her honorary degree.

Dr. Abbott's reputation reaches far beyond the confines of Canada. She is well known as a contributor to medical magazines, and her work "Congenital Cardiac Diseases," in Osler's "Modern Medicine," suffices alone to give her rank as the prime authority on that subject on this continent. She has also written on the "Early Medical History of Canada," "The Classification of Museum Specimens," and other subjects, all of which require endless research and study.

Under the direction of Dr. John G. Adami, her associate at McGill University and one of the foremost pathologists of these times, she made an elaborate study of the colon bacillus, and wrote a report of the work which was read before the association of pathologists and bacteriologists at Ann Arbor in April, 1908.

To gather statistics for her treatise on "Congenital Cardiac Diseases" she watched and analyzed four hundred cases, giving an infinite amount of time and patience to each. This led also to the arrangement of a chart for the study of this disease, and from time to time she has published additional information. Her work on this subject is now considered so authoritative that her chart is used by students in the medical schools.

Dr. Abbott believes most emphatically in the necessity for well equipped medical museums wherever the study of pathology is carried on. "I can give to anyone," she says, "who will inspect the associated series in the clinical museum, which are devoted to injuries of the head, far clearer and more definite views in the course of ten minutes than could be gained by reading for a week."

The proper conduct of such museums implies an interchange of specimens. To the uninitiated the idea of a human heart, a nose or a finger traveling from museum to museum, properly bottled and labeled, is grotesque and amazing. But it is necessary for the great and useful work to which this woman is devoting her life.

One would think that the foregoing was nearly enough to occupy the entire time of one person, but aside from all the work entailed by her position as curator, Dr. Abbott teaches, lectures and has a small prac-

tice, most of which is of a charitable nature. She has also given invaluable assistance to the city officials of Montreal in their efforts to stamp out tuberculosis. She has studied the city, acre by acre, furnishing statistical charts and mapping out the tubercular areas, and works hand in glove with the city health officers for their elimination.

All of these latter activities occupy her leisure time, and are her particular kind of diversion. Her keenest pleasure is her professional work, and when she is not busy with one phase of it she turns to another. Her enthusiasm is boundless in this respect, but her interest in shopping and pretty clothes is a negligible quantity. Her shopping expeditions, her friends say, are rare but infinitely amusing; she betrays a certain hesitancy in the use of terms, is secretly ill at ease and embarrassed—a feeling she shields by an air of great reserve—and leaves each shop with an audible sigh of relief. Her strong face and distinguished appearance go far, however, toward making up for the art of dress which she has neither time nor inclination to cultivate. Her patients say that the sound of her voice is a tonic in itself.

Dr. Abbott is a Canadian. Her grandfather, the Reverend William Abbott, was rector of St. Andrews, and uncle of the late Sir John Abbott, Premier of Canada. She says that her research work has just begun, and she considers it, so far, of small importance. She is more interested in the fact that she is blazing a trail where other women



A. A. WILLITS, D.D., WHO HAS BEEN A LYCEUM SPEAKER FOR NEARLY SEVENTY YEARS.

can follow and be welcomed into the medical world than in the record of her accomplishments.

AN APOSTLE OF GOOD CHEER

FOR nearly seventy years, Dr. A. A. Willits has stood on the lyceum platform and preached what he named in the beginning "The Gospel of Sunshine."

Acknowledged dean of his profession, honorary president of the American Lyceum Association, at the age of ninety he has still much of his early vigor and enthusiasm.

Since 1840, when he delivered his first public address, he has been almost constantly a spokesman to the people. During many years he has given his "Sunshine" lectures at least one hundred and fifty times each season—an aggregate of at least ten thousand times—and his exhortation to optimism is still as popular to-day as ever. Last year

he delivered two hundred and twenty-six lectures, traveled forty thousand miles, spoke in twenty states, and did not miss a single date—a remarkable record for a nonagenarian in the face of wind and weather.

Last summer he gave sixty-six chautauqua lectures in sixty-six days in as many different places. He closed the circuit at Holden, Missouri, hastened at once to his home at Spring Lake, New Jersey, and on the following day preached two sermons in the local Presbyterian Church. For the summer of 1911 he is booked for seventy-eight lectures before as many chautauquas. He is certainly a marvel of conservation of strength

and energy. Sam Jones once introduced him to Beecher as "a sunbeam by day and an arc light by night." Dr. Willits himself attributes his remarkable preservation to "sound religion, common sense and cheerfulness."

People like sunshine, and few men have done as much to make optimism popular as Dr. Willits. It was he who stated the definition of the optimist as "the man who sees the doughnut."

On a crowded train one day he quieted some crying children with a couple of doughnuts he had carried in his pocket from a lunch counter. He used the incident in his lecture the next day as an illustration of "doing a big business on a small capital."

A lyceum paper published the story and it became the text of a writer for a humorous weekly, who put it into the verse:

"Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut
The pessimist the hole.

Since then, this "doughnut philosophy" has passed into common speech and many a pessimist and many an optimist has been aptly described in the terms of the Willits analogy.

Dr. Willits has lived across a wonderful span of history. The first iron plow had just been forged when he was born at Tuckerton, New Jersey, on October 13, 1821. He has seen the coming of most of the inventions that have made our modern life.

Traveling now on limited trains; governing his dates by telegrams, wireless and otherwise; reading by electric light letters written on typewriters—he looks back from the dawn of the wonderful Twentieth Century to the beginning of a career among stage coaches, tallow candles and quill pens.

He has been personally associated with the interests and the problems that have entered most intimately into the making of our American life. He was a part of the old-time lyceum which did so much to create and maintain the anti-slavery sentiment that stood behind Lincoln and saved the Union. A little later Neal Dow enlisted his services, and in company with the "Father of Prohibition" Willits canvassed Maine in behalf of the abolition of the liquor traffic. For every good word and

work his voice and his influence have always been ready and active, and to-day in his ripe old age he is still an earnest advocate of the things that make for righteousness.

He came of good substantial stock. His father was a master builder of repute—the first to introduce pressed brick fronts in the construction of buildings. On his father's side his ancestors were orthodox Quakers, his great-grandfather, Jeremiah Willits, presiding at the yearly meeting in New York City until he was ninety years old. His mother was the daughter of Elizabeth Chew, an early Methodist, and a friend of Bishop Asbury.

As a boy, young Willits paid for his tuition at the famous school of James Goodfellow in Philadelphia by cleaning out the school-rooms after each day's work. When thirteen years old he was appointed an assistant teacher of grammar and arithmetic.

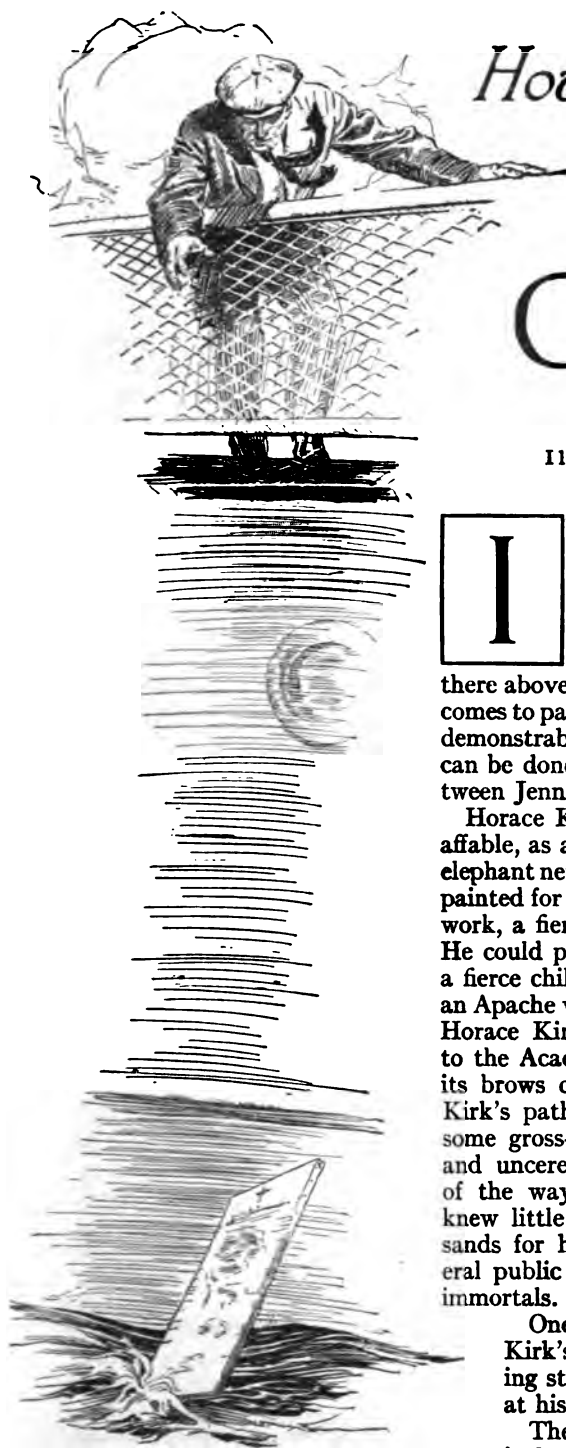
In answer to the wishes of his mother he went into the ministry where his earnestness and his natural eloquence gave him early fame. He was pastor for fifteen years of the First Reformed Dutch Church in Philadelphia, afterward filling important pulpits in Brooklyn, in Philadelphia and in Louisville, Kentucky, and closed his fiftieth year as a pastor with the Third Street Presbyterian Church in Dayton, Ohio.

Since then he has given his entire time to the platform where he has preached to far wider hearing the gospel of good cheer. Dr. Willits says the Divine command was not "Let your lips whine," but "Let your light shine." He has tried to teach men that if they would face the sun the shadow would always be behind them, and they would always walk in the sunshine. He is himself the embodiment of his gospel and his kindly face is always lighted with a smile.

He has been married sixty-six years and he has twenty-five of his blood, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, to call him blessed. He has a pleasant home at Spring Lake, New Jersey, where he means to retire, as he says, "when he begins to get old."

Beloved by multitudes whom his sunny optimistic philosophy has helped to happier and more useful lives, he deserves to be written in the immortal company of those who have

"Loved their fellow-men."



How the Painter met his Captainette

by James Barr

Illustrations by V. C. Forsythe

IT is a fact demonstrable that every time a pretty girl, piloting her own 30-knot motor boat, meets, floating down the river, an old French Canadian man calmly seated by his fireplace, smoking rank tobacco and dreamily eying his ancient musket hanging there above the mantelpiece, every time such a meeting comes to pass complications arise. Having claimed this demonstrable it may be wise to demonstrate. This can be done by instancing the case of the meeting between Jennie Peddie and old Rene Reaume.

Horace Kirk, artist, of London, was as amiable, as affable, as accommodating, as approachable, as a rogue elephant newly driven from the herd. Yet Horace Kirk painted for all time. A primitive mastery glowed in his work, a fierce virility shone in his every brush-stroke. He could paint a picture of savagery that would send a fierce chill coursing from scalplock to moccasin over an Apache war chief. A Royal Academician? No, no. Horace Kirk stood as much chance of being elected to the Academy as a mad rhinoceros stands of having its brows crowned with Arum lilies. Indeed Horace Kirk's path through life might be likened to that of some gross-built leviathan yawning down the Thames, and unceremoniously shouldering all other craft out of the way. Artists hated him, the general public knew little about him, connoisseurs bid up to thousands for his paintings and already all, artists, general public and connoisseurs, counted him among the immortals.

One June morning his servant showed into Kirk's studio a gentleman. The artist sat glowering straight in front of him, and he cast no glance at his guest.

The visitor's cigar had burned to within two inches of his lips when Kirk, not once having glanced at the stranger, growled out:

"What do you want?"

"OFF FLOATED THE ANCIENT MAN, NODDING, AND PITCHING AND DIPPING TO THE GIGGER OF THE SCREW."

"Civility."

"And after that?"

"Civility."

"I hear you. And after that?"

"Civility."

Horace Kirk snatched the pipe from his teeth and sprang to his feet. He bellowed:

"Good God! Am I to be harassed by a human parrot that can parrot nothing but 'Civility, civility, civility?' Confound you, give me variety of imbecility."

"Not till I receive civility."

Horace Kirk kicked a chair floundering out of his way and crashed out of the studio. The visitor did not move till he had finished his first and lighted his second cigar, then he quietly left, saying a few telling words to Kirk's servant before he disappeared.

Next morning Horace Kirk sat in his great chair and—entered the visitor of yesterday. This time without preliminary pause the stranger seated himself and smoked. Kirk shifted his eyes so that he could scrutinize the man's face. Finding his presence acknowledged the visitor swung a small table into position, took from his pocket a bundle of papers, and as he spoke he spread each paper indicated on the table.

"This," he said, "is a check for five thousand guineas. It is drawn on the Bank of England, which, I guess, possesses enough loose change to meet the check without having to break bullion. This next is a ticket which holds for you a suite of rooms on the *Maurelania*, a modern canoe which paddles her way between Liverpool and New York. She sails the first of August. Your suite of rooms is complete, therefore you need not come in contact with passengers who have the temerity to travel in the same coracle as you. Next again you will find directions to

guide you when you reach New York. It may save your eyes if I tell you that my private car will await you at the New York Central depot to take you, without publicity or fuss, to Detroit. It is to get you to Detroit that all the arrangements have been made, for in Detroit lives my mother, and I wish you to paint her portrait. That is all I have to say. I am obliged to you for so patiently hearing me out. Good morning."

Horace Kirk smoked on for half an hour before reaching forth and taking the check between finger and thumb. Five thousand guineas, sure enough! and signed "Neil Methuen." Kirk lighted a wax vesta and applied it to the edge of the check, watching the flame until the heat began to scorch his fingers, when he placed the burning thing on the floor and piled on top of it the passage ticket and instructions. A little while later he was stirring with his toe the pile of black ashes.

"Confound your check, confound your ticket, confound your instructions, and confound you, Neil Methuen, whoever you happen to be. Portrait! Why should I paint a portrait? America? Why should I go to America? I know no reason why I should do any such journey so, so, by thunder, I'll go! I'll go now. I'll go to spite this man."

Throughout the voyage across the Atlantic Horace Kirk spoke to no soul he could escape addressing. Most of his time was spent with arms folded upon the bulwarks, his eyes flashing black savagery to the savagery of the sea. For a few days he stalked about New York's slums, gloating over the chaos and undiscipline of the place, then took train west to Detroit, where, at the best hotel, he registered as Horace Foster of New York.



"JENNIE PEDDIE SHEERED OVER
TO HAVE A SQUINT AT
THE OBJECT."



"THE GIRLS NICKNAMED
IT JENNIE PEDDIE'S
'MUMBO JUMBO.'"

A glance at the directory gave him Methuen's address, a number on Woodward Avenue so high in the hundreds that the artist was obliged to jot it down for remembrance. It was eleven in the morning when he made out into the blatant sunshine of an American July day, and strode along the uncompromisingly white pavement upon which the sun's rays splintered. At length he came to a white stone mansion standing fifty yards back from the pavement and bearing the number he sought. A green lawn, unencumbered by wall or hedge, began at the artist's toes, and ran in graceful, delicate slope up to the foundations of the house, and, dividing this lawn in two, a white stone footpath led from the pavement to the front door. Awhile Kirk stood wondering why he had come to America, and having come to America why he had come to Detroit, and having come to Detroit why he stood before this house when he had not the slightest intention of fulfilling the desire of Neil Methuen by painting an old woman's portrait. Then with a toss of his shaggy head, he stalked

up the footpath and vigorously rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Methuen, senior, in?" he demanded of the maid who opened the door.

"Mr. Methuen, senior, junior and all between is in," answered the girl saucily.

"There is one Mrs. Methuen only?"

"So far as I know."

"Oh, lack of worldly knowledge is not your especial failing, if I am a judge. Tell Mrs. Methuen that Horace Foster of London has called."

"Is it a personal visit, or are you selling something?" asked the girl.

"Both!" barked Kirk with such a thunder as to almost blow the self-satisfied maid off her feet. But it accomplished his purpose.

Along the hall she swept and throwing open a door showed in her uncapped head, crying: "A bear from somewhere to see you."

In a high-backed, low-seated, spacious rocking chair sat a woman so old that in stature she was as a little girl again, and in color and wrinkles as a well-seasoned walnut kernel. The great chair seemed to fling

protecting arms round her, and in it she sat as a precious pearl in a gnarled seashell. She had been knitting, but now her tiny hands lay in her lap, and her eyes of wonderful pale blue looked up at the visitor, nor appeared to require the aid of glasses. Instantly Horace Kirk's whole soul went out to the old lady, so old, so old. Softly he shut the door, gently he approached her.

"It's kind of you to be calling to see me who will not be able to go about much now," she said, speaking dreamily, yet distinctly. "Draw a chair up near to me, and tell me what it will be that the girl was calling you, for I did not catch your name."

"She called me 'bear,' mother," said Horace Kirk, sitting down and taking the old lady's wizened hand between his two great palms. He spoke softly and affectionately as a child.

"And, Mr. Bear, where will it be that you are coming from?"

"From England, mother."

"Then it's you that will have seen my boy; it's you that will be knowing all about him. It would be well he was when you saw him last?"

"Excellently well, mother."

"It's kind of you to be calling to see me, kind of you." He continued to stroke her wrinkled hand. After a time she picked up the stocking she had been knitting and measured it against a finished one, for she was drawing very close to the intricate business of the heel. Suddenly she glanced with some concern at the artist.

"Was it his gray pair of stockings he would be wearing, or his magenta when you saw him last?" she asked.

"His gray pair, mother," definitely replied Horace Kirk, who knew nothing at all about the matter.

"I have told Neil, time and time again I



have told Neil that the magenta ones are thicker, but he will always be for wearing the gray."

"Neil told me that if I asked you he thought you would allow me to come here and paint a portrait of you. I am what they call an 'artist,' and your son would like to have a portrait of you. You can knit, and I can paint, and we can talk and that will please your son."

"It's very welcome you will be, Mr. Bear, very welcome, and I can just get your measure for

a pair of stockings, for I have been noticing that you will be like Neil, wearing those good-for-nothing store things."

"It's what I hoped you would do for me, mother," he said.

But it is time something was heard of Miss Jennie Peddie, her 30-knot motor boat, and her daring rescue of the old man, his cabin, gun and fireplace.

Past the broad face of Detroit flows a majestic river, lordly as the prairies, and forming the boundary between the Dominion of Canada and the Republic. This noble river enfolds many lovely islands in its sweep on to the lake, islands fringed with sedges and bulrushes and long, lovely water grasses, and bearing on their backs splendid forest trees. These spots are favorite camping places for city-weary folk, as well as for souls so fortunately circumstanced as never to need to grow weary of any one spot on this green earth. And under the spread of broad branches, this hot July, there clustered a tiny hamlet of tents of many dyes and shapes, gaily caparisoned with bannerettes and penons, betokening denizens of taste and wealth. The inhabitants of this little gaily decorated community consisted of thirty girls who were living the simple life in a deliciously complicated way. Off the little wooden pier rode half-a-dozen motor boats, polished and burnished.

And this evening when the sun had set, and the great full moon lay her chin on the bosom of the river to gaze athwart the world, Miss Jennie Peddie became possessed of the conviction that she would cast loose the *Water Lily* and run the quarter-hundred miles that lay between the island and Detroit. So she called to Lucy Dewson, engineer of the *Water Lily* (male folk were strictly taboo in and about the encampment) and Lucy at once donned her blue jean overall, and took her place at the motor while Jennie Peddie, captainette, herself took the wheel, and half-a-dozen girls clambered aboard.

Perhaps six miles of moon-gilded waters the *Water Lily* had run. Her prow was heaved in the air, the spray spud from her bow, angry coils of water hissed from her sides, and many tresses of Jennie Peddie's hair streamed and fluttered in the air as if in ecstasy at the exhilarating speed. The knot of rosy girls chatted and laughed, but the captainette was strictly service, keeping a keen lookout ahead. On a sudden Jennie Peddie detected some strange object coming along with the stream, bobbing and nodding as if in delight at meeting with such an argosy of beauty and good cheer.

Jennie Peddie, first signaling for the en-



"IT SHOULD BE FLUNG IN THE RIVER," SHE ADDED AND WATCHED HIM NARROWLY."

gine to slow down, sheered over to have a squint at the object. Object! Much more than an object. There the wild-eyed girls beheld an old French Canadian seated, comfortably as you please, by his fireside in his cabin, with his old musket over the fireplace and the crucifix on the wall. Such a thing had never been heard of in that or any other part of the world, and when the first shock of surprise passed all hands set to work to salve man and cabin and musket and crucifix.

On the second day of his stay in Detroit Horace Kirk discovered the river, and those wonderful double-decked ferry steamers. And when he found that for a trifle he could secure a passage on the upper deck where, in a comfortable rocking-chair, he could sit as long as it suited him, drifting from shore to shore with before his eyes a bewitching panorama of water and sky, city and shipping, while the cool breezes tossed to him, in delightful alternative, redolences of land and lake, he let no afternoon pass without hastening down to the dock and taking passage.

One afternoon, feeling the want of a walk, the artist stepped off the ferry on the Canadian side, strode up the slanting street, and holding straight away from the river found himself, hot and dusty, seven miles deep into the country, standing before a French Canadian log house.

Here indeed was the antithesis of the Detroit mansion in everything excepting that extreme old age inhabited each abode. The Highland woman was old, but here sat a French Canadian *habitant* so wizened and wrinkled and shrunk that Horace Kirk refrained from attempting to guess his age. Yet the old man smoked his pipe with relish, and answered the few questions put to him with quiet dignity. The two, however, soon lapsed into silence, smoking pipeful after pipeful, and during those quiet few minutes a mutual understanding seemed to grow, so much so that when Kirk arose to go, and

while he held the ancient *habitant's* hand, he simply said:

"I will bring my paints and canvas tomorrow when I come."

"I shall be glad to see you," was the reply given in French.

Next afternoon Horace Kirk made the acquaintance of a customs officer, the first customs officer of his life. When he reached the Canadian side with a canvas under his arm and a paint box slung to his shoulder, and, paying not the least attention to the customs man, stalked on for out the gates and up the street, he was quickly brought to a stop.

"What's in that parcel?" demanded the man.

"What's that to you?" barked the artist, savagely.

The officer grinned a sarcastic grin, snubbed his thumb over his shoulder indicating the office and said: "Step in and declare."

"Declare! Declare! What the devil have I to declare!"

"What's in that parcel?"

"This parcel? Don't you know a canvas when you see one?"

Horace Kirk smote with his open palm against the brown paper covering.

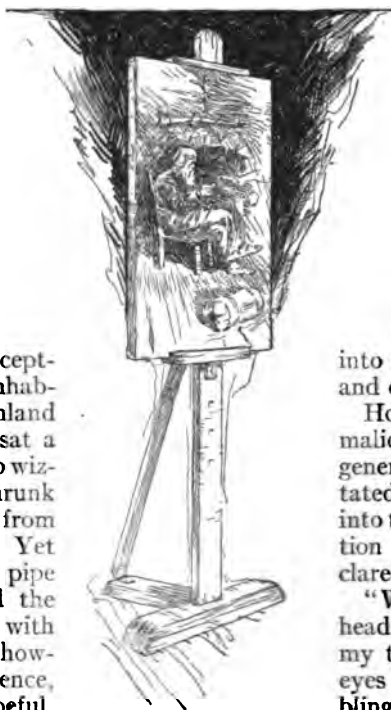
"Not until it is declared a canvas," replied the official, soft voiced.

"I declare it is a canvas."

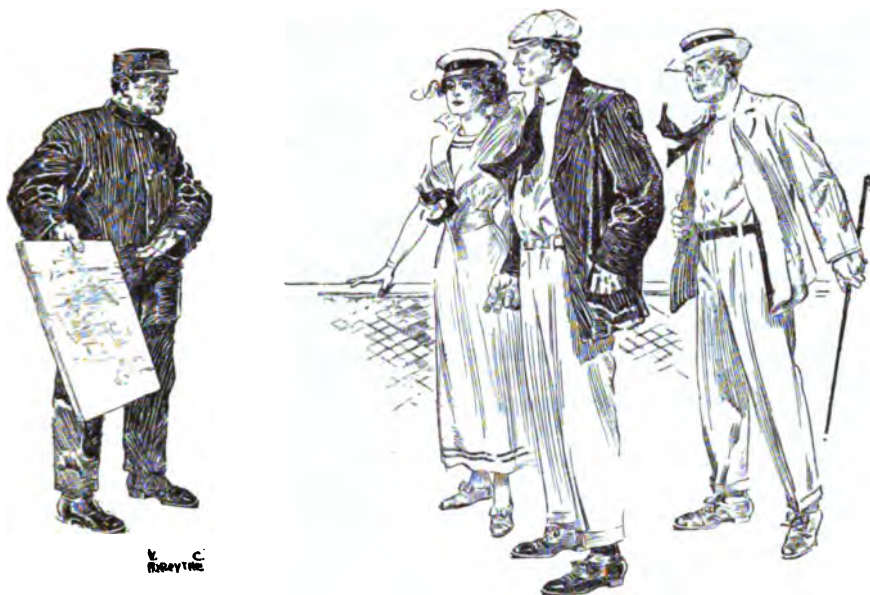
"Now we're getting on. Keep it up. Step into the office, show the canvas, and declare."

Horace Kirk, all his natural malice against his fellow men in general stirred to its depths, hesitated one moment, then plunged into the examination room. Action and word agreeing he declared:

"With my left hand I bare my head, I lay my right hand on my throbbing heart, I raise my eyes to heaven and with trembling soul and knees knocking together I affirm, I declare, aye, I swear that beneath this brown paper, a pearl in a shell, reposes an unspotted, commercial can-



"HIS GREATER THAN JOSEF ISRAEL PAINTING OF AN AGED FRENCH CANADIAN."



"IS IT NECESSARY FOR THIS PAINTING TO GO INTO MY COUNTRY?" ASKED THE OFFICER.

vas. Before gods and men I swear—unless the shopman did a thimble-and-pea trick on me when doing up the parcel. I swear, I swear!"

For a moment the customs man in the office stared his sense of propriety, his dignity jolted, but the next instant he recognized Kirk as an Englishman, and that explained everything. Englishmen were all fools. Horace Kirk railed on.

"A canvas! A canvas of no moment, bare as the Sahara, unprofitable as the sands. But I, sir, am a magician. I have with me in this box several wands tipped with hair of the otter, and those wands I shall wave across the face of the canvas, metamorphosing it from raw material into a thing of beauty to be treasured by princes through ages and——"

"What did you pay for the canvas?" demanded the officer.

"Eight dollars in good hard paper money."

"There'll be two dollars duty on taking this into Canada."

"Very well. Here, Dominion, you have two dollars. The price of the picture I shall paint on this canvas was to have been ten thousand dollars. I shall now add two whole dollars to that price."

Horace Kirk strode off, leaving behind him an official who considered himself belittled.

A belittled man is given to thinking, and this official thought to some purpose. He said to himself:

"A foreign painter in temporary residence in Detroit. . . . Going to paint a ten thousand dollar picture. . . . Of course he must intend to take the painting into the States when it is finished. . . . There is a heavy duty on paintings, he forgets that. . . . I'll just slip across the river and let the Yankee customs know the price this Englishman puts on his paintings. . . . I think he will wish he had sung smaller by the time he pays 33% on his ten thousand dollars."

Sure enough, ten days later, when Horace Kirk stepped off the ferry steamer carrying his greater than Josef Israel painting of an ancient French Canadian, his cabin, musket and crucifix, and when he was about to walk off the avenue he heard:

"I must ask what you have there."

Horace Kirk confronted the officer.

"And I suppose I must answer?"

"The law that compels me to ask compels you to answer," replied the officer.

"Well, my man, let us obey idiot law idiotically administered. What I have here is a square yard of canvas stretched on strips of pine and smeared over with certain pigments. The smearing is cleverly done, although I say it who should not, and

the canvas will be cherished. Now you know as much as I do."

"Yes, that's all I want to know, but I guess in the office they'll want to know some more. Step in."

The customs officer cocked his thumb over his right shoulder indicating the way to the office.

"But I have already paid duty on this canvas in Canada," protested Kirk.

"The United States has not yet assumed responsibility for Canada. What they have done to you over in Canada affects us in no way. Pass in."

"Mighty fine painting," said the officer inside, scarcely glancing at the painting.

"Thank you," said Kirk, sarcastically. "I have not many doubts on that score, but what doubt I have you put to flight. It is a mighty fine painting."

"I should judge it to be worth about ten thousand dollars."

"I am not here to contradict you."

"Then the duty will be three thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars," said the officer with a smile.

Horace Kirk made a rapid calculation reducing dollars to pounds.

"Seriously, you do not mean to tell me you expect me to pay six hundred and sixty-six pounds to take a picture of my own painting into the States?"

"Seriously I do."

"If I decline to pay what is the alternative?"

"The painting cannot enter. You must take it back to Canada."

"Confound me if I do not take it back," barked Horace Kirk angrily, laying hold of the picture.

"You are quite welcome," said the officer genially, adding as Kirk reached the door, "I'm afraid you will find, when you reach the Canadian shore, that they have a customs house there, too."

The last shaft struck home, and Horace Kirk found himself seated in an easy chair on the upper deck of the ferry cruising forward and back between two shores on which stood two customs officers waiting for him to land. All of a sudden he got upon his feet, took the painting in his hand, leaned far over the bulwarks of the steamer, and, as near as might be to the middle of the majestic river, dropped the French-Canadian, cabin, fireplace and pipe in waters dyed red by a sinking sun. Off floated the

ancient man, nodding and pitching and dipping to the gigger of the screw.

Surely in all history never had a painting a stranger, a more delightful private view than this Horace Kirk aboard the motor boat *Water Lily*. One might liken it to a gathering of Charles Dana Gibson heroines clustered round a Josef Israel. On the other hand, few paintings have been so unanimously condemned. As a painting it met with the approval of not one of them all. It was brutal, blunt, unlovely, coarse, commonplace, lacked color, had all defects without compensating parts. Ada Lee was for heaving the thing back into the current, and was all but unanimously acclaimed. Jennie Peddie, captainette, however, had her doubts. She had silted through picture galleries in Europe, and had found that the picture she thought least likely was usually the most cherished, and here before her eyes was certainly a "least-likely." So she induced those of her passengers who would have had the dripping thing walk the plank to give it passage back to camp.

That evening Horace Kirk's masterpiece hung, like a Red Man's idol, from the branch of a maple tree near enough to the camp-fire to be played upon by the flickering lights and shadows. The girls nicknamed it Jennie Peddie's "Mumbo Jumbo," they bedecked it with flowers, and burnt flambeaux to it, and danced little snatches of skirt dances in its honor. At first the captainette had looked upon her find simply as an adventure, but being made the butt for mild sarcasm, she thought how pleasant it would be should the painting turn out to be by some well-known artist. Next an idea occurred to her, and she slipped into a large "general room" tent in which was placed a telephone. To her old friend Brassey, art critic of the chief newspaper in Detroit, she called.

"Among the bulrushes, are you?" he laughed, when he heard where she was staying.

"Yes, towards which I discovered a modern Moses floating," she replied.

"I give it up," he returned, after a moment's silence.

"Then I'll explain. I have called you up to ask a question. Is there a painter by name of Horace Kirk?"

"Is there a Shakespeare? Is there a Wagner? Is there a George Washington? Of

course there is a painter named Horace Kirk."

"Does this Kirk paint horrid things, men sort of close-to-the-ground, like animals?"

Brassey laughed.

"A new way of putting it but it describes Kirk. What's up?"

"What's up is that I have rescued a painting from drowning. I found it floating down the river, and that painting is of an unwashed old man in an unswept cabin, surrounded by rust, and it's signed Horace Kirk."

"There are not half-a-dozen Kirk's in America, and the owners of them do not cast their Kirk's upon the waters. Your Kirk is a forgery."

"For one night I am not going to admit any such thing. My companions have had a great deal of joy at my expense—they want to cast the painting back into the river, but I forbade—so for one night at least it shall be a genuine Horace Kirk."

"Good for you! I should like to have a squint at the painting. May I run down to your leafy Eden?"

"Men are not allowed, but if you will be at the ferry dock at four to-morrow afternoon, the *Water Lily* and the Horace Kirk shall await your pleasure."

"At four I'll be there."

When Jennie Peddie reported that the painting was by one of the greatest of modern artists the girls seized camp stools and sat in a semicircle gazing at it, silent as Red Indians smoking the Peace Pipe. Their admiration for the work of art, however, showed no signs of increasing.

When the customs officer beheld Horace Kirk stride off the ferry and strike up Woodward Avenue carrying no canvas, he said to himself:

"Ah, he has passed his chromo into Canada. I'll drift across and inquire."

He drifted and inquired. He was told that no painting had been taken into Canada, which information caused him to say:

"Then the man has arranged to somehow have the chromo smuggled into my country. That's certain. We'll see about that. I'll wait until to-morrow evening to give him time, then I'll raid his rooms and search. If I find the picture Mr. Clever Englishman goes to jail, even though the British Lion roars.

Jennie Peddie awoke early next morning and brought the painting, which had occupied a corner of her tent, into the light of the morning. She liked it even less than when she had seen it in the moonlight, indeed there was nothing at all pink-and-white about those somber yet glowing colors for a girl uneducated in art to like. To herself Jennie admitted that the thing was ugly enough to be great. She hoped it might turn out to be great, for she had not forgotten the compliments of last night, and instead of waiting, as she had intended, till the afternoon, the captainette ran her motor boat up to Detroit, tying up at Kennedy dock about eleven o'clock in the morning. Intending to make half-a-dozen calls, she resolved to begin well by looking in on her particular charge, old Mrs. Methuen.

She found the front door open, so there was no need to ring. Tripping along the hall she threw the old lady's door open with such a swing as to bring it with a most uncompromising bang against the back of Horace Kirk who, a moment before, had stepped back to contemplate his painting. Unnoticing painter and canvas the girl ran across the room, dropped on her knees, and taking the old lady's hand in hers looked lovingly into the wrinkled face. She cried: "You are looking so brisk and well this morning, granny, that you make me feel quite envious of you; yes, you do."

"You will be forever flattering me and trying to turn my silly old head, Jennie. You will be forever flattering me."

"Indeed, it is no flattery, granny—but where does that terrible smell of paint come from?"

Round turned her head in an inquiring glance and she found her attention compelled by the eyes of a dark, strong man, eyes that scowled at her after a manner she had never before encountered. For the man's expression was of contemptuous fierceness, a black, black look. Jennie Peddie caught her breath, and slowly got upon her feet. Her eyes blazed indignantly.

"Mr. Bear has come all the way from England to paint me for Neil," said Mrs. Methuen, "and if you will be for seeing what I will look like just glance at the picture."

Horace Kirk's dark face said plain as words, "If you dare."

Jennie Peddie was not the sort of young lady to be defied. Abruptly she stepped in

between the artist and his work. At the very first glance she recognized that she stood in the presence of the man who had painted the picture she had fished from the river. The same brush had touched the two canvases.

"Well, what do you think of it?" suddenly demanded the artist.

Jennie Peddie whirled upon him.

"Horrid!" she exclaimed fiercely.

Horace Kirk's brows dropped lower than ever. This frank condemnation was something quite new to him and—he found that he rather enjoyed the experience. He laughed a deep, guttural laugh that further angered the girl.

"It should be flung into the river," she supplemented, and watched him narrowly.

He thought: "At length I have met a girl with a mind of her own, and one who dares."

"I think you are wrong when you call his picture only worthy of the river. I have put my soul in it; if it is horrid my soul is to blame," he said aloud.

A rugged man's gentleness touches a noble girl's heart. More than any other quality does the gentleness of the strong appeal. Jennie Peddie's soul responded to this changed and gallant attitude of the painter's.

"I am sure I was wrong," she said hastily.

One moment they continued to look into each other's eyes.

"I paint no more to-day," he said, and without bidding good-by to youth or age, he quitted the room. "By heavens, at last I have met a girl I can speak to," he thought as he strode off down the avenue. For a time Jennie Peddie was strangely silent, then talked as strangely excited to old Mrs. Methuen.

Punctually at the hour of four, events happened. The arrival of the *Water Lily* at the dock next to that which the Windsor ferries used aroused much curiosity, for not every day did the loiterers obtain so intimate a view of such a resplendent yacht. Jennie Peddie, captainette, navigated her craft with the dexterity of an American Cup Defender, which fact added to the interest of the spectacle. Brassey stood waiting the *Water Lily's* arrival, and the moment the craft came to rest, he dropped aboard. A few seconds later he stood before the painting and swore by the many gods whom art

critics worship that here, in verity, stood a genuine Horace Kirk.

At this interesting moment two men, noticing the knot of idlers gazing down upon the yacht and curiosity stirring in their brains, made across to see what was up. Horace Kirk arrived a jiffy before the customs officer, but which of the two was the more flabbergasted at beholding the French-Canadian, his cabin, fireplace, blunderbuss and crucifix aboard that burnished yacht it is quite impossible to say. Almost simultaneously they saw, almost simultaneously they took action and almost identical were their actions. In his natural inconsiderate and abrupt way, Horace Kirk swung himself heavily to the deck, uncereemoniously shouldered Brassey out of the way, seized the painting and shouted:—

"My property, sir."

The next moment, to his angry astonishment, he too was shouldered. The customs officer barked:

"And I seize your property and place you under arrest for smuggling. This is your second try at running this picture in from Canada."

"You're an ass—" began Horace Kirk in a morose temper, but he ceased speaking when he felt the screw of the yacht began to revolve rapidly. Jennie Peddie was taking a hand in the game.

To the swirl of the screw the yacht seemed to leap backwards out upon the broad river, then the next instant she shot forward and leaning to the touch of the rudder, the craft swept a fluent semicircle out upon the bosom of the river. As the yacht swept past the revenue cutter which lay at anchor a little above the ferry dock, the customs man cried a notification of his predicament, and an officer called upon the *Water Lily* to come to, but the lightning craft was across the boundary line before any telling action could be taken.

With words of threat upon his lips the customs officer glanced for the first time up at the miniature bridge of the *Water Lily*, and there he beheld Jennie Peddie, in command, yes, Miss Jennie Peddie, daughter as ever was of John Peddie, U. S. Senator for the State of Michigan, and the man who had obtained for Mr. Customs Officer his appointment.

"The joke's on me," he muttered to himself; then finding Jennie Peddie's eyes upon him, he raised his hat.

"Miss Peddie," he said frankly, "Miss Peddie, if you'll step aft I think this little international complication can be satisfactorily untangled. I'd like to get back to watch people get off the ferry."

Jennie Peddie, first bringing the *Water Lily* to a standstill, stepped aft. The customs man said:

"Miss Peddie, is this your painting?"

Miss Peddie shook her pretty head.

"It's yours," said the officer, whirling on Kirk.

"That's got through your thick head at last, has it?"

"Were it not for Miss Peddie do you know where your thick head would be? In the county jail, that's where."

"Thank God there is one place in America a man can get into without paying a duty."

"Is it necessary for this painting to go into my country?" asked the officer, overlooking Kirk's insolence.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you're an Englishman, that's transparent. Are you taking this picture back with you to England?"

"The chances are, yes."

"Then why not take it by way of Canada?"

"Customs officers obtain in Canada, too——"

The officer shook his head vigorously.

"Not for pictures of value. Any picture worth more than about twenty dollars goes into Canada free."

Kirk scowled up at him.

"Had I known that, all this fuss and bluster would have been saved us."

The customs officer grinned.

"You did not tell me that when the information would have been of value," Kirk reasserted.

"If you'll glance back over the past you'll see that you did not lay yourself out to acquire useful and comforting information from those who were prepared to treat you friendly."

He turned to Jennie Peddie.

"If you'll lay the yacht alongside the ferry dock at Windsor, this amiable man can land his picture, and I can get back to my post."

Lo and behold! It was even as the customs man said. The Canadian people loftily waved Horace Kirk aside. They admitted his picture was worth over twenty dollars, and consequently undutiable. Taking his painting under his arm the artist, just saying "I'll be back in a minute," stalked up the slope and entered the first hotel he came to.

"Give me a room. I'll pay a week in advance."

The clerk obliged him.

"Now have this accursed painting put in the room, and locked in, and if it attempts to break out you hit it with an ax, and then bolt it to the floor."

The rest of the afternoon and evening Horace Kirk spent aboard the *Water Lily*, careening down the river among the loveliest islands and skirting great reed-grown reaches, in fact taking the preliminary steps which led up to the necessity of writing—
MARRIAGES.

"Kirk—Peddie. On the 14th inst. at Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A. Horace Kirk, of London, Eng., to Jennie, only child of the Hon. John Peddie, U. S. Senator for Michigan." (By Cable.)





EDITORIAL NOTES



A STATEMENT BY MR. HAMPTON

To the Stockholders and Readers of Hampton's Magazine:

WE have taken an important action, with (first) the view of protecting the interests of the creditors of this magazine and the preferred stockholders of this company, and (second) increasing the power and broadening the scope of this publication by securing for it additional working capital and the benefits of adequate business management. We have disposed of my holdings of Hampton's Magazine, Inc., stock to the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company.

As you know, by reading HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE and the bulletins sent you from time to time, we have been in a hand-to-hand fight with Wall Street interests since early last winter. The attacks of the so-called "curb brokers" on the stock was only one move in a carefully conducted campaign. These attacks frightened many stockholders and hampered us severely in raising needed capital by the sale of stock.

Three years ago, when we were just fairly started in the magazine, and when the property was not worth one-fifth of its present value, we were able to borrow plenty of money at banks. In three years we have made enemies of many of the Big Business Interests, and this spring, when we needed a few thousand dollars of capital to carry us through the summer, Wall Street influence succeeded in closing every bank against us.

I have invested all my money, and practically all my health, in this magazine. I have been carrying both the editorial and the business loads, a task too great for any one man. I have the satisfaction of knowing that under my administration HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE made the greatest success on record in the periodical field. From a standpoint of circulation growth, in quantity and quality, no magazine has ever equaled it. From the standpoint of advertising rate and advertising earnings, at similar age, no magazine has ever equaled

it. From the standpoint of having reached a basis of net profits in the shortest time on the smallest amount of capital, no magazine has ever equaled it.

But the job is too arduous for one man. I cannot supply the fire and ginger needed for the editorial department, working out its problems, and at the same time be harassed by business details. Either one of these jobs would require all the time of a very capable man. When you complicate the work by a constant lack of capital, the position becomes one which I believe no human being can endure.

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE had actual debts amounting to comparatively a small amount. The total was by no manner of means large for a magazine doing HAMPTON'S big volume of business; as a matter of fact, in comparison with the records of many other magazines, it was a very small sum. Accounts receivable and other items properly classified as "quick assets," practically offset the liabilities. Any ordinary business concern that could show a similar condition of affairs would be welcomed by the banks as a highly desirable customer to whom would be extended a satisfactory line of credit.

With HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, however, the situation was altogether different. HAMPTON'S fearless, aggressive editorial policy had offended the powers of Wall Street, and the word went out to the banks to give us nothing. In several instances bank officials agreed to make us loans, but before the transaction could be completed some mysterious influence would step in and block the deal. This happened not once but nearly a dozen times. We learned thoroughly and convincingly Wall Street's control of the money sources of New York City.

All the time our editorial power has been marching on. The *people* want HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, as is demonstrated by steady, powerful gains in circulation. Wall Street hates HAMPTON'S; the *people* approve it and buy it.

During the last six or eight months we

have been approached several times by various parties desirous of buying the controlling interest in the magazine. I have declined every offer of this kind as rapidly as it has been put up to me. My desire has been to remain here and hold the property myself. All the time I have seen growing up around us magazine consolidations. The day has gone by when a magazine can live by itself. It is absolutely necessary that these consolidations come into existence. In the last few weeks I have been convinced that the safe, desirable thing for HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE was to merge itself with other publications having abundant capital and able business management.

A proposition from the Columbian Company has been before us for several weeks. In fact, some weeks ago an announcement was made in the newspapers that a merger of the COLUMBIAN and HAMPTON'S had been made. That announcement at that time was not correct, but it brought in a number of letters from HAMPTON'S stockholders who were also stockholders of the COLUMBIAN. These Hampton-Columbian stockholders were warm in their praise of the business management of the COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, and they urged us if we had not consolidated with the COLUMBIAN to go ahead and make such a consolidation.

In the intervening weeks, Mr. Frank Orff, the president and large owner in the Western Magazine Publishing Company of St. Louis, Missouri, had consolidated his interests with that of the COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE. Mr. Orff and the Columbian Company approached us with a proposition to merge HAMPTON'S into a new corporation which they proposed forming, under the name of the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company.

We considered the matter carefully. We had reached a point where additional capital was imperative, and we had exhausted our resources in efforts to acquire it. Our first thought was to protect our creditors; our second thought was to conserve the interests of our preferred stockholders.

Mr. Orff and his associates in the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company convinced us, first, that they had abundant capital to carry on the business; second, that in Mr. Orff they had a business man who had already demonstrated his ability by making money for a number of years out of his own publishing business. They were desirous of securing the editorial ability and

general publishing equipment which has made HAMPTON'S so successful. After careful consideration we became convinced that disposing of my stock to the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company was the wise, desirable thing from the points of view of the creditors and the preferred stockholders. Frankly, I have considered my own interests last.

We believe that the management of the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company will give the preferred stockholders of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, Inc., a fair, square deal. It is to their selfish interests to make every stockholder of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, Inc., an earnest, enthusiastic friend of the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company. Their whole business has been built by coöperation through and by their stockholders. As we understand it, the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company, including the stockholders of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, Inc., now has an army of something like 24,000 stockholders. These people, working together for the upbuilding of their properties, make an enormous force, the power of which is incalculable.

By the new arrangements I have absolutely nothing to do with the business ends of the enterprise. The new management has invited me to remain as editor of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, and has assured me that I will be given complete freedom in the conduct of its editorial policy. Under such conditions I will be glad to stay here as editor of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE and do anything and everything in my power, as I have always in the past, to advance the interests of the publication. Yours truly,

BENJ. B. HAMPTON.

CANADIAN DEPENDENCE AND INDEPENDENCE

IT has been conclusively demonstrated that the great majority of the people of Canada do not wish to be annexed to the United States; and so long as that is the fact the supposition is reasonable that a majority of the people of the United States would not desire the annexation of Canada.

Yet in spite of these patent obstacles, the political dreamers of dreams proceed with their annexation trances wherein they catch fleeting glimpses of a continental empire, the American flag flying over everything, and other strange matters.

We would not interrupt these harmless amusements even to inquire how we are to

annex a people that do not want to be annexed. Let the frothing prophets have their visions; the danger is small that anyone will take them seriously.

But what is in its way of real significance is the steady absorption of Canadian industries by concentrated capital, a large part of which is furnished from the United States. In the last fifteen years, or thereabouts, the astonishing sum of \$417,000,000 of American money has been invested in Canadian enterprises. This pregnant fact, recently brought to light by an American consul in Canada, reveals again the origin and nerve center of the Canadian revival.

American money at one end and American farmers at the other have done the trick. Not all the money invested has been expressed in combinations and trusts, but some of it has, and that is another thing. There is a common belief abroad that the United States have an exclusive experience with trusts, an idea calculated to make mirth for those that know the facts. Trustification is a world-wide process; no corner of the earth is without. Canada has proportionately as many trusts as any other country and has seen as much of the unification process.

Now, so long as trusts were confined each in its own country, that was one thing. But we are evidently passing from that era to the international trust, and the investment of so many millions of American capital in great Canadian enterprises is one of the evidences of the new day; fit to be regarded with the international scope of Standard Oil, the steel trust, the harvester trust, the beef trust and other activities. We are to have, undoubtedly, a world-wide combination controlling the iron and steel industry and financial internationalism is already far advanced.

Against such incalculable forces political barriers and divisions do not promise to avail much. Evolution is stronger than boundary surveys. In a business way Canada is already annexed; not because of anybody's design, skill or cunning, but because evolution drove American capital into the development of Canadian industry. The \$417,000,000 of American capital bind the two countries in closest relations through the ties of Common Business, which are after all the only ties of any importance.

But as to political annexation, that is a wholly different matter. If there were the

least real prospect of anything of that kind we might profitably remind ourselves that we have troubles of our own, and enough to keep us busy for a century or two.

"Annex in haste and repent at leisure" seems to be the invariable experience of democracies that attempt feats in empire building.

To get out of the Philippine blunder without committing further wrongs is, for the present at least, about as much of a problem as the average statesman can deal with. We invite to it the attention of the wild-eyed gentlemen now indulging in annexation fantasies about Canada.

But the future of Canada is undeniably an interesting field for private speculation. The country has such tremendous possibilities and is so plainly hindered from them by its present absurd dependence upon Great Britain that the safest of all bets is that the existing conditions cannot endure. The wonder is that some big Canadian does not summon up the courage to declare what he must know to be the fact.

Once cut loose from the leading strings she has so long outgrown, Canada would become one of the greatest countries in the world; but progress and population do not go where people sing "God Save the King!" and feel impelled to genuflections before a twentieth-century coronation. These things are not in nature.

If the Canadians, who are really some of the finest of all peoples, care to know about it, we can assure them that the Canadian Republic, when it is launched, will have no friends anywhere so sincere and cordial as the people of the United States. Of that they can be absolutely certain. Kings and crowns and that sort of thing do not do well in this climate.

As to the political independence of the Canadians we hope they will keep that to the end of time if such is their preference; but nothing can prevent their close business union with the rest of the continent, for that is manifest destiny.

BAD FOOD, BAD DRUGS AND BAD LAW

PRESIDENT TAFT has asked Congress to amend the pure food act so as to cover the case of quack medicine makers who knowingly make false assertions on the labels of their bottles regarding the curative powers of their nostrums. The President asks Congress to pass the desired amend-

ment to the law at the present special session, as an emergency measure, and his message makes a strong appeal for the legislation.

It is a good start that the President makes but every one familiar in any degree with the operation of the food and drugs act of 1906 will recognize that it is only a start.

The great purpose underlying the enactment of that law was the preservation of the health of the people of the United States. It was aimed at the insidious adulteration of food and drugs, but from the day of its passage it has never been effective. The reason is simple.

To accomplish the benefit which was sought, to fulfil the purpose which made it popular throughout the country, the measure would have had materially to interfere with "business," and "business" almost always manages to find some method of preventing the government from interfering with it.

Men engaged in the preparation of concoctions designed for table use containing preservatives proved to be deleterious to health, have appeared before the Secretary of Agriculture and defended their operations on the ground that it was "business" and that they had invested great sums of money in it. "Never mind the health of the people, do not disturb our business" was the burden of their plea. So it has been with the sections of the law covering the drug trade.

But that is exactly the kind of "business" that government should interfere with. And the interference should be of that salutary and thorough kind which would forever end the "business."

This is a question to which there cannot be two sides. No consideration of interest or investment can ever rightfully outweigh the consideration of the health of the nation. Adulterated foods and adulterated drugs have been shown conclusively to be responsible for many of the illnesses that afflict the people to-day, and the adulterations go on despite the pure food law.

The special message of the President refers to the fact that since the law went into effect five years ago there have been more than two thousand cases prepared for criminal prosecution, and more than seven hundred seizures of shipments alleged to have been made contrary to the law. Numerically that sounds like a great enforcement

of the law, but when it is considered that in the vast majority of the numerous convictions obtained in such cases the punishment is almost nominal, one reason for the failure of the law is made clear.

Every once in a while the Department of Agriculture publishes a bulletin setting forth the results in a string of cases prosecuted under the pure food law. At very rare intervals in the long list there will appear a case in which the punishment was a fine of as much as \$100, but in the great majority of cases the fine is only \$10 or even less. A fine of \$1 is not a special rarity!

Such punishments for violations of that kind of a law are farcical and ridiculous. They tend to put and keep the law in contempt, and are serving rapidly to make it little better than a dead letter. Every one of such violations is deliberate and intentional. They could not occur otherwise. Such things do not happen by accident. And for every conviction obtained there are unquestionably many scores of successful violations, the profit on any one of which will exceed the fine inflicted for the one conviction.

The proceeding justifies the suspicion that the Congress which enacted the law did not intend it to operate too thoroughly upon the makers of adulterated food and drugs.

There are two means of making a pure food law effective. One is by imprisoning the violators of it, and the other is by publicity.

Every one who has ever attended a world's fair or such exposition has noted the exhibit of adulterated foods shown by the Department of Agriculture. For years the department has been engaged in the detection of such frauds. But while it shows the foods adulterated it never discloses the names of the makers or the sellers. It merely seeks to give an object lesson without supplying the details which would make the lesson effective. A very simple amendment of the law would obviate all this and make the measure one of extreme effectiveness.

Let the Department of Agriculture, which is charged with the enforcement of the law, be directed—not merely authorized—to buy samples of all kinds of foods and drugs in the general markets in the different cities and towns of the country, keeping a record of the names and addresses of the dealers as well as of the makers. Then, whenever

such samples are found to be adulterated, let the department be required to advertise in the local press, or by other means which will make the facts thoroughly known in the localities, the names of the dealers selling such adulterated foods or drugs and of the makers of them.

Very few grocers or druggists will be found ready to handle adulterated goods in the face of that kind of publicity, and few makers will be found ready to continue putting them up. The method is simple. It would be inexpensive and tremendously effective.

RUTABAGA STATESMANSHIP

LIFE seems to offer scarcely anything more interesting to the speculative mind than that a man should achieve enduring fame if not immortality by one commonplace sentence of six words uttered upon the dulllest of all human topics.

Thirty-one years ago a candidate for the presidency remarked in an off-hand way that the tariff was a local issue.

An opposition press, well trained and skillfully conducted, made the words resound with excellent jocoserie over this comment, and for about three years it was a standard jest, running the gauntlet of many comedians and still reappearing fresh enough for use.

After a time it grew trite; then with increasing years respectable. Next it began to be repeated as veritable, always with due and somewhat admiring credit to its author. To-day it holds place as an accepted truism and figure of speech, ranking with the ghosts that will not down and other time honored gems of the rhetorician's cabinet. In the recent newspaper discussions of the deadly tariff issue, seven in ten of the editorial writers were accustomed to fall back upon it as at once the handy ornament of composition and the shield for distressed minds seeking economic platitudes.

But the true glory of General Hancock's unpremeditated phrase shone never more refulgent than in the Congressional debates on the Reciprocity bill. In that long and arid season when the dry sirocco of words blew steadily over Washington, not even the dulllest could fail to observe that each senator and representative gathered his views from the business interests of his own particular region and from no other source whatever.

The segregation had never been more absolute and unmistakable. For example, the lumber trust herded all the members from the region where it is strong; the wood pulp interests gathered their faithful flock from the districts where wood pulp is vital; the far Northwestern farmers aroused against Canadian competition dictated to the delegation from that territory; the woolen trust swayed the members from the woolen mill districts; the Minnesota milling men, eager for cheaper wheat, had their own corral, and so on down the line.

Occasionally a voice was heard for the country at large, for economic principle, or for a broad policy and a broad conviction.

At this anomaly the House or Senate stared a moment, and then resumed with zest the conflict of localities.

One cannot pretend that this spectacle was edifying any more than it was amusing; but at least it was enlightening. It once more vindicated General Hancock, and it opened up a new vista of the difficulties that beset the path of any reform.

Under our form of government, that members of Congress should at the expense of the nation champion a community, a railroad or a woolen mill seems inevitable; but one would like to see something different.

We have in this country close upon one hundred million people. That is a huge number and it is spread over a large area. One would like to see arising a group of men able to look beyond the confines of Baraboo or Cedar Falls. A Congress that consumes about four months in the discussion of a thing so simple, obvious and elemental as Canadian Reciprocity, and discusses it upon no other plane than its possible effect upon the rutabaga market at Painted Post is hardly a body to hold up for the world's admiration.

We observe from the Congressional Directory that most of the rutabaga statesmen are graduates of American colleges and universities.

If the best we can do with our foremost educational influences is to produce a race of provincial legislators it occurs to HAMPTON'S that we had better rub out the system, whatever it is, and try again.

We should think, for instance, that an American would like to legislate for America, whether he was reelected or not. He might get the lumber trust on his neck, but that is nothing. Most of these gentle-

men seem to have an abnormal terror of defeat. Defeat for a principle is the highest form of personal victory. We had thought that truism was as widely recognized as General Hancock's, but after following the reciprocity debates we come to the conclusion that it has not even penetrated the doorway of either portal to the National Capitol. Or at least not so that you would notice it.

WHY DOES THE MINORITY FILL ALL THE STAGE?

THE coronation of George the Fifth having passed from the arena of current events, post facto meditation suggests a query whether the space it occupied was not disproportionate and slightly irrational. On reflection, the crowning of a king hardly seems an event over which a sophisticated people would care to become very ecstatic, and since the thing went off according to the set program and was neither a very difficult feat nor very significant, the amount of literature it called forth is truly calculated to awaken wonder.

Not to speak disparagingly of an ancient institution, one is obliged to confess that very curious hallucinations seemed to pertain to this subject. One, naïvely entertained by our British friends, was that the whole world shared their own breathless excitement about a phase of surviving feudalism. As a matter of fact, the masses of mankind knew nothing about it and would have cared as little if they had known. The event celebrated with so much éclat in London was significant to only an infinitesimal fraction of the race.

This fact is weakened in no way by piling up the great figures of the populations that the King of England is supposed to rule. They have nothing to do with him, nor he with them. Their concern in life is to get something to eat, and whether they have one king or a million affects in no way that inevitable and incessant pursuit.

The rather strange truth is that the coronation was an affair of a mere handful and interested only a trifling percentage of people anywhere. By some delusion not to be analyzed, certain American editors were

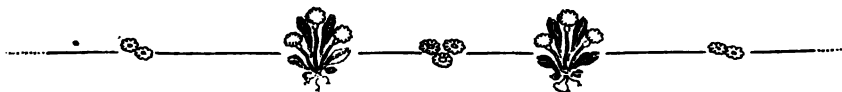
induced to believe that their readers eagerly lapped up every detail of the performance and read with avidity of him that bore the king's posset and him that polished the royal shoes. As a matter of fact, again, observation showed that the average reader never got beyond the headlines describing these marvels. For about ninety-nine per cent of the average newspaper constituency the rest of the space was utterly wasted.

Not even the wondrous fact that John Hays Hammond, the American Representative, appeared in the procession wearing knee pants, silk stockings and slippers, met the wandering eye of the bored public.

It is these singular perversions and distortions of the true perspective that must chiefly interest the philosophical observer. For instance, take Mr. Hammond in his knee pants. Obviously he was no more the representative of the American people than he was of Mars. If he had represented the American people he would have worn overalls and a jumper. That seems funny or incongruous to you? It is neither. The vast majority of the American people work with their hands for their daily bread. In what conceivable way could they be represented by a dainty gentleman in satin trunks and slippers?

As a matter of fact, once more. Mr. Hammond in his comic opera dress represented only the extremely minute fragment of this nation that still draws its inspiration from the dark ages, and has no more relation to the actualities of the nation's life than it has to the pyramids. Yet this proportion is exactly the same as the proportion of people in the British Empire to whom the coronation was important, and the proportion in this country to whom it was interesting.

In view of the noise made everywhere by this minority, and in view, further, of the fact that the expenses of Mr. Hammond and his flunkies were paid by the people that he did not represent, the thing on calm revision looks somewhat askew. At least it might well be the subject of further meditation by anyone that cares to know of conditions as they really are in this world.



A Little Talk About an Important Group of Magazines

By Frank Orff

President and General Manager of the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company, publishers of Hampton's Magazine, the Columbian Magazine, the Sterling Magazine, the Home Magazine, the American Woman's Review and Orff's Farm Review

JUST as the last issue of this magazine went to press, too late for any notice to appear in its pages, a change in its management took place. Benj. B. Hampton, founder and editor and manager of the publication, merged his holdings of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE, Inc., stock into the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company. Thus the control of this splendid, progressive magazine passed to a new corporation, of which I am the president and general manager.

The people of America have come to have deep-seated, earnest confidence in many of the popular magazines. The people know that the modern, progressive and aggressive magazine stands for all that is clean and good to our whole population, as opposed to those instrumentalities which work for the benefit and profit of a small class. Therefore the people have come to trust their magazines, and to depend on them as mediums by which they may carry on the work of making this a better country.

This confidence would not be possible without carrying with it a healthy curiosity as to the "man behind the gun" in the management of their favorite publications.

I come suddenly into charge of this great magazine with an army of two and a half to three million readers, whose faith in the integrity and intelligence of the editorial policy is proved by the rapid growth of the publication. I am keenly sensible of my responsibilities. I realize that immediately this enormous reading public wants to know what it can expect from me. On my part, I am anxious to have you know. Therefore, while claiming for myself a reasonable share of that excellent characteristic known as "modesty," I desire to take a short cut to your acquaintanceship and to introduce myself to you by

publishing my picture, and talking with you frankly and freely.

First let me give you my point of view and my reasons for engaging in the present big magazine consolidation.

I have been a successful publisher in St. Louis for nearly a quarter of a century. My two magazines, the AMERICAN WOMAN'S REVIEW and ORFF'S FARM REVIEW, have been and are now money-makers. They are what publishers know as "specialized" publications. Having been successful in the specialized field, it was my desire to enter the general national magazine field.

Therefore, about a year ago, as president of the Western Magazine Publishing Company, I began the publication of a standard magazine called the STERLING MAGAZINE. This magazine has been a success, and its success strengthened my desire to secure other standard magazines.

My attention was attracted to the COLUMBIAN, a new magazine started in New York about a year and a half ago. In a business way—through certain excellent ideas of coöperation which I shall explain later—the COLUMBIAN has had a brilliant career. When I learned that I could acquire this magazine, I naturally looked to New York to see what great national magazine I could get to head the list of our publications.

I learned that HAMPTON'S desired a broader, firmer business management, and negotiations revealed that Mr. Hampton was willing to relinquish control of the property. I have always thought that HAMPTON'S has the best editorial equipment in America, and naturally I was delighted to have HAMPTON'S in this combination.

The Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company was brought into existence to allow



FRANK ORFF,
President and General Manager of the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company.

the merger of my own publications, of the COLUMBIAN, of another magazine known as THE HOME, owned by the COLUMBIAN corporation, and of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE.

That, briefly, is the history of this consolidation.

NECESSITY OF COÖPERATION

No man, no family, no enterprise, can stand alone nowadays. As civilization progresses, interdependence becomes more and more necessary. *Coöperation* is essential to success.

No one magazine can operate to best advantage when it stands alone.

The business side of making a magazine has grown to be such a large affair that it is practically impossible to publish a national, general magazine without large capital and thorough business equipment.

Such a business equipment, once brought into existence, can handle half a dozen magazines as well as one. One business manager instead of six, one advertising director instead of six, one advertising office in each large center instead of six, one circulation manager instead of six, one crew of traveling men instead of six crews—in every business department important economies can be effected by consolidation.

At the same time the efficiency of a large organization is incomparably greater than that of a small one. As an illustration, review the workings of the circulation department. For many years "clubbing combinations" have been popular. The subscriber by simultaneously placing his order for two or more magazines is able to secure a reduction in price. In recent years some of the stronger magazines have consolidated or formed alliances which have made it very difficult for a young magazine to secure desirable clubbing partners. This puts a rock in the path of such magazine's progress.

Several magazines joined together in a coöperative union—such as the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company—enables each member to prepare highly desirable subscription clubs composed of the members of its own group, and thus each magazine secures a strength and independence which is not possible to the magazine operating alone.

We now have HAMPTON'S and the COLUMBIAN, two standard magazines of the highest grade, each having its own individuality and points of excellence; the STER-

LING, which by autumn we expect to make into a new magazine of entirely new form and novel appeal; the AMERICAN WOMAN'S REVIEW, already a leader in its field, and which we plan to broaden into the best woman's publication in the world; and ORFF'S FARM REVIEW, a highly successful farm journal which we now intend to make national in scope.

These publications form an excellent basis for clubbing purposes, and it is not unlikely that we will add other magazines of different types, until we cover even more sections of the publishing field.

ELIMINATION OF WASTE IN MANUFACTURING

The "manufacturing" of a magazine—by that I mean procuring paper, engravings, printing, binding, shipping, et cetera—is a business peculiar to itself.

A monthly magazine holds its forms open as long as possible in order to secure timeliness in its articles and to give its advertisers full time to prepare their advertisements. When once the forms are closed the demand is to get the magazine off the press and out of the bindery quickly.

A big publication such as HAMPTON'S, with a circulation of 450,000 to 500,000 copies a month, requires an extensive manufacturing plant equipped with costly special machinery and operated by skilled, highly paid labor. From ten days to two weeks in each month this plant is running double and even treble shifts to manufacture HAMPTON'S quickly. During the balance of the month it is practically standing idle.

In these days when business and mechanical "efficiency" are being taught us by such masters as Mr. Taylor and Mr. Brandeis, no magazine can afford to conduct its affairs along lines so wasteful as those just indicated.

But the single magazine, operating alone, has no choice. It must do its manufacturing quickly. To do this, it must have access to a large, expensive plant. It must pay for the fifteen to twenty days a month that plant stands idle; pay the rent, labor, wear and tear on machinery, interest on a large investment, insurance, et cetera.

Now this same plant can manufacture one or even two more magazines a month at very slight additional cost. Obviously, the businesslike course is for magazines to consolidate, and to secure these great economies through coöperation.

Before many weeks have gone by I expect to be able to announce that we have purchased one of the largest printing plants in New York City. Negotiations are now under way.

In the purchase of white paper and other supplies, coöperation secures better materials at lower costs. Such a group of magazines as ours is big enough and powerful enough to start at the beginning of its operations and conduct them independently and solely for its own benefit. If necessary, it could manufacture its own paper, do its own printing and binding, make its own clubbing combinations and deliver its magazine direct to its readers.

COÖPERATION BENEFITS THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The advantages and benefits of coöperation are greater perhaps in the editorial department of magazine making than anywhere else. Take our own case as a definite illustration. HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE has a remarkably efficient editorial equipment. That its equal does not exist elsewhere is demonstrated by the rapid growth of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE. It has been hampered always by lack of capital. Authors and artists nowadays are justly highly paid. They render a great service to the community, and the writings and pictures of the best men and women in these professions are keenly sought for by editors.

Coöperation gains for every magazine in the Columbian-Sterling group the incalculably valuable services of the HAMPTON editorial organization. As HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE gains by the addition of abundant capital and complete business equipment, so each of the other magazines profits by the editorial gains and organization which has made HAMPTON'S the leader in its field.

Mr. Hampton has consented to remain as consulting editor of all our publications. One of the advantages of our coöperative plan is that Mr. Hampton will be absolutely free from business details. He will be able to give his entire time and talent to editing, which would not be possible under the old system of each magazine operating by itself.

We give Mr. Hampton absolute freedom to conduct these magazines in the interests of the whole people of this country. Readers of HAMPTON'S need no assurance that so long as Mr. Hampton is at the editorial helm

this publication will follow the courageous lines that have made it so successful.

THE POWER OF AN ORGANIZED ARMY OF STOCKHOLDERS

The term "coöperation" as applied to the coördination of six magazines does not fully convey every phase of thought which is latent in the word. The COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE originated an interpretation of coöperation, or at least developed it from the general idea of coöperation, which was adapted from the English experience so successful for the past sixty years in coöperative stores and coöperative industrial plants. This development of the idea in the magazine business was adopted and successfully used by my own company, the Western Magazine Publishing Company.

Concretely stated, the plan was to secure the interest of a large group of persons in a way that would procure their assistance and influence along business lines. The COLUMBIAN secured this interest primarily by procuring a contribution to the capital of its company, and then fostering and increasing the interest by appealing directly to them through the magazine, and by frequent suggestions for personal activity by the stockholders to increase the profits of the magazine and the popularity of the medium.

This plan was worked out to the extent of obtaining over nine thousand stockholders. The personnel of the stockholders was a matter of careful consideration, as it was necessary for the working out of the theory to carefully select the material out of which the structure was built. No stock was sold indiscriminately. No person was permitted to purchase stock until he or she was investigated by carefully trained canvassers and was approved from the standpoint of being desirable timber. Only stockholders were wanted whose personality convinced a canvasser that they would be willing to work for the benefit of the magazine. No person was accepted as a stockholder unless he was in a position in the community in which he lived to make his assistance one of considerable force.

After the stockholders had been selected, the company secured the services of an intelligent man with keen analytical trend of mind to work out the problem by correspondence and by personal solicitation through special representatives, and to conduct the campaign of education in coöpera-

tion along scientific lines. The problem then became one of psychology, and the company has been highly successful in accomplishing the results originally hoped for.

The COLUMBIAN stockholders were trained to secure subscriptions, to enthrone newsdealers and to work upon advertisers. This organized and trained army of nine thousand carefully selected men and women produced extraordinary results in the circulation work. They secured highly satisfactory returns for the magazine's advertisers, by buying the goods advertised in the magazine, by persuading their friends to buy them and getting dealers to stock them.

An analysis of the results of the activities of the shareholders indicates that at the time when the average investment was slightly less than \$20 per shareholder, the gross returns from the efforts of those shareholders averaged nearly \$18 per person, and that return was produced with no appreciable expenditure of money or effort by the stockholders.

The Columbian-Sterling group has 24,000 stockholders. The power and force of this great body of alert men and women will make our publications the most successful in the business field.

I could fill several pages of the magazine with my views on coöperation, but I am sure I have said enough here to convince you that we will gain—and *you will gain*—by our having brought all these magazines together under one management.

In these days of "control," everybody is coming to regard with suspicion any and all combinations, lest the hand of big financial interests is concealed somewhere in the machinery.

The people may give their entire confidence to the Columbian-Sterling group. No one man, no one set of men, can exercise control over the magazines of the Columbian-Sterling Company. These magazines are literally "owned by the people," and must be managed in the interests of the people. I do not believe it possible to secure equal editorial freedom by any other plan of ownership. Under our system our magazines are keenly inspected each publication day by 24,000 of the most intelligent, livest men and women in America—each of whom is vitally interested in each of our publications. With 24,000 partners watching every move we make, it would be im-

possible for our magazines to be unfaithful to their trust.

Our financial strength comes from no set of "interests"—it comes direct from the people, and they have supplied us with abundant capital.

We have no stock to offer to the public. All our stock is subscribed for by our shareholders. They know its present value, they believe that as time goes on it will be even more valuable. We have the backing of this army of 24,000 partners—and we need nothing else.

We have six magazine properties of large present worth and great future possibilities, all the business and editorial equipment necessary, and we will soon have our own manufacturing facilities. My personal company has long been a money-maker; I believe we can make it earn much larger profits in the future than it has in the past.

The COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE's record is that of an exceptional business success, as its stockholders enthusiastically testify. HAMPTON's earning capacity places it in the very front rank of big successful magazines. HAMPTON's, owing to its lack of capital, has been compelled to use its profits in developing its business, instead of paying them to stockholders. Expert accountants and publishing experts who have carefully and thoroughly examined HAMPTON's, estimate that it will earn not less than \$250,000 net profits per annum.

Under our system of coöperation, every waste in every magazine will be eliminated. Every profit which can be diverted from paper makers, supplies makers, printers, et cetera, will swell the profits of stockholders. We have every reason for confidence in a most successful future for each magazine in the Columbian-Sterling family.

I INVITE YOU TO WRITE TO ME

I realize my responsibilities. It is my duty as well as my pleasure to safeguard the interests of stockholders and readers to the best of my ability. I sincerely believe that in our present group of publications we have the strongest, cleanest magazine foundation in the world. I want every reader of these magazines to give us their support. I want every stockholder and every reader to feel free to write to me fully as often as he likes. I promise that every such letter will receive my best attention and an answer as promptly as I can write it.

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE



September
1911
150

eam of Wheat



"Mamma says I'm
her Cream of Wheat man"

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A
Delicious
Dessert
All Gro

There is Strength in the Soil

By Arthur Stringer

THERE is strength in the soil;
In the earth there is laughter and youth.
There is solace and hope in the upturned loam.
And lo, I shall plant my soul in it here like a seed!
And forth it shall come to me as a flower of song;
For I know it is good to get back to the earth
That is orderly, placid, all-patient!
It is good to know how quiet
And noncommittal it breathes,
This ample and opulent bosom
That must some day nurse us all!

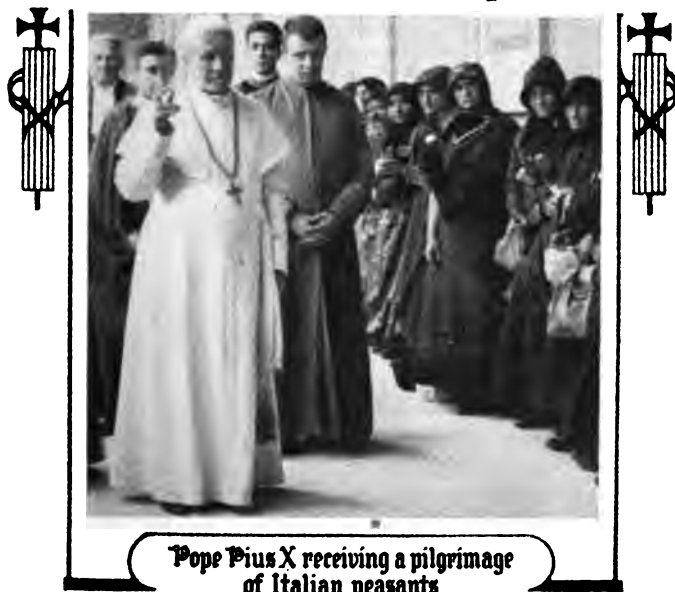


— — — one glimpse only you have of the
White Figure, bending now over papers,
which are yellowing in the lamplight. — —

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE

Who Shall Rule as Pope of Rome

by Vance Thompson.



Pope Pius X receiving a pilgrimage
of Italian peasants

Author of "Diplomatic Mysteries," etc.

IFOR nine months Pope Pius X had lain ill in his stately prison, the Vatican. It was in mid June (only a few weeks ago) that, for the first time since his illness, he walked abroad in the shady gardens of his prison house. Feeble, not young, he went very slowly, leaning on the arm of the secret chamberlain who was on duty that day, while an officer of the Guardia Nobile followed afar. They walked in the pleasant paths among the giant flower beds where blossom plants from all the Catholic world. At the little shrine which prefigures the

Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, the Holy Father kneeled and prayed—on the morrow he was to receive sad pilgrims from France. The chamberlain helped him to his feet and, for a little while longer, he paced the yellow paths.

Before reëntering his apartments, he paused a moment to look at the huge baroque monument to Victor Emmanuel which dominates the hills of Rome. That week it had been unveiled to noisy throngs, gathered from all Italy. A monster thing, beside which the Bartholdi statue, the Eiffel Tower, are dwarf toys. (In the hock of the horse whereon the gilded king sits



Pope Pius walking in
the Vatican grounds

astride, you could dine twenty socialists!) A monstrous thing—the sign of the Third Rome—flaunting the past of the Eternal City. It dwarfs and shadows that First Rome of the Scipios and the Cæsars; dwarfs, too, and shadows that Second Rome of the popes, of which he was heir—he, an old man, feeble, leaning on an ecclesiastical arm.

And I like to think it was of this mighty heritage he thought as he stood there looking at the pompous effigy of the modern king. A little of the great days came back to him. He was heir to the Middle Ages—that world which was an immense cathedral; which was a house of prayer, vast as the Occident, wherein all men kneeled. The very blasphemers and men of blood were on their knees. The poor folk of the fields prayed as they harrowed the soil. Knights and their men of war, galloping far off on the horizon in the twilight, prayed as they rode. The whole world prayed in the dark sanctuaries where the Vicars of Christ uplifted their mystic hands.

It was of this (perhaps) the Tenth Pius thought as he stared at the gilded monstrosity in which the Third Rome has symbolized at once its love of democracy and its contempt for art. Slowly he went back to his study where His Eminence, Merry del Val, awaited him with the daily reports on "the Vatican's relations with the foreign powers." An old man, peasant-born, weary with the burden of power, physically feeble from his pent-up life, an old man, faded and bent—but mightier than any king, the spiritual lord of two hundred and fifty million praying people.

It was in 1903 that Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, the patriarch of Venice, became the head of the Catholic Church. Nearly nine years ago.

"It is strange," he said once in Venice to a man I know, "how my life has fallen apart into divisions of nine years."

He smiled at the trivial fancy. At nine years of age he had gone from the Venetian fields to school; the passing of nine years brought him to

college—always nine years. Nine as village priest. Then parish priest. Nine years as bishop of Mantua. Nine years as patriarch in Venice. Then he succeeded to the greatest throne in this world of ours; and, not lightly this time, he said: "God has called me to nine more years of service."

The period is drawing to an end. August 4, 1912, will mark his ninth year as pope.

The diplomatic world of the East and the West is buzzing with projects, with schemes, with names of his successor; the physicians

of the Vatican are darkly reticent; from all the Catholic spaces of earth prayers for the Holy Father's health rise like incense.

Will Pius X fulfill more than the fate-allotted nine years as head of the Church?

There is no answer to this question. One may not even speculate. For my part, I can only write things as they are—tell you, as best may be, the situation yonder in Rome; uncover, more or less, the diplomatic plans of the great states of Europe; foreshadow what may come to pass when the saintlike peasant-pope in whose hands





are the Keys, joins elsewhere his great predecessors.

And what is said shall be truly said.

I

THE KEEPER OF THE KEYS

NOT in many ages has such a world drama been played as that in which the Church and its enemies are to-day the protagonists. Nor is it clearly understood. On either side the free riders have fought lawlessly. Intolerance has worn the black of the Church as well as the red of the revolutionary parties. Before we go down to the battlefield—

clerical, political, diplomatic, social—where the future of the Church is the issue, it is my purpose to make clear the exact situation of the pope in the hostile but not intolerant world of Rome.

There is no situation more extraordinary, more dangerous.

Not a quarter of an hour apart live His Holiness, the king of yesterday, and His Majesty, the king of to-day; from their hills, the Vatican and the Quirinal, they can see each other afar, over Rome and the Tiber. Victor Emmanuel cannot look at the setting sun without seeing the vast shadow of St. Peter's.

It was in 1870 when Rome was taken from the popes who had ruled it for so many centuries and was turned over to the man from Savoy, that first Victor Emmanuel. Men are still living who fought for the pope and men who fought for a new Italy—well, they have got it, their Third Italy. And the grandson of the Savoy prince who conquered the pope and stripped him of his broad provinces and temporal power, sits now on the tottering throne of the united Italian states, over which the Church ruled of old.

Yes, one is the conquered. The other is the conqueror. The conquered has neither

abdicated his rights nor laid down his eternal arms. He has even taken from his temporal rival one half of his subjects, by forbidding faithful Italians to take part in the government of new Italy. Even over those who have followed the conqueror he still has sway. If they refuse to recognize him as Pope of Rome, they kneel to him as Pope of Souls—as does the very king who has conquered him. All they have dispossessed him of are the earthly acres of the Eternal City. His power is still greater than that of any enthroned king.

It is, I have said, an abnormal and dangerous situation. It is a state of war, with-



- Pope Pius X -
Preaching in the Vatican Gardens



Cardinal Merry del Val

out truce or armistice; it is a state of war, not between far-off, alien enemies, but between the same people, men of the same race, the same society, often the same family. And it has lasted more than thirty years—longer than the siege of Troy.

And the result, you say, must be fierce scenes of anger, tumult, secret warfare, dark duels as in gloomy medieval streets? You do not know the sweet spirit of tolerance which descends upon the city from the two hills where the sovereigns lie encamped. The aristocracy (black and white) is first touched by this Latin spirit of compromise.

By way of parenthesis: Almost everyone in the old world understands that the so-

called "black" party of Rome is that which has remained faithful to the papacy; it is made up of the oldest aristocracy, of the prelacy, of the faithful of all classes and of all nations who foregather in the Eternal City. Now, over against that ancient party is the so-called "white" set—the new nobility, the politicians, the eager society women who have gathered about the king of Italy and his court.

The ancient nobility has remained faithful to the Church; the newer nobility (in greater need of court honors) has rallied to the throne; but these two societies are not shut off and apart.

There are common meeting grounds for

the black diplomats of the Vatican and the diplomats accredited to the white party of the Quirinal. The great ladies, faithful to the papacy, drink tea with the queen's maids of honor. You will not see a prince of the Church at court, but you may meet him at the Duke of Aosta's dinner-table. Sons of the dignitaries of the papal court serve by land and sea the king who entered Rome through the breach in the Porta Pia. One Colonna serves the king; his brother is the pope's man.

It is a state of war in which the courtesies of life are not disregarded—the subtle wisdom of the Italians has found a tolerant way of warfare. Once I saw the body of Leo XIII laid in St. Peter's. His death had not

been officially notified to the Italian government—for the conclave ignored Italy as Italy had ignored the pope—but it was between a double cordon of royal carabinieri that all Rome filed past the body of Leo XIII; and these royal carabinieri stood on pontifical territory, on the sacred flag-stones of St. Peter's. One king of Rome paid homage to the other mightier king of Rome, who lay dead.

A tolerant warfare, I have said; essentially Italian, it is subtle, courteous, politic and, as well, wholly relentless. It is not waged in street turmoil, with brutal weapons of assault and confiscation as in noisier France, but it is none the less a war without truce. An unflagging war, the battlefield of which is not so much Rome as the courts and chancelleries of the Occident.

Read here—that you may know—the facts, occult but historic, of the part played

by the little temporal king of Italy in the last papal election. It will show one thing—the king's way of warfare against his Roman rival. It will foreshadow another thing of

more immediate interest—the methods which will be used to influence the cardinalate in the election of a successor to Pius X.

One thing should be borne in mind.

The great nations of the Western world are all schismatic. In Europe only the secondary powers—such as Spain, Belgium, Austria and the like—are Catholic. Yet everywhere the non-Catholic kaisers and kings have comprehended the diplomatic importance of papal authority; and the intrigues of the Protestant states, like Germany, or the

antireligious states, like France, are potent in pope-making. Whence these facts:

When, after twenty-five years of rule, Leo XIII lay dying in 1903, every European power (including England) had its candidate to succeed him. Infidel France brought forward Cardinal Rampolla, then the Church's secretary of state. The Triple Alliance favored the candidacy of Cardinal Vannutelli, who was opposed to French influence. It was the two kaisers—Wilhelm and Francis-Joseph—who had chosen Vannutelli as candidate. They had not even consulted their young ally in the Triple Alliance.

Victor Emmanuel III had been only three years on the throne; he was looked upon as a negligible, subservient man. They took no count of him. Yet it was in this little man's horoscope to outwit the cleverest politicians of Europe and make the man of his choice Pope of Rome.



He made use of the sort of politics inculcated by Machiavelli, who was also an Italian. His first step was to send for Barrère, the French ambassador to his court. To him he revealed that Austria and Germany had united to force the election of an anti-French pope and that, reluctantly, Italy would have to support the candidate of her Teutonic allies. Such a pope (said the king) would be dangerous for his crown and a menace to Italian unity, but would be a far greater danger to the tranquillity of the French Republic. This disturbing statement was sent to Paris, where Delcassé was minister of foreign affairs. That little, explosive man took fire. Haughtily he announced that France would oppose the election of a "German pope" and, if need be, use its right of veto in the conclave. That was all; but it was enough. The candidature of Cardinal Vannutelli was a thing of the past; and Victor Emmanuel III had gained half his battle.

The chief candidate now was Rampolla, favored of France.

The Italian king went about his undoing. He persuaded the Austrian emperor to oppose him, reminding him that it was the historic policy of Austria to fight against French influence in pontifical elections; and Francis Joseph agreed to defeat Rampolla by using his right of veto.

That power of veto was a curious thing. In earlier days the three great daughters of the Church—I mean France, Spain and Austria—because they were very faithful (and perhaps for political reasons) were granted the unusual privilege of passing upon the election of new popes; they could not name candidates, but they could *veto* the election of men chosen by the cardinalate. This power was rarely used—rarely in the centuries. It was revived only to defeat Cardinal Rampolla. Pius X, in his wisdom and pride, decided to abolish it wholly and his princely senate passed such an act. Not again will the temporal power of Austria, of Spain or of France (that poor outcast daughter of the Church) thwart the will of the princes who choose the sovereign Successor of Saint Peter.

You recall that scene of August fourth, 1903—as dramatic as any in ecclesiastical history—when vote after vote was cast for Rampolla and that great cardinal was, in all but consecration, the successor of Leo XIII. Just at the last critical moment up

stood the Austrian Cardinal Gruscha and announced, in medieval Latin, the veto of his government. In vain Rampolla protested; in vain the French cardinals and their followers. The thing was done. The wily little king of Italy had hoodwinked his two great German allies and outwitted France. There was not even a murmur when he elected his own candidate—an unknown man, the obscurest cardinal in Europe, Sarto, the patriarch of Venice, reputed to be a friend of the house of Savoy.

No one was more surprised than he at the election. When he went up to Rome he took a return ticket to Venice, so certain he was of coming back soon to his old parishioners, his old friends, his old sisters. Venice and its waters he never saw again. In all this world he was to see only the walls of his prison house, the shady gardens of the Vatican—for it is only by denying the very foundation of the Eternal Church in his Eternal City, by giving up the century-old temporal power, which has been handed on to him from hundreds of faithful Vicars of Christ, that he may walk out of the Vatican, a free man but a dishonored pope—and, afar on the Quirinal the palace of the temporal king, his enemy who made him pope.

So the peasant-pope entered upon the inheritance left him by Leo XIII—that pope whose diplomatic spirit was as complicated as a spider's web.

II

WHAT LEO XIII LEFT TO HIS SUCCESSOR

A VERY old man, his face the color of white wax, seated in a straw-bottomed chair, from one arm of which hung a plaid handkerchief black with Italian tobacco; wearing a white woolen robe, knitted (not woven) by the hands of woman—a loose white robe girt round his wasted body by a broad white silken sash; on a chair by his side, neatly folded, the thick warm cloak, lined with white flannel, which he had worn in the chill of the morning; on the empire table in front of him three or four silver snuffboxes straying idly, like little white animals, and there, too, an oil lamp flickering, like the life, half extinct, of the Supreme Pontiff: and thus you have seen, for the last time, the Great Pope, Leo XIII.

It was a habit to praise his statesmanship.

He was known as the political pope. That he reigned in difficult times is true; equally true is it that his famed diplomacy ended everywhere in failure. When his long reign of a quarter of a century was over—when Leo XIII died—there were left in Europe only three nations where Catholicism walked with head high: Germany, Belgium, Great Britain.

Now, it was in those very countries that the Catholics refused to follow out the instructions of the Great Pope. The German Catholics refused to obey the orders from Rome in the affair of the Septennat; the Belgian bishops went against Roman instructions in the school question; and in Ireland but one solitary, timid bishop published the papal bull commanding Irish Catholics to obey dutifully their English political masters.

Otherwise the Great Pope's policy had sown disaster. Everywhere, indeed, the suave mysterious negotiations he so dearly loved had ended in loss to the Church. In France he ordered Frenchmen to vote for the Republic, thus arrogating to himself the power of medieval popes who throned and dethroned kings; and France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," was lost. His interference in the Carlist agitation in Spain—a political question which concerned him not at all—went far to alienate that long-faithful country. When he showed energy it was against the Catholics; his favors went to others.

"Should I be as well received as Bismarck, if I went to Rome?" asked Windhorst, the leader of the German Catholics, of an envoy of the Curia.

It was for Bismarck the Great Pope resurrected the "Order of Christ"—this ribbon, the color of blood.

Catholicism discouraged, dismayed, divided into camps of quarrelsome nationalism, darkened with confused political dissensions; this was the heritage bequeathed to the poor Cardinal Sarto by the white old man whom you have seen sitting in his straw-bottomed armchair by the light of a dying lamp.

(Do you wonder that for hours the gentle Venetian pled, in tears, with his colleagues not to lay upon him the burden of the papacy? Peasant as he was, he could see how the dark diplomacy of the Great Pope had undermined the edifice.)

So the obscurest cardinal in Europe came

to the throne, placed there by a political intrigue of which he knew nothing, understood nothing. The prelates, whose gold snuffboxes and violet-hued ceintures had basked in the sunlight of the preceding reign, whispered disdainfully of the new sovereign. He was a feeble man; he had no will; he was without "knowledge of the world"; he was a peasant of lowly birth—and how could he carry out the great world policies of the subtle, far-reaching Leo? Discreetly the suave prelates smiled, as augurs who passed once in those Roman streets. To a mauve-embellished Monsignore I said:

"But suppose St. Malachy* were a better judge of character than you are, Monsignore."

His answer was a smile of perfect incredulity—a well-bred smile, Roman, accomplished, final; he did not believe in the prophecies of that Irish saint for whom was unrolled, as in a vision, the lives of the popes of Rome even unto the last day. A thousand years ago he saw that vision; and in plain Latin words he wrote down the destiny of the long line of popes. Every Italian knows that prophecy, forever fulfilled as the years go by. The herdsman on the Etrurian hills, the fishermen seafaring from Bari, know it; and believe. In this knowledge they foresaw, more clearly than the incredulous prelates, what manner of pope that peasant of Venetia would be.

What was the prophecy St. Malachy laid upon the pope who reigns to-day in Rome?

Ignis ardens.

Fire and flame; something that burns upward, ardent as a sword blade, without vacillation:

No man seemed unlikelier to fulfill this menacing prophecy. *Ignis ardens*, this gentle, homely priest, loving his cats, his old, faded sisters who kept his house, his peasant brother, nieces yonder in Venetia, his peasant friends, the light-hearted gondoliers of Venice! *Ignis ardens*, this simple-hearted man, saint and peasant, unlearned save in the music of the Church! Do you wonder there was prelatric gayety in the black-robed world of Rome?

You have seen the portraits of Pius X.

*To St. Malachy, who lived from 1095 to 1148, is ascribed a document known as the "Prophecy of St. Malachy" containing a Latin prophecy for each of the popes far into the future. Thus far these prophecies have fitted the nature of the reigns of the different popes so well that, by many, much credence is given them.

The face is that of a man both mild and good. But there is more in the face than these sweet qualities of abnegation.

I stood before him with seven humble souls from the saddest country in Europe. It was six o'clock in the evening. We waited in the third loggia where some medieval artist painted the maps of his dark day, where Galli and Mantovani painted the stirring episodes of the pontificate of another Pius—Pius IX. A few other strangers came, men and women, who had journeyed from afar to receive the pope's benediction. The pope came with his chamberlain of the day. A young priest followed them. In the background hovered his Venetian valet. To each visitor his holiness spoke a few words—a phrase paternal, kindly, personal, and the audience was over; guards took their places at every entrance of the loggia and alone with his attendants the pope walked up and down, taking the evening air.

Many times I had seen the patriarch of Venice; this was another man. In spite of its sweetness and weariness the face was energetic. It spoke of strength. There was power, even obstinacy, in the virile jaws. The eyes were very strange. In a pale way they seemed to be looking into space—at something far off, at something which was yet to be accomplished. The square peasant body, so strong in Venetian days, was wasted now; the face was pallid from lack of Adriatic suns and winds; yet the aged prisoner radiated will—a will serene and steady, which was, you felt, as obstinate as the rock upon which the Church is built.

And as I went out into the great piazza, I said: "There are men like that. They have a way in life. You cannot hope to change it. Arguments lead nowhither. They listen to you, but do they hear you? They seem to hear rather an inner voice."

This, too, the violet-sashed prelates were to learn within a few weeks after the obscure cardinal had taken up the tangled inheritance of Leo XIII. *Ignis ardens!* Before the months were old he had set fire to the stubble; and the flames were running swiftly over Europe; France was ablaze. And Catholics held their heads high. The long period of temporizing—of dark, diffuse and uncourageous diplomacy—was at an end. Something was being done. The fire was in the stubble and the wind was blowing from Rome.

The pope's first act was premonitory.

He chose as his right-hand man Rafael Merry del Val, by birth an Englishman of Irish-Spanish descent, little known then, since world-known as the strongest secretary of state the papacy has had for generations. What manner of man he is, this story, told in Rome, may make clear. An Austrian diplomat in talk with the pope took up a political matter.

"Don't talk of that to me," said His Holiness, "I am not a politician."

"Then I had best speak to your secretary of state."

"Merry del Val?" the pope asked. "Oh, he is no politician, either! He is a soldier."

And that is very true. The young cardinal is a man of action, but he is also a man of world-wide knowledge, an intimate friend of kings and princes, familiar with the intrigues of courts and embassies—a soldier, to be sure, but dowered with admirable prudence and discretion.

The first fiery act of the new pontiff and his secretary of state was the note relative to the journey of Monsieur Loubet, then President of the French Republic, to Rome. What Pius X said in substance in the note was that he would receive Monsieur Emile Loubet but not the President of the French Republic—that government which was heaping laws of confiscation upon a baser persecution of the Church. After the long years of Leonian subserviency it rang like a declaration of independence.

What results followed therefrom you know. The last links connecting France and the papacy were broken. The French Republic hounded out of its territory monks, nuns and teachers. Church properties, church funds were confiscated—five milliards in money, Waldeck-Rousseau averred. (This money was to establish old-age pensions in France; except a few thousands, it was stolen by the politicians and their legal hangers on.)

Truly the pope of Malachy's prophecy had fired the stubble in France. The flames crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, lighting up riot and pillage, endangering the very monarchy, which stood by the Church. In Portugal the Church establishment went down in the ashes of revolution. (Oh, a comic-opera revolution this; engineered by non-Christian financiers of London and Paris, stage managed in Lisbon by—you could never guess—by the chief guide and interpreter of Cook's Tourist Agency!)

The tragic comedians who laid low the monarchy laid low the Church.

Ignis ardens. The fire broods in the Austrian states, where the Christian party has just been defeated at the polls by the forces of irreligion; in remote Poland, in placid Belgium.

It is a heritage of fire that Pius X will leave to his successor, the two hundred and sixty-fifth pope.

A melancholy heritage; St. Malachy foresaw it; the next pontiff (if that prophecy be true) will be the pope of a "depopulated church"—the high priest of an empty tabernacle.

III

THE MAN WHO SHOULD BE POPE

THE statues of Marforio and Pasquin, on which the Romans scribbled their rhymed opinions of popes and rulers, exist no more; but these *lazzi* are still on every Roman tongue. Pius X alone in modern years has been spared. His death will cause sincere mourning. Among the high prelates grief for his loss will be more lightly carried. Ambition is not stifled by the cassock.

"When Pius dies," said an old prince of the Church—one of the fourteen cardinals created by the two hundred and sixty-third successor of St. Peter, "when Pius dies, we shall have a German pope."

It was in a cold, marble salon where black society talked discreetly.

"What I mean is that the Triple Alliance will name his successor," he went on, "for who is there to oppose them? There will be only three French cardinals in the Sacred College which chooses the next pope. France can do nothing, even though it should influence a few discontented cardinals among the Italians, and possibly Cardinal Logue and the Irish Cardinal-Archbishop of Australia. Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishop of Baltimore, will vote for the candidate of the Triple Alliance; at the last election he declared for their candidate, Vannutelli."

"And yet there is Rampolla."

"The eternal candidate," said the old cardinal, with measured disdain.

The Sacred College (unless the pope makes new creations) will consist of fifty cardinals. Even among these members of the Christian senate there are many invalids, very aged men who may not be present. The Cardinal della Volpe is ninety-

seven years old. The Austrian cardinal, Gruscha, is nearly ninety-one. The Archbishop of Capua is eighty-seven. Di Pietro and Oreglia are eighty-three. So is Cardinal Samassa. The French Cardinal Coullé, Cardinal Moran, the Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, and many others are near eighty. The bulletins which fall into the chalice of the conclave will be far less than fifty; not half the number will represent the Italian electors.

Up to this point the prince of the Church, whom I have quoted, is unquestionably right; the three great powers of the Triple Alliance will weigh heavily on the sovereign electors who will choose, without appeal, the two hundred and sixty-fifth pope of Rome.

Who is their candidate?

In Europe only two names are mentioned. The German power is said to favor Cardinal Gotti, an ascetic monk, prefect of the Propaganda of Faith. Now in his seventy-eighth year, he lives cloistered in the Palace of the Propaganda, yonder in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome. Of greater importance is the candidature, steadily pushed by Austria, of his Eminence Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Grand Penitentiary of the Holy Catholic Church, subdean of the Sacred College. While Nuncio at Vienna he won the heart of Francis Joseph. He is a prelate who has passed his whole life in being amiable and seductive. He is dark, handsome, tall, with the air of a *grand seigneur* in spite of the three quarters of a century he has lightly lived. His career has been one of rare felicity. He has walked in the sunlight. Moreover, he is not alone. There is in Rome another Cardinal Vannutelli, his brother, who is prefect of the Apostolic Segnatura, the supreme tribunal. So he, too, is a man of power.

The only candidate the anti-German party has—now, at least—to oppose to Serafino Vannutelli is Rampolla.

Rampolla is a venerable and flaccid apostle; Rampolla is feeble and naïve—these are the things you have read daily in the pro-German press. He has become, I believe, the most unpopular man in the Sacred College. As secretary of state in the preceding reign he bore all the obloquy of Leo's acts. The failure, the moral and financial ruins of the reign, were attributed to him. The intrigues of King Victor Emmanuel, which robbed him of the papal throne, won him no sympathy of the right sort.

He is indeed a perpetual candidate. The cardinals speak lightly of him, as politicians speak of the Bryans and others who covet the high places. And yet Rampolla is an able man—with the exception of Merry del Val, the ablest cardinal in the Church. It is on his name, seemingly, that the enemies of the Triple Alliance will be forced to make their protest against a "German pope"—a pope chosen by the Teutonic powers and bound to them by ties of gratitude if by no stronger ties.

There is one man who will play a great rôle in this electoral battle. He is the head and front of the German party, George Kopp, the prince bishop of Breslau. You may think of him as the most Protestant of Catholics or the most Catholic of Protestants—just as you prefer. A big-shouldered man, he looks like a German general masquerading as a priest. He has staring round eyes that you momentarily expect to see roll out of his head. In the next conclave it will be his business to align the foreign cardinals and the discontented Italians for the German candidate, Vannutelli; and he will do it like a Prussian corporal.

Of all the non-Latin cardinals probably one only will stand out against this political drillmaster; and he is Michael Logue, the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh—humble, timid looking, his mild head rising quaintly out of a huge collar. He is not a politician. His virtues were made for the service of God—not for that of men. His conscience will vote for him.

These, then, are the cardinals—one I have not yet named—among whom the politicians are trying to find the successor of Pius X. Often the dark chance intervenes. Another cardinal, unknown as Sarto, may be called from obscurity to wear the white *zuchetta*. Many a time it has happened in the history of the Church, as in that of worldly states. The cardinals recognize this fact, but why discuss it? The pendulum of discussion swings between Vannutelli and Rampolla—Rampolla and Vannutelli.

But who, think you, would be the two hundred and sixty-fifth pope of Rome if priests and laymen had a voice in the election? If it were not fifty aged men, ascetic, rapt in pious meditation, or, on the other hand, given wholly to the dark play of Roman politics, who, think you, would be the new pope?

Any day in Rome you may see a somber

carriage drawn by two black stallions, long-tailed, with flowing manes. Coachman, footman, wear a cardinal's livery. Within the carriage, on the front seat, sits a gentleman in waiting—a figure splendid beyond words, with sword and cocked hat and knee breeches and a coat with galloons. Erect in the back seat you see the tall red-clad figure of the Cardinal Merry del Val—the keen face, pale, aristocratic, intellectual—the brown eyes, steady as stone—the firm mouth of the fighting man. As the black stallions approach, life pauses in the Roman streets.

"It's the Cardinal," the people say; for the Romans there is only one cardinal; and they call him, too, "The man who should be pope." All in good time. I cannot associate him with the prediction of St. Malachy; I cannot see him as the sad shepherd of a scattered flock—the priest of a depopulated Church; rather he seems to belong to that later prediction which tells of a Church triumphant.

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

He is forty-six years old, Merry del Val—the youngest of cardinals, almost a boy among these ancients of eighty, ninety, nearly a hundred years. That he was born in London, you know. There is saving Irish blood in him and grave Spanish blood. Perhaps he is the one foreign cardinal whom the Italians really love. He is their type—a rapier of a man. He is more modern than their temporal king—at twenty paces he can put a rifle bullet through the king's head on a one-lira piece of silver. He is the best golf player in Rome. He it was who put lifts, electric lights, telephones, typewriters, filing cabinets in the ancient Vatican.

The Third Italy loves him, alien though he be, for his essential manliness and for his modernity. Catholic Italy loves him because he has stood for the doctrines which are old as the Church itself. Like Pius X, he is "irreconcilable." He laid down anew the law of papal authority. He declared once more the doctrine of the pope's temporal power. He fanned the fire in the stubble.

Light-minded contemporary historians will tell you that he (and no other) was responsible for the rupture with France. There is no truth in it. The French government threw the Church in France to its mob of loot-hungry revolutionists, exactly as you

may throw a worm into an ant heap. By the mouth of Briand—Minister of Public Worship!—France announced it would make an end of Christianity. It placed a gendarme beside the priest at the altar. It prohibited the giving of religious instruction to children under thirteen.

Once I talked with Merry del Val of these things. Said he: "They have confiscated all our property—historic churches, ancient colleges, seminaries, houses for the sick and the poor, hospitals and endowments—we let them take it all. We asked only the right to worship God in freedom. We cannot permit that those who are avowedly trying to make an end of Christianity should control our worship of Christ."

This was the real cause of the rupture with France; it was inevitable—no matter what pope dwelt in the Vatican nor who was his secretary of state. In its due time it came to pass. The loss of France was a weapon in the hands of Merry del Val's enemies, for many foes he has in the prelatric world of Europe. They blamed his high hand. The smooth Rampolla had saved more, they said, out of the wreck. Possibly, but Merry del Val would not sacrifice the principle of religious liberty for the sake of fragments of power and the wreckage of church property.

"He has lost us Portugal," said the prince of the Church I have already quoted. "That is one reason he will never be pope."

Lost them Portugal? With what broom should this pale priest sweep back the tide of pseudo-democracy and unclean finance that beat down the Church in that negroid land?

These are the cries raised against the candidature of the secretary of state. They are used to justify Italian prejudice. But the last—and most potent—cry against him is his inflexible attitude regarding the temporal power of the Church. That eternal question of debate!

Will you hear the other side?

It is not my opinion; it is that of the wisest brain in Rome—it is that of the Cardinal Rafael Merry del Val. The American public, I think, understands almost nothing of the temporal situation of the papacy. That the temporal power of the pope should go back to the conditions of other days is a thing no one dreams of—especially if one has lived in Italy and in the former states of the Church. Then the public, Catholic or

not, asks simply: "If that be so, why does not the Vatican make peace with the Quirinal?"

Very well; but what would be the situation of the pope, once he had accepted the "Law of Guarantees" and made his peace with Italy? That very day his situation would become embarrassing for Italy and impossible so far as foreign nations were concerned. There would be in Rome, a mile apart, two fully sovereign powers, doomed to clash at some point.

And, the relations with foreign powers?

In the fourteenth century it was enough that a pope was of French extraction and resided at Avignon to make him a vassal of the King of France. Can you imagine the relations of Germany, England, Austria, the United States, Spain, with the papacy the day when an Italian pope became—if not the vassal—the friend and ally of his neighbor, the King of Italy? A situation both embarrassing and impossible. And it is the opinion of the great cardinal secretary of state that the two armies in this battle for settling the question of temporal power should hold their positions. Time works wonders. Some day, in a generation, in fifty years, a world's congress may finally decide the question of the extra-territoriality of the papal palace.

And until then war?

Until then war, without truce or armistice, but a chivalrous war, filled (as at present) with mutual courtesy. The Vatican provides the king with a chaplain; the Quirinal sends troops to preserve order when the Holy Father enters his basilica; and eight days a year the government mint stamps out pontifical medals—war unceasing but not unkindly.

These thoughts are in the wisest brain in Rome—in that of the man who should be pope.

* * * * *

There are fifteen million Catholics in the United States.

I have written this article from the observer's view point, for I am not a Catholic, though my way of life has led me often to Rome and to the Vatican. What seems truest to me is that American Catholics consider and venerate in the pope only the function—the man himself is dimly outlined and aloof. That is why I have tried to show you these Vicars of Christ, these princes of the Church, as they are: men

touched with humanity, be it for weakness or strength. Beyond doubt the function remains, no matter what frail, old man wears the *zuchetta*. The centuries have beaten at the doors of the Vatican—with iron sword hilts, with loud-voiced heretical cries; and the Church, in the form of a weak, old man has come forth.

"What do you want?"

"Change."

"I do not change."

"But in this world of ours everything changes—philosophy, science, empire—all has changed."

"I do not change."

And the bronze doors of the Vatican have closed again, immutable and eternal as truth, which does not change.

Closed doors—

* * *

But will you pass with me the Swiss Guards, and go through the Porto di Bronzo—against which the iron sword hilts of kings have beaten vainly? Step by step, we shall mount the Scala Pia to the court of St. Damaso. A young priest, slim and pale, goes with us; him and not us the guards salute as we pass down the saint's court. Light falls upon us from the windows of the loggia above. To the right is the door leading to the Pope's private apartments on the second floor. (You see the curtained windows of his rooms.) An usher, in black and white, has joined the young priest.

You go up a tall staircase—we go, you and I—to the Great Hall, beyond which lies the Appartamento Borgia, now occupied by the secretary of state. Then you come to the Appian Way of the Vatican. (It is by this name familiars of the Vatican call the great lapidary gallery.) Though there are many windows, the light is dim there. On the wall spaces inscriptions, pagan sarcophagi, cippi—things of the past. Through the dim windows you may see the castle of St. Angelus and its towering angel; see, if you prefer, the gaudy lights of the Quirinal.

Then a wooden door.

"His Holiness," whispers the young priest.

Behind a little table, on which stands a little green-shaded lamp, is a White Figure, seated. You go forward, kneel and kiss the hand of the Holy Father; softly he says: "*Non mihi, sed Petro.*"

A room, vague and dark, circumscribed by the round shade of the evening lamp, for

here there are no electric lights; dimly you make out old pictures, rows of old books, time-precious furniture; on the table many papers.

You may have come from the clean prairies of America, or from Paris—which is the unclean ghoul of souls—but over you as over that other one, the White Figure will raise a wide-open hand, then lower it slowly in a gesture of indulgence as he speaks, in a gentle voice, very solemn words:

"BENEDICO TE IN NOMINE PATRIS ET FILII ET SPIRITUS SANCTI."

For a moment you look at the White Figure. (Was this the peasant priest of Rieti—did you buy things at his sister's village "store" and romp with his niece in days gone by? Was this the kindly, laughing, wind-browned Patriarch of Venice to whom you lent Guiseppe Pensa, your gondolier, one unforgotten day? The man has been absorbed by the function. This is Pius, the two hundred and sixty-fourth successor of that first pope who was St. Peter, of Bethsaida in Galilee. This White Figure is the Church.)

What you will remember longest are the gray hair about the benign white face—and the visionary eyes.

You have not heard the wooden door open, but softly there steps into the circle of green-tinted lamplight a man in black. Oh, he is all black; with black hair smooth as though a cow had licked it; with a cassock blacker than a coat of Tartar lamb's wool, dyed in grain. So softly he goes you would think he were fur-footed. With dark whisperings he leads you away—one glimpse only you have of the White Figure, bending now over papers which are yellowing in the lamplight.

Without there is light.

A tall man, robed in Red Silk, comes from the room where that Borgia, who was Pope Alexander VI, died. On the vaulted ceiling above him you see four great winged Victories, painted by what dead man of genius I know not. He who has entered is Merry del Val. Swiftly the Red Figure passes. On his brow is the star of the thinker. His heart is pure. His eyes are steady as stone. His hand is strong and white; upon it gleams the episcopal emerald, which is the stone of humility and peace.

Perhaps, after all, he is the future.

But how shall one know what one does not know!



La Reine D'Yvetot

by
John A. Moroso

Illustrations By
J. Scott Williams



NO man under the sun
ever would have
thought out such a
way of making a
living, except Papa
Poinsett.

His farm of yellow roses is there to-day,
down among the lowlands. Twenty acres
of yellow roses, and all of the incomparable
Mimi Poinsetts! Think of it; dream on it
—twenty acres of golden roses so fragrant
that ten miles away the odor seeps into the
forests around Summerville and mingles
deliciously with the redolent pine exhalations.

You do not believe it? Then ask any of
the Pringles, the Prieleaus, the Ravenels—
ask François Ravenel, he will tell you.
Every rose that blooms in South Carolina
he knows by name and he salutes them in
passing with a smile on his long and lean

countenance. He will tell you about the
wonderful golden beauties in the lowlands
just beyond the ancient city of Charleston,
the great rose farm that stretches across
what they call "The Neck," making an
ornament for the fair old city as beautiful
as any ever worn by a beautiful woman.

But to Mimi Poinsett's papa.

He came from Provence, passenger on an
old barque that carried wine for ballast.

He was tipsy when he stepped ashore at
Adger's wharf and he remained tipsy until
Mimi helped him from his old cane chair
on the piazza of his cottage and he went to
bed for the long rest.

Papa Poinsett was a young man when he
came from Provence and a very handsome
young man. He looked at the old gardens
of Charleston, through the big grated gates,
and exclaimed: "Lovely! What roses!"

He stopped by the old wall of Saint Mi-

chael's, on the soft red brick paving, worn thin by the usage of many years, and looked at the crêpe myrtle boughs that swung over the top.

"Lovely!" he exclaimed. "What a beautiful color!"

Something caught his eye on top of the graveyard wall beneath the myrtle. He discerned a row of broken bottles imbedded in mortar. Stumps of the old wine bottles that guarded the flowers of the cemetery are still there.

"Bottles!" cried Papa Poinsett. "Ah, me! *C'est Paradis.*" Papa Poinsett strolled to the Battery and from the sea wall he discerned that no skies of France were bluer than the skies here, and not even the Bay of Biscay was as lovely as the bay where rise the old forts of Moultrie and Sumter.

Papa Poinsett had the American equivalent of four thousand francs in his wallet—money left him by his uncle, the miserly wine exporter of Provence, who died without leaving a will.

He bought twenty acres of lowland, land that others thought of no value because the high tides flooded it.

But Papa Poinsett had grown roses in Provence and he knew what that black alluvial soil would do if it was properly worked. He knew, too, that by cutting out one single bend in the creek which sprawled through his property the high tides would sweep safely by him. So he removed the kink in the stream, freshened up the cottage on the place and began to grow yellow roses by the acre.

Of course everybody who was anybody had his own rose garden in the city and consequently no one needed to buy roses, but Papa Poinsett knew a thing or two about grafting that he had never told any one. He would make such a rose as would be worthy of the name of his old sweetheart Mimi, the only girl he had loved, who had been sent to a Paris convent to study, had blossomed into a beautiful young woman and had married a rich American while on a visit to the land across the seas.

So, in a few years, came the famous Mimi, the most beautiful rose that ever grew, a thing for a poet to rave over, with petals so exquisitely formed that they seemed cut in gold, and all with a fragrance that was maddening in its joyance.

The famous rose cultivators of the country heard reports of it and Antoine Poinsett

piled up a bank account. No citizen of Charleston ever went to the market for the day's meat and vegetables, fowl and game, that he did not take home with him a bouquet of the roses from the Poinsett farm.

In his prosperity Poinsett found that a woman was necessary to his comfort. So, when the buxom Marie Potet began making eyes at him as he played in the game of boston every Saturday night at the home of her father, he looked Marie over and decided that she would do. He and Marie's father emptied six large bottles of very good Bordeaux while they talked over the matter.

Marie was the only unmarried daughter and she was horribly near twenty-five, the age in that climate which is supposed to relegate a woman forever from the matrimonial field and stamp her as an old maid. So Marie was saved doom of this sort and Poinsett had a woman to care for him and put him abed when he lingered too long with his friends, regaling with wine and the fine old songs and stories that only a Provençal may hope to tell.

In time came little Mimi, a baby girl as pretty and as healthy as any father could wish to see. She was five years old when the fever struck down the mother and sent her to St. Lawrence cemetery to sleep under the moss-draped oaks.

Papa Poinsett had never taken his wife very seriously except as an aid for those creature comforts his nature demanded. He had called her Jeanneton. She had been one of the neglected of the fair daughters of the old Catholic French colony, a rose left to fade, until Papa Poinsett took her and by his wicked merriness of soul and his droll Provençal yarns had brought the tinkling laughter back into her throat, the light into her eye and whilom a glow as warm as Chian wine to her cheeks. And he gave her motherhood, and she worshiped him for each and all of these wonderful blessings. That she was merely "Jeanneton" to him did not mar her happiness, for had not his acres of wonderful roses given her baby hair of fine spun gold, his lightness of heart baby laughter to the little one, and his fine physique strength to the little limbs?

She never reproached him for his wine, for Papa Poinsett never was drunk in his life any more than ever he was sober. If he was occasionally a little merrier than his average and insisted on repeating the choruses of his songs, he would suddenly appear



"HER GOLDEN HAIR AND LIMPID BROWN EYES MADE EACH DAY A DAY OF
TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO THE ANCIENT CITY."

very grave and declare that if the old barque in which he had journeyed across the sea had been ballasted with something other than good wine he might have started out his new life in the new country in better wise.

But his gravity and his laying of the blame on the barque and its ballast always made his Jeanneton laugh, for Papa Poinsett was never as droll as when he pretended to be serious.

The while she laughed she would help him remove his clothes and would place upon his head his nightcap, whereupon, as he retired to the connubial fourposter of old acanthus-cut mahogany he would lift his really fine tenor voice and sing:

"It etait un roi d'Yvetot,
 Peu connu dans l'histoire;
 Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
 Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
 Et couronne par Jeanneton
 D'un simple bonnet de coton,
 Dit-on.
 Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
 Quel bon petit roi c'était la!
 La, la!"

And he insisted on being the "good little king" and being crowned with his cotton nightcap. He would have no other fate than that of the monarch that Beranger drew, a king whose people never cried save when he died.

But when his Jeanneton gave up the ghost and was buried and he sat far into the night before the gusty and fragrant oak logs, smoking his pipe in sadness and keen sorrow, he realized that the good little king had been stripped of his cotton crown. He burst into tears as he made ready for bed and put aside the nightcap.

The next morning his eyes were swollen and he snuffled dreadfully. The grief in his heart was slightly diminished, but his head was clogged with cold.

That night he sought the crown—as the cross faded gradually—and little Mimi, standing on a chair, tucked the royal insignia over his ears, kissing him sweetly on his half blue lips.

So little Mimi became queen of the cloth-of-gold realm of Yvetot.

How splendidly she grew! It was amazing, the beauty of this child as it unfolded into young womanhood, just as the rosebud unfolds with the coming of maturity. Every morning Papa Poinsett would make her a little seat in the great wagon amid the bou-

quets he sold to the retail trade and with which he stocked his big stall in the market. Her golden hair and her limpid brown eyes, her pretty ribbons and her bare, round arms, made each day for the new Queen of Yvetot a day of triumphal entry into the ancient city.

At first the old people on their way to early mass at St. Mary's or St. Joseph's, the two French parishes, would stop and laugh and declare that Poinsett's drollery would never have an end. But the time came when the young blades would sally from side streets to glimpse the vision of loveliness.

The Mimi Poinsett rose had long become famous and had gathered a great army of worshipers. But here was the incarnation of the creation of man's wit as floriculturist and mind as poet. Mimi Poinsett herself was lovelier far than any rose a garden ever offered.

Mimi at sixteen was in charge of the rose stall in the market. In the back of it Papa Poinsett had his office. There he played picquet all day except for the lunch hour and the little siesta he took in an armchair after lunch. Toward evening he would get down to business and write a few letters acknowledging the receipts of checks or orders. Then he would take Mimi to the wagon and the two would jolt homeward through the quieter streets of the city, past old mansions with broad piazzas, to the cottage where the realm of Yvetot was governed with song and laughter and wine.

Papa Poinsett, snoozing in his chair in the back of the flower stall in the market, found his quiescent brain suddenly alive with a dream. His Jeanneton had been resting under the oaks of St. Lawrence for eleven years. Perhaps it was his widowhood that had taken him, in sleep, into the fairyland of youth and love; perhaps the natural craving of such a man for affection; it might have been the sudden stirring of recollections long quiet. No man knows his own mind. He only knows his instincts. Whatever brought this dream to Papa Poinsett is responsible for this narrative of the affairs of the kingdom of Yvetot.

Papa Poinsett dreamed that he was with his first sweetheart. The fragrance of her brown hair was in his nostrils, and in the wonderful dream eyes of Papa Poinsett, asleep in his old wicker chair, there struck



"'M'SIEU,' BEGAN PAPA POINSETT LAMELY, 'M'SIEU, YOU HOLD MY DAUGHTER
IN YOUR ARMS!'"

sharply the fine profile of Mimi Villepontieux. He even saw the blood rush to the spot on the round arm of his old love, the soft, round arm he had most wickedly pinched. Papa Poinsett even heard her voice, low-tuned and sweet, with the resonance of the fat "G" string of the *viola d'amour*.

Papa Poinsett himself told it to me, as I now try to tell it to you, that in this most wonderful dream he pressed the ripe lips of Mimi Villepontieux to his own and drained them of their rich harvest of sweetness.

He awoke with a start. Pray, is there a man advanced to fifty years who would not awake with some violence as a dream gave such issue?

"My God!" he exclaimed.

Papa Poinsett, for a few seconds, sat in his chair dazed, wondering. Then he got up and peeked out of the little door behind the stall of yellow roses and beheld his daughter, Mimi Poinsett, held fast in the arms of a young man whose lips were pressed tightly to hers.

Papa Poinsett stood stock-still, stupefied.

Mimi's hair had tumbled from its big, coiled golden heap on her head. There was a haze over Mimi's soft eyes. There was fire in the eyes of the young man.

"M'sieu," began Papa Poinsett lamely, with the charming guilt of his dream still smarting him. "M'sieu, you hold my daughter in your arms!"

The young man started and stared at Mimi's father.

"Papa," began Mimi.

"Mr. Poinsett," began the young man.

"Enough," said Papa Poinsett. "How long has this thing been going on?"

"I love your daughter," said the young man, screwing up his courage. "She is promised to me."

"And who are you, if you please?"

"I am John W. Hampton."

"Hampton," mused Papa Poinsett aloud. "A good name, my son. May I ask whether the blood is the same as that of *Le Beau Sabreur*, Wade Hampton?"

"It is, sir."

"Come into my office," Papa Poinsett said. "It is raining. Of course you did not observe that it was raining."

Mimi had "put up" her hair again. She hurried into the little door while her lover stared vacantly at the sky as if questioning

it about the rainfall he had entirely overlooked.

It was the Easter time and roses were fresh and beautiful in their youth. The little office back of the flower stall was clouded with their incense. The rain made a pretty pitter-patter against the window-panes.

Papa Poinsett scanned the face of the young man closely. His eyes were eager to fathom the mystery of the beyond that was to be the future life of his daughter as a woman and no more as a child. His heart was hungry for some divine assurance that Mimi would be happy. He knew nothing of unhappiness and Mimi had known naught of it.

"You want my daughter for your wife," began Papa Poinsett. "You want to take from me the best that I have. I love my rose bushes, but not a single plant has given anything so fair and sweet as my dead wife gave me in Mimi. I want her to be happy. Young man, tell me just what you are, what are your hopes, what profession have you?"

Hampton gazed blankly at the floor.

"You have finished college?" asked Papa Poinsett, as if to help him.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, his embarrassment growing.

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No, sir."

"A physician?"

"No, sir."

"Are you going in business?"

"Tell him what you are," commanded Mimi, snuggling to his side.

The young man grew very red in the face and stuttered as he tried to obey the command of his sweetheart.

"If you're no lawyer, physician, or business man," snorted Papa Poinsett with sudden anger, "tell me, for the love of God, what are you?"

"I am a poet," stammered the young man.

"A poet?"

Papa Poinsett drew back and took a second look at his prospective son-in-law.

"Yes, sir," the poet reiterated. "The roses drew me here and I was studying their beauty when I saw that your daughter's loveliness was beyond anything that Heaven ever smiled upon and I—er—you see, I asked her to sell me one and—er—really somehow there was—er—you see."

"A poet!" sounded the fine voice of Papa

Poinsett. "By the pope's mule that saved his kick for seven years, a poet! Oh, la!"

Mimi began to cry.

Papa Poinsett caught her by the hand and drew her to his wide breast. His laughter subsided.

"Don't cry, my angel," he told her. "I am not joking your lover. I would rather you married a poet than any other sort of man. It will keep the two of you at home with me. My roses shall take care of all of us, *n'est ce pas?*"

Twice a year Papa Poinsett sang in the choir of St. Mary's. On Christmas mornings he sang the Gounod "Sanctus" when the Host was elevated. On Easter Sunday

he sang it again. His fifty years had not struck him in the throat nor in the heart. His voice was sweet and pure.

High up in the choir loft over the entrance to the old church, he could not be seen by any of the congregation bowed in worship. Liza Devineau, the organist, knew how to play his accompaniment. Some of the gossips, such, for instance, as Madame du Fronfied, have declared that Liza always had a soft spot in her heart for him. This may or may not have been true. At any rate the organ arrangement for the "Sanctus," in which Gounod tucked his soul, was always played with as deep feeling as, say, the Boston Symphony Orchestra might play it.

Papa Poinsett always took a raw egg just



"'CAN IT BE ANTOINE POINSETT?' CALLED MRS. HAMPTON."

before he was to sing. Jules du Fort used to do the same thing before him and Peter Devineau for years took two raw eggs before singing the melodic masterpiece of Gounod.

This particular Easter Sunday found Papa Poinsett in finer voice than ever before. He swallowed his raw egg and sang so wonderfully that even in the back pews, which were the cheapest, the worshipers forgot their miseries and remembered their poverty no more.

What made Papa Poinsett sing as he had never sung before? One would have thought that Mario had come back to earth. There were nuances of tone issuing from his throat that had never come forth before. The song was the same. It was the same ripe, wonderful voice, but the singer was different.

What had happened to Papa Poinsett that from him should come the beautiful "Sanctus" so much richer with melody and tenderness?

Liza Devineau's eyes were splashing tears on the keys of the organ when the last note was played, and Julius Cay, the baritone, was standing as if petrified, so astonished and fascinated was he when Papa Poinsett bowed low to the ladies of the choir and began worming his bulk down the narrow stairway.

Papa Poinsett had an engagement, one that would brook no interference even from whispered praises and adulations. His prospective son-in-law awaited him on the sea wall of the Battery, a place which is, in Charleston, the holiest of all the holies.

Son-in-law had told Papa Poinsett that his mother objected to the alliance with Mimi. Son-in-law had told Papa Poinsett that his mother had been a widow for ten years and that she was afflicted with the prevalent disease of "family." Son-in-law had told him that his mother was a descendant of kings and queens and that she was, indeed, the very monitor of the Saint Cecilia Society, where no human may ever hope to be received unless he has a pedigree at least as long as that required at a bench show.

Son-in-law had told Papa Poinsett that it was a ghastly fact that his mother was a stickler for a king-and-queen ancestry and that her heart was breaking because he insisted on marrying a flower girl.

"The Poinsetts," the mother had put down as her dictum, "are vulgar people. They sell flowers. They are tradespeople."

That very morning the young poet, who was yet to write a poem, had told Papa Poinsett that his mother was a queenly woman and of queenly strain. Her maiden name was Mimi Villepontieux and she had sprung from the royal loins.

You can readily see why Papa Poinsett was in such haste to get to the Battery to meet the young poet, and you may easily understand why there crept into the fine tenor of the rose grower something that was more tender and solacing and charming than technique and training ever might produce; even a raw egg might produce.

Here was the dreamer son of Mimi Villepontieux. Here was flesh and bone and blood of her flesh and bone and blood.

The years had crept remorselessly by. Roses had been grown, had bloomed, had exhaled their souls and had died. But their sweetness had not died for Papa Poinsett. No more his love for the Mimi of the Provençal village of his birth had died. His thoughtful care of his daughter and his questioning of the young man who wanted her for wife had brought out the fact that the poet's haughty mother was his own Mimi, the girl who in youth had caught his heart and had enraptured him.

Papa Poinsett had not divulged to the young man this great secret. He had spread the news, perhaps, that he was in love by singing the "Sanctus" as he had sung it. But the young man did not know that Papa Poinsett had once loved his mother.

Papa Poinsett had arranged with son-in-law to point out his mother to him as she went into her mansion. The house was on South Battery, two palmetto trees and two great oleander bushes standing guard beside the marble steps.

"There she is," said son-in-law proudly.

A stately woman clicked the gate and swept within the garden.

Papa Poinsett grasped the pipe rail of the sea wall.

"I feel faint, my boy," he said. "I feel faint."

Mimi and her poet were in despair, for Papa Poinsett positively refused to give his consent to the marriage unless the poet's mother chose to welcome his daughter as her own, and not only welcome her, but royally welcome her and rejoice in the alliance. Was not Mimi Poinsett queen of Yvetot?

"The idea! Descendants of kings and

queens! The Saint Cecelia Society barred to Mimi Poinsett!" Papa Poinsett made a great parade of indignation, grumbling all the time in the hearing of the lovers and winking merrily when they were not looking.

"But it shall be arranged, my angels," he told them one evening. "Take the good word of an honest Provençal. This descendant of kings and queens, the poet's mother, will find that honor and glory were for her as a mother when her darling boy was accepted as the prince consort of La Reine d'Yvetot."

And then, having quaffed from a battered old silver goblet, he slapped his fat thigh, twirled his silver mustache, twirled his little gray imperial and burst into song:

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était la!
La, la!"

He bade his angels have patience, and when they were not around he proceeded with his plot, a plot that started in his merry old noggin at the moment he learned that the poet's mother was none other than his old Mimi of the dear days in France, the same creature that had cruelly forgotten him after going to a convent, and had married the man who was to become the father of the poet and then pass away to gather with his own fathers.

"*Oh!*" sighed Papa Poinsett, as he took from a wooden peg in his dining room his old guitar. He had freshly strung the instrument.

He twanged a chord, found his fingers still with their old cunning, and again rehearsed his serenade to his old love.

It was full thirty years since she had heard that voice of his under her window. He recalled her half-stifled laughter from behind the closed shutters. He recalled her mother's flat declaration that he was a devil and would come to no good.

"Open Thy Window" was the song he sang oftenest then, but as she would never open it, he would always follow his tender appeal with the roaring Beranger ballad of the good little king.

He was ready to carry out the plot.

The night he chose saw the full moon in the heaven, and the waters of the bay dancing in little silver waves.

Rose vines and bushes were heavy with their lovely offerings, while the opoponax trees were filled with little golden blossoms

that touched the air with strange Oriental incense.

Papa Poinsett made his way to the Battery with his guitar slung over his shoulder.

He came to the house—her house. He tried the gate. The bolt was drawn. Papa Poinsett reached up and put his instrument on the broad top of the garden wall, and with a jump and a heavy grunt struggled up after it.

He had made sure that the poet's mother would be alone. It was the night when the servants were all away, and he knew the poet would not leave his sweetheart until sent home.

Papa Poinsett struck the strings of his old guitar. He began singing very softly the serenade of sweetheart days. A light flashed in the room above him. He saw a form outlined through the light-filled crevices of the shutters.

His voice gradually reached the fullness of its power and beauty, and the big bass strings of the guitar sounded sonorously.

If Papa Poinsett had put his whole soul into the "Sanctus" on Easter Sunday, his soul must have ripened and richened since then, for the melody of his voice was bewitching.

A second light appeared in the house. This time the hall opening on the piazza became bright.

The last splendid note of the serenade was ringing in the air when Mrs. Hampton stepped to the piazza, leaned on the railing and called:

"Can it be Antoine Poinsett? It is hardly believable."

"Mimi Villepontieux!" called back the serenader.

"*C'est moi!*" she answered.

"May I pay my respects, madame?" asked Papa Poinsett, bowing with a noble sweep of his chapeau as he stepped from the garden and its shadows into the path of light thrown from the hall.

"Antoine," said the old lady-love of the good little king, "I can hardly believe that it is you. How came you here? The last I heard of you was that you had gone to Canada as *courier du bois*. This Poinsett flower-grower I thought another of the same name."

She held out her hand and he took it, bent low before it, and kissed it with the gentle grace of a cavalier mindful of the respect due a gentlewoman.

"It is really Antoine Poinsett," he said. "I have been here all these years and did not know that you were living in the city. I found out when your son asked me for the hand of my daughter."

"Come in, Antoine," she said. He saw that her cheeks were rosy.

"You recall the song?" he asked.

She laughed. The sound was divine music to Papa Poinsett's ears.

"Your voice," she began, "is more beautiful than it was in your youth. I thought I was dreaming when I heard it."

She took a decanter from the sideboard where cut glass and silver glittered in the light.

"I have a little of the Madeira left," she said. "May I fill a glass for you?"

He thanked her. It was the priceless Madeira for which the old city was famous—while it lasted.

"Madame, your eternal beauty," toasted Papa Poinsett.

She bowed and smiled.

"It is the same Antoine," she said, with a pretty affectation of gayety.

"Not just the same," he protested. "I am serious for once in my life. My daughter is the apple of my eye as your son is of yours. I want her happiness above everything else in the world. She is beautiful and was named after you, in sacred recollection of you and the sweetheart days of youth. I have abundant means. The two angels shall have everything to make them happy. Your boy is a poet. He will be a fine one; my daughter and my flowers shall make him a great poet."

"I withheld my consent," said Madame Hampton, "because, as I thought, I knew nothing of her father."

"I did really start for the woods of Canada," he said in explanation, "but I landed here and could not leave, for the flowers were so lovely. None in our Carcassonne is more beautiful. It was fate that held me here."

Papa Poinsett paused. The time had come for the perpetration of his plot. The great lady, the matron whose word was waited anxiously by every candidate for membership in the Saint Cecelia, the descendant of kings, was to be his victim. He sorrowed, but it was for Mimi's sake.

"Your dear father, my lady," asked Papa Poinsett, "is he still living?"

A shadow seemed to pass over Madame Hampton's face.

"Yes," she replied.

"The splendid man!" exclaimed Papa Poinsett. "I rejoice. There was no baker in Carcassonne that could make such breakfast rolls as Papa Villepontieux made. And the little spice cakes—you remember them, Mimi?"

Madame Hampton betrayed uneasiness.

"Yes," she faltered.

"It was no wonder that his bread sold so well and that he made a snug little fortune," the old rogue went on cunningly. "You remember his little old shop near the fish stalls?"

"Antoine," pleaded Madame Hampton, "do forget some of the things of youth."

"Ah!" exclaimed Papa Poinsett softly. "How we do change in a generation. I was only anxious about my Mimi's happiness. I would like to know just how well she is going to marry. Good blood means so much, my dear lady."

"Promise me that you will not tell of these things that are best forgotten?" she asked.

"I promise," he replied. "I confidently expect that you will give your consent to the young people."

"You must send your daughter to me to-morrow," she told him.

When the poet reached home at midnight he was surprised to behold his mother at the piano and at her side the good little king of Yvetot, standing and singing a love song with such wonderful power of voice and beauty that he stood on the threshold as if entranced until the last note died away.

"Then it is all fixed for us to marry!" cried the poet, as he kissed his mother and threw his arms about the neck of Papa Poinsett.

"Yes, my dear boy," replied the mother. "You must bring her to see me to-morrow. I can hardly wait that long. Is it really true that she is so beautiful?"

"She is a morning in May," said the poet.

When Papa Poinsett slung his old guitar over his shoulder again, a last sip of the old Madeira warming the cockles of his heart, Madame Hampton walked down the garden path with him to the gate.

"My girl and your boy, man and wife," he said in parting. "Mimi, it will be just as if we ourselves are marrying."

FIGHTING THE FLAMES

By Roy L. McCardell

Author of "Jimmie Jones," "Mr. and Mrs. Nagg," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

HOW the cry of "Fire!" wakes and thrills the most lethargic! Even if we are insured in a sound company, there is no tumult that is made by civilized mankind that will so fill with terror the breasts of the nervous or so stir the most lymphatic temperament. From boyhood's happy hour I longed to be a fireman. But when I longed the hardest I was too young, and when I was old enough I was too sensible.

How I have envied the swart heroes of the ladder and the hose! And never so much as one night when, in the course of some sociological researches, I found myself with a fellow-student upon the Bowery when flames burst from the window of a hotel near Miner's Theater.

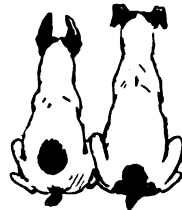
Some one turned in an alarm and in the crowd that assembled, ere the arrival of the apparatus, the rumor grew that there was a troupe of burlesque actresses staying at the hotel.

"Save the girls!" was the cry. In the hour of peril, the first unselfish thought was, "Women first!"

The onrush of rescuers was so sudden that they choked up the stairway, but this was also because the smoke was very thick. Finally the night clerk appeared at the head of the steps and cried, "If you guys want a room, come up one at a time!"

Just then a tall female appeared shrieking in the hall at the top of the stairs, attired only in a raincoat.

This shows what excitement will do, because there were no indications of rain. A gallant on-looker seized her and carried her out. The poor soul was evidently confused, for as soon as she was set upon her feet she rushed back into the burning building. Again she was rescued and yet again. Finally she cried out, "If you smarties don't let me go back to my room and get my false teeth, I'll smack somebody in the face!"



"THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY RODE
IN A CHAIR LASHED TO THE
TOP OF THE HOSE CART."

Just then the firemen arrived and one of them turned his hose on me—socked it to me, darn it! And before I could get on my feet again, a whole battalion of them made a hundred-yard dash across my face. A week later I was still sore about it and wrote to the Fire Department, suggesting that the firemen should wear rubber heels. But that came later. My first subsequent recollection is of having a red-necked foreman shake me and shout, "Git outside the fire lines!"

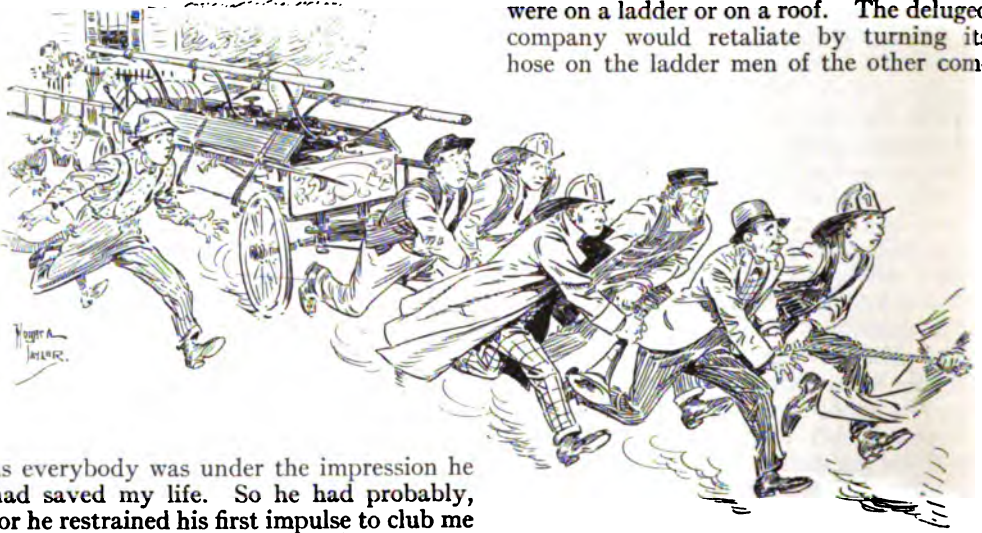
Just then a policeman seized me and threw me out. He was greeted with cheers,

bloody noses or black eyes in evidence, the stay-at-homes came away from their windows saying:

"There warn't no fire!"

When an election for chief was held in either fire company, the candidates were selected from the best rough-and-tumble fighters in town. A conflagration was the open season in fisticuffs.

These battles of the salamanders invariably were begun by a stream of water from one fire company either accidentally or intentionally being turned upon the members of the other fire company, and always when the recipients of the hostile stream were on a ladder or on a roof. The deluged company would retaliate by turning its hose on the ladder men of the other com-



as everybody was under the impression he had saved my life. So he had probably, for he restrained his first impulse to club me over the head and only "fanned" me where it would hurt but wouldn't be fatal.

Ever since that I have always held that the New York firemen and police are gallant lads, but rough in their ways. It is not, however, of the regular fireman I would speak, but of that amateur salamander, the gallant volunteer.

ENVY BEATS IN THE BREAST OF THE AMATEUR FIREMAN

Little do my city readers know the animosities that used to smolder and flare out between rival companies in the small towns of this fair land. Used to be? They smolder and flare up and change fighting the fires to fighting at fires in small town and village to this very day.

In our town, my native town, we had two fire companies. Rivalry was keen and when the hose carts and hand engines were borne back by the home heroes with no

"THE CRY OF 'FIRE!' THRILLS THE MOST
LETHARGIC."

pany. The mutual drenching seemed but to augment the animosity. The belligerents would drop the hose pipes, and, seizing stones or spanners, would break heads and "bust snoots" indiscriminately till Abe Coakley, the town constable, would deputize all spectators and have the combatants separated. By this time, the fire, having no aid from the axmen in making draughts, would have subsided to a gentle smolder.

No arrest ever followed, fighting at a fire, by unwritten law, being deemed to have occurred during the open season. Fighting on election and circus days or during court week was held, however, to be against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth, and when, upon such an occasion, Andy Shutzer was hailed before Magistrate Blocher for smiting a citizen

with whom he had differed, and was fined five dollars and bound over to keep the peace for six months, he felt that his usefulness as a fireman was impaired for half a year and resigned from the proud position of Chief of the Minnehaha Hose during that period.

In our town, Washington's birthday was more than a legal holiday, it was the Firemen's holiday. On that day all work suspended and the gayly decorated fire apparatus belonging to the different hose and hook and ladder companies were paraded through the principal streets.

It has never been proved that George Washington was a volunteer fireman. He was a Mason, pictures of him wearing the Master's apron and other Masonic insignia appearing on the hand engines and hose carts, but none alas! show the immortal G. W. in fireman's uniform. The Goddess of Liberty was the Father of His Country's side partner at such times.



The Goddess of Liberty was chosen from among the fair daughters of our town by ballot, and rode in a chair, lashed to the top of the hose cart, in a classic robe constructed from an American flag.

Never will I forget, previous to one

memorable fireman's parade on Washington's birthday in our town, the enthusiasm evoked by the mayor in a speech when he presented Huckabuck Hook and Ladder No. 1 with its new apparatus of brightest blue and red. In a few well-chosen words Foreman Sam Pennyfeather responded.

THE SPIRIT RANG TRUE

He was not a speechmaker, Pennyfeather said, but a fireman, and on behalf of the men of Huckabuck Hook and Ladder he responded with all the eloquence at his command, which was not much. But what he would say was that Huckabuck Hook and Ladder was grateful, and its one hope was that the homes of those who had so generously contributed would catch fire that the gallant Huckabucks might show what they could do with the beautiful new ten-ladder truck!

Hearty and prolonged cheers greeted these earnest words. It was not the sense of the speech but the spirit that struck home to all.

No more exception was taken to those well-meant words than at the funeral of another volunteer in our town, when the members of his company placed upon his bier a floral offering of a ladder and a trumpet bearing the words, in scarlet immortelles: "Gone to His Last Fire."

There was little or no excitement in our town between election and circus days, and

"MILLIONAIRE FIREMEN WORK HEROICALLY AT A BLAZE!"



"EAST MALARIA HAD ITS FIRST FIRE. IT
BURNED THE ENGINE HOUSE AND
ALL THE APPARATUS!"

a fire was a civic as well as a social incident. A store fire was especially popular, and, while not detracting from the justly earned reputation for the moral stamina of the volunteer fireman in our town, it must be admitted that after a store fire the members of the local fire companies generally had new hats, new pocket knives and what seemed, for a while, an inexhaustible supply of chewing tobacco.

A volunteer fireman always chewed tobacco, and to my mind the passing of tobacco-chewing marks the passing of the sturdier days in our national life. With it has passed fighting at fires and other concomitants

of the day when heads were harder and hearts were softer.

Ward politics and ward rivalry kept up, and still keeps up, the spirit of emulation among the local fire companies of most small towns. The rivalry to be first to a fire occurring in the territory of another volunteer company was keen and fierce, and it still is; but, the fire out and over, the return through the rival ward was, in our town, a retreat involving ignominy and derision.

The fire company out of its district ran the gantlet of hoots and catcalls. The fire company from the north end of our town (a residence portion designated locally as "Canada"), out of its district and on the return trip from a fire, was invariably greeted with this significant and insulting slogan:

"Take Her Home and Give Her a Bone!"

This derisive greeting, for some reason that I have never been able to fathom, was considered final and culminative. Crushing and unanswerable, the cry to "Take Her Home and Give Her a Bone" rang upon the welkin, and the devoted "Canadas" tugged their clanging machine out of the hostile district in sullen silence.

Alas for my native town! It aspires to city ways. It has a paid fire department now, and the beautiful old hand fire engine of 1836 has been sold for fifty dollars to a distant village in the state. "Be of Good Cheer! We'll Stand by You!" was the gallant motto on its gold-and-scarlet sides, and when "the scene was indescribable," when "the devouring element raged," when "Lem Duzenberry's general store was one seething mass of flame," its every coughing clank, as strong arms worked the levers, seemed to repeat the honest phrase:

"Be of Good Cheer! We'll Stand by You!"

Sold for fifty dollars! A perverse generation has not kept the faith!

OUR EAST MALARIA FORCE

The mutable years rolled on. I never became a locomotive engineer, a detective, a pirate, or a slayer of demon redskins on the plains. I was nothing but a humdrum individual, earning a humdrum livelihood

in a humdrum manner. The aspirations of youth were never realized. I never became a fireman, paid or volunteer. In the course of time the fireman was nothing to me but one man of many until, a grown-up man, and a married New Yorker, I moved to East Malaria, that ever delightful and carefully restricted suburban town where taxes, if not property values, double every two years. Here, in ever-delightful East Malaria, I met again with the volunteer fireman, but in a new or, at least, a different phase.

Rivalry was keen, but it took a more effete and less strenuous turn than I had known the local companies in my native town to possess, in the days of my stark youth.

The suburban fire company, I found, was an institution to relieve the tedium of suburban life. Wealthy residents patronized the companies so that their names might be printed when the city newspapers noted the suburban blaze under the inevitable headline, "Millionaire Firemen of East Malaria Work Heroically at a Livery Stable Blaze!"

After East Malaria had half a hundred houses, and before it had a church, it resolved to have a fire company. One was formed, a fire house was built and uniforms purchased—after many fairs, bazaars, oyster suppers and amateur minstrel performances, together with the passing of subscription lists among the residents and the donating of a site by the East Malaria Land Company. Money was borrowed on a mortgage and an engine house built, and a hose reel and hook and ladder truck was purchased, part cash and the rest on notes.

When the engine house was finished, the new hose company met night after night to play cards and yearn for a fire. Keen was the rivalry in the annual election, ultimately engendering so much bitterness that an unwritten law was agreed upon, by the ruling of which each of the original members in turn was elected to the chieftainship.

Years passed, East Malaria grew despite paving assessments, sewer assessments and constant foreclosing of mortgages, but still there was no fire.

Hen Garley, the popular butcher, was now the chief. He proposed a dance in the company room of the fire house, located on the second floor, the meeting place where the members played cards, subsequently telling their wives they were kept late because it looked like a fine night for a fire.

The dance was a great success, but it weakened the floor, and, a few nights later, the practical joker of the company pulled the chair from under Hen Garley as he sat down to take a hand at auction pinocle.

Hen weighed three hundred pounds. He came down with an awful crash, the flimsy floor gave way and down went most of the members present on top of Hen. They had hardly scrambled out from the débris, bruised and sore, when the big cast-iron stove, holding a roaring fire, which had been tottering on the brink of the hole the obese chief had made, came crashing through.

East Malaria had its first fire. It burned the engine house, the hose cart and hook and ladder truck of East Malaria's only fire company!

But East Malaria grew and grew, and, in due time, another fire company was organized, and another engine house was built and another set of fire-fighting apparatus



"JESSE WAS FINED A DOLLAR FOR APPEARING WITHOUT HIS UNIFORM."

installed. East Malaria was a fashionable suburb now. It had a real bell in the engine-house tower, and the old clanging locomotive tire of steel that hung on a tree and jangled, when hit with a hammer, its wide alarm up the night, was sold for junk.

The younger element took hold of the new fire company of East Malaria. Then came one of the coldest winters this delightful residential town had known. The houses in East Malaria had all been built to sell. In damp weather the front doors jammed and stuck, which necessitated the cautious householder to go around to the side and clamber through a window, because several instances had been known where property owners, pulling too hard at a damp-stuck door, had the fatal success of pulling the whole front of their desirable villas out into the street.

THE IRATE MR. GREEN'S MISHAP

Came then, in this coldest of winters in a community of unheatable houses, a night both cold and damp. A Mr. Green, across the way from me, came home carrying packages, some of which were visible. Mr. Green tried his latchkey, which turned; but the door was swollen tight, being built, as the dealer guaranteed, of strictly new material. Mr. Green went around to the side of the house and called upon his family to open a window. Alas, the windows were damp and frost bound, too, and the irate

Mr. Green, throwing caution to the winds, returned to the front of the house and gave one final and gigantic tug to the door knob. He pulled off the porch and bay window, and by so doing upset a stove, and the next minute the dread cry of "Fire!" rose upon the night.

It took the firemen some time to respond. When a devoted few reached the engine house it was ascertained that the chief had the key and that he was in Philadelphia. The more conservative element ventured the suggestion that, as the chief was absent and the assistant chief had mislaid his uniform and was home searching for it, no one had authority to order out the apparatus. It was finally determined that a desperate case, such as the present, a real fire burning briskly, necessitated desperate remedies. Several members ran home for stray keys, and, returning after a while with these, one was found to fit.

It was now discovered that the snow was piled so high in front of the double doors, in consequence of a path being made to the small door to the stairs that led to the meeting room above, that it must be shoveled away before the hose cart could be gotten out. It was suggested that somebody get a shovel. But everybody demurred; they were firemen, not snow shovelers. A compromise to kick away the snow having been reached, the doors were finally dragged open and the hose cart out. Ar-



"THE BATTLE USUALLY BEGAN BY A STREAM OF WATER, ACCIDENTALLY OR INTENTIONALLY, BEING TURNED UPON MEMBERS OF THE RIVAL COMPANY."



iving at the scene of conflagration, it was found that the water plugs were frozen. Whereupon the gallant fire laddies rushed in amid the flames and dragged out the piano, despite Mr. Green's hoarse requests to save the other things, as the musical instrument in question was a rented one.

But the brave firemen would not be deterred, and the piano was the sole object that was saved, with the exception of two mirrors and a china washbowl and pitcher, which were thrown out of the upstairs windows and did not survive the shock.

While the fire burned its briskest, I took occasion to congratulate Mr. Green on having the only warm house in East Malaria that night, but such was his excitement—and self-reproach because he had allowed his insurance to lapse—that he received my felicitations with an inattention that was almost insulting.

While the piano was being withdrawn from the red maw of the fire demon, those members of the hose company who had been delayed on account of having to go home to put on their uniforms, rendered splendid assistance and encouragement upon their arrival on the scene by giving the East Malaria Hose Company's "college cry."

This is one of the most important functions of the up-to-date volunteer fire company in a fashionable suburban town; each and all has its company yell or "college cry."

The "college cry" of Deluge Number 1, of East Malaria, is very inspiring:

Deluge, Deluge Number 1,
Fire! Fire! Oh, what fun!
Hee! Hee! Hee! And Haw! Haw! Haw!
Hero! Hero! Raw! Raw! Raw!

To Mr. Green's fire the assistant chief had brought his speaking trumpet and

through it was shouting as to how the piano must be moved, at such intervals as he could be heard above the members in uniform giving the Deluge Company's "college cry."

"All together, boys!" cried the assistant chief. "Al Swinkers, do more lifting and less grunting! Slew her around the corner! Willing hands make easy work!"

Here the uniformed firemen, warming at the blaze, took up this pithy maxim and repeated, right heartily, "Willing hands make easy work!"

"Their hearts are in the right place!" thought I—but in this I was wrong, for several afterwards confessed that their hearts were in their mouths—"That's a good saying. I wonder if it's original with the assistant chief?"

I have my doubts that it was, however, as will be seen. A minute later when the fire had died down and appeared upon the point of going out entirely the assistant chief cried, "Give her vent, boys!" And several of the hardier spirits took fire axes and broke in the cellar windows. The fire now getting a splendid draught, blazed up gloriously, and by its light I saw the words "Willing Hands Make Easy Work" painted on the hose truck.

The fire, as I have said, now having plenty of air from the cellar, burned gloriously, and nothing further occurred to mar the enjoyment of the occasion except, the cold growing more intense, the assistant chief had to be led to a neighboring house to be separated from his trumpet by the hot-water process, the cold metal having frozen his mouth tight to that instrument in a way familiar to the hapless youngster who sticks his wet tongue against an iron lamp-post on a frosty day.

DIFFICULTIES IN DEALING WITH THE SUBURBAN VOLUNTEERS

It takes great tact and rare executive ability on the part of the officers of a volunteer fire company to bring their respective commands up to a proper state of prosperity and efficiency. To make a presentable appearance, as regards apparatus and uniforms, not to mention sumptuous furnishings of the meeting room, costs money. Ofttimes the citizens and merchants of a rural or suburban town are remiss in the matter of contributions. In such cases the officers of a volunteer fire

company must depend on money raised from the members. To this end a system of fines for nonattendance at fires has proved extremely successful.

I know one volunteer fire company that muffled its bell so only a chosen few of the members should know there was a fire. After several real "still alarms" of this sort the treasury was handsomely augmented.

It was an incident of this kind that was responsible for the canard concerning the Tuckahoe, New York, fire company—that, in case of fire, members were notified by post cards.

The volunteer fireman is a hero nine times out of ten, but the tenth time he is a good business man, as witness the case of the volunteers of Sewickly, a suburb of Pittsburgh.

The garage and stables of Mrs. Elizabeth Horne, a wealthy resident of Sewickly Heights, caught fire. The Sewickly fire department was telephoned to come up and help, but the fire department sent word that it was an uphill job and a hard pull, and three times before they had been called out for fires on the Heights and had not been paid for it. So, unless some money was sent right then, there would be nothing doing. Later they issued a statement that they meant what they said. A guarantee must be given for expenses of future fires and the three former ones paid for.

And yet it cannot be said that all volunteer fire departments are like this, and perhaps the grievances of the Sewicklys was a just one. At Roosevelt, Long Island, a strenuous town named after our strenuous ex-executive, the fire fighters are rough-and-ready lads. It is not *au fait* in Roosevelt, Long Island, to spring from one's downy couch when the alarm bell frights the ear, hurry up and shave, make a quick choice between the red shirt worn at the last fire, and from

which another turn may be knocked, or the one fresh from the laundry.

Nor must the alert volunteer fireman of Roosevelt, Long Island, dally as he decides whether it looks like a big fire, and he should wear full uniform; or a false alarm, which will excuse his appearing in uniform cap and just his regulation rubber coat over ordinary attire. All this was shown in the case of Jesse Mollineaux when Mrs. Evelyn May Cruser's house took fire one night last winter.

Jesse is a member of Alpha No. 1 of Roosevelt, Long Island. He was weighing buckwheat in his father's store when Assistant Foreman George Anthony rushed by and shouted, "Turn out, Jess! Mrs. Cruser's house is burning like all creation!" Whereat Jesse Mollineaux never hesitated a moment, but shouted back, "All right, George, I'll be there as soon as I close up the store and get home and put my uniform on!"

An hour later Jesse was on the scene, but he had noted that the fire was a serious one, and feeling that thrill of fierce exultation that only a fireman can feel, Jesse, in his excitement, forgot about his uniform and put on his Sunday clothes and patent-leather shoes.

Foreman Charles Delap made an example of him on the spot, and he was fined a dollar for dressing up.

Who has not heard of the famed volunteer fire companies of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, the champions of the Middle West?

In the old days, the Lawrenceburg engine company had a new hand engine, which being dragged exultantly to its first fire, a frame house on a hilltop where there was no water supply on the premises, the gallant lads filled their new engine with water before they took it to the fire. In the haste and excitement, they forgot to screw on the plug. They drew it to the



"WILLING HANDS MAKE EASY WORK!" HE SHOUTED."

fire with an ease that surprised the firemen, until at the top they discovered that all the water had run out.

Returning chagrined and with mutual recriminations as to the carelessness of whoever was to blame—the other fellow—they forgot to set the brake, and the hand engine ran away from and over them, and only that the second assistant chief had presence of mind to take a turn of the hauling rope around a tree, as he was being dragged along behind, and snub the gay machine, it would have smashed at a stone wall at the bottom and never been the service to the community that this quick thought saved it to be.

At a later date, when Johnson's stable caught fire (rumor had it because some lawless spirits were in the haymow at night playing "seven-up" by candlelight), the Lawrenceburg Fire Company promptly responded. In the loft of an adjacent shed a hundred of Fred Johnson's prize dominickers were roosting. Ed Sourbaugh climbed up in no time and began to toss the suffocating chickens down to his comrades below; he also tossed an ice-cream freezer, which struck Alec Hollenberg on his new padded helmet, spoiling it completely and nearly making Alec the nucleus for a hero's cortège.

TESTING UNEXPECTEDLY PARKERSBURG'S LIFE NET

In Terra Alta, West Virginia, last summer, at a volunteer firemen's meet and carnival, Terra Alta Hook and Ladder No. 1 gave an exhibition drill. The highest ladder was run up to the top of the steeple of the Presbyterian Church, and Foreman Ed Walker scaled to the top in forty seconds by a stop watch. At this dizzy height he took off his helmet, waved it, and cried, "Come on, my brave fellows!" And a wasp hit against his forehead with its business end.

Fortunately, the life net of Parkersburg Salvage Corps was right at hand, and at the shout, "Here comes Ed," the Salvage Corps, with rare presence of mind, stretched the net, and although Chief Walker bounced out and broke a collar bone, everybody was acclaimed a hero and the majority of the thrilled on-lookers regarded the whole thing, the hectic action of the steeple wasp, the leap for life and all, as a carefully rehearsed example of a fireman's scorn of danger and

the Salvage Company's expedition in getting into action at the right time. A few of us know the inside facts, but we will never tell.

Hope Hose, of Lockhaven, Pennsylvania, might have saved the big shingle mill all by itself last September, for Hope Hose was the first company in town to get water on the blaze, when a jealous member of another company, whose apparatus was not upon the scene, attempted to wrest the nozzle from pipeman Corney Packer. But Corney held fast and they pulled the hose apart in their struggles, and, when the other companies came up, it was seen at a glance that the structure was doomed. No insurance.

"PEG" DUCKWORTH'S PECULIAR ACCIDENT

The most enthusiastic fireman I ever knew was "Peg" Duckworth, of Cumberland, Maryland, who had a wooden leg. In responding to a midnight alarm, after the festivities attendant upon the christening of twins, Peg stuck the point of his wooden leg in a knot hole in the wooden sidewalk on Independence street, and, getting confused, ran around it in a circle, his eyes fastened upon the flames that were devouring McNamara's mattress factory, until he fell over from exhaustion, a martyr to his devotion to the fireman's call of duty!

And do you think, snug and self-sufficient dwellers in great cities, that the interest, enthusiasm and excitement of volunteers while fighting the flames are but sporadic, or mainly matters of the past? Not so. The young man in the small town is as eager for action and danger as his forbears were.

Look in the periodicals devoted to the purveying of amusement in small-town street fairs and carnivals, and see the calls for "attractions" for firemen's meets and conventions in all parts of the country.

Those who work must play. When they have saved both the child and the family crayon portraits, they fain would meet at stated times in contests for trophies for "Most men in line in uniform," for the "Quickest time in running a quarter mile, coupling hose and getting stream in play," et cetera. And these being done and over, they would enjoy themselves with moving pictures in the black top tent, with "Houris of the Harem in Sensuous Dances of the Mystic East," with cane racks, and brass disk games, with carousel, Ferris wheel and "Witching Waves."

There, too, the volunteer fireman, on pleasure bent with his best girl or another fellow's, will regale himself with "hot dogs," ice-cream cones, "salt-water taffy" pulled and cut into cubes by fascinating machinery before his very eyes, or partake of and treat to the succulent and filling forms of taffyized popcorn, made while he looks.

Such is the volunteer fireman as he was and is. Thus does he incite himself to deeds of daring, and thus does he take his simple pleasures with his rivals and his comrades in recreative hours of ease!

But who would cavil? Three cheers for our brave volunteer fire laddies! The glare of flames excites them and they use their formidable red and blue fire axes nervously. Even if the fire is put out ere they arrive,

they will not be denied; they hew holes and turn on water with gallantry and zeal. They make a town prosperous. For, after a visitation of firemen, as well as fire, there is business for the furniture man, the painter and decorator, the carpenter and roofer.

Besides, a volunteer fire department means a lower insurance rate. After the neighbors have seen the local fireman at work they purchase copper fire extinguishers *ad lib* and swear in silence that if they ever have a fire in their house they will put it out by stealth.

And, of course, when the insurance companies know you have a three-gallon fire extinguisher on every floor of the house, and the volunteers are not liable to visit you in case of fire, they make handsome concessions.

Steel and the Man

By Charles Buxton Going

*Shot and furnace and forge—
Thus have ye set me free
On the roadway that leaps the gorge
And the ship as it takes the seal*

God through infinite ages had given me rest;
Yours was the forest, the flint, the girdle of skin.
But, primal lord of the beasts, were ye cursed or blest
When ye called me out of my slumber to serve your kin?

*For what ye have launched ye must ride;
Whither it tends, ye must fare.
The choice ye have made ye must bide—
Ye perish, unless ye dare!*

That which ye think in your inmost souls, I do—
Build, or shatter; till, or ravage the land.
I am the sword, and I am the scalpel, too—
Unto your fertile brain, the tireless hand.

*That I have grasped, ye must hold.
That which ye hold, ye must use.
Ye chose one to serve you, of old—
Now, are ye free to choose?*

The work ye plan and I do may raven your soul;
The pace ye set and I take ye never can drop.
Fast and yet faster I drive—but whither the goal?
Stopping were chaos: but what if ye do not stop?

*Iron of hand and of heel,
Speeding the engines of fate,
Ye have wrought out a world of steel
Ye are helpless to uncreate!*



"SHE SAW HERSELF LEANING ON THE RAIL BESIDE A BROAD-SHOULDERED MAN."

THE CRYSTAL

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Author of "The Madness of Philip," "Memoirs of a Baby," etc.

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

IN reviewing the matter dispassionately, it seems difficult to find anybody (anybody, that is to say, to whom her career was or is of the slightest interest) who omits to pronounce Molly Dickett's life an egregious and shameful failure. I should be sorry for anyone, for instance, who had the hardihood to address her mother on the subject, for Mrs. Dickett's power of tongue is well known in and beyond local circles; and since Eleanor married young Farwell, who stands in line for cashier of the bank forty or fifty years from now, if all goes well and a series of providential deaths occurs—indeed ever since Kathryn became assistant principal at the High School (because, as her mother points out, a mere teacher's position, even in a High School, may not be much, but an assistant principal may be called to consult with the trustees any day, and Kath-

ryn has twice refused a college professorship)—since these family adjustments, I repeat, Mrs. Dickett's tongue has grown steadily more incisive and her attempts at scaling the fortress of Mr. Dickett's wardrobe more encouraging.

I believe it to be the simple truth to say that she literally never mentions her second daughter, and that Molly sends her letters direct to the factory to be sure that her father gets them—for Mrs. Dickett is Napoleonic in her methods and would really, I am afraid, stop at nothing. Any woman who has borne three children and will learn to drive an electric runabout at the age of forty-five, for the purpose of taking her husband home from his office in it, is to be reckoned with, you will agree.

The last time she is known to have referred to the girl definitely was when she

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announced the theory that her unfortunate name lay at the bottom of it all.

"Molly," she is reported to have said, "was named by her father—a mistake always, I think. The fact that Eleanor was baptized Ella has little or nothing to do with it; there was never any 'Nellie' or 'Lellie' about it, and at sixteen she began of her own accord to write it Eleanor. Kathryn I named entirely myself—and after all, what can Aunt Ella be said to have done for Eleanor? A silver ring and a bracelet when she graduated! But it was always 'Molly Dickett' all over the town!"

And it must be confessed that this was so, if, indeed, the confession proves anything. Nevertheless Mrs. Dickett cannot deny that for a long time, up to the period of her plunge into outer darkness, Molly was confessedly the flower of the family. Eleanor was rather soggy, a creature of inertia, chocolate caramels and a tendency to ritualism which her mother could not have foreseen when she encouraged her entering the Episcopal communion. Kathryn her mother pronounced "a very ordinary girl, very ordinary indeed," up to the day when she was graduated, head of her class, at the state normal school.

But Molly was neither soggy nor ordinary, being distinctly handsome in a gray-eyed, black-haired, white-skinned way, a clever student, an original conversationalist—in short, a personality. Unlike the usual victim to an older and a younger sister, she managed to get quite her fair share of the family dignities and finances—was, in fact, accused by her sisters of using undue influence in persuading her father to send her to a woman's college. It is most characteristic of her that at this accusation she refused the favor, interested her teachers in her cause so that they procured her a full scholarship at the college of her choice, and actually completed a four years' course there with no other means than her share of the twenty-five dollars yearly placed to his daughters' bank accounts by their father since the birth of each. On this slender sum, plus the accruing interest, eked out by college journalism, which began to be mentionable in those years—the early nineties—strengthened further in the last terms by tutoring, did Molly Dickett triumphantly assert her independence, and I tell it of her at this length so that none may throw "rolling stone" at her, in what followed.

A young woman of eighteen who can set her course in solitude and steer it, alone, friendless, except for what friends her qualities can make her, absolutely unaided but for her own exertions, for four years, is not to be called lacking in application, I submit. She got out of that business just what there was in it, *and so*, she insists, *she did at every stage of her subsequent history.* Note this, for it is important.

Here you see her, then, at twenty-two: handsome, accomplished, independent, well rated on her particular 'Change—one fairly hears Dick Whittington's bells in the air! Her mother, when Molly wrote home the news of her appointment as under reader in the office of one of the new cheap magazines that began to appear with such frequency at about that time, spoke of her with the typical respect of the dependent woman for the wage-earner, and never dropped that note till the crash came.

By the time Molly had been for two years at her post in *Slater's Monthly*, Kathryn had moved back to her normal school as instructor—"and they paid well to get her, too," as Mr. Dickett informed his stenographer confidentially. She had been invited to supper more than once, had the stenographer, in the old days, and there had even been a little talk of Kathryn's acquiring this accomplishment, once, but Mr. Dickett was far too wise to suggest her presence at the half-past six dinner nowadays.

He was far too wise, indeed, was Mr. Henry Dickett, to do anything that seemed likely to ruffle the increasingly easy currents into which his bark had drifted of late. In a vague way he had always counted on supporting four women until three of them—or two, say, for Kathryn was plain and rather managing—should marry; and lo and behold, all three were off his hands in a twinkling, and there was a pretty little nest-egg growing for little Henry (for Eleanor had been very discreet about the first baby).

So now we arrive at the day when Molly left her desk in the anteroom of Slater's, walked through the book department and the art offices and encountered Miss Spinner, the little dried and spectacled reader of forty-odd years, and centuries (or their equivalent) of magazine experience.

"Miss Spinner," said Molly, "do you mind telling me what they pay you a week?"

"Twenty-five," Miss Spinner replied

promptly. "Not at all. Of course I'd been fifteen years at Franklin Square, and it was all that experience that made them offer me the three dollars raise. So I left. But, of course, there are five magazines now where there used to be one. In ten years I think there'll be ten. So does Mr. Slater. That means competition, and that means that experience will always be worth something to the new ones. You started at fifteen, you see, and of course I only got ten.—Gracious, isn't that Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes's voice? Perhaps you'd better step out, my dear, Mr. Slater's talking with that English prison-man and said that he wasn't to be disturbed if the Twelve Apostles came!"

Molly went with her swift, unhasty step (she had long legs) and received Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes urbanely, as befitted the best paid woman novelist of her country. Occasionally she had the fancy to "trot around to the office" as she called it; it was believed that she "picked up types" there.

"You're much too pretty to be here, my child. Do you like it?" Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes remarked impertinently (she was supposed to believe that her manner was that of the English aristocracy, and asked the most embarrassing questions of everybody with an income of less than fifteen thousand a year).

"Not very much," Molly replied placidly, "it's a little dull. I'm thinking of going into journalism. Couldn't you give me some letters to some of the editors? I could do good special article stuff, I'm sure."

"But certainly!" the novelist cried. "You are too delicious! I'll write you a card to Hecht himself this moment—I'm dining with him to-night—and I'll speak of you. I'll tell him to send you to interview me at Bonnybraeside."

"Thanks," said Molly laconically, and rose to show the celebrity to Mr. Slater's sanctum.

Molly left Mr. Slater somewhat puzzled. He offered to raise her salary three dollars, might have been pushed to five, but she merely smiled deprecatingly.

"It isn't exactly that," she said, "but there seems no outlook, somehow. I don't think it's a very reasonable profession—if it is a profession."

He exploded into the name of a great English novelist who held precisely that position.

"Yes. But I am not a great novelist, you see," said Molly, and cleared out her desk with the swift thoroughness that characterized her. She put a clean sheet of green blotting-paper on it before she left, and washed out the inkwell herself.

"That stenographer spells worse and worse, remember," she remarked. "I'll look in for any mail."

And so, for a year, she did, and they were all delighted to see her, for few people likely to enter such offices can talk more amusingly than did Molly Dickett. She had always used her material well, when it was limited, and now, when it bumped into the Himalayas at one end (her famous Rajah of Bhutpore interview) and rounded the hitherto speechless promontories of Spud Connors' career, the champion heavyweight of the world (she actually drew vivid metaphors from him and he gave her a tintype of himself at eight years), the entire staff gathered round her when she came, and Mr. Slater, under a temporary financial cloud, wept literal tears because he could not afford to buy her back to them. It was, of course, the Bonnybraeside interview that did it. So cleverly was this column-and-a-half of chatty sharpshooting maneuvered that Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes sent hundreds of copies to her friends, while her fellow celebrities giggled among themselves, and the publishers wondered exactly what the Public really wanted, anyhow. You couldn't tell, any more, they complained.

Just here began the little cloud on Mrs. Dickett's happiness. For two years the family were very proud of Molly, and Eleanor gave a tea for her on one of her infrequent visits to them, and got some people she could never have hoped for otherwise on the strength of her sister's celebrityship, for her Sunday morning column-and-a-half got to two thirds of the town's breakfast tables, and her picture was at the head of it, now.

At twenty-five she was called (and probably correctly) the second highest paid woman journalist in the country, and she spoke familiarly of names that are headlines to most of us, and bought evening gowns at "little shops" on Fifth Avenue. She lived with a red-haired friend, a clever illustrator of rising vogue, in a pretty little apartment, and Mrs. Dickett dined there one night with a really great novelist, a tenor from the Metropolitan Opera House

and a young Englishman whose brother was a baronet.

They had four glasses at their plates and the maid's cap and apron were tremendously interesting to Mrs. Dickett. But when she learned the rental of the apartment, the wages of the maid, the cost of Molly's black evening frock and the average monthly bill for Molly's hansom, she no longer wondered that her daughter was always poor. She had never spent seventy-five dollars for a single garment in her life, barring a fur-lined cloak, a Christmas gift from her husband, and to drink crème-de-menthe at a roof garden gave her a very odd sensation. However, there was the baronet's brother . . .

But at one of the songs at the roof garden Mrs. Dickett drew the line, and the entire British Peerage, embattled, could not have persuaded her that it could possibly be the duty—not to suggest the pleasure—of any respectable woman to listen to it. As she put it later to the red-haired girl and Molly, no unmarried woman could understand it and no married woman would want to, a simple statement which they persisted in treating as an epigram, to her annoyance.

"But nobody minded it but you, dear Mrs. Dickett," the red-haired girl soothed her, "and it's all in now you take those things, don't you think? Of course, if *you* find it wrong, why then it *is* wrong—for you. But really, I assure you, I simply paid no attention to it. . . ."

"Then you must allow me to say that I think you should have!" Mrs. Dickett snapped out.

"Oh, come, mother, a woman of twenty-five is to all intents and purposes as capable of hearing—anything—as a married woman," said Molly lazily. "I'm not a school girl, you know."

"I know that," her mother replied shortly, and might have added that Molly looked Kathryn's age—which she did, and Kathryn was twenty-eight.

She was, however, if anything, handsomer than when her cheek had its fuller curve, for her eyes looked larger and her mouth had more mobility; there was a stimulation in her tenseness. Mrs. Dickett felt a little troubled.

"Although, of course, Molly admitted that the creature had no character and sang those sort of songs purposely," she confided to her husband.

Imagine, then, her feeling when Molly's

interview with the singer was printed! She began a severe letter to her—and ceased midway of the first paragraph. What possible hold had she over her daughter? What did she know of her friends and associates, and what, had she known and disapproved, would it have mattered to Molly? Since the day she won her college scholarship at eighteen she had been independent, financially speaking, and, though financial independence is not, of course, everything . . . but it would almost seem that it is! There must be some mistake here.

Mrs. Dickett chewed the end of her pen and thought as hard as she had ever thought in her life. Nonsense! What finally settles the thing is public opinion—Society. If one's world turns the cold shoulder, one retracts, capitulates, acknowledges that the conventions are in the right of it. Well: but Molly's world was not the suburban circle of the Dicketts and her world applauded her; she stood high in it; her interview with the unspeakable one was "a great hit," in their jargon. Molly, in short, applied different standards, was in another class—was it, could it be, a Lower Class? And yet, the baronet!

Mrs. Dickett tore her letter through.

It is quite true that they didn't see her for a year after that—eighteen months, if you except Kathryn's flying luncheon with her at the time of the Convention of Associated Normal Schools. Kathryn then informed them that the red-haired girl had married her teacher and left the apartment and that Molly lived alone there.

"I'm very glad," said her mother. "I never liked that girl."

"She seems to have been a bad influence," Kathryn agreed conservatively and there, good, simple people as they were at heart, it would have ended.

But here comes Eleanor upon the scene, Eleanor, with two boys, a probable warden for husband, and a father-in-law who has become very respectably wealthy from long ago, almost forgotten investments in southern railroads. And George is the only son. Eleanor wonders that people can send their children to the public schools and wishes that Kathryn had married that college professor, even though his salary *did* barely equal hers.

"Every woman ought to settle, you know—it's nonsense to discuss it."

"But I *am* settled, my dear," said Kath-



"'NO, I THANK YOU,' SAID ELEANOR FRIGIDLY. 'MAY I HAVE A FEW MINUTES' CONVERSATION WITH YOU, MARY?'"

ryn blandly, "and I'm not fond of house-keeping. You don't get any time for anything else."

"! ! !" said Eleanor.

Mrs. Dickett here intervened with news of Molly, and Eleanor's eyebrows lifted.

"You don't mean to say she's living alone there?"

Mrs. Dickett nodded uncertainly.

"Really, mother, I must say! She must be crazy. It's not right at all, and I'm sure George wouldn't like it."

"She's nearly twenty-seven," Kathryn put in coldly.

"As if that had anything to do with it! I'm going down to see her."

It was certainly unfortunate that she should have gone unheralded. The first wave of classical dancing had begun to lap the shores of New York society, and Molly's paper had got the first amazing pictures, the first technical chit-chat of "plastique" and "masque" and "flowing line." Behold Mrs. Eleanor then, tired and mussed with shopping, dyspeptic from unassimilated restaurant lunching (and a little nervous at her task, when actually confronted with it), staring petrified at Molly's darkened dining room, where, on a platform, against dull velvet backgrounds, an ivory, loose-haired, barely draped intaglio woman, swayed and whirled and beckoned. A slender spiral of smoke rose from the incense bowl before her; the odor hung heavy in the room. Three or four women (much better gowned than Eleanor) and a dozen men applauded from the drawing-room; a strange-looking youth with a shock of auburn hair drew from a violin sounds which one required no knowledge of technique to feel extraordinarily poignant and moving. All but the dancer were smoking, and Molly sat on the floor (in copper-colored chiffon, too!), her hands clasped about her knees, a cigarette in an amber holder between her lips, and enunciated clearly:

"Bully!"

In describing matters afterwards, Eleanor referred to Molly's reception of her as brazen. There is no reason to believe that this word has any relation to Molly's state of mind, she saw nothing to be brazen about. When she said, "How lucky you dropped in to-day, sis!" she unaffectedly meant it.

"Well, rather!" one of the young men replied. "Won't you have something, Mrs.

er,— Oh, yes, Farwell? Rhine wine cup, what?"

"No, I thank you," said Eleanor frigidly. "May I have a few minutes' conversation with you, Mary?"

"Not just now, I hope," said some one, "for she's going to dance again."

"In that case I will not trouble you," said Eleanor, rather dramatically, one fears, and backed out to avoid the smoking violinist. It was a little trying, and Eleanor should have had tact enough to let the matter rest, but she was rather inelastic in her methods, and she had come to New York with a Purpose. So Molly disappeared with her into the bedroom, and they had it out, with what result it is unnecessary to say.

It was from that moment that doubt as to whether Molly were an asset or a liability slipped into the Dickett family. It is improbable that knowledge of the fact that "the disgusting foreign dancing woman" was born and bred in Bangor, Maine, and had never been farther than a stage-length from a vigilant mother, would have greatly affected their judgment. And almost certainly the fact that the baronet's brother had asked her to marry him would only have irritated them the more—and perhaps with reason. Had he ever wanted to marry Molly? Maybe; she never said so.

And here one must pause to consider the interesting subject of Molly's relations with men. It proved singularly lacking in richness. To state that she had lived four years (as she did, ultimately) on the staff of the largest New York daily newspaper, hanging personally over the "forms" many a time, among the printers, from 10 P.M. until 3 A.M., walking home with the milk carts in the lead-blue morning; sitting in the outer office of one of the greatest city editors for three of these years; studying every "first night," every picturesque slum, every visiting or indigenous notoriety at close range—to catalogue a life like this, add that it was the life of a handsome, well-dressed, high-spirited girl, and pretend that it was an existence unqualified by male adjectives, would be the merest absurdity.

I hear that from the tiniest, most impudent printer's devil up to the Dean of College Presidents, who became so interested in her during his famous interview of "*After democracy—what?*" that his wife

asked her to luncheon and she spent the day with them, every man she encountered "swore by her," as they say. In a novel, the editor-in-chief would have married her and Eleanor would have been delighted; but in a novel the editors-in-chief are handsome, athletic young bachelors (which rarely occurs, as a matter of fact) or magnificent widowers whose first marriages were tragic mistakes, so the emotional field is really clear.

Now Molly's editor-in-chief was, so far as is known, quite happy with his wife, and his four daughters were not so much younger than Molly herself. It is true, the art editor of the Sunday edition was supposed to be pretty far gone, but he was married, too, and even his stenographer, who was furiously jealous, admitted that Molly never gave him the slightest encouragement. Such reporters as were free to do so are generally credited with proposals in strict order of income (there had to be some working system) but nothing but continued good feeling ever came of it.

The French portrait painter who spent three days at the Metropolitan Art Museum with her out of the ten he vouchsafed America, declared openly that she was perfectly cold, a charming, clever boy in temperament—"absolutely insulated." And perhaps she was. She always said that she knew too many men to take them too seriously. And yet when Kathryn remarked once that it was encouraging to observe how women were gradually growing independent of men, Molly laughed consumedly. So there, as the great Anglo-American novelist says, you are!

Living, as she did, alone, utterly unrestricted in her goings, uncensored except by her own common sense, one readily imagines that there may have been scenes . . . how could they have been avoided, mankind being as it is? But if her house was of glass, it was by its very nature transparent, and I do not see how anyone who didn't deserve it could have kept the consistent respect of the entire force of *The Day*.

On her twenty-eighth birthday she came home from a very gay supper at a very gay restaurant with a hard pain at the back of her neck and a deep wrinkle from it between her eyebrows. They had been harder of late, these headaches, and lasted longer, and this one not only failed to yield

to the practised massage of her kindly housemaid, but baffled the doctor and left her, finally, a pallid, shaken creature, who saw written on every wall in the little apartment, as she dragged herself about it, *I must not take any coal-tar preparation because my heart simply won't stand it!*

A vacation seemed a simple remedy, and she started out, bent on one, with the kindest orders to make it long, accompanied by large credit; but the promised renewal of vitality did not come, and the taste seemed gone from everything. The quaint and tiny little fishing hamlet she had fixed upon as a good place for gathering "material" by the way, proved all and more than she had been led to hope for, and when the greatest north-easter that had blown for fifty years bruised and tore the rugged little coast, she "wrote it up" as a matter of course—as a bird-dog points or a carrier pigeon wheels for home. And then Molly Dickett received what was literally her first setback in ten years; the city editor sent her copy back to her!

"You're too tired, my dear girl," he wrote. "Why not wait a bit? Or pad this out and point it up a little in the middle and send it to one of the magazines. Peterson covered it for us, anyway, at Kennebunkport. The cubs send you an officious of affection, and we are all yours truly."

But the "cubs" never hung over her desk again, for Molly never returned to it.

"You see," as she explained to them gently, "I lost my nerve—that's all. If I hadn't sent the stuff it would have been all right, later, I suppose. But I did send it, and I thought it was O. K., and if it was as rotten as you said, why, how could I ever tell, again? Anyway, I'm tired."

They protested, but the city editor shook his head.

"Let her alone," he said shortly, "it's straight enough. I've seen it happen before. She's gone too far without a check; I don't believe women can stand it. Let her alone."

And when the most talented of the "cubs" went next to interview Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes as to her recently dramatized novel, he was referred to her secretary—and it was Molly.

"For heaven's sake!" he said angrily, "are you insane? Wasn't it true that Slater offered——"

"Oh, yes," said Molly negligently, "but I'm tired of offices."

"I suppose you get time for writing your own stuff—on the side?" he suggested awkwardly, but Molly shook her head.

"Writing seems bad for the back of the neck," she said, with a gray flash out of the tail of her eye for the cub.

"We're getting ready for the sanatorium this morning—sun baths and Swedish Movement Cure and grape diet. Of course you won't mention it," she said. "She can't possibly see you—I do all the interviews now—but if you come around tomorrow, after I get the house closed, I'll give you a good one."

A solemn butler entered.

"If you would be so kind as to cast your eye over the table for the ladies' luncheon, Miss Dickett?" he said weightily. "There's two orchids short and no time for getting more. And the salt got into the mousse, I'm told by the cook—she wished to know if you could suggest anything. And one of the ladies has been detained and cannot come—by telephone message. Will you take her place, Miss Dickett?"

"Yes," said Molly. "Tell Mrs. Carter not to worry about the orchids, Halsey, I'll arrange something.—I must go and dress, now—come to-morrow," she added hastily.

"By George!" the cub gasped, and left, to electrify the office later.

"It's a darned shame!" he ended, and the other cubs nodded sagely over their pipes.

"With her talent, too!" they said . . .

You will have understood, of course, why Eleanor dropped Molly after the unfortunate Greek dancer, but you may be surprised to learn of Kathryn's attitude when she learned of the secretaryship. It wasn't dignified, she said, and she was greatly disappointed in Molly.

Kathryn was Dean of Women, now, in a coeducational college in the Middle West, and was spoken of as Dean Dickett in the college journal. Of all her children Mrs. Dickett was proudest of Kathryn, because Molly frightened her and Eleanor patronized her. Eleanor was getting up in the world a little too fast for her mother, nowadays, and knew people Mrs. Dickett would never have dreamed of meeting in the old days—people that she had grown used to the idea of never meeting even now that Mr. Dickett was in the firm. Eleanor's

little girl went to school with all the little girls on the Hill and was asked to attend their parties. Her name was Penelope, after George's mother, who had never expected it (the name being so old-fashioned) and was correspondingly delighted and had given her much jewelry already.

Eleanor, in so far as she mentioned Molly at all, had expressed her opinion that to live with Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes was the most respectable thing Molly had yet done, and added that there were exceptional opportunities in more ways than one for the woman who held that position; would perhaps even have called on her there, but Molly never asked her to. Kathryn, to her parents' surprise, developed a stodgy but unblinking antagonism to her sister for what she called Molly's lowering of her sense of what was due to herself, and said coldly that she had no doubt her sister's life was easier now, but that it was un-American.

Un-American it may have been, but easier it assuredly was not. Unlike the factory girls and clerks for whose benefit Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes gave readings from her unpublished works, Molly's hours were not limited, and her responsibility grew as her executive ability became increasingly manifest. The thousands of women to whom the celebrity's manifold occupations, publicities, hospitalities and charities were an endless wonder and discussion might have marveled less had they been able to follow Molly's crowded days and nights and peep through the littered desk and scribbled calendar of her study.

To amusement and interest succeeded fatigue and interest, and to these, fatigue alone. Each hurried, various day became a space of time to be got through, merely, and Mrs. Julia Carter Sykes's heavy sigh as she curled into her wicker-inlaid Circassian-walnut bed was no more heartfelt than her secretary's. If Molly had ever envied Mrs. Julia, she had long ceased to; and indeed on that final afternoon when she laid her dark, braided head on her arms and cried on her desk, she felt as sorry for the authoress as for herself.

Mr. Julia Carter Sykes (as many of his friends called him) sat opposite her, biting his nails. He was well dressed, fond of auction-bridge, and traveled abroad in the interests of some vaguely comprehended firm.

"This will just about kill the madam," he said despondently.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sykes, but I really must—I must," Molly gulped.

"It isn't money, is it?" he asked, "because though I'm not a popular authoress or anything like that, I could——"

"Oh, goodness, no!" said Molly. "It's not money at all. Only I must get away."

"We've never got on so well with any of the others," he went on jerkily, "and she's certainly awfully fond of you—the madam is. She's taken you everywhere, I know, and all the dinners, and the car whenever you——"

"Mrs. Sykes has been very kind," Molly broke in dully, "but—oh, it's no use, Mr. Sykes. It's got to be done, and putting it off only makes her worse. So I'm going to-morrow. She'll feel better about it later."

"I hope so, I'm sure," Mr. Sykes responded doubtfully. "She was pretty bad when I left her. That brain of hers, you know—it's a great strain, they tell me. Hard on us all, in a way."

Molly always smiled and sighed when she remembered him and the hunched shoulders that leaned drearily over the tonneau.

"Where'll I tell him?" he asked, and she drew tighter the tight line between her brows, sighed, tried to speak, and found her mind quite utterly a blank.

"Where'll I tell him?" Mr. Sykes repeated, looking curiously at her.

To save her life Molly could not have remembered where she had arranged to go! A real horror caught her. Was this the beginning of all the dreadful symptoms that few of Julia Carter Sykes's admirers suspected in their idol? She must say something, and there flashed suddenly into her mind, otherwise blank of any image or phrase, an odd occurrence of the afternoon before, an occurrence she had been too tired to try even to explain.

"Drive to the docks!" she cried sharply, and the chauffeur touched his visor, and her life poised for twenty minutes on its watershed, although she did not know it.

In the motor it came back to her, that twilight not eighteen hours back, when in clearing out her desk ("the last desk I shall ever clear, I swear!") she had happened on the little transparent glass ball, a paper-weight, she supposed, and fingered it idly,

void of thought or feeling, after the last emotional storm with her celebrity.

As she looked into it, staring, her tired mind seemed to sink and sink and submerge in the little clear white sphere till it drowned utterly, and only a rigid body, its eyes turned into its lap, sat in the still, dim room.

Presently, after what might have been hours or seconds, she seemed to gather into herself again, but could not wrench her eyes from the crystal ball, which looked opalescent now, and filmy, so that she shaded her eyes mechanically with the black scarf of her dinner dress, to shut out the reflections of the room. But they were not reflections, for there was bright blue in the ball, blue and white, and nothing of that sort was in the room.

She peered into the ball, and saw in it, clear and sharp and bright as the little colored prints that are pasted to the bottom of such things, a tossing sapphire sea with little white caps on it, a boat with a funnel, and little boats lashed to the side, a white rail, a tilted deck, and herself, Molly Dickett, in a striped blue and white frock and bare head, leaning over the rail on her elbows beside a broad-shouldered man with a cap such as officers on a boat wear. The waves actually danced and glittered in the sun. *But the room was nearly dark*, something whispered in her brain, and just then she had dropped the shielding scarf, and gasped back to a sense of reality—and the ball was suddenly empty. There had been no picture in the bottom of it, after all.

But on the bow of the little boat lashed to the side she had seen, written in tiny, tiny letters just as the Lord's Prayer is written in carved ivory toys of incredible smallness, the letters ELLA, and these letters had fixed themselves in her mind, they had seemed so absurdly real and she had felt so absurdly sure of them.

"Which steamer, Miss Dickett?" the chauffeur inquired respectfully; all the employees of the Julia Carter Sykes establishment respected Molly, as well they might.

A sudden, happy irresponsibility flooded Molly's tired mind, and she smiled into the man's face—the old, not-to-be-resisted Molly Dickett smile.

"The name of the boat is *Ells*, Pierce," she said cheerfully, "and it's a small boat, not a liner. Look it up."

And as he disappeared she laughed aloud.

She was still laughing softly when he returned, looking worried.

"I think you must have told me wrong, Miss Dickett, didn't you?" he began hurriedly, lifting out her small, flat trunk. "It's the *Stella* you mean, isn't it? There seems to be a misunderstanding; they said the stateroom was countermanded at the last minute, but the party's name was Richards. It's all right now, but we nearly lost it—they're holding her for you. There don't seem to be any more passengers—are you sure there's no mistake?"

"Perfectly sure," said Molly, sober enough now. "I'm very much indebted to you, Pierce."

She gave him a tip that caught his breath, walked up the gang plank of the *Stella*, nodded easily to a severe official, and followed a pale, neat stewardess to her stateroom.

"Where is this boat going?" she asked of the pale stewardess, who gasped and replied:

"South America, ma'am. Didn't you know?"

"I may have forgotten," said Molly, and then sleep overcame her and the days and nights were one for a long time.

The *Stella* carried hides and fruit and lumber, and, occasionally, two or three passengers, for whose convenience the company had fitted up a stateroom or two, since the demand for these proved steady—people, as Molly learned from the stewardess (whose sole charge she was), for whom a sea voyage had been recommended for various reasons. There had never been more than five at a time and two was the average—one, very common.

The long, blue days slipped by, she ate and slept and lay in the deck chair that had been sent by the party named Richards, and spoke to the stewardess alone, who was used to tired and silent charges, and served her meals on a tray.

She was a quiet, refined woman with a hand often at her heart. Molly found her gasping in the companionway once, fed her quickly from the little flask she pointed at in her pocket, and helped her to her berth, as clean and comfortable as Molly's own. This produced confidences, and she learned that Mrs. Cope (everyone called her that, she said, and treated her most respectfully) had made her first voyage as children's nurse to an English family bound for Rio,

who had turned her off on arriving at that port. The stewardess on that trip proved inclined to drink and sauciness, and at Mrs. Cope's suggestion they had given her the post in her stead and she had kept it for five years. An easy berth, she said, good pay, good board, little to do and pleasant people. She ate alone, was practically her own mistress, and the sea air had saved her life, she knew.

This Molly could well believe, for she had come to count the days of her ignorance of salt water for days of loss and emptiness. The mornings of wind, the nights of stars and foam, the hot blue moons, sang in her blood and tinted her cheeks; she felt herself born again, the crowded past an ugly nightmare. She says that she had never, till then, been alone with herself for ten years and that she had never had time to find out what she really liked best in the world. We must suppose that she did at least find out, but it cannot be denied that the discovery was unusual.

Mrs. Cope died at Buenos Ayres, suddenly, as she was serving Molly's supper, and Molly, piloted by the first mate, for she knew no Spanish, buried her there and put up a neat headstone over her grave—the possible lack of one had been the poor woman's one terror, and she had sent every cent of her wages to some worthless, mysterious husband whose whereabouts nobody knew. This took all Molly's money but so much as was needed for her return trip, for it has to be confessed of her that she never saved a penny in her extravagant life.

And now we see her speaking, for the first time beyond perfunctory salutations, with the captain, a taciturn recluse of a man, furious just now at some unexpected litigation connected with his cargo and horribly inconvenienced by the loss of his stewardess. Two ladies waiting, literally, on the wharf, have been promised accommodation in the *Stella* by the owners, and there is not a decent, respectable woman to be found on the whole coast of South America to look after them.

"Suppose you give me the job?" says Molly quietly.

He looks her up, down and across with an eye like a gimlet; she takes the scrutiny cheerfully, as her duty and his due, offers him her clear, gray eyes (her only reference for character) and her capable, trim, broad-shouldered figure as security for fitness.

"I suppose you know your own business best," he says brusquely. "You're engaged. What name do you wish to go by?"

"My own," says she, "Molly Dickett."

So now, you see! The secret is out, and you may observe her again piloted by the first mate, scouting through the shops of Buenos Ayres for a blue-and-white striped cotton frock, broad enough through the shoulders. Aprons she purchased and caps (larger caps than Mrs. Cope's, who compromised on white lawn bow-knots) and high-laced, rubber-soled, white canvas boots, only to be procured in English shops for sporting goods. Their price caused the first mate to whistle.

"What's the idea of all this?" he demanded suddenly. "Of course, you know, you must be up to some game. Your kind doesn't ship as stewardess."

"What game were you up to?" Molly replied quickly. "Your kind doesn't ship as first mate, does it?"

"What kind?" he said gruffly.

"The 'Dicky' kind," she answered.

He blurted out some amazed incoherence.

"Oh, I've seen Harvard men before," she assured him pleasantly.

Molly took the best of care of her two ladies and accepted their gratuities with a grave courtesy. They confided to the captain, at New York, that she seemed unusually refined for her position, and he replied that for all he knew she might be.

"We'll never see *her* again," the first mate grumbled sourly, when she stepped off the gang plank, and the captain shrugged his shoulders noncommittally.

They did, nevertheless, but her mother never did. After that one dreadful interview in the Dickett library (it had used to be the sitting room in her college days) when Eleanor had cried, and Kathryn's letter had been read aloud, and Mr. Dickett had vainly displayed his bank book, and her mother had literally trembled with rage, there was nothing for it but oblivion, oblivion and silence.

"A stewardess! My daughter a stewardess! I believe we could put you in an asylum—you're not decent!"

Mrs. Dickett's cheeks were grayish and mottled.

"Come, come, mother! Come, come!" said Mr. Dickett, "there's some mistake, I'm sure. If you'd only come and live with us, Molly—we're all alone, now, you know,

and Lord knows there's plenty for all. It doesn't seem quite the thing, I must say, though. It—it hurts your mother's pride, you see."

"I'm sorry," said Molly sadly. It is incredible, but she had never anticipated it! She was really very simple and direct, and life seemed so clear and good to her, now.

"To compare yourself with that Englishman is ridiculous, and you know it," sobbed Eleanor. "What if he *was* a cowboy? He didn't wear a cap and apron—and it was for his health—and George is too angry to come over, even!"

"It's for my health, too," Molly urged, trying to keep her temper. "I never was the same after I went on that vacation to Maine—I told you before. Life isn't worth living, unless you're well."

"But you could have the south chamber for your own sitting room, as George suggested, and do your writing at your own time," Mr. Dickett began.

"I've told you I'm not a writer," she interrupted shortly.

"George would rather have paid out of his own pocket——"

"We'll leave George out of this, I think," said Molly, her foot tapping dangerously.

"Then you may leave me out, too!" cried George's wife. "I have my children to think of. If you are determined to go and be a chambermaid, this ends it. Come, mother!"

Mrs. Dickett avoided her husband's grasp and went to the door with Eleanor. It is hard to see how these things can be, but the cave woman and her whelpish brood are far behind us now, and Molly's mother was cut to the dividing of the bone and the marrow. The two women went out of the room and Molly stood alone with her father.

"I'm sorry, father," she said quietly. "I can't see that I should change my way of life when it is perfectly honorable and proper, just to gratify their silly pride. You must realize that I have to be independent—I'm thirty years old and I haven't had a cent that I didn't earn for more than ten years. I have never been so well and so—so contented since I left college, really."

"Really?" Mr. Dickett echoed in dim amazement.

"Really. And mother never liked me—never. Oh, it's no use, father, she never has. I can't waste any more of my life. I've found what suits me—if I ever change, I'll let you know. I'll write you, anyway, now and then. Good-by, father; shake hands."

And so it was over, and she jumped into the waiting "hack" ("it was some comfort," Eleanor said, "that she wore that handsome broadcloth and the feather boa"), and left them.

Perhaps you had rather leave her, yourself? Remember, she had dined the brother of a baronet (and dined him well, too!). And George Farwell had never earned her salary on the *Day*. Still, if you will stick by her a little longer, you may feel a little more tolerant of her, and that is much in this critical civilization of ours.

She leaned over the rail in her striped blue and white, and the first mate leaned beside her. The sapphire sea raced along and the milky froth flew from their bow. The sun beat down on her dark head, and there was a song in her heart—oh, there's no doubt of it, the girl was disgracefully happy!

"A fine trip, won't it be?" she said contentedly, and drew a deep breath and washed her lungs clean of all the murk and cobwebs left behind.

"Yes," said the first mate, "my last, by the way."

"Your last?" she repeated vaguely. "Your last?"

He nodded and swallowed in his throat. "Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes, tell me why," she said, and stared at the ship's boat, lashed to the side.

"I've told you about myself," he blurted out roughly, "and my family, and all that. It can't be helped—now. We look at things differently. A man either wants to be an attaché fooling around Baden, or he doesn't. I don't, that's all. And I go bad in offices. And I won't take money from them—or anybody. This suits me well enough. Probably I'm not ambitious."

"Then if it suits you—" Molly began, but he put his hand over hers.

"It doesn't suit me to love any woman as much as I've loved you since Buenos Ayres," he said, "and feel that to get her I must give up this and settle down into a smelly office. It doesn't suit me to find

that life is just hell without her, but to know that if I know anything about myself I couldn't live any other way but this, and that no decent man could ask a woman to lead the rolling-stone life that I lead—she wouldn't, anyhow."

Molly's eyes were fastened on the bow of the ship's boat; her heart pounded against the rail; she had never felt so frightened in her life.

And suddenly she became aware that she was staring at the letters ELLA, and they looked very tiny, like the letters of the Lord's Prayer written in carved ivory toys, and something she had not thought of since she first left New York flashed into her mind, and she trembled slightly. Then all the vexed and broken many-colored fragments of her life clicked and settled into place, quietly and inevitably, as they do in a child's kaleidoscope, and the final pattern stood out, finished. She smiled slightly and thinks that perhaps she prayed.

"Why don't you give the woman a chance?" said Molly Dickett. . . .

Mr. Dickett pushed little Penelope gently off his knee and stroked a whitening whisker.

"Molly's baby was a boy, mother—I know you'd want to hear," he said.

Mrs. Dickett was silent.

"Her husband's bought a third interest in the boat," he went on firmly, "and she says he'll probably be captain some day."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Dickett.

"They've stopped carrying passengers and the rooms are fitted up for them, quite private, she writes, and the boy weighed nine pounds. I'm thinking of going down to see them when they get in to this country again, mother. Would you care to see her husband's picture? He's a fine-looking chap—six feet, she writes."

"I don't care about it," said Mrs. Dickett, through thin lips. "It is a relief, however, to learn that she is no longer a chambermaid."

"Come, come, mother, the ship's boy did all the emptying, you know," Mr. Dickett urged tolerantly. "It seems a roving sort of life to us, I know, and unsettled, but if they like it, why I can't see any real harm—"

"Tastes differ," said his wife grimly—and so, God knows, they do!

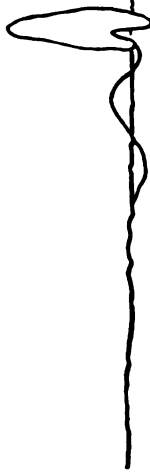
Breaking Into the Human Race



*The modern society woman
barous Redoubt "GODDESS"*



*is on a level with her bar-
in an effort for beauty.*



by Rheta Childe Dorr

Author of "What 8,000,000 Women Want," etc.

SOMETHING over a dozen years ago there arrived in Paris a young Polish woman, Marie Sklowdowska by name. Forced to leave her native country on account of political intrigues which involved members of her family, the young woman turned her way toward republican France. She had no resources other than immense courage, about fifty francs in money and an extraordinary knowledge of chemistry.

In an obscure quarter of the city she found a bare garret, furnished with a cot bed and a chair. Her food was black bread and blue milk. She lived on this diet for so long that, as she has confessed, she had afterwards to cultivate a taste for meat and wine.

The one ambition of this girl's life was to gain admission to a laboratory as a student assistant. After long persistence, a period which must have been filled with bitterness and despair, the doors of a great laboratory were opened grudgingly to her. She was admitted because they were in need of a cheap assistant to prepare furnaces and to clean bottles for chemical experiments. I was, in fact, a kind of expert janitress service.

The young Polish woman had not been in the laboratory a week before Professor Lipmann, who was at its head, discovered that she possessed a knowledge of science and an originality of mind far above the average. Rather tardily it became known that she was the daughter of a scientist of note in his own country, and that she had

grown up in his laboratory. They found some one else to wash the bottles and gave the girl a special table and full facilities for work.

Pierre Curie, a young man student of unusual promise, became her inseparable companion, and in time her husband. The two Curies, as all the world knows, working together, discovered and isolated radium, thereby opening up an absolutely new world of scientific possibilities. Their great discovery was no accident. They toiled and experimented through years of poverty and depression. Few who knew them believed in their theories. The Curies were, in fact, a sort of joke in scientific circles.

Pierre Curie, it is known, suffered periods of complete discouragement. He often doubted his conclusions. But Marie Curie never doubted. She never lost faith. Night and day she worked in her little laboratory at home. When at last the discovery of radium was announced, and the name of Curie sprang into world-wide fame, Professor Curie publicly declared that more than half the credit belonged to his wife. The research work was begun before her marriage, and it was through her that Professor Curie became interested in radio-activity. But for Madame Curie's patience and obstinate persistence the end would never have been achieved.

After his sudden death, which occurred as a result of a street accident, there was no other scientist in the world except this woman to take Professor Curie's place as special lecturer in the Sorbonne. The most conservative of universities was obliged to break all its rules and invite a woman to a full professorship. Monarchs go to the Sorbonne to listen to her. The greatest scientists in Europe are among her students.

At a congress of radio-activity and electricity recently held in Brussels, the matter of a standard measurement of radium was discussed. The congress unanimously agreed that Madame Curie was the only person living who was capable of establishing that standard, and she was therefore formally appointed to the task. The unit of measuring emanations of radium will be known as a *curie*, and the word will take its place beside ohm, volt, ampère, and the few others which perpetuate the names of great geniuses of the world of pure science.

Now in France, more than in other countries, genius is extolled above wealth, above

might, above conquest. They adore genius in France; they crown it, applaud it, pension it. As a last tribute, they elect it to the Academy.

About a year ago there was a vacancy among the immortals of the French Academy, Department of Science. On every lip there trembled the name of Madame Curie. Surely—but no.

The immortals admitted that Madame Curie was the foremost scientist in France, perhaps in the world, but as a candidate for the French Academy she did not even exist. It was true, they said, the Academy was established for the advancement of learning, and Madame Curie's achievement was a long step in the progress of learning. But it was against tradition that learning was advanced by women and, therefore, Madame Curie could not be acknowledged by the Academy to have advanced it. It was possible for scientists to listen to a woman lecture on radio-activity. It was impossible for them to associate her with their after discussions of it. So they elected to the Academy a man whose name one forgets, so little is it known outside his university.

Public prints in Europe and America made a good deal of the incident at the time. Some of them said that France had something to be ashamed of in its Academy.

I think I have a better understanding of the point of view of those French savants. They were right in their decision. They were right, that is to say, from their point of view. Madame Curie could not have been made a member of the Academy for the simple reason that *she is not a human being. A woman, whatever her intellectual qualifications, can no more become a member of an academy than the educated monkeys Consul or Miss Susie can become members of a church, and for the same reason. Neither is human.*

The point of view is by no means peculiar to France. Several years ago, an American woman physician took her husband, ill with tuberculosis, from their home in Massachusetts to Florida, where they hoped he might improve. The husband's illness had seriously impaired the fortunes of the two, and the wife planned to enter at once on the practice of her profession. When they were comfortably settled she applied for a state license, only to learn that Florida barred women from the practice of medicine.

In the proud state of Georgia, at the pres-

ent time, there lives a young woman who possesses more than average intelligence, unusual industry, great seriousness of mind and tenacity of purpose. She proved all this by choosing, instead of a life of social gayety and economic dependence, a life of professional labor. Miss Minnie Anderson Hale is the young woman's name, and the profession she chose was the law.

Miss Hale completed her studies at the Atlanta Law School, making a brilliant record in all her classes. A few weeks ago she appeared, with her fellow graduates, before the proper authorities to be admitted to practice. But disappointment was her lot. She found herself facing the disagreeable alternative of abandoning either her profession or her home. In Georgia, a woman can no more be admitted to practice law than in France she can be admitted to the Academy. And for the same reason.

The right of being human is entirely monopolized by men. Women possess only sex. They used to be alluded to as "the sex." That has gone out of fashion, but women continue to exist as a sex, a mere auxiliary to a world of men. Until recently, no large class of women objected to the

arrangement, or questioned its propriety. Their supine acceptance of a limited right to exist almost tempts one to believe in it as a fact. But let us examine the genesis of the theory.

There was once a mighty monarch who abashed his ministers in council with the assertion: "The State! I am the State."

Of course he was not the State. But he said he was, and the assertion was so colossally audacious that the ministers were silenced. No one of them was in a position to dispute the claim, and it required another generation before people could organize to dispute it.

In exactly the same manner one half the population has maintained the position: "The human race—that's us."

Of course they are not the human race. But they have always said they were, and the colossal audacity of the claim simply silences the other half. No one woman has ever been in a position successfully to dispute the claim of the male half of society. So woman generally has meekly taken her place as a member of the Ladies' Aid



MADAME MARIE CURIE, CODISCOVERER WITH HER HUSBAND OF RADIUM, DENIED ADMISSION TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCE ALTHOUGH ONE OF THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS OF THE DAY.

Society to the Human Race, and there she has remained.

The difference between belonging to the human race and being a member of the Ladies' Aid is merely the difference between walking in ordinary shoes and toddling painfully in Chinese boots. In the one case the shoe is fitted to the foot; in the other, the foot is squeezed and cramped and artificially deformed to fit the boot. The natural foot is large or small, wide or narrow, as the case may be. The artificial foot lacks variation. It has a conventional size and shape. Otherwise its owner is a scandal and a disgrace to the family.

Men, being human, are expected to differ from one another. It might almost be said that men are respected in proportion to the degree of their individuality. The most interesting man is he who possesses the strongest personality, the largest number of traits peculiar to himself.

WHAT WOMEN MUST DO TO CONFORM

Women, being a sex, are expected to conform to a type, and they are admired and respected in proportion to their ability to conform. The type, of course, is that which arouses the amorous emotions of men. What must women be in order to approximate the feminine type?

First of all, they must be young. This is absolutely essential. The word "young" has had various interpretations in different generations. Juliet Capulet, a perfect example of the type, was fourteen. In her time and, in fact, almost to the beginning of the

nineteenth century, a woman of twenty-one was on the verge of old.

"Come and kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's the stuff will not endure,"

sang the Bard of Avon, realizing the brevity of woman's career.

Balzac moved the permissible age to thirty, and there or thereabouts it has remained. A woman must not be over thirty years of age. If she is, she becomes ridiculous, a subject for jest and merriment. The comic journals would go out of existence if it were not for old maids and mothers-in-law. Even in the states where women vote and hold office, they are still under the obligation to remain young. They are never asked to record their age on the registration



THIS YEAR ALL WOMEN
MUST RESEMBLE STOVE-
PIPES: A FEW YEARS
AGO, AGONIES WERE
ENDURED TO EM-
ULATE THE HOUR
GLASS.



books, as men are. The oldest grandmother in Colorado is registered in the poll books as twenty-one years old.

Besides being young, women must be beautiful. "A female," said an early Victorian poet, "should be an exquisite flower blooming in the pathway of men." Lovely advice, although the phrasing does give one an impression of a large, masculine boot about to come

down on something small and fragile and defenseless.

So universal is the demand for the decorative quality in women that chivalry assumes that all women possess it. In the newspapers women are invariably described as beautiful, or at least pretty. It is an editorial rule from which no reporter ventures to depart. A girl who graduates, elopes, marries in church, gets into an automobile accident, gives a tea, wins a ribbon at a dog show, does anything she might be expected to do, is called beautiful. Beautiful heiress, beautiful actress, beautiful suicide, beautiful murderess; the day's news is a permanent beauty show.

When, however, woman does anything eccentric, when she ventures to trespass the smallest inch on man's preserves, the newspapers make a point of commenting adversely on her looks. Something like this old clipping from a newspaper of the late eighties:

Susan B. floated into our town yesterday, looking, as usual, like Methuselah's oldest daughter.

Perhaps Susan B. Anthony did look unbeautiful to the men of her day. Perhaps women who think, who possess individuality and original ideas, who act from conviction instead of conventional theory, still seem unbeautiful to men. It is true that they vary widely from the accepted type.

WOMEN MUST BE "BEAUTIFUL"

To fulfill the conventional ideal of beauty is simple, whether it is easy or not. Just as nearly as nature, in collaboration with art,

can manage it, the type approximates to the soft, smooth, unemotional, unintelligent, pink and white wax dolls, used to display millinery and frocks in shop windows.

Beauty changes its details from season to season. One year Beauty has curves, another year angles. Beauty's waist line was formed on the hour-glass model a few years ago. Just now her waist line melts into the general scheme of stovepipe construction from shoulders to heels.

Some years Beauty has very little hair, and she subdues it until it lies on her head like feathers on the canary or the black-bird. Other years, witness 1910-11, Beauty possesses an incredible head of hair. Her hair, if let hang down, if it could hang down, would sweep her feet, as Miss Mary Garden's hair does in *Mélanide*.

But whatever aspect Beauty wears, women must copy it.

The thing is painful for many women, and it is expensive for most, but the duty remains. Plainness, especially the plainness of advancing years, is absolutely interdicted. Men, as they grow in years and experience, develop lines expressive of character, records of emotion, struggle, defeat, victory. The face of a man of many experiences is like a book of fascinating tales. One never tires of reading it. But a woman's lines are just wrinkles, and the first one is a life tragedy.

When the powder and the rouge and the dotted veil are at last powerless to conceal her wrinkles, woman may as well give up—cloister herself in "science," the new thought, or some other modern substitute for religion. If anyone notices



THE YEARS OF EFFORT AND STRUGGLE FOR HER IDEALS HAVE STAMPED THE AGED FACE OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY WITH A SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.



WHATEVER ASPECT BEAUTY WEARS FROM YEAR TO YEAR
—AS EXHIBITED BY THE DRESSMAKERS' MODELS—
WOMEN OF ALL TYPES MUST CONFORM TO IT.

her at all henceforth, it will be to think of her as a "wreck of her former self."

Imagine thinking of Chief Justice White, or John Bigelow, or Uncle Joe Cannon, or any active old man as a wreck of his former self!

Turn to the exquisite figure of Elizabeth Gerritt Miller, daughter of the famous abolitionist, Miller, herself the heroine of many an adventure in the thrilling days when fugitive slaves were making escape to Canada via the secret ways of the "underground." Look at the placid features of Julia Ward Howe, "seventy years young" after a life spent, not in the easy ways of peace, but in the struggle and stress of war-time and reconstruction. Scan the majestic features of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, crowned with white hair and eighty years of strenuous experiences. If it were not for

the conventional ideals of beauty to which we are bound, we might find these faces attractive. They are attractive, and after women have given up the fight to be young, and therefore alluring to men, they might be willing to look like these pioneers. But not before.

Young and beautiful must women be, and that is about all, except that they must be good, very, very good. And here men have been oddly generous to women. They have allowed them a moral handicap, so to speak. A long list of misdemeanors which, theoretically, at least, are forbidden to men are indulgently permitted to women. Without losing any special caste women may trifle with the truth, they may break a promise, they may betray a confidence, they may neglect to pay their debts, they may smash at least nine of the commandments.

A housemaid, arrested for theft, tearfully confessed her guilt in open court. "But, your honor," she declared, "I am an *honest* woman."

"I believe you," said the judge, "and shall make your sentence lighter on that account."

The women's code of honor, laid down for them by the men, contains only one commandment. If they remember to keep it holy they are good. If they break it they are bad, permanently, irrevocably bad. To err is human, but it certainly is not womanly.

Men could hardly have sustained their

contention that they are the race and that women are a sex, had they not gained the willing coöperation of the women themselves.

Women are creatures of habit and once they adopt a course they like to keep right on. See how amiably they work to keep their half of the population in its place, and to train the other half for its place.

They begin with the baby. If the baby is a boy they can hardly wait until he is six months old to determine what kind of a man he is going to be. Will he be an intellectual giant, like his great-grandfather on



THE VERY COMFORTABLE AND ESSENTIALLY MODEST HAREM SKIRT WAS DECRIED BECAUSE IT WAS BIFURCATED.

TO THE BABY BOY ARE GIVEN TOYS TO STIMULATE CONSTRUCTIVE ACTIVITY AND THEREFORE MENTAL INDEPENDENCE.



her side, who was president of a college in Indiana before the war? Or will he inherit the inventive tendency in his family? As the baby boy progresses, it is as good as a play to watch his type develop. His playthings are of great importance, and to take him into a toyshop and observe what he shows interest in is a matter of deep significance. His choice, of course, indicates the bent of his mind.

If the baby is a girl, the only thing they worry about is her looks. Will she, by any chance, have that unfortunate Smith nose? What if her hair should not curl? Be careful when you lay her down that her ears are flat on the pillow, and do not let her stare at the light that way, you might make her squint. There is nothing thrilling about choosing toys for the girl child. They do not recognize that there is any choice. The girl child gets a doll, and that is all there is to it.

The theory that all girl children love dolls as they love their lives is so old and so respectable that one hesitates to attack it.

Yet I can testify out of a personal experience that some girl children loathe dolls. I, for one, never wanted to be a little mother. I wanted to run and romp and roll on the grass with a terrier dog we had. I liked to jump rope and walk the fence and hop scotch and take things to pieces to see how they were made. And so do all normal, healthy children, girls as well as boys.

The reason most girls play with dolls and

seem to prefer them to other toys is because no other toys are given them. Along with the doll they have implanted in their infant minds the strongest kind of a doll suggestion. They are told that all little girls love dolls; that dolls are little girls' babies. A little girl who does not love her baby is not a nice little girl at all. It takes a child of character to stand out against all this psychological suggestion.

With the same shrewdness, mother and grandmother and nurse plant mental suggestions in the young masculine nature. "You mustn't cry—little girls cry." "Richard, you should not have allowed your sister to help build that bonfire. That's not little girls' play."

I heard a proud mother tell a visitor, in the presence of three daughters and a son: "We are Presbyterians, but I am bringing up my girls with the idea that they should adopt their husbands' church, whatever it may be. Separate churches divide husband and wife so unpleasantly." Boys have permanent ideals; girls flexible ones.

By the time the girl child reaches school age she has pretty firmly rooted in her mind the idea that she belongs in a special class, not admittedly inferior to boys, but different, widely, essentially different. Many things which boys do, say, or think, the girl child knows would be improper for her to do, say, or think. A different interpretation is given, for example, to the word play.

This prepares the girl's mind to encounter

TO THE BABY GIRL ARE GIVEN
TOYS WHOSE PSYCHOLOGICAL
SUGGESTION IS MAINLY OF
HOUSEKEEPING AND MATERNITY.



in school a different interpretation of work, of destiny, of life itself. The public school curriculum is based on the theory that the male child tends to variation. That his destiny may be commerce, law, medicine, engineering, or merely manual labor. The female child is held to be destined for one position only—housekeeper to a man.

SCHOOLS DO NOT RECOGNIZE THE NEW STATUS OF WOMEN

The census of 1900 reported in the United States approximately 6,000,000 women engaged in gainful occupations outside the home. The census noted the momentous fact that the number of women in all but three or four of the one hundred and three occupations listed was increasing faster than the number of men in those occupations.

Some one should have called the attention of the school authorities to that census report. Because, so far as shown in the average school curriculum, few of the school authorities know that any women are working for wages, unless it be in domestic service. In place of the manual training, almost universally now included in school work for boys, the girls are given cooking and sewing. The object of the manual training is to develop industry, ambition, coördination of hand and brain, individuality and self-control. You might think that these fine qualities ought to belong to women as well as men. Well, say the school

authorities, so they ought, but still more essential to women is domesticity.

When you point out to the school authorities that, the country over, one in seven of the girls will leave school to enter industry, where ambition, individuality, coördination of hand and brain, et cetera, come in handily, they reply: "Oh, yes, but the girls don't stay in industry. In seven years or ten years or possibly fifteen years, the girls will all be married. *Then* they will cook and sew."

They may, if they have not forgotten how, or if the trend of industry out of the home and into the factory has somehow been stayed. In a sewing class of seventh grade girls, one child had progressed in her lesson of shirt making to the point where her teacher remarked: "Well, Dora, you have done this very nicely. Soon you will be able to make your father's shirts."

"Not on your life," chirped the child, disrespectful of her teacher's ignorance. "My father buys all his shirts. He wouldn't wear a homemade one."

The object of the cooking and the sewing lessons, when analyzed, is, like so much of the school work, psychological. It succeeds in its object, too. It clinches in the girls' minds the idea that they are different from boys, but exactly like each other. It gives them a contempt for manual labor, and a desire for a life of supported ease. It helps to make them discontented, inefficient, unskilled trade workers, who toil at dull,

unintelligent tasks, ruining themselves for maternity and for the home making which is supposed to be their universal destiny.

Above all, it helps to swell the list of the helpless ones, we all know them, women left to their own feeble resources by the death or disability of their masculine protectors. By all the rules of the romancers and the successful novelists, marriage settles the destiny of woman, provides for all her future emergencies, relieves her forever from the responsibilities of life. The stubborn way in which real life refuses to conform to the rules is very baffling. Every day some woman, trained to the ideal of idleness, secure in the belief that she was born to be taken care of, finds herself tossed out into the main current, left to sink or swim as fortune wills.

PITITABLE PLIGHT OF DEPENDENT WOMEN

As a matter of fact, she cannot swim and she is strongly averse to sinking. There is nothing left to do but cling, with a stranglehold of grim death, on the first strong person who comes her way. If there is anything sadder than the spectacle of these reduced "gentlewomen," playing at earning a living, camping in the dooryards of relatives, forced into all sorts of unlovely subterfuges and compromises with honor in order to exist, I do not know of it. This poor parasite is the visible image of the false theory which excludes women from their rightful heritage of humanity.

If there is any visible force at work which does not reiterate and emphasize and insist that women are in the human race but not of it, I have not encountered it. Consider the reading matter thrust at women. "The Woman's Page." "The Home Page." "Of Interest to Women." "What Milady Reads." "The Gentler Sex." They are all built after one pattern, the general style of which is indicated in an ultimatum laid down to me by an editor of a popular magazine.

"I've been in this business for twenty years," said he. "I've built up the circulation of half a dozen magazines, and I *know* that women are interested in just two subjects: love and pin money."

Love and pin money—and the clothes and the beauty stunts and all the other nets and traps warranted to catch the love and the pin money, do indeed, if the "woman's" page is to be trusted, engage the whole at-

tention of women. Love sentimentalized beyond recognition in most cases, so overlain with sex suggestion in others as to be positively obscene, is the sort of thing the unmarried woman yearns to read about. Perhaps the married woman retains a reminiscent interest in love, but pin money, how to get it and how to spend it for husband's comfort and enjoyment, is her real need. How to economize in a hundred petty, ignoble, unbeautiful and soul-destroying ways; this also concerns the married woman.

But is not the chief interest of women getting and keeping a home? Are not these the proper objects of a women's magazine? Home making!

Do you know what to do with a rolling-pin? Consult one of these magazines, then gild the rolling-pin, tie pink ribbons on the ends, stick a row of gilt hooks along one side and give it to husband for a Christmas key rack.

Do you know what to do with an extra length of stovepipe? Paint a neat bunch of red roses on it and use it for an umbrella stand.

Do you know what to do with a wooden snow shovel in the summer time? Paint a nice cool snow scene on the shovel end, gild the handle—be sure always to gild the handle—and set it up in the corner of the country home.

Do you know what to do with a rusty flat-iron? Cover it with peacock blue plush, gild the handle and use it to keep the door open.

Do you know what to do with a dover egg-beater? Gild the handle—I am afraid I have forgotten the rest, but I remember that it was beautiful when completed.

WHY NOT A "MAN'S PAGE"

They are not all as bad as that. Usually the better class of women's magazines reserve these art hints for a department called "Discoveries," or "Suggestions from our Readers," "Contributors' Corner," or "Answers to Correspondents." This leaves space for fashions, beauty talks, advice to young wives as to retaining their husbands' affection, to prospective brides as to novelties in weddings, cookery and needlework.

We have a national weekly which three weeks out of four is presumably addressed solely to men, since the fourth issue is called the "Woman's Number," and contains two pages of extremely light matter, capable of assimilation by the boudoir mind.

Why should not the women's magazines

issue an occasional "Man's Number"? Surely there are thousands of men who would learn with delight how to take three old walking sticks, tie them together at one end with pale blue ribbon, extend the other ends, tripod fashion, hang a hand-painted lard pail in the middle and put it in "the den" to hold pipes.

Would not a man thrill to read a paragraph like this?

Mr. John Robinson Jones, of Boulder, Colorado, makes a handsome amount of pin money every year by umpiring the baseball games at the State Lunatic Asylum. Mr. Jones's charming personality and un-failing tact have won the confidence of the inmates to such an extent that the post has been completely relieved of certain hazardous features it formerly possessed.

Or this:

A correspondent writes us that he is about to give a collar and tie shower to a bridegroom-to-be, and wishes to know whether etiquette demands that he invite the guest's relatives, who have never called. We would advise, et cetera.

Then the society columns. Have they no room for bachelor functions?

Mr. James Ticker, the well-known cotton broker, received at tea at four o'clock on Friday at his handsome apartment on Lake Drive. He was becomingly dressed in neat gray trousers, a black frock coat, white waistcoat, a scarf in one of the new wistaria shades, and a diamond stick pin. He carried a bouquet of water lilies and purple orchids. Mr. Harry Budd presided at the tea table, and the Hungarian orchestra furnished the music.

The fact is, although it may not be professional for me to let the secret out, all magazines are made to please the women readers; they are all, in effect, women's magazines. How much of the breakfast food, toilet soap, jewelry, piano, automobile, typewriter *advertising* would a man's magazine get, do you suppose? The manufacturers know who disburses the income.

Editors know that they must make the magazine interesting to women, and they do it, the most successful ones, by pretending to publish for men. In other words, they refrain from reminding the women readers that they belong to the Ladies' Aid Society. They leave that to the women's magazines.

There is one new, great, vital, important, history-making fact to be recorded in women's pages and women's magazines—if we must have them—but that one great fact is stolidly and consistently ignored by the editors. This is the fact: women, all over the world, during the past twenty years,

have been busy organizing. They have organized in clubs, in leagues, in trade unions, in alumnæ associations, in societies for this and that, in all sorts of ways, for all kinds of objects. But deeper and stiller, and more momentous than the expressed desire, has been the underlying object of women's organization—a splendid ambition to Break Into the Human Race.

THE REAL MEANING OF THE WOMAN MOVEMENT

Do not make any mistake about it. Do not close your eyes to the truth. The whole woman movement, so-called, the achieving of higher education, the demand for recognition in all trades and professions, equal pay for equal work, the rise of the women's trade union, the development of women's clubs, even the agitation for woman suffrage, all these are attacks from different directions. All are part and parcel of the mighty effort of women to break into the human race.

The effort is not exactly a new thing. In every generation there have been a few isolated women who declined to accept membership in the Ladies' Aid Society, and went down their lives clamoring for admittance into the human family. In what courage, what conviction, what divine fire these lonely figures are clothed, as we see them in history, dauntlessly facing the coarse and brutal ridicule of men, the cold disapproval and dislike of women!

Gentle, brave, ill-fated Mary Wollstonecraft, mother of all the women's colleges, politely described by Prime Minister Walpole as "that hyena in petticoats"; Mary Somerville, hiding her mathematical books and her astronomical calculations under the mattresses of her bed, her family having demanded that she turn from astronomy to more womanly avocations; Charlotte Brontë and her sister romancers, writing in secret, publishing under pseudonyms, because no gentlewoman might write for vulgar money; Elizabeth Blackwell, enduring daily insult from gentlemen students, turned out of boarding houses, shunned by her friends, all for the crime of studying medicine; that immortal trio, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton—what a price they paid to buy the freedom of a world of women!

How grudgingly society has yielded that freedom; how obstinately the men have re-

sisted every advance, how ostrichlike the petted and protected women have ignored every victory, will seem strange to future generations. Already people are beginning to ask why, since it is conceded that women may be educated, a Harvard degree is denied Radcliffe students; why, since women have qualified in medicine, it is practically impossible for a woman to get an internship in a large hospital; why, since women practice law in all except two states, the state bar associations refuse to admit them to membership; why, since women are taxed, the right to vote is denied them.

WHEN IS A GIRL NOT A GIRL

A possible answer to these questions was indicated in a conversation I had several years ago with a young scion of chivalry, an undergraduate of the University of South Carolina. The young women of South Carolina had within a few years been admitted to the university, much to the anger and disapproval of the men students.

"At first," my young friend declared, "the fellows were pretty rude to the girls, but after a while they settled down to ignoring them altogether. No fellow has anything to do, in a social way, with a girl student. We never ask them to our dances, and few of us ever speak to them. We just don't know that the girls are in college."

"How do the girls stand in scholarship?" I asked.

"Very well, I believe," was the candid reply. "For the past two years a girl has taken first honors. But we get around that, too. When anybody asks us who was first we just mention the fellow who stood highest. You see, in our eyes, a girl who goes to college is not a girl at all."

That is logical, and explains why men have been able to protest against every advance of women as an unwomanly proceeding. Every effort of women to simplify their dress is called unwomanly. Years ago, when the tailored gown appeared the caricaturists and the newspaper humorists made it a subject of coarse jest; ministers denounced it from the pulpit; dressmakers predicted for it the briefest popularity. Not until the Princess of Wales adopted it did the conservative admit that it was, after all, a convenient and sensible dress. In our own day witness the mobbing of women who attempted to introduce the so-called harem skirt, a perfectly modest, rational

garment, especially adapted for wind and storm, a garment infinitely more beautiful and more decorous than the hobble skirt. But the harem skirt was a bifurcation, hence masculine. A woman who ventured to wear it was no woman.

In England, owing to an entire absence of a sense of humor, they are able to carry the theory to the extreme limit. They are able to behold a procession of fifty thousand women bearing banners demanding the right to vote for members of Parliament—the women already have municipal suffrage—and yet assure themselves the *women* do not want to vote.

In England, when a man interrupts a political meeting, when he flings a stone at a cabinet minister, or smashes a window, or does anything else as a protest against what he considers a political injustice, he is arrested, but his punishment is mild. He is a political offender.

When identically the same offenses are committed by women they are arrested, beaten, kicked, thrown out of doors, knocked down, vilely insulted. They are punished, not as political offenders, but as brawlers, disturbers of the peace. With admirable logic, the English courts have ruled that women, having only limited political rights, cannot commit political offenses. When they attempt, by time-honored British methods, to extend their political rights, they cease to be women and become hooligans.

In January, 1907, the English suffragettes succeeded in defeating a Liberal candidate for Parliament in a Mid-Devon district. After the result of the polling had been declared, a party of Liberal men set on Mrs. Pankhurst and her companion, Mrs. Martel, the only suffrage women remaining in the town, pelted them with rotten eggs, beat and kicked them, and would probably have murdered Mrs. Pankhurst but for the tardy arrival of the police. She was unconscious on the ground when they arrived, and was so badly injured that she was unable to walk for some months. Not a man was arrested for this outrage.

Nor were any arrests made when, at this same election, a body of Liberals marched on the Conservative Club, smashed all the windows and kept the members besieged within all night. For calling at Mr. Asquith's house, and on being refused an interview, decorating his area railings with

"Votes for Women" banners, and using his doorstep to make a suffrage speech, four women were arrested and sent to prison for one month.

In this country we have, if not a keener sense of justice, at least a more highly developed sense of fun, and a quicker recognition of facts.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SUFFRAGE PARADE

On a spring day of the present year, the women in New York City held a suffrage parade. They marched, three thousand of them, to the music of half a dozen bands, down Fifth Avenue, from Fifty-ninth to Seventeenth Street. One hundred and fifty thousand New York people turned out to view the procession. Every window along the way held a cheering, laughing group.

There were some in the crowd who neither cheered nor laughed. In this class was a fashionably dressed young man accompanied by two young women. As they stood waiting for the procession, the young man repeatedly assured his companions that he did not believe those women were going to march. They would not dare do such an unwomanly thing. Then, when the first paraders appeared in sight, he said: "Oh, well, perhaps a few——"

Down the avenue swung the women, hundreds and hundreds of them, factory women, office workers, writers, artists, actresses, musicians, nurses, physicians, lawyers, house-keepers, all under their own banners.

The bewildered young man changed his predictions to abuse. He denounced those women. He was appalled — disgusted — Suddenly he turned from the sight to address his

women companions, only to find that he had been talking to himself; his women companions were two blocks down the avenue, in the procession!

Now that young man, being an American, was able to perceive that his two women friends were actually marching in the procession. He acknowledged that they were not with him. It is this ability on the part of American men to see plain facts which is the hope of the American woman. She will not have to clamor indefinitely for the right to be a human being instead of a sex. Soon the masculine half of the population will see for itself that women not only have a right to belong to the human race, but that they do belong, and that no laws, no policies of exclusion, no selfish discriminations can alter the fact.

Then will life become a simpler, saner process. Then will the tons of energy now devoted by women to necessary agitation be turned into useful, productive work. Then will the relation between men and women assume a beauty, a harmony it knows now only in exceptional cases. Then will marriage become a comradeship in the truest sense of the word. Just as a nation cannot exist half slave, half free, so the race, half human, half auxiliary, cannot develop to its highest point. Women are coming to a sharp realization of this fact. In greater and greater numbers they are leaving the sidewalk

where they have stood spectators for so long, and are joining the procession of protest.

It is worthy of note that the New York suffrage parade was participated in by a Men's League of nearly two hundred members.

"It was a joke," said one newspaper.

"It was a prophecy," declared another.



A SOUTH SEA ISLAND BIRD OF PARADISE.

A Daughter of the Revolution

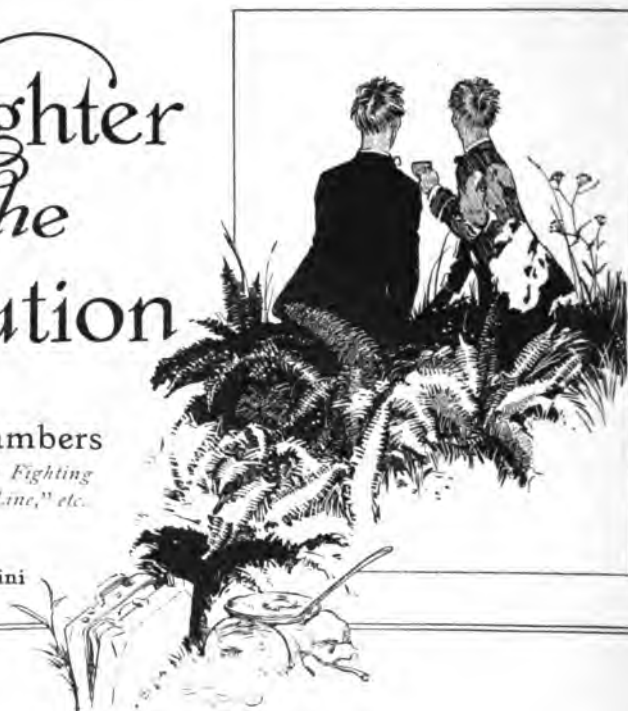
By

Robert W. Chambers

*Author of "Iola," "The Fighting
Chance," "The Firing Line," etc.*

Illustrations

By Alexander Popini



AS the extremes of fashionable feminine costume appear first on Fifth Avenue in late November, and, in early December, are imitated in Harlem, and finally, in January, pervade the metropolitan purlieus; so all the great cities of the Union, writhing in the throes of a fashionable suffragette revolution, presently inoculated the towns; and the towns infected the villages, and the villages the hamlets, and the hamlets passed the contagion along into the open country, where isolated farms and dicky birds alone remained uninfected and unreceptive.

It was even asserted by enthusiastic suffragettes that flocks of feminine dicky birds had begun to assault masculine birds of the same variety, and that the American landscape was full of agitated male birds, lacking rear plumage, flying distractedly in every direction, or squatting disconsolately in lonely trees, counting their tail feathers.

Mr. Burroughs and our late great President were excitedly inclined to believe it, but the most famous and calm of explorers, who had recently returned from exile to his camp on top of Mt. McKinley, warned the scientific world, on a typewriter, not to credit anything that anybody said until he had corroborated it in the magazines. And

he left that week for another trip to the pole, to find out what the attitude of the polecats might be concerning the matter.

Meanwhile, the cities were full of trouble and forcibly selected bridegrooms. From sixty thousand marriages, recorded in New York City for the twelve months of the previous year, in the few months of the eugenic revolution the number of weddings had reached the enormous figures of one hundred and eighty thousand.

Thousands and thousands of marriageable young men were hiding in their clubs, or in the shrubbery of Central Park, waiting for a chance to make their escape to the country.

Westchester, the Catskills, and even the country farther north, was full of young business men and professional men, fleeing headlong from their jobs in Wall Street, Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and hiring out to farmers and boarding-house keepers under assumed names. One could jump a young man out of almost any likely thicket north of the Bronx; they were as plentiful and as shy as deer in the Catskills. Cornfield, scrub, marsh and almost any patch of woods in the state, if carefully beaten up, would have yielded at least one or two flocks of skulking young men.

Now, as there was no close season, and

marriageable youths in New York City became scarcer, those militant suffragettes devoted to eugenic principles began to make excursions into the suburbs in search of be vies and singles which had escaped the exciting days of the great Long Acre drive and the Bachelors' St. Bartholomew. And, as the April days turned into May days, and the May days into June days, parties of pretty, laughing, athletic girls penetrated farther and farther into the country, joyously rummaging the woods and routing out and scattering into flight the lurking quarry; for every den had its denizen, and Diana roamed the earth once more.

There was excellent sport to be had along the Hudson. Some young ladies went in automobiles, some in yachts, some by train, to points north, where the landscape looked more promising and wilder—but probably not as wild as the startled masculine countenances peering furtively from hillside thickets, as some gay camping party of distractingly pretty girls appeared, carrying as excess baggage one clergywoman and a bundle of marriage licenses with the bridegroom's name represented only by a question mark.

It was on an unusually beautiful day in early June that two brier-mangled and weather-beaten young men, bearing every evidence of Wall Street and excessive fright, might have been seen sitting up, like a brace of startled rabbits, in a patch of ferns which grew along the edges of a brook at the foot of a charmingly wooded slope among the Westchester hills. In every direction stretched hills, woods and Italians. The calm, remote sky was blue and untroubled by anything except factory smoke; not a sound was visible, not a noise was to be seen.

Bacon was frying unctuously in a pan on the coals beside them; their suit cases lay near; they sat up in the fern patch, coffee cups suspended, eyes wild, listening intently.

"Brown," whispered Vance, "did you hear anything except the hum of automobiles?"

"I sure did," nodded Brown, craning his neck like a turkey in a brier patch, and glaring around.

"If—if they've got dogs," said Vance, "they'll flush us before— Hark! Great guns! Look at that bench show!"

Brown's hair rose on end.

"They *have* got dogs," he whispered, "a

toy bull, a Mexican, a Chow, two Pomms—and, by Jupiter! they've got a marmoset! Look at 'em! Hark! You can hear those unnatural girls laughing! Me for a quick get-away. Come on!"

"They—they may come from some college," faltered Vance. "They may run us down. Shall we trust to our protective coloring, and squat close?"

"Do you want to stay here until that miserable Chow comes poking his orange-colored head into the ferns and laughs at us with his blue tongue?"

Vance wrung his hands, hurling coffee all over Brown in his agonized indecision.

"Good heavens!" he moaned, "I don't *want* to be married! I can't afford it! Do you think those girls can outrun us?"

"If they can," said Brown, "they'll want me more than I want my liberty. Look out! There's their bat-eared bull! See him sniff! The wretched mutt has winded the bacon! We've got to make a break for it now! Come on! Beat it, son!"

Up, out of the covert, crashed the two young fellows, and went prancing away through the woods, suit cases in hand. A chorus of excited yelps and barks greeted the racket they made in their flight; a shrill whistle rang out, then a pretty and excited voice:

"Mark! Quick, Gladys! There are two of them! Mark left!"

"Are they any good?" cried Gladys. "Oh, where are they, dear?"

"I only caught a glimpse of them. They looked like fine ones—in splendid condition! Millicent! Quick! Where are you?"

"Here!" came a third voice. "Oh, Constance, one is too perfectly splendid for anything! Chow-chow is at his heels! Look out! Mark right!"

"Run!" panted Constance, leaping a fallen log.

The lovely June woodland was now echoing with the happy cries of the chase, the ki-yi of excited lapdogs, the breathless voices of the young girls, the heavy, crashing racket of stampeding young men rushing headlong through bramble and thicket, with a noise like a hurricane amid dead leaves.

Vance's legs, terror-weakened, wobbled as he fled; and after ten minutes he took to a tree with a despairing scream.

Brown, looking back from the edge of a mountain pasture, saw the dogs leaping



"'FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,'
YELLED VANCE, 'TAKE
AWAY THAT MARMOSET!
I CAN'T BEAR 'EM!'"

frantically at his friend's legs as he shinned rapidly up the trunk and disappeared into the clustering foliage—saw three flushed young girls come running up, with cries of innocent delight—saw one of them release a slender, black, furry, spidery thing, which immediately ran up the tree—heard distracted yells from Vance.

"For Heaven's sake, take away that marmoset! I can't bear 'em—I hate 'em, ladies! Ouch! He's all over me! He's trying to get into my pocket! Take him away, for the love of Mike, and I'll come down!"

But Brown waited to hear no more. Horror now lent him her infernal wings; he fairly fluttered across the mountain side, sailed down the farther slope, and into a lovely country road. Along this he cantered, observed only by surprised cattle, until, exhausted, he slackened his pace to a walk.

Rickety fences and the remains of old stone walls flanked him on either hand; the clearings were few, the cultivated patches fewer. He encountered no houses. On a distant hillside stood a weather-beaten barn, the sky blue through its roof rafters.

Beyond this, the road forked; one branch narrowed to a grassy cattle patch and presently ended at a pair of bars. Inside the bars was a stone barn; beside the barn a house of the century before last—a low, square, stone house, half stripped of its ancient stucco skin; a high-roofed, two-story affair, with sagging dormers peering from the slates and little oblong loopholes under the eaves from which the straw of birds' nests fluttered in the breeze.

Surely, this ancient place, even if inhabited, as he saw it was, must be sufficiently remote from the outer world to insure his safety. For here the mountain road ended at the barnyard bars; here the low, wooded hills walled in this little world of house, barn and orchard, making a silent, sunny place under the blue sky, sweet with late lilac bloom and the hum of bees. No factory smoke was visible, no Italians.

He looked at the aged house. A

black cat sat on the porch, thoughtfully polishing her countenance with the back of one paw. Three diminutive, party-colored kittens frisked and rolled and kicked and toddled around her; and, occasionally, she seized one and washed it energetically against the grain.

Brown looked at the door with its iron knocker, at the delicately spread fan light over it, at the side lights, at the half pillars with their Ionic capitals, at the ancient clumps of lilacs flanking the stone step—great, heavy-stemmed and gnarled old bushes, now all hung with perfumed clusters of palest lavender bloom.

Leaning there on the picket fence, he inhaled their freshness, gazing up into the sunny foliage of the ancient trees, elms, maples and one oak so aged and so magnificent that, awed, his eyes turned uneasily again toward the house to reassure himself that it was still inhabited.

Cat and kittens were comfortable evidence, also a hen or two loitering near, and the pleasant sound from a dozen beehives, and a wild rose in a china bowl, dimly visible on an inner window sill.

There were two characters he might assume: he might go to the back door and request a job; he might bang on the front door with that iron knocker, shaped like a mermaid, and ask for country board.

Of one thing, somehow or other, he was convincing himself: this crumbling house and its occupants knew as much about the recent high-jinks in New York as did the man who built it in the days when loopholes were an essential part of local architecture, and the painted sash passed like a specter through the flanking forests.

So Brown, carrying his suit case, opened the gate, walked up the path, seized the knocker, and announced himself with resolution.



"'WHAT ARE BOARDERS?' SHE ASKED. 'I NEVER HEARD OF THEM, EXCEPT IN NAVAL BATTLES.'"

While he waited, the cat looked up at him, curiously but pleasantly.

"Hello, old lady," he said; and she arched her back and rubbed lightly against his nigh leg, while the kittens tumbled over his shoes and played frantically with the frayed bottoms of his trousers.

This preliminary welcome seemed to comfort him out of all proportion to its significance; he gazed complacently about at the trees and flowers, drew in deep breaths of the lilac's fragrance, and waited, listening contentedly for the coming footfall.

He had not heard it when the door opened and a young girl appeared on the threshold, standing with one hand resting on the inner knob, the other touching the pocket of her apron in which was a ball of yarn stuck through with two needles.

She was slim and red-haired and slightly freckled, and her mouth was perhaps a shade large, and it curled slightly at the



"YOU ARE EXACTLY THAT—A BEAUTY!"
HE SAID EXCITEDLY."

corners; and her eyes were quite perfectly made, except that one was hazel brown and the other hazel gray.

Hat in hand, Brown bowed; and then she did a thing which interested him. She lifted the edges of her apron between slender white thumbs and forefingers, and dropped him the prettiest courtesy he had ever seen off the stage.

"I came to inquire," he said, "whether you ever take summer boarders?"

"What are boarders?" she asked. "I never heard of them, except in naval battles."

"Thank Heaven!" he thought. "This is remote, all right; and I have discovered pristine innocence in the nest!"

"Modern boarders," he explained politely, "are unpleasant people who come from the city to enjoy the country, and who, having no real homes, pay farmers to lodge and feed them for a few days of vacation and dyspepsia."

"You mean, is this a tavern?" she asked, unsmiling.

"No, I don't. I mean, will you let me live here a little while as though I were a guest, and then permit me to settle my reckoning in accordance with your own views upon the subject?"

She hesitated, as though perplexed.

"Suppose you ask your father or mother," he suggested.

"They are absent."

"Will they return this morning?"

"I don't know exactly when they expect to return."

"Well, could you not assume the responsibility?" he asked, smiling.

She looked at him for a few moments, and it

seemed to him as though, in the fearless gravity of her regard, somehow, somewhere—perhaps in the curled corners of her lips, perhaps in her pretty and unusual eyes—there lurked a little demon of laughter. Yet it could not be so; there was only serenity and a child's direct sweetness in the gaze.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"John Brown, 4th."

"Mine is Elizabeth Tennant. Where do you live?"

"In—New York," he admitted, watching her furtively.

"I was there once—at a ball—many years ago," she observed.

"Not *very* many years ago, I imagine," he said, smiling at her youthful reminiscence.

"Many, many years ago," she said thoughtfully. "I shall go again, some day."

"Of course," he murmured politely. "It's a thing to do and get done—like going abroad."

She looked up at him quickly:

"Years ago I knew a boy—with your easy humor and your trick of speech. He resembled you otherwise; and he wore your name becomingly."

He tried to recall knowing her in his extreme youth, but made no definite connection.

"You wouldn't remember," she said gravely, "but I think I know you, now. Who is your father?"

"My father?" he repeated, surprised and smiling. "My father is John Brown, 3d."

"And his father?"

"My grandfather?" he asked, very much amused. "Oh, he was John Brown, 2d, and *his* father was Captain John Brown, of Sheldon's Westchester regiment—but I don't want to talk D. A. R. talk to you about my great-grandmother."

"He fought at Pound Ridge," said the girl slowly.

"Yes," said Brown, astonished.

"Tarleton's cavalry—the brutal hussars of the legion—killed him on the Stamford road," she said, "and he lay there in the field all day, with one dead arm over his face and his broken pistol in his hand, and the terrible galloping fight drove past, down the stony New Canaan road—and the smoke

from Major Lockwood's house afire rolled blacker and blacker, and redder and redder."

With a quickly drawn breath, she covered her face with both hands, and stood a moment silent; and Brown stared at her, astonished, doubting his eyes and ears.

The next moment, she dropped her hands and looked at him with a tremulous smile:

"What in the world can you be thinking of me!" she said. "Alone in this old house, here among the remoter hills of Westchester, I live so vividly in the past that these almost forgotten tragedies seem very real to me and touch me closely. To

me the present is only a shadow; the past is life itself. Can you understand?"

"I see," he said, intensely relieved concerning her mental stability. "You are a Daughter of the American Revolution, or a Society of Colonial Wars, or—er—something equally—er—interesting and desirable."

"I am a Daughter of the American Revolution," she said proudly.

"Exactly!" He smiled with an inward shudder. "A—a very interesting er—and—exceedingly—and—all that sort of thing." He nodded amiably. "Don't take much interest in it myself—being a broker and rather busy."

"I am sorry."

He looked up quickly, and met her strange eyes, one hazel gray, one hazel brown.

"I—I'll be delighted to take an interest in anything you—in—er—this Revolutionary business, if you—if you don't mind telling me about it—" he



"'OH, GOD!' SHE WHISPERED, 'THE BRITISH!'"

stammered. "Evenings, now, if you have time to spare."

She smiled, opened the door wider, and looked humorously down at him where he stood, fidgeting on the step.

"Will you come in?" she asked serenely.

He went, first depositing his suit case on the step outside, by the cats, and followed her into a large, comfortable sitting room.

"By Jove!" he said, "you know this is really mighty pretty! What a corking collection of old furniture! Where in the world did you find—or perhaps this is the original furniture of the place?"

She said, looking around the room as though slightly perplexed:

"This furniture was made to order for me in Boston."

"Then it isn't genuine," he said, disappointed. "But it's a very clever imitation of antique colonial. It is really a wonderful copy."

"I don't think it is a copy."

"It certainly doesn't look like it, but it must be if it was made in Boston for you. They're ingenious fellows, these modern makers of colonial furniture. Every antique shop in New York is loaded up with excellent copies of this sort—only not nearly as well done."

She assented, apparently with no very clear understanding of what he meant.

"What a charming setting this old house makes for such things!" he said.

She nodded, looking doubtfully at the rag carpet:

"Major Lockwood's house was much finer," she observed. "Come to the window and I'll show you where it stood. It used to be the manor house of Pound Ridge. They were fine folk, the Lockwoods, Hunts and Fanchers."

They rose, and she laid one pretty hand on his sleeve and guided him into a corner of the window, where he could see.

"Hello!" he said uneasily. "There is a main traveled road! I thought that here we were at the very ends of civilization!"

"That is the Bedford road," she said. "Over there, beyond those chestnuts, is the Stamford road. Can you see those tall old poplars? Beyond the elms, I mean—there, where the crows are flying?"

"Yes, eight tall poplars."

"Major Lockwood's house stood there. Tarleton burned it—set it afire, with all its

beautiful furniture and silver and linen! His hussars ran through it, setting it afire and shooting at the mirrors, and slashing the silks and pictures! And when the Major's young wife entered the smoking doorway to try to save a pitiful little trinket or two, an officer—never mind who, for his descendants may be living to-day in England—struck her with the flat of his sword and cut her and struck her to the knees! That is the truth!"

He said politely:

"You are intensely interested in—er—Colonial and Revolutionary history."

"Yes. What else have I to think of—here?"

"I suppose many interesting memories of those times cluster around this old place," he said, violently stifling a yawn. He had risen early and run far. Hunger and slumber contended for his mastery.

"Many," she said simply. "Just by the gate, yonder, they captured young Alsop Hunt and sent him away to the Provost Prison in New York. In the road below, John Buckhout, one of our dragoons, was trying to get away from one of Tarleton's dragoons of the 17th regiment; and the British trooper shouted: 'Surrender, you damned rebel, or I'll blow your brains out!' And the next moment, he fired a bullet through Buckhout's helmet. 'There,' said the dragoon, 'you damned rebel, a little more and I should have blown your brains out!' 'Yes, damn you,' replied John, 'and a little more and you wouldn't have touched me!'"

Brown looked at her, amused and astonished to hear such free words slip so eagerly from a mouth which, as he looked at it, seemed to him the sweet mouth of a child.

"Where did you ever hear such details?" he asked.

"People told me. Besides, the house is full of New York newspapers. You may read them if you wish. I often do. Many details of the fight are there."

"Reading such things out of old newspapers, published at the time, certainly must bring those events very vividly before you."

"Yes—it is painful, too. The surprise and rout of Sheldon's 2d dragoons—the loss of their standard—the capture, wounding and death of more than two score—and, oh! that young death there in the wheat—the boy lying in the sun, with one arm

across his face and the broken pistol in his hand—and his wife—the wife of a month, dragging him back to this house, with the sunset light on his dead face!”

“To *this* house?”

She dropped her hand lightly on his shoulder and pointed:

“Tarleton’s troopers came stamping and cursing in by that very door after they had burned Judge Lockwood’s and the meetinghouse—but they let her alone with her dead, here on the floor where you and I are standing. She died a few months later, in childbirth. God dealt very gently with her.”

He looked around him in the pleasant light of the room, striving to comprehend that such things had happened in such a sleepy, peaceful place. Sunlight fell through the curtains, casting the wild rose’s shadow across the sill. The scent of lilacs filled the silence.

“It’s curious—and sad,” he said, in a low voice. “How odd that I should come here to the very spot where that old ancestor of mine died——”

“He was only twenty when he died,” she interrupted.

“I know. But somehow, a fellow seems to think of any ancestor as a snuffy old codger.”

“He was very handsome,” she said, flushing up.

There was a silence; then she looked around at him with a glint of humor in her pretty eyes—one hazel brown, one hazel tinged with gray—and the delicious mouth no longer drooped.

“Can’t you imagine him as young as you are—gay, humorous, full of mischievous life



“‘IS—IS IT YOURS?’ HE
MANAGED TO SAY, ‘—OR
—OR YOUR SISTER’S?’”

and the love of life—something of a dandy in his uniform, and his queue tied smartly *à la Française*? Gallant—oh, gallant and brave in the dragoon’s helmet and jackboots of Sheldon’s Horse! Why, he used to come jingling and clattering into this room and catch his young wife and plague and banter and caress her till she fled for refuge, and he after her, like a pair of school-

children released—through the bedrooms, out by the kitchen and into the garden, till he caught her again in the orchard yonder and held her tight and made her press her palms together and recite:

‘I love thee,
I love thee

Through all the week and Sunday.’

until, for laughing and folly—I—they——”

To his amazement her voice broke; into her strange eyes sprang tears, and she turned swiftly away and went and stood by the curtained window.

“Well, by gad!” he thought. “Of all morbid little things! Affected to tears by what happened to somebody else a hundred and thirty odd years ago! Women are sure the limit!” And, in more suitable terms, he asked her why she should make herself unhappy.

She said: "I *am* happy. It is only when I am here that I am lonely, and the dead past lives again among these wooded hills."

"Are you not—usually—here?" he asked, surprised. "I thought you lived here!"

"No. I live elsewhere, usually. I am too unhappy here. I never remain very long."

"Then why do you ever come here?" he asked, amused.

"I don't know. I am very happy elsewhere. But—I come. Women do such things."

"I don't exactly understand why."

"A woman's thoughts return eternally to one place and one person. *One* memory is her ruling passion."

"What is that memory?"

"*The Place and the Man.*"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that a woman, in spirit, journeys eternally to the old, old rendezvous with love—makes, with her soul, the eternal pilgrimage back to the spot where love and she were first acquainted. And, moreover, a woman may even leave the man with whom she is happy to go all alone for a while back to the spot where first she knew happiness because of him. You don't understand, do you?"

Brown was a broker. He did *not* understand.

She looked at him, smiling, sighing a little, and, in spite of her fresh and slender youth—and she was certainly not yet twenty—he felt curiously young and crude under the gentle mockery of her unmatched eyes—one hazel brown, one hazel tinged with gray.

Then, still smiling wisely, intimately, to herself, she went away into an inner room; and, through the doorway, he saw her slim, young figure moving hither and thither, busy at shelf and cupboard. Presently she came back, carrying an old silver tray, on which stood a decanter and a plate of little cakes. He took it from her and placed it on a tip table. Then she seated herself on the ancient sofa, and summoned him to a place beside her.

"Currant wine," she said laughingly, "and old-fashioned cake. Will you accept—under this roof of mine?"

He was dreadfully hungry; the wine was mild and delicious, the crisp cakes heavenly, and he ate and ate in a kind of ecstasy, not perfectly certain what was thrilling him most deeply—the wine, or the cakes, or this

slender maid's fresh young beauty. On one rounded cheek a bar of sunlight lay, gilding the delicate skin and turning the curling strands of hair to coils of fire.

He thought to himself, with his mouth a trifle fuller than convention expects, that he would not wish to resist falling in love with a girl like this. *She* would never have to chase him very far. In fact, he was perfectly ready to be captured and led blushing to the altar.

Once, as he munched away, he remembered the miserable fate of his late companion, Vance, and shuddered; but, looking around at the young girl beside him, his fascinated eyes became happily enthralled, and matrimony no longer resembled doom.

"What are these strange happenings in New York, of which I hear vague rumors?" she inquired, folding her hands in her lap and looking innocently at him.

His jaw fell.

"Have *you* heard about—what is going on in town?" he asked. "I thought you didn't know."

"They say that the women there are ambitious to govern the country, and are even resolved to choose their own husbands."

"Something of that sort," he muttered uneasily.

"That is a very strange condition of affairs," she murmured, brooding eyes remote.

"It's a darned sight worse than strange!" he blurted out, then asked pardon for his inelegant vehemence; but she only smiled dreamily and sipped her currant wine in the sunshine.

"Shall we talk of something pleasanter?" he said, still uneasy, "—er—about those jolly colonial days—that's rather an odd gown you wear—er—pretty, you know—but—is it not in the style of—er—those days of—of yore—and all that?"

"It was made then."

"A genuine antique!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you found it in the garret. There must be a lot of interesting things up there behind those flat loopholes."

"Chests full," she nodded. "We save everything."

He said: "You look wonderfully charming in the costume of those days. It suits you so perfectly that—as a matter of fact, I didn't even notice your dress when I first saw you—but it's a wonder!"

"Men seldom notice women's clothes, do they?"

"That is true. Still, it's curious I didn't notice such a gown as that."

"Is it *very* gay and fine?" she asked, coloring deliciously. "I love these clothes."

"They are the garments of perfection—robing it!"

"Oh, what a gallant thing to say to me! Do you truly find me so—so agreeable?"

"Agreeable! You—I don't think I'd better say it——"

"Oh, I beg you!"

"May I?"

Her cheeks and lips were brilliant, her eyes sparkling; she leaned a trifle toward him, frail glass in hand.

"May not a pretty woman listen, without offense, if a gallant man praises her beauty?"

"You *are* exactly that—a beauty!" he said excitedly; "the most bewitching, exquisite, matchless——"

"Oh, I beg of you, be moderate!" she laughed, and picked up a fan from somewhere and spread it, laughing at him over its painted edge. "Pray observe my unmatched eyes before you speak again of me as matchless."

"Your eyes are matchlessly beautiful—more wonderfully beautiful than any others in all the world!" he cried.

Yet the currant wine was very, very mild.

"Such eyes," he continued excitedly, "are the most strangely lovely eyes I ever saw or ever shall see. Nobody in all the world, except you, has such eyes. I—I am going quite mad about them—about you—about everything. I—the plain fact is that I love—such eyes—and—and every harmonious and lovely feature that—that b-b-belongs to them—and to—you!"

She closed her painted fan slowly, slowly left her seat, took from the blue bowl on the window sill the wild rose blooming there, turned and looked back at him, half smiling, waiting.

He sprang to his feet, scarcely knowing now what he was about; she waited, tall, slender and fresh as the lovely flower she held.

Then, as he came close to her, she drew the wild rose through the lapel of his coat; and he bent his head and touched his lips to the blossom.

"When she and you—and love—shall meet at last, you will first know her by her eyes," she began; and the next instant the smile froze on her face and she caught his arm in both hands and clung there, white to the lips.

"Listen!" she whispered, "did you hear that?"

"What?" he asked, dazed.

"On the Bedford road! Do you hear the horses? Do you hear them running?"

"W-what horses?"

"Tarleton's!" she gasped, pressing her white face between her hands. "Can't you hear their iron scabbards rattle! Can't you hear their bugle horn! Where is Jack? Where is Jack!"

A flurry of mellow music burst out among the trees, followed by a loud report.

"Oh, God!" she whispered. "The British!" Brown stared at her.

"Why, that's only an automobile horn, and their tire just blew out," he began, astonished; but she sprang past him, calling:

"Jack! Jack! Where are you?"

And he heard the door fly open and her childish cry of terror outside in the sunshine. The next second he followed her, running through the hall and out through the door to the porch; and at the same moment a big red touring car came to a standstill before the house; the chauffeur descended to put on a new tire, and a young girl, in motor-duster and hood, sprang lightly from the tonneau to the tangled grass. As she turned to look at the house, she caught sight of him.

Brown took an uncertain step forward, and she came straight toward him. Neither spoke as they met face to face. He looked at her, passed his hand over his eyes, bewildered, and looked again. She was slim and red-haired and slightly freckled, and her mouth was perhaps a shade large, and it curled slightly at the corners, and her eyes were quite perfectly made, except that one was hazel brown and the other a hazel gray.

She looked at him, and it seemed to him as though, in the fearless gravity of her regard, somewhere, somehow, perhaps in the curled corners of her lips, perhaps in her pretty and unusual eyes, there lurked a little demon of laughter. Yet it could not be so; there was only serenity and a child's direct sweetness in her gaze.

"I suppose you have come to look at this old-time place?" she said. "People often come. You are perfectly welcome."

And, as he made no answer:

"If you care to see the inside of the house, I will be very glad to show it to you," she added pleasantly.

"Is—is it *yours*?" he managed to say, "—or—or your sister's?"

She smiled. "You mistake me for somebody else. I have no sister. This is the old Brown place—a very, very old house. It belonged to my great-grandmother. If you are interested, I will be glad to show you the interior. I brought the key with me."

"But people—relatives of yours—are living there now," he stammered.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling, "the house is empty. We are thinking of putting it in shape again. If you care to come in, I can show you the quaint old fireplaces and wainscoting—if you don't mind dust!"

She mounted the step lightly, and, fitting the key and unlocking the door—which he thought he had left open—entered.

"Come in," she called to him, in a friendly manner.

He crossed the threshold to her side and halted, stunned.

An empty house, silent, shadowy, desolate, confronted him.

The girl beside him shook out her skirts and glanced at her dusty gloves.

"A vacuum cleaner is what this place requires," she said. "But *isn't* it a quaint old house!"

He pressed his shaking hands to his closed eyes, then forced them to open upon the terrible desolation where *she* had stood a moment since; and saw bare boards under foot, bare walls, cobwebs, dust.

The girl was tiptoeing around the four walls, examining the condition of the wood-work.

"It only needs electric lights and a furnace in the cellar, and some kalsomine and pretty wall paper——"

She turned to glance back at him, and stood so, regarding him with amused curios-

ity, for he had dropped on his knees in the dust, groping in an odd, blind way for a flower that had just fallen from his coat.

"There are millions of them by the roadside," she said, as he stumbled to his feet and drew the frail blossom through his buttonhole with unsteady fingers.

"Yes," he said, "there are other roses in the world." Then he drew a deep, quiet breath and smiled at her.

She smiled, too.

"This was her room," she explained, "—the room where she first met her husband, the room into which she came a bride, the room where she died, poor thing—oh, I forgot that you don't know who *she* was!"

"Elizabeth Tennant," he answered calmly.

"Why—how did *you* know?"

"God knows," he said, and bent his head, touching the petals of the wild rose with his lips. Then he looked up straight into her eyes. One was hazel brown, one hazel tinged with gray.

As they left the house an hour later, walking down the path shoulder to shoulder, she said:

"Mr. Brown, I want you to like that house."

A sudden and subtly hideous idea glided into his brain.

"*You* don't believe in suffragettes, do you?" he said, forcing a hollow laugh.

"Why, I *am* one. Didn't you know it?"

"You!"

"Certainly. Goodness! How you did run! But," she added, with innocent satisfaction, "I think I have secured every bit as good a one as the one Gladys chased out of a tree with her horrid marmoset."



The Battle for Booze

By A. H. Gleason



A COLLECTION OF LIQUOR SEIZED IN A FEW RAIDS IN PORTLAND.

**THE LIQUOR QUESTION HAS COME TO A CRISIS IN MAINE,
WHERE PROHIBITION, FAILING TO PROHIBIT,
HAS PRODUCED GRAFT AND VICE**

THE State of Maine is in the midst of a campaign that is a real crisis in the continuous controversy in the United States over the "liquor question." Maine is the star prohibition state. For over fifty years she has had prohibition and for twenty-seven years a constitutional provision which reads: "The manufacture of intoxicating liquors, not including cider, and the sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors, are and shall be forever prohibited."

The influence of the state has been even greater than nation wide. She has been copied by Vermont, New Hampshire, Kansas, Oklahoma and other states, and has been pointed to in Europe as a model.

Prohibition did not prove satisfactory in Vermont and New Hampshire and they discarded it. Some of Kansas is working

to rid itself of the provision. Alabama has been growing restive with prohibition by statute and the returns, as we go to press, indicate that the state is going wet. In West Virginia and other states effort is being made to enact prohibition legislation.

The local option system also has been tried in several states. This is the method of giving each community the chance to say what it wants. By means of it, much of the United States has voted itself dry bit by bit. Three years ago it began to look as if the whole Union were going to tumble into the water wagon by that piecemeal progressive way. But local option has not proved satisfactory. Indiana after a time reacted from her county local option law, although she had been one of the states most enthusiastic in using it against the saloon. In



A SMALL GROUP OF "YOUNG CAMPAIGNERS," ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE
ARE ENROLLED AND WORKING

Massachusetts, local option has sometimes meant that liquor is poured into the dry sections from the wet territory.

The larger cities of the country have licensed their saloons. But most of the licensed saloons have proved themselves an antisocial institution, a hothouse for the social evil, a menace to youth and to families, a corrupt power in politics. So the more ardent foes of the liquor traffic have contended and still contend that complete prohibition is the only real remedy, that the only good saloon is a dead saloon.

Therefore, if Maine, with all her prestige and long-continuing fervor, strikes out prohibition from her constitution, the moral effect on other states will be profound. Her fair fame, resting on the basis of high-grade American citizenship, on successful farming, industry and commerce, on her renowned succession of public men, reformers, patriots, has received a still wider publicity because, longer than any other state, she has main-

tained a prohibitory law. On September 11th, the people of the state vote on the question whether prohibition shall be eliminated from the constitution. If they do determine to eliminate it, they will later face the problem of finding some other method of controlling the traffic. No more satisfactory method than prohibition has so far been found.

There would not be any campaign in Maine this year or any other year, however, if prohibition really prohibited. It fails to do that, especially in the larger cities. One of the principal reasons for this is found in the inability of Maine to prevent liquor dealers in other states shipping liquor into Maine. The prohibition provision has been successful to the extent that it has stopped absolutely the manufacture of liquor in the state. Thirsts are quenched with the product of Massachusetts, New York and other states. To get their liquor to those who want it the dealers from elsewhere have nullified in part the laws of Maine.



FEATURES OF THE CAMPAIGN. OVER TWENTY THOUSAND SCHOOL CHILDREN ABLY WITH THE W. C. T. U.



Prohibition has made cleaner, better cities. It has faults and it has developed leaks, but, taken as a whole, its results have been such that there is slight question that it will be retained in the constitution by the voters. The most the anti-prohibitionists can expect is to gain enough in votes for a foothold for future campaigns. Maine might revoke her prohibition law if there had been found any satisfactory alternative anywhere. The experience of other states with license, local option and other remedies does not look as satisfactory to the people of Maine as their remedy, even with its shortcomings.

There is no question that there are many people in Maine—but not a majority by any means—who think prohibition should be wiped out. Likewise, there is no question that many folks in Maine drink, but I do not believe the proportion is as great as it is elsewhere.

Maine liquor dealers obtain anywhere from 500 to 1,400 liquor dealers' licenses

each year from the United States Internal Revenue Department. Each license is *prima-facie* evidence of "intent to sell." But the total number of licenses is only a fraction of the number of places actually selling liquor.

In Portland, there are about four times as many places selling liquor to thirsty citizens as feel it necessary to take out Federal licenses through fear of the revenue officers. Two thousand public drinking places, at least, are steadily active in Maine.

NUMBER OF SALOONS IN MAINE

Some years ago a careful count was made on the number of liquor-selling establishments in the larger cities. Here is the table of that count.

Portland (over).....	200
Lewiston.....	200
Augusta.....	62
Gardiner.....	19
Waterville.....	35
Rockland.....	45

Bangor.....	190
Bath.....	72
Eastport.....	between 40 and 50
Ellsworth.....	18

When I arrived in Portland I dropped into a well known restaurant for a seventy-five cent roast chicken supper. On the main floor dining room sat a gentle-faced woman eating her supper to the tinkle of ice water.

To the waiter I said: "A heavy supper like this needs to be floated."

"Follow me upstairs," said he in a low voice, seizing my glass of water. In a loud voice he said, "Come upstairs and wait for your friend."

"I have no friend. I'm just a dry stranger in Portland," I said, when we reached a private room at the rear of the second floor where the door was shut upon us.

"I just said that for the other people to hear," said the waiter.

A dry Martini cocktail at twenty cents, and a fifteen cent bottle of Joseph P. Spang's (Boston) Manhattan lager beer were then brought me. Champagne and whisky also were on sale. The place runs open till two o'clock Sunday morning, and till midnight Sunday.



MRS. L. M. N. STEVENS, NATIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE
W. C. T. U., VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD
W. C. T. U., WHO IS LEADING THE PRO-
HIBITION FORCES IN MAINE.



One of the Boston wholesale liquor dealers gave me his figures of sales in Maine. They are one hundred thousand dollars a year. There are about fifty such companies (brewers and hard liquor men) operating in Maine. About twenty are from Boston, ten from New York, ten from Kentucky and the rest scattered in St. Louis, Milwaukee and other cities. Some of these companies are doing a larger Maine business, others a smaller, than that of my informant.

WHAT MAINE PAYS FOR LIQUOR

William Pennell, after six years' experience as sheriff of Cumberland County, estimates for me that Maine pays an annual liquor bill of between three million and four million dollars. The consumption of whisky in Portland, alone, he estimates at four hundred gallons a day.

A wholesaler told me that one hundred barrels of beer a day for Portland would be careful figuring.

Those are the cold statistics of the situation in a state that prohibits the "sale or keeping for sale" of intoxicants. Of course there is only one answer: Graft. The fact that there is graft is the chief argument of the anti-prohibitionists.

Strict enforcement of the law under prohibition will always be the exception, because human nature sags when immense commercial interests—such as those of the liquor dealers—are operating inside a community which desires their product. It is against human nature that a deputy sheriff for three dollars a day should dig in foul alleys, murky cellars, sewers, cobwebby wood sheds, receive abuse and curses,

and be beaten up when he can pluck off a twenty-dollar bill by overlooking a case of bottles.

Governor Plaisted, when serving as sheriff three years ago, had a deputy in Kennebec County. A man brought the deputy a list of ten saloons. "Just let me know two hours ahead of time when you are going to raid any of these places. That will give us time to get ready," he said.

Two hundred dollars a month was offered the deputy.

There was a deputy in the same county who drove out six miles to a farmhouse, dug in the manure, located the "hide" of whisky, confiscated it, drove back six miles. He received from the state twelve cents a mile for his drive, and fifty cents for the seizure. His horse and wagon cost him one dollar and fifty cents. So he spent twenty-eight cents more than he received. Under such conditions,

and they are typical, graft will exist.

A couple of Cumberland County deputies were recently each making five hundred dollars a month—so state some of the Portland liquor dealers from whom they were getting part. From time to time word went forth that the deputies were about to make a formal raid. Then the saloon keeper filled an empty beer barrel with water. It was toted down to the sheriff's office and emptied—confiscated. No one lost by this pleasing observance of the law.

There are families of hereditary rum sellers who have handed down the technique of evading law and intimidating officers for two, three and four generations. Some of them are descendants of the orig-



F. W. PLAISTED, GOVERNOR OF MAINE, WHO HAS CALLED PROHIBITION "CLASS LEGISLATION."

inal brewers who were rooted in the soil until the prohibition wave washed them out. They know how to sell liquor. Sheriffs come and go, but the liquor sellers go on forever.

As soon as a sheriff comes into office, they study him with a lynx eye, and find out whether it is better to buy him or scare him. If he has a weak spot in his past life, they locate it and squeeze it till he comes over with the privileges. They reach him through a deputy sheriff who betrays his plans. It becomes a test of endurance, with the liquor forces sure to win out. For the sheriff's term, at longest, is two years. And if he has enforced the law, the liquor people make an herculean effort around election time to elect a new man and create an apparent change of sentiment. Out goes the strict enforcer.

When strict enforcement in the larger communities was sincerely carried out, the result was political suicide to the enforcer. Governor Cobb made a pathetic effort to enforce prohibition in liberal counties by using officials called "Sturgis deputies," who were over sleuths created by law to hound the sheriffs into enforcing prohibition. He was killed politically for his pains.

Now, if a governor commits hara-kiri in trying to enforce the law, who can expect the sheriff or deputy sheriff to try it?

The sixteen jobs of sheriff—one for each county—are political plums for needy workers. The sheriff has full power over the liquor trade in his county. There are a hundred legal ways in which he can make money out of the situation by "regulating" it.

At times, the sheriff's job in Cumberland County has been worth twenty thousand dollars a year. When two brewers, such as Jones and Eldridge of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, were struggling to get a cinch grip on the Maine trade, Jones won out, but the price of his ale had increased one dollar a barrel.

PROHIBITION RAISES PRICE

Sterling Ale at the present time is costing twenty dollars a barrel inside Maine and fifteen dollars outside. That difference of five dollars is the expense of getting past the prohibitory law. Another grade of ale is eighteen dollars in Maine and fourteen dollars everywhere else. These expenses are shared by the outside brewer and the Maine retail dealer.

Several persons have to be cared for in that rake-off. Thus, the local agent of the brewer sees to it that the one brand of beer is used in his district. For accomplishing that piece of monopoly, his personal rake-off is one dollar a barrel.

The following have been some of the rates of protection paid under certain *régimes* in Portland. For the few elaborate places—three bartenders, Pilsener, Würzburger, Budweiser on draught—protection costs seventy dollars a month. A smaller place—two bartenders, American beer—fifty dollars a month. The small place, where the proprietor is bartender, twenty-five dollars a month. The average of protection money has been in the neighborhood of forty to sixty dollars a month. Under one sheriff the beer went up from nine to ten dollars a barrel, where it has remained ever since.

The liquor trade under prohibition offers every sort of blackmailing chance, and there have been police officers caught at the game of raking off twenty-five dollars a month from illicit bars, although actually they were not giving, and could not give, protection in return for the money.

Again, another form of tax on the trade is that levied on the big brewer, who gives from one thousand to five thousand dollars to the campaign funds, sometimes of the Republicans, sometimes of the Democrats.

With the liquor dealers always on the job, with liquor money to pay for protection, with deputies of various degrees of moral invertebracy, with the sheriff's office a rich political plum, yielding up in legitimate money seven thousand to twelve thousand dollars a year, it is impossible that strict enforcement should be more than occasionally obtained. In the last twenty years there has not been a total of five years of strict enforcement in Cumberland County.

A prohibitory law, when partially nullified, has a tendency to take the fine edge off the judiciary. By putting the cases on the special docket, by manipulated probation, by a system of "first offense," by fining or sentencing sellers who are not in the ring, the prosecutors and the judiciary have created an idea in the minds of the liquor trade that liquor cases are "special," and are not treated with abstract justice.

There was a regular understanding in Bangor with one of the judges that the saloons should be fined at stated intervals.

There was a one-hundred-dollar fine for the average retailer, and three hundred dollars for the wholesaler. For a time the saloon keeper did not take the trouble to appear in court, but the saloon checks were collected by a court officer. This "Bangor plan" was an officially recognized county license, with the money going for revenue to the county. Bangor pays out much money to lumbermen and woodsmen in wages. She wishes that money back, so she runs a wide-open town where they will deposit for drinks the Bangor money which they received for wages.

One of the methods used at one time for shipping liquor into Maine was to keep a corpse running back

and forth between Portland and Boston. At least the pine box, which customarily surrounds a coffin, kept traveling back and forth. But one day, three screws were found loose, and investigation by an honest deputy revealed rum bottles in the space where the deceased should have been.

The orthodox way to obtain liquor is to telephone one of the small express companies, such as the Urbano and the Tarbox. They telegraph to Boston, and the beer or whisky arrives by wireless. For within one hour of your request, a drink package, with a label addressed to you, arrives at your door.

What actually happens is that the express



EDNA ROWAN, THE YOUNG KANSAS GIRL WHO IS ACTIVE IN THE MAINE CAMPAIGN. A PROHIBITION AUTOMOBILE CAMPAIGN PARTY; THIS AUTOMOBILE CAMPAIGN PENETRATES THE MOST REMOTE HAMLETS.



company imports as part of its regular business a great quantity of small packages of booze, each package with a label "John Smith," or "Thomas Jones." When your hurry call for liquor arrives, they paste a fresh label on the case, with your name on the label, and then drive it up to your door. The express company holds the stuff in storage till you or a kitchen bar or a shop needs it.

With state-wide prohibition entered the interstate traffic in liquor. This established the express companies as the carriers of most of this traffic. The Supreme Court decided that this traffic is interstate and therefore superior to interference by the state governments. The Antisaloon League specifically admits the failure of prohibition under present interstate laws. It aims at a new interstate commerce law, to prevent the unbroken chain of barrels and cases of drink which the sister states pour into a dry state.

Maine is admirably built for obtaining liquor. It has a much indented coast and several navigable rivers, so that many of its principal towns and cities are accessible by water as well as by rail. The lobster boats and fishing smacks have smuggled the stuff in, all up and down the coast, as far north as Eastport.

A prominent drug concern has been bringing liquor in by suit cases. The druggist makes a flying business trip to Boston and returns laden with whisky. When the sleuths had spotted his method he one day passed over his two suit cases to an unwitting friend, who toted them up to the shop, wondering why they were so much heavier than the average run of pyjama and toothbrush packages.

THE SITUATION IN PORTLAND

Now let us see what that nullified law means in terms of human life and community welfare. We will study Portland, for most of the threescore amendments to the state liquor law have been put in for Portland's benefit. The liquor fight has always centered in Portland, for if the largest and most renowned city in the state keeps the law and benefits by it, the prohibitionists have won their fight for all time.

Here is the average situation under prohibition in Portland. The following places sell liquor regularly and openly:

Druggists, about.....	40
Hotels and barrooms, about.....	60
Kitchen bars, about.....	80
	180

There are, moreover, peddlers who carry pocket flasks and sell you either a drink or a flask of whisky.

The clubs of the city provide drink for their members. There are various organizations of young men, banded together in part for social drinking. So the demands of the well-to-do thirsty are variously met.

There have been spasms of strict enforcement of the prohibition law. For over a year in Portland, Sheriff Pearson clapped the lid on. So did Charles Dunn for nearly five months of his term.

These experiences prove that strict enforcement doubles the number of kitchen barrooms. Liquor traffic goes into the homes of the poor; women sell to men because kitchen bars are in the home, and the woman of the house being always there it naturally becomes her charge; children become little agents; young men become pocket peddlers of poisonous splits. Splits have been popular at times of strict enforcement. A split is a mixture of bad alcohol—sometimes wood alcohol—water, a dash of rum and some coloring matter. It results in blind, crazy drunkenness. The stricter the enforcement, the poorer the liquor, and the larger the proportion of whisky over beer.

The kitchen bar liquor is kept hidden in the wood shed, cellar, or false window. The "hides" for it are ingenious and innumerable—in kerosene cans, in mattresses, in a cradle between the ticks.

A peddler devised a sheet-iron armor covering his body and fitting his shape. It had two layers, and between the layers it was full of rum. Over it he buttoned his coat and the faucet of his tank played into his pocket. He went about town leaking rum for the thirsty folk of Portland.

One secret bar in a house ran spring water with one turn of the faucet. But on the opposite turn it ran whisky which came from the attic through a lead pipe in the partition.

Another house had in its cellar an apparently blank wall. But if you lifted an innocent rock, the spring gave, the wall thrust out into the cellar, and behind the wall a case of whisky was nooked.

In the ground floor of a house, you will



A TYPICAL KITCHEN BAR: INFERIOR LIQUOR IS SOLD, USUALLY BY THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE. THESE KITCHEN BARS ARE A SOURCE OF SOCIAL CORRUPTION.



discover a trapdoor, just large enough for a child to be let down into the cellar and pass up the pints.

Sarah L.— is an honest woman who, with her two children, one a cripple, has sold liquor in Portland to support herself. Part of her stuff was kept in an old disused sewer.

Such are the devices to hide the stuff in the kitchen barroom. It is peddled out in dirty glasses to the other families in the same tenement, to laboring men on their way to and from work and to fellows with their girls. This means that the children of the family who sell and of the other families in the tenement are made agents in the traffic. The children peddle it out to passers-by, direct them into the rear room, pick up the empty bottles, and watch for the deputies.

During one year and four months of enforced prohibition, the principal of the Center Street Public School estimated that one thousand school children of Portland were engaged in the traffic as peddlers, announcers, lighthouses and lookouts.

In times of strict enforcement, children on the alert for the deputies, pass the word down Center Street, "Blow, blow," which means the raiders are coming. In Portland one saloon employs several "lighthouse" boys to flash a warning. Their wages run from eight to fifteen dollars a week, and the keenest of them receives eighteen dollars. But mostly the children do the job for fun.

DIRECT RESULTS OF PROHIBITION

A prohibitory law, partially nullified, drives the local retail liquor trade into vile hands. The secrecy, the illicit sales, all the unholy accompaniments of breaking the law continuously, attract the lowest grade of liquor sellers. Such men favor prohibition because a high license, if a law were passed licensing saloons, would cost them good money, and, since most of them have criminal records they might be unable to obtain a license.

The state for a time legalized a number of local agencies to sell liquor for "medicinal purposes." The government branch agency in Portland at one time was selling whisky

at three and four dollars a gallon which cost it twenty-seven cents plus the tax. So the total cost to the agency was one dollar and fifty cents. Conditions grew so bad that the agencies were legislated out of existence.

The Prohibitionists rejoice that the system gives a clean city for their cultured sons. And yet the antis cite distinguished leaders whose sons are constant tipplers in the rum belt on the side streets of their clean city. There are prohibition leaders who have made their money in commercial lines by evasion of the contract labor laws and by underpayment of shop girls. Here, as so often in surface reform, we find that some of the reformers are defective in their sense of social justice, and uninterested in the welfare of individuals in their employ. This is not true of the majority by any means; but there are enough to provide talking material for the opponents of prohibition.

The Prohibitionists point more often to the "church people," the "leading business men," the "distinguished bankers," the prosperous sons of plenty, than they do to those who are closest to the poor, to the social workers, to the honest labor leader and to the parish priest.

The cider exemption in the constitution, inserted to hold the farmer vote, is partially insincere, though not wholly. Cider is used for vinegar, and there is such a drink as sweet cider. But some of the cider manufactured inside the state by permission of the law, has been hard cider, and that is dangerously intoxicating.

The law, and much of the effort of the prohibition advocates, has been aimed at the manufacturer and the seller of liquor. These are considered the arch criminals, and against them has been directed the main legislative drive of the last fifty years. The moral fervor and ethical uplift which used to be turned upon the man who buys a drink and upon the evils of excessive drinking, have given place to attacks on the manufacturer and the seller. And yet it is the buyer who creates the seller. It is a drinking public which makes a liquor problem.

The Portland people have shown by their votes the kind of enforcement they like best. For six years they let William M. Pennell, a Democrat, give a liberal enforcement. He could probably have continued sheriff to this day. He knocked out

many of the kitchen bars, though some continued to do business, relieved the poor families of much of the shame of secret selling, pounded the pocket peddlers, but let fifty public places run, provided they ran decently. Fifty public barrooms, including restaurants, cafés, hotels, and drug stores, were in operation. He declared it to be impossible to shut down tighter than that with average deputies in a town of sixty thousand.

LIBERAL LEADERS

For years, Pennell, this sheriff of liberal enforcement, was a lone voice in the wilderness of nullification, drawling in his humorous fashion for a more liberal law. Later he was reinforced by a young Irishman, Joseph F. Connelly (now judge of the superior court), who knows the Irish community of Portland and the lives of the poor more accurately and sympathetically than any other man except the parish priest.

Then came Maine's first Democratic governor for a half century, Frederick W. Plaisted, who by his inaugural address in January of this year made prohibition the live issue in this sentence:

"For years we have been passing laws to please certain classes and failing to enforce them to please others."

Governor Plaisted has never had a chance to vote on the constitutional question of prohibition, as he did not begin voting till 1886, some years after the amendment was inserted.

The governor is handsome, ambitious, clever. If the voting shows the people are with him—for he is a politician, not a lonely reformer—he will continue to turn out clever phrases on the hypocrisy of the law, and he will be the leader of a sentiment against prohibition which has no recognized leader in the state to-day, though it has advocates in every community.

Governor Plaisted is forty-five years old—four times the mayor of the Republican city of Augusta, sheriff in the county of "imperial Kennebec"—the first Democrat elected on a straight Democratic ticket in that county in one hundred and seven years.

It is the human suffering and social injustice, nullification of law and graft, which have made a large body of citizens question the wisdom of the prohibitory system. To defend that system there has long been a champion of renown. The national head of

the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a Maine woman, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens. Her desk in Stroudwater (near Portland) is heavy with electioneering matter. Her telephone is ringing every ten minutes through the day.

THE GREAT CAMPAIGNER

The day I talked with her, she arrived at noon, Monday, July 3d, on one of the hottest days of the year, after a Sabbath of campaigning in Belfast, one hundred miles away. She plunged into four hours of dictation, smashed her supper hour to give a close-packed two-hour interview, and then ran two Fourth of July rallies, next day, which was the hottest day of the year.

"Mrs. L. M. N. O. P. Stevens," "Mrs. Alphabet Stevens," her enemies call her, using the customary methods of ridicule for a well-trying foe. Every manner of foul statement and story is circulated about her. Books of cartoons, featuring her personality, have been circulated at campaign time. Bates College has given her the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Her home is the Summer National Headquarters of the W. C. T. U. She is vice president of the World Organization. She has been in every Maine drink campaign for twenty-seven years, including the 1884 year of revolution, when Maine achieved the famous constitutional amendment.

She is swift in action. As soon as the bill, permitting resubmission to the voters of the prohibition provision in the constitution, passed both branches of the Maine legislature, a wire was sent her to her Stroudwater home. Within one hour she posted two hundred letters for the two hundred local W. C. T. U. of the state, sixteen letters for the sixteen county presidents, thirty letters for the state superintendents. These two hundred and forty-six letters she had previously prepared, feeling sure that the legislature would open up the liquor question.

So excellently is the W. C. T. U. organized, with its national, state, county and local divisions, that all she has to do is to touch the button to let loose an explosion.

Mrs. Stevens' experience is varied. During the prohibition fight in Tennessee she addressed a joint session of the legislature for thirty minutes. She was on hand in Oklahoma to help put a prohibitory clause in the constitution. She has fought in

Georgia and Mississippi and in recalcitrant Alabama.

She is fertile in resource. One of the sensations of the present campaign has been the "monster petition," signed by leading scientists of Europe, urging Maine to retain prohibition. Mrs. Stevens was called in consultation on the idea, and it was conceived and carried through by Ernest Gordon, fond of travel, son of the famous evangelist, the late A. J. Gordon, of Boston.

Mrs. Stevens is the successor of Frances E. Willard. She is keen-eyed, with a slow, even voice, which lets out each phrase as if it were to be thrown to the lions for immediate mauling. She has the nut-cracker jaw of a fighter. It terminates in a point, as do her statements, when she is under fire. Her broad forehead and head rapidly focus to the sharpened, severe outline at the lower chin, in exactly the way in which her broad, loose generalizations mobilize into concrete statements of specific fact.

When the opposition quoted South Carolina, she visited that state for some weeks to reënforce herself with a multitude of personal experiences under a "Tank" dispensary system.

She is rather apt, in a ruction, to fire blank cartridges for the sake of the flash and noise, hoping they will blind and terrify the antis. But she has bullets and heavy guns in the near background.

"What is a kitchen bar?" she asked innocently, when I spoke of the eighty to one hundred and sixty kitchen bars in operation at various times in the godly town of Portland. I defined and located them for her on the testimony of the sheriffs who had dealt with them.

"Yes," said she, "I spent a portion of my life in missionary work in that section. I have seen the kitchen bars at work, and I know the women. But I have seen the same illicit selling under the license system in Chicago, with far more destructive results to women and children." She cited the children she had seen, boys and girls plying the growlers between the saloon and their thirsty parents.

Her speaking voice is deep and resonant, coming from well down in the chest. It has the note of arousal, a something inflammatory in its effect on the hearer. She is little and old and withered, but she lights up in action, and emits a strange and convincing power, like a red glow under banked ashes.

To her beleaguered State of Maine, she is summoning the embattled hosts from almost every part of the nation. Her most picturesque surprise packet for the campaign is handsome Edna Rowan, fresh from Kansas, who has leaped into the thick of the fight. She is young and pretty. On leaving college, she planned to devote her life to prohibition and she is on the job. She puts up a good Kansas speech, full of the love of country, and of the right, in a pleasing voice. She is devoting herself to the "Young Campaigners," an organization of children. She is not at all the willowy type to be bowled over by a rude interrupter, but a sturdy, buxom girl who stands square on her two feet.

THE PROHIBITION FORCES

Eight great bodies of people are working with Mrs. Stevens to continue state-wide prohibition.

1. The clergy, with a few exceptions, are passionately for prohibition. The quaint overstatement of Dr. Smith Baker voices the belief of this group. On the opening Sunday of July he said to a Portland congregation: "The drunkard who votes for prohibition is a better temperance man and a truer patriot than the man who never touches intoxicating drink, but votes for license."

2. The Maine State Grange, with its nearly sixty thousand patrons.

3. The Maine Sunday School Association, claiming to represent one hundred thousand members.

4. The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Maine reaches ten thousand women. Every county has some of them. They respond swiftly and ardently to appeals. Overnight they mobilize into a fighting wedge.

5. The "No-License Movement." This is the state political machine for getting out the vote. It is the organized portion of the prohibition campaign. It is headed by that old warhorse of prohibition, Portland's ex-Mayor, Adam P. Leighton. It is made up of representative business men from each of the sixteen counties. Of its State Advisory Committee, eighty-five are Republicans and twenty-four Democrats.

6. The Christian Civic League. This is a Maine organization working in coöperation with the Antisaloon League in other states. The Christian Civic League is

mailing literature to every part of the battle ground, and it is preparing to import the Antisaloon League's corps of speakers.

7. Practically all the Republican newspapers are advocating prohibition. Seven out of the twelve large dailies of Maine are favoring it. The religious papers, and most of the other weeklies, social, agricultural, news and literary, are prohibition.

8. "The Young Campaigners for Prohibition." This is the cleverest agitational device of the present campaign. It was worked out one March evening by a thirteen-year-old boy as he walked home from a prohibition rally with Anna Gordon, vice president of the National W. C. T. U. The idea of it is the enlistment by badge, pennant, rally call, song, recitation and procession, of young people and children in schools and Sunday schools. A hundred or more little children, boys and girls, a score of older children, and a dozen half-grown boys, assembled on Meeting House Hill, under a sweltering sun, on July 4th. These were one band of Young Campaigners.

They sang:

"There's a wonderful commotion,
Since the legislative notion
That the men of Maine must say
What they think of Prohibition
In a case of resubmission,
And they've set a voting day."

It was pleasant to hear them pipe and lisp on the word "Resubmission."

One tot, almost four years old, who had been coached for days, screamed out, "Vote No!" It is claimed that twenty thousand badges have been sent for by young people. The state superintendent of schools has said that any local school superintendent is at liberty to let the schools open on September 12th, one day late, if he wishes to. This gives the children a free day on election day, September 11th. They will march with their "Vote No" banners, and impress their fathers and the other voters.

With the forces which are fighting for prohibition are the two thousand retail liquor dealers in Maine, the express companies, which thrive on the cases of booze that pour into their state from the fifty liquor companies supplying the thirst of the state, and some—not all—of the Boston wholesale liquor dealers, who think their sales are larger with their present strategic cinch grip (through proximity) on the Maine trade than they would be with a wide-open state,

whose trade would be competed for through the nation.

Marshaled to meet the prohibition forces are the following:

1. The Maine State Branch of the American Federation of Labor. At its annual convention it advocated repeal of prohibition by a vote of over two to one. In prohibition, it suspects class legislation, favoring the drinking of the clubman and penalizing that of the wage worker.

2. Some newspapers. Five Maine dailies wish to see prohibition knocked out of the constitution.

3. The Maine Nonpartisan Local Self-Government League. This is headed by a respected physician of Portland, Dr. Seth C. Gordon, and its original membership contained thirty-seven Democrats and fourteen Republicans. It frankly states that if it accomplishes the repeal of the prohibitory clauses in the constitution, it will indorse legislation enacted for honest regulation and control of the liquor traffic. It was of this organization that a Boston wholesaler said to me that it wished to get its hands on a \$30,000 fund.

Other forces working toward the abolition of prohibition are the brewers of the near Eastern states, who do not care for state-wide prohibition, as draught beer and bottled beer being bulky, their wares are discriminated against to the advantage of the high spirits.

The national organizations in the liquor trade, such as the United States Brewers' Association, desire to see prohibition overthrown as a principle. The trade of a state like Maine, with a total population of seven hundred thousand, is not sufficient incentive for a crusade, but the downfall of the banner of a prohibition state, flaunted for half a century, would be sweet to them, after so much territory in the United States has voted itself dry.

POSITION OF THE POLITICAL PARTIES

Both of the old political parties are dodging a strict alignment in the fight. The September election will blow the fog off liquor, and they will then decide what to do. The Republican politicians are not going to back a dead duck like prohibition, if it is dead for sure, but they are awaiting the coroner's report.

The Democrats are as timid with liquor as a countryman courting his girl. They

touched lightly on the question in the last campaign. Their main assets which tided them into the state house were "high cost of living" and "Republican extravagance of expenditures in state affairs." Liquor was number three in what they had to say. They made eyes at booze, but said nothing which might result in breach of promise.

Up to the victorious Democratic campaign of 1910, the Democrats have been steadily gaining votes for ten years by their animosity to prohibition. But they are coy and uncertain as to whether liquor is as yet good for the seven thousand votes which always separated them from the offices. If the September election goes against prohibition, they will thunder where now they whisper. And "nonpartisan" organizations will emerge into loyal party bands.

In personal attitude toward drink, Republicans and Democrats are nonpartisan. On the election day of 1910, both parties dealt out to loyal voters "Niantic Whisky," made by the Glenbrook Distilling Company.

There, then, is the fight, with sketches of the fighters and their methods. Which side is right?

The leading defenders of prohibition are frank in saying that the well-to-do old-time American families, with sons and daughters to rear, are dear to them. Prohibition, even only partially enforced, gives a cleaner city on the main streets, and less obvious temptations to the clean-shaven, well-born young American.

Prohibitionists in Maine have been unfair in dodging the conclusions of the Committee of Fifty, whose study of liquor was nonpartisan and thorough, and who reported:

"It cannot be positively affirmed that any kind of liquor legislation has been more successful than another in promoting real temperance.

"Illicit selling cannot get a large development by the side of licensed selling, if the police administration be at all effective. It is only in regions where prohibition prevails that illicit selling assumes large proportions."

There are several classes of well-informed, sincere advocates of state-wide prohibition, never to be confused with the uninformed radicals of either party. Those to whom it is a religion say, as Mrs. Stevens said to me, "Prohibition at its very worst,—as in Port-

land, now, and in Bangor—the flagrant instance of open violation for years—is better than license at its best.”

Some of those who have studied local conditions say, as one of the clergy said: “The law is fairly well enforced throughout the state, with the exception of the ten cities of Portland, Bangor, Eastport, Lewiston, Biddeford, Augusta, Waterville, Kennebec, Rockland, Bath. With the people of Maine, the two things, prohibition and temperance, are synonymous. To defeat prohibition means to many of them to open wide the state to the liquor interests.”

MEN OF AFFAIRS FAVOR PROHIBITION

Many well-to-do business men, bankers, lawyers, say, as A. T. Laughlin, one of Maine's great wholesale grocers, said to me: “Prohibition means that the main thoroughfares are clean of the traffic. It is easier to rear a son in such a place where he does not see the saloon.”

One of the ex-sheriffs said: “Strict enforcement is possible only with the rare men. But prohibition, partially enforced, means that a resort like Riverton, where three to four thousand Portland young people will spend this summer evening, is quiet and decent. The place will be deserted by half past eleven o'clock. The people return home orderly. The workers out there go to bed. With license, that would be the first place to sell drink, and develop an all-night *clenille*. Down in Portland, opposite the post office, and across from the bank, there is a cigar store. Under license, that would be a saloon, and all day long business men along Exchange Place would be in and out for a drink. Prohibition, partially enforced, does protect the average American of self-respect, the clean-shaven, well set-up man, with his clean collar and daily bath.”

The advocates of nullification are as unwilling as rabid prohibitionists to face actual conditions. They refuse to state clearly what they wish, when the prohibition law

has been abolished. What many of them have dimly in mind is a local option, or a license system. This may come to mean the licensed saloon. If it means this, it means an indefensible institution.

THE AMERICAN SALOON IS A PLAGUE SPOT

The proof is thorough and complete that the American saloon, spotting the community, one to every three hundred and fifty or five hundred of the population, owned or dominated by the commercial brewer, shackled with restrictions, staggering under a heavy license, means a place run at a heavy monetary loss, except as the saloon keeper runs a back room for the social evil, or a gambling joint, or a vicious amusement parlor. To clothe and feed his family, the saloon keeper must run wildcat. He sells to minors and to drunkards. The corruption of women is traceable to his business.

No practical handling of the saloon has been worked out in an American city.

The same graft, the same menace to women and children, the same political tie-in, are all proved against the saloon which are proved against a policy of prohibition which does not prohibit. If there is more hypocrisy, secrecy and ruin to honest families in the poorer sections of a prohibition city, there is, perhaps, more open and widespread vice among the middle classes in a saloon city.

When the social evil is divorced from the sale of liquor, when the element of private profit is removed from its manufacture and sale, when suitable amusement places are provided for the people, when women and children are protected, when economic injustice is remedied, then we shall solve the liquor problem, and the solution will end the American saloon; but it will not rest in a sumptuary prohibition, though it may easily find itself in an ever-decreasing use of high-powered stimulants because of the expanding knowledge of the requirements of health and efficiency.



No Hand of Man

By

Richard Washburn Child

Author of "Jim Hands," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

SHE had the largest, softest, most trusting eyes I ever saw."

Pindar Rowe sometimes will say this, and then, if it is evening and supper is over and his corn-cob pipe is glowing, rumbling and bubbling like an asthmatic engine, and if the stars are thick in the tropic sky and sea birds scream in Hawk Channel and a soft breeze, blowing across Spongecake Key, stirs the palms to sounds that suggest silk petticoats, the old man will reach up to a shelf attached to the outside wall of his shanty and feel around for something. This something is nearly six inches long. In the uncertain light of dusk it looks flexible.

"When I sit alone and look at that thing," says Pindar, taking off one of his inevitable shabby derby hats, "I think. Being alone here on this Key ever since my wife died and I gave up wrecking, I get time for it. And I think of what mosquitoes was made for and I think of this thing and him that used to wear it, and why God made death in two needles. Now— Listen!"

With a strange tremulous motion of his knotted, salt-bleached, weather-roughened old hand, he moves the thing toward you.



"'EASY, SON,' I SAID.
'NOBODY INTENDS YOU
ANY HARM.'"

It makes no difference whether or not you have ever heard it before; instinct screams within you, instinct jerks your muscles taut and like a chilly fluid creeps along your skin. The sound is a warning! You recognize in it danger, agony and death.

Then this old rascal, who has a long record of filibustering, wrecking and inciting revolutions in South America, will explain.

There's a time in a man's life for action and then a time when joints are beginning to get stiff, and there's a time to think it over. I sometimes wonder why it wasn't arranged so a man could think first and avoid the mistakes. Never mind. Here I am, living alone on Spongecake, cooking my own meals, and I've got a partner and that partner is solitude. But solitude speaks

most ideas to human beings. Solitude is more talkative than running for office and it whispers ideas to you as if it was a person. It's convincing, too. And one thing it told me I can't no way disbelieve. That's about sin.

A hundred times I've heard a voice coming out of the acres of stars at night or from that jungle of cacti and prickly pears baking in the sun. It says that there is a squaring of accounts. It says that Something watches and when it sees a bill of sin that's growing too big and ain't paid, it reaches out across land or sea and—strikes! There's mutineers on ships and mutineers on land and mutineers standing out against the orders of the Big Skipper. But the belaying pin comes to 'em. Sometimes in front, sometimes behind. A man stands laughing and spitting in the sunlight and then it comes—crack! And the bill is paid.

So I'll tell you about this thing I've got in my hand, mate, and about him who grew it on himself and what he did for Lenora Gonzalez.

You see this clump of cocoanut palms side of my camp here. They were planted by a poor skipjack of an ice-cream maker from Pennsylvania who came down here to raise tropical fruit. And now the brush has grown up so thick among some of them that a man couldn't stick a machete into it. It's nature laughing at what man tries to do and it will always be that way. And the brush is a world itself, I tell you. I, who have been always on the water, was surprised what life there could be in a thicket like that—full of the nonpareil birds and yellow spiders as big as your hand and lizards with beady eyes and scorpions as black as shoe polish and big red ants, waving their feelers. It's a world. I used to sit here in the sun adreaming and awatching it.

And one day there came out of that clump a snake. He came out slow, the way tar will move when it's hot. The sunlight was beating down on this coral sand, and he moved like things that are well fed and deliberate and satisfied. Mate, his head looked most as large as a dog's.

I've seen those diamond-back rattlers before. They're a pretty color—prettier than the tint of a man's skin—and there isn't a motion in their bodies I don't envy. But I reached up onto that shelf and took down

my revolver and I was sighting along the barrel of it with my arm crooked like this, when I saw that snake draw his whole length out of the brush. And, mate, he was more than eight feet long!

I had my finger on the trigger. I reckon I was ready to kill. But somehow, just then, I thought of his size and his bright markings and how clean he kept himself and how God made him for some purpose. He was stretched out most full length on the sand there and his head was turned toward me. His eyes seemed half shut and happy, and just then he lifted his head in one of those curves as pretty as the rounding in and out of a young girl's neck. He raised his head and opened his jaws, and inside, except for his black tongue, it was pink as a bleached conch shell. He trembled a little, too, and just as if it was for practice, he darted his head forward and I saw the two white needles. Those fangs moved down for a second from the roof of his mouth. They were more than two inches long! And I put the revolver back on the shelf.

"Friend," said I, "I've seen a lot of rattlers in my day, but you are more of a rattlesnake than I ever saw before. You're a machine of death, and you certainly are perfect and handsome. The Lord made you for something and I shan't do you any harm."

I suppose the sound of my voice startled him. I could see his muscles move under his skin like liquid—like quicksilver. He drew his eight feet into a coil and stuck his tail up into the air, and all the buttons were rattling till it sounded like peas shaking on a drumhead. It sounded like a Venezuelan revolution half a mile away. His head had flattened and swayed back and forth as he looked for the thing that meant fight.

"Easy, son," I said. "Nobody intends you any harm. Lie there in the heat and sleep for all of me."

I've wondered sometimes if he understood me, because he stopped swaying his head and seemed to be looking at me. And then he pulled himself out of his coil, which means a rattler is satisfied and trustful. I like him for that! I lighted my pipe and I watched him that day, on and off, till the red sun went down into the Gulf yonder. And I named the snake. I named him Gus.

He came often. I used to wonder what he did the days when he didn't crawl out of that thicket there. But he never warned



"THE SOMETHING HE SHOOK, MATE, WAS THESE RATTLES. HE'D KILLED MY SNAKE!"

me again. I got to like him, I say. Maybe that sounds funny. Yet when a man's alone he gets fond of friendly things, the way I took a notion once for a man-o'-war bird that followed me when I was sailing a bad trip by myself in the hurricane season from Havana to Progreso. And when Gus looked dusty and his hide was peeling and scaly, or when he'd drop his head heavy on the sand and act uncomfortable, I used to worry about him as if he was an old pal.

And then some day, about that time, I'd see him running along against the stems of little bushes and afterward he'd cast his

skin and come out as perfect and handsome as ever, with his hide with its diamond marks as bright as polished mahogany and the liquid muscles showing through. Sometimes a hawk would swing a curve over the tops of those palms and Gus would remember when he was a little feller and had to watch out for those birds, and just out of habit, he'd raise the rattles and shake 'em for a hint.

I've poured out many a saucer of condensed milk for that snake. Things that are alive—are alive. And both me and Gus had *that* between us, anyhow. And

whatever you can say of snakes, I'm going to tell you that this big diamond back never, from first till last, rattled at me again. He knew me, I tell you. And I knew him.

I reckon I never had a bigger surprise than when Gus brought back the girl. He had been gone five days, mate, and the wind had blown and ruffed up the hollow he'd made in the sand. I went on my trip down the East Coast after provisions and the Florida newspapers, and when I got home I could see that even then he hadn't come back. I pictured how he used to look, curled up in the sun there, waving his head now and then as if looking for beach mice, or something, or asking me to open another can of milk, or sleeping so peaceful with his sides flattened out and his skin so near the color of the coral riffraff and dried cocoanut husks that you could hardly tell that eight feet of a big rattler was there. I wondered if I wouldn't ever see him again. But the next day he crawled out among those prickly pears and *she* was with him.

I might as well say I never thought much of *her*. She wasn't any such snake as Gus. But he'd been away and got her. Maybe she was the best he could find on Spongecake Key here. If he liked her, it wasn't any of my business. I only say, I wouldn't have picked her as a helpmeet for him nowise. But I am prejudiced because she never got over being nervous when I was around, and sometimes she'd forget her manners and coil and rattle if I met her down the shore, and that used to worry him, I reckon, because *he* liked me.

She was shorter than him and her head was narrower and she was daintier and fussier with the milk in the saucer, and she was very faithful to him, I'm bound to say that of her. She'd crawl along behind him. He was always leading the way. She was affectionate, too. She'd often lay her head across his when he was resting. But the one thing that opened my heart to her a little was the way she'd stay awake and coil herself and watch whenever he was sleeping stretched out and unable to spring, and she'd keep that way no matter how long he slept or how tired she might be. They were happy, I reckon. And Gus knew I wouldn't do her any harm. I named her Bess.

She and Gus was company for me. It was the first year I'd spent here alone on Spongecake and the nights was still. I'd wake and feel around for a wheel or a tiller

as if it was in the old days—the days when I'd dropped off into a doze sailing a calm night under a sky full of stars, with the water running off the stern, smelling warm and oily. By day I'd find myself looking around for some sailor who'd done something wrong—to abuse him. I reckon I read "Pilgrim's Progress" a half a dozen times. I was lonesome. My wife—

It seemed pretty good to me when a flip of chance threw the little Gonzalez girl and the man who was with her up onto Rib Rock Bar and I had to take 'em off and bring 'em in through the night to this camp. They were in a thirty-foot launch when they struck, and though it was calm weather there was a falling tide. I couldn't move her off. A bottom of a boat will stick to that coral as if it had grown there. I got the man and the girl back to my wharf, and I thought I'd take a chance at getting their boat off on the morning tide.

It was as dark as a ship's bilge that night and the water was alive and burning with phosphorus a hundred different colors. I suppose I might have known a norther was going to set in for a blow and rough weather in Hawk Channel. And I noticed how the sound of my engine stirred up the vultures on the little keys. They were sleeping light and they and the pelicans and white cranes would whirl up till it sounded like thunder. I might have known.

But somehow, I didn't think of any way to get that launch off. I can recollect how I put it out of my mind on the way up the pier.

I hadn't had a chance till then to see who my passengers were or what they looked like. But just then, in the dark, with only the swing of the lantern moving around, I came up close to the girl. I just saw one thing about her. It was her eyes.

It was her eyes, mate. Dead men's fingers! I never saw such eyes before on any living thing—animal or woman. They were nearly black, with long lashes, and the eyebrows was like a picture and the flesh between those brows and the lashes was full and curved and rounded and soft and smooth. And then there were those eyes. They were a mile deep, mate, like the clear water off Nassau Reef. There was just that flick of light that showed 'em to me, and they were big and trusting and perfect like no eyes you ever saw. They belonged with a child's heart. I seen it in that second.

And when I got up to my camp, I made up my bed fresh for her and took my lantern outside and put the latch on the door as if she'd been my own daughter.

I saw when I got outside that the storm had pounced down on us like a hawk. I heard the palms whistle and rattle in the wind. It was cold. The tide in the channel had begun to tumble and the norther had shut off the stars like you'd wipe out sparks with a sweep of a wet mop.

I called to the feller who'd come with the girl. He hadn't said much and he came to the door of that other shack there

I use for a kitchen and stood waiting while I was trying to light the lamp.

"Stranger," I said, "you've lost your boat."

"I reckon so," he said, calm and cool as a fresh kingfish in the ice barrel. "But you needn't call me stranger."

When he spoke like that, I looked at his figure—thin and graceful.

"If this is Spongecake Key, then you're Pindar Rowe," he said. "You old reprobate. Hold up the lamp. Now look at me!"

"Young Joe Kitchell!" I roared.

It was him, just as I'm telling you. It was Joe Kitchell, with his palaver and cigarettes and his insinuating ways and his slouchy, easy clothes and his diamond scarf pin. He looked just as he used to look in Havana when he was in the sugar trade and later, too. I knew about him.

I knew how they'd put him out of the



"'YOU WOULDN'T KILL ME, PINDAR,' HE SAID
WITH HIS SMOOTH, SURE WAY."

North American Club, and how an army officer's wife had cut him up one Sunday on those grassy banks of Moro, and how he'd been caught cheating in a game of poker in the Machado Hotel, and how he had left a girl in New York and what winning ways he had with all women—even the best.

So I leaned across the table and I said sharp, "Who's this girl?"

He smoothed his brown hair and smiled. "Well, Pindar, I reckon you know enough about me and my adventures. I'll tell you. She's a prize. A Cuban."

Maybe he saw me look at him, because he said right afterwards: "She's an orphan. She's just over twenty-one and you'll think it pretty comic, but she's been so carefully raised she won't even let me hold her hand. And money? Mr. Rowe, believe me, I've suffered grief about money so long that I can't believe it's true. Why, just before we left Key West, she sold an American broker who met her there a third interest in the Vista Hermosa plantation and machinery and cane mill. I'm going to be married, Mr. Rowe."

"Umph," I said. "You've been going to get married fifty different times, I reckon."

"Women take a fancy to me," he whispered. "They still do. She loves me. I don't like her to sit and look at me all day. There's such a thing as too much. But this time I'm going to be married all right. I've got to be married. There's no getting the money without it."

Somehow as he spoke, I thought of my wife. There was a bread knife on the table and I could have killed him. The norther had come up. It was howling outside like a pack of dogs. The light flickered. It showed me his grin. I wanted to kill him. I wanted to see him fall forward over the kitchen table.

"What's this runaway business?" I asked him. "Why did you have to start up among these keys alone with her?"

"My dear old Pindar," said he, "that is too plain. When a girl like that goes off alone on a trip like this, she must go back married or not at all. It just cinches the matter. Do you see?"

"Yep," I said, "I do. But have you told this girl you've had a wife?"

"No," he answered, licking his cigarette. "That would scarcely do. This young lady is religious and in her religion they don't marry men who've been divorced, especially when the man wasn't the one who brought the suit. Oh, no. On the contrary, it is much better to deny ever loving anybody before. I've done *that*. It's comical, isn't it?"

"Will you stick to this one?" I asked, looking at the bread knife. "Will you stick to her?"

"Oh, as long as I have to. Just see how plain I am with you, Mr. Rowe!" said he. "Personally, I don't fancy undersized Cubans. A pretty little thing? Oh, yes. But delicate. Almost nothing. Possibly I am spoiled."

I leaned over the table again toward the rat and I said, "Suppose, Kitchell, I hate you like a scorpion. Suppose I hate your ways and suppose I'm going to stop your game. Suppose I tell her what I know of you."

He just sat back in his chair and laughed. He laughed and laughed and kept on trying to laugh so as to show me how cocksure he was.

"Go ahead," he said, grinning at me. "Go ahead. Others tried it. They tried it in Havana. That's one reason why I had to get away with her so fast. You can try it. Do you think she'll believe you? Oh, I'm not fool enough to risk anything by talking to you. She wouldn't believe you. Tell her! Swear. Take oaths. Cut up all the fuss you want, old feller. She'll hate you for it. Why? Because she believes *me*?"

I tell you, mate, the man had me ready to do murder. I've seen necessity in my day and I've brought men down with lead. It seemed to me then I never had so much necessity before.

"Kitchell," I said quiet, between the roars of the wind, "you have lived some thirty-eight years. You've done a lot of damage. Somewhere there is more women than I can count on my fingers that owes you a heap of evil. I don't suppose they'll ever pay it. It ain't like 'em. Kitchell, I wish I was going to pay it. Kitchell, I give you warning, man to man. There's a sailboat belonging to me down at my pier there. When the weather clears, you're going to take it and go to Key West and leave this girl here."

He brushed back some of that silky hair of his, then, and looked at me good-natured and shook his head.

"Nothing like that," he said. "You're mistaken."

"If you don't," said I, "look out for yourself."

But he shook his head again. "You wouldn't kill me, Pindar," he said with his smooth, sure way. He stopped to think it over to be certain, and then he laughed. "You wouldn't kill me. I know the cards you hold, my old friend, and it isn't a winning hand."

He sat there for a while, listening to the cracking of the boards when the wind drove against the walls of the shack. I saw the yellow light on his face and it was an evil face, too, for all its even features.

"No," he said, by and by. "I know when I'm going to win. I can feel fate just like a man feels warm or cold. I can tell by the feeling how the ball on a roulette wheel is going to drop. I know whether a card is good or bad without turning it over. Some things is certain. They're marked out beforehand. I feel 'em. I feel a confidence, and that confidence accomplishes anything. Nothing can stop me. And this is one of those times. No man can interfere. It was written down beforehand. This is a wild night—a night for strange things. See the light dance on the wall there. Look. Do you see letters written there—big, red letters?"

I looked, mate, and I hope to drop dead if I didn't see writing on the boards. It was dim at first and danced, and then it settled down and got clearer and clearer like a

ship's name through a glass when the fog is blowing away. I couldn't read it yet, but I knew that Something had come into the room and was writing there with its finger!

I could see the words growing clearer and I felt my blood pounding in my ears. The writing was done. And there it was on the wall. It was his name!

"What's it mean?" I whispers to him.

"What?" he said.

"That writing."

"I don't see any writing," he said. "I

was just joking. I meant that things was marked out beforehand. What ails you?"

He looked a little scared then.

"Did you see anything?" he said.

I looked again and the writing was gone.

"Speak up," said he. "What did you see?"

"Nothing," I said.

"You looked as if you saw something," he roars at me. "What was it?"

It came to me like a flash what it all meant.

"You said that sometimes things that



"HE WAS MOVING TOWARD THE ROCK. HE WAS BEING MOVED THERE."

happened was marked out beforehand," I said to him. "You was right. Something steered you onto Rib Rock Bar, Kitchell. Something brought you onto Spongecake Key. Something has been watching you, Kitchell. Something has a bill against you that's been standing long enough. Something has marked you, Kitchell. Something will reach out and you will never dodge its fingers. Kitchell, you have come to the end of your rope!"

"You—" he said, and then he stopped.

"It ain't me," I said.

"What do you mean?" he whispered. "You've lived alone too much, Pindar. You're seeing things! Confound you! What did you see?"

I never answered him, nowise. I got up and threw a mattress in the corner by the old music cabinet that used to belong to my wife. He looked at me for a long time and then he got up and walked over to it and stretched out. There wasn't any sound but the wind and the ticking of my clock.

Toward morning the weather broke again and the light that came in through the cracks was pink. I got up out of my chair and I looked at the wall where I'd seen the words and wondered if I'd dreamed 'em.

After I'd gone outside and looked at the sun coming up and the water in the channel all filled and colored with the white mud brought up from the bottom by the dry norther, I took up my glass and sighted it out toward Rib Rock Bar and I saw the launch was gone. I searched the passes between the Keys for her, but she wasn't there. And I was standing looking when I began to feel as if somebody was watching me from behind.

I turned around and I couldn't see anybody. It was so calm I could have heard a step on the coral gravel a hundred yards away. And nobody was there. And then all of a sudden I saw who was watching me. It was Gus!

He had shed his skin again and he'd crawled out into his hollow in the sand just this side of that thicket. Only about half of his eight feet was coiled, but his big flat head was up in the air as if he was smelling or listening. It waved to and fro, easy and soft and the muscles in his body were rolling under the skin, looking as if they were traveling down in slow waves from his neck to his tail. He opened his jaws and just dropped those two long white fangs

enough to show 'em. And he seemed to be watching me.

"Gus," I said, "where's Bess?"

He pulled himself out into the sunlight, then, and flattened out his sides and laid his chin on the cocoanut husks.

"You want some condensed milk?" I said. "Wait till I've got some breakfast. Lie still there."

So I went back and put the coffee on, and Kitchell got up off the mattress and stretched himself.

"Has Lenora got up yet?" he asked, yawning and pulling his clothes into shape. I didn't answer and he went out. I wished later I'd stopped him. . . .

I'm telling it just as it happened. Let's see. I was turning some cakes in the frying pan when I heard a voice behind me and I turned and looked and saw the girl standing in the door. She seemed like one of those little birds that come there and hop around for crumbs—a timid, pretty little thing. And her eyes were so much eyes! They were so soft and black and round and trusting.

"I—señor—I am Lenora Gonzalez," she said, so soft you could hardly hear her. "I may help you wiz the café? I ask, where ees Señor Kitchell?"

I shan't forget her, I tell you—a little thing with a wilted flower in her black hair, and a skin not white or brown or yellow or pink, but only like a few of the Cubans have, so thin and delicate you can see into it the way you can see into a piece of polished shell.

"He's outside, Miss," I said to her, flapping over a jack. "Did you sleep through the storm?"

"Vera leetle, señor," she answered, and looked at me out of her big eyes.

It was just at that second there came the pistol shot. The air was so still that you might say that the noise tore a hole out of the morning. I thought at first he'd put a bullet into Lenora Gonzalez. She jumped like a sandpiper that's been hit and came down on her knees holding onto the edge of the door, frightened and shaking like a palmetto. I picked her up onto her feet. She was a grown girl, but she felt like a child.

"Oh, señor!" she cried. "I do not like! I do not like!"

"I know," said I. "But he hasn't shot himself. Not Joe Kitchell. Don't worry."

We heard him coming just as I spoke. He came and stood in the door and he held up something and shook it and a drop of blood spattered on the floor. The something he shook, mate, was these rattles that I hold in my hand now. And these rattles belonged to Gus. He'd killed my snake!

"Mr. Rowe," he said. "Come out here! I've just shot the biggest diamond back I ever saw."

"Yes," said I, holding myself back from springing at him. "You killed him. He never did you any harm. But you killed him. He was happy. But you killed him. He was lying asleep there in the coral sand and cocoanut husks and his back was turned. But you killed him."

The miserable cuss began to laugh and shake the rattles at the little Cuban. She screamed and shrank back. And he laughed again.

"Kitchell," I said. "You were meant to destroy. But, Kitchell, you are marked out. Last night when the wind was ashrieking around this shack you asked me to see letters on the boards. Now, Kitchell, it is bright and sunny. It's not the night. It's the day. Look on the wall there!"

The feller turned. He turned and he dropped the rattles out of his hand. The breath squeaked in his throat.

"What do you see?" I roared.

"Confound it," he whispered, looking around at me. "It was my imagination. I haven't had any sleep."

"What did you see?" I said, for I knew something had come into my shack again.

He laughed then—laughed without any fun in it.

"I didn't see anything," he said. "I thought at first I saw letters—my name. It's my stomach. I'm hungry."

But he never picked up the rattles or stopped to get breakfast. He walked out into the sun and I saw him with his hands behind his back and his head bent down as if he was thinking, walking down onto the beach. . . .

There's plenty of people below here that will tell you that I'm a liar. Plenty of 'em don't believe I steered the tug *Moss Rose* loaded with guns under the walls of Morro and landed the whole cargo in Havana without showing my papers. But, mate, I say there is strange things among these keys, and what I'm telling is so-help-me truth, as I saw it. It taught me that no

bill of sin goes too long unpaid, nor a poor living creature needing help that isn't seen in its struggles.

And I say Kitchell went off down onto the shore and began picking up those sea-shells and throwing 'em out into the water.

"Do you love that man?" I said to Lenora.

She nodded and began to call to him—like a child. She called to him and when he roared back for her to go ahead and eat her breakfast, she sat down. She sat down at the table I'd set outside the shack door, as meek and silent as if she'd been punished. I think she was a child and didn't know what love meant.

I sat there drinking my coffee and looking at Gus. Eight feet of him was lying over there in his hollow under the cocoanut palms. There weren't any life in him any more. The bullet had torn a hole in his neck. His head wasn't raised and it wasn't swaying, and his muscles weren't moving under his skin. His color wasn't bright. Some of his blood was drying on the white sand. He was the most perfect snake I ever saw. And he was dead.

I looked at him and then I saw the grass move beyond where he lay. I could look right over Lenora's shoulder and see the grass move. A head came out of the grass into the sun and then, the body, moving slow like a trickle of hot tar. It was her! It was Bess!

She saw him lying there, then—her mate. And she threw her head back and held it stuck up in the air. She had seen him—seen him dead! She went to him and laid her head across his body and he didn't move. And she darted her tongue out and touched him and he didn't move. And she threw her head up again.

Oh, I tell you, mate, it was cruel to see grief so silent—to see her crawl around him and stop and raise her head and shake along her body and then drop her neck across his. And he never moved, because he was dead and wouldn't ever move again. She was a rattler. She couldn't scream. She couldn't talk. And finally she dropped her head on the sand as if there wasn't any more strength in her body. She half turned over and the sun shone on the white scales of her belly. It was just then that Kitchell, who was down on the beach, stretched his arms and gave a loud yawn.

She heard him and she seemed to know.

I saw her coil and raise her neck up and up and up to where she could look over the top of the clumps of grass on the slope. Her head was swaying to and fro like a swinging bracket. And then she rattled.

"What ees that, señor?" asked the little Cuban, catching the folds of her white dress in her little hands.

"Nothing," I said, for I was watching Bess. The snake had seen Kitchell. I knew she'd seen him. He had stuck his hand in those flannel jeans of his and he was still moving off by the water's edge, and Bess uncoiled and began to crawl in the same direction.

"We have lost our boat," said Lenora.

"That so?" I says. I wasn't thinking of what she said at all. I might have answered anything. I was watching for Bess to come out on the other side of that patch of prickly pears.

In a minute I saw her. She stopped on a bare spot and though she was some distance away by that time, I saw that poor dumb thing coil herself again and curve her neck and raise her head. Then she dropped it and crawled along.

"You, señor, are vera kind," said the girl, then. "You have been kind to us. Pardon, señor—what you look at?"

I was afraid the little Cuban would turn around. I was afraid she'd interfere. I could see how Something had mapped out what was to happen. It was working—surer than death! Everything was marked out.

"Miss," I said, "I often look around Spongecake Key."

It seemed to satisfy her, so I took down my glass and wiped the lens and put it to my eye. I could see a heap plainer. I could see Bess crawl out onto that white limestone point that stands up there now over the water. It's white by moonlight now. It was white by sunlight then. She stretched herself right near the crest of it and on that surface she looked as black as a wriggle of ink on writing paper.

Kitchell was still walking along the shore toward the point. He was still picking up shells and pebbles and throwing 'em into the water. I could see how slick and brown his hair was. I was looking through the glass. He was moving toward the limestone rock. He was *being moved* there. Something was moving him with Its hand.

I saw him when he got to the rock itself. I saw him look up at it and then look out

into the channel with the white cranes wading on those yellow sand bars. Then he looked up at the ledge again. It is steep there for six or eight feet, as you can see. But he was *moved* up.

I saw Bess coil. I watched to see if she'd rattle. But she never used it. She never gave any warning. She was thinking of Gus, maybe. No man can tell.

I tried to keep the glass steady. I reckon I succeeded. I saw her wait till his face showed over the edge of that table of limestone. She never rattled. She waited for his face. Her long body came out of its coil like a steel spring. She went her length—a heavy black streak in the air. She struck him with her head bent back and her jaws wide. She must have driven those two white needles clean through his cheek. She fell back and squirmed on the ground till I could see her white belly.

Kitchell never shouted. He jumped backward. His foot caught. He went head downwards over the rock. I think he struck on his forehead. Because he rolled over and over, then, as if there was no life in him, and fell into the water.

I watched him float off that shallow where I catch mullet. When he was in deeper water, he turned face downward. I saw the tide catch him and then I thought he was going to sink. He didn't just then. An eddy shot him around the point out of sight.

"What you look at now?" asked Lenora with her big eyes on mine.

"Umph," said I. "I was dreaming."

I was planning already how I was going to let her think that Kitchell had gone off with one of my boats and deserted her. These waters and passes never tell what they know. I was planning how I'd let her think he'd run away from her, and how I'd take her back to her home. She was a child. She hadn't learned yet what love meant.

"Señor," said she, with her head on one side and that smile, "you make vera nice—what you call them, señor?"

"Flapjacks," said I.

And then I whistled "The Last Rose of Summer." It's one of my favorite tunes. I always whistle it when I'm a little off my bearings. And I felt just then as if Lenora Gonzalez and Joe Kitchell and I hadn't been *alone* on Spongecake that night. I felt as though Something else—the thing with the long arm—had been there, too.

My Fight Against a Three-Cent Fare

I ABSORB A THREE-CENT-FARE LINE IN DETROIT AND
BECOME A CONVERT TO THE THREE-CENT-FARE IDEA

By Tom L. Johnson

Author of "Nine Years' War with Privilege"

TO-DAY, people living in cities under a highly civilized system, and dependent upon the intricacies of mechanisms of all sorts, forget the fundamental things of life. Everything is done for them.

They know nothing about wheat, flour, or even the actual work of making flour into bread because their bread is delivered to them each morning by the baker's boy. They know absolutely nothing of the difficulties of finding an adequate body of water, placing it in a reservoir, piping it and delivering it into the home because all they have to do to get water, hot or cold, is to turn on a faucet. Whereas the man who has to work with these things fundamentally appreciates even the importance of a rubber composition washer which may make his faucet so defective that his entire hot-water system will be rendered useless.

City people jump on a street car, pay their nickel, and never give the street car another thought. They gaze in admiration at a high tower on a skyscraper life-insurance building and never realize that nickels, dimes and quarters from people all over the country built that tower.

These intricacies in modern life have, however, a definite philosophical significance. Always there is some shrewd intellect to take advantage of them to levy toll on the whole people. No one branch of such human activity is more representative of present conditions than the street railway business.

Generally, your only thought about a street car is to use the thing as a means of conveyance. It is just such thinking as

this which has allowed the street railway business of the country to get into private hands. As a matter of fact, the street railways in every city in the United States ought to belong to the people. The street railway is essentially a thing of the people; it is used as the people's highways; brought into existence by the people's money, loaned to corporations by banks and trust companies; it could not exist without the franchises and rights bestowed on it by the people's representatives in councils and legislatures; it is supported by the nickels that the people pay in.

Many times I have been asked, "Why do you believe in municipal ownership?" and I answer: "I believe in municipal ownership of all public service monopolies for the same reason that I believe in the municipal ownership of waterworks, of parks, of schools. I believe in the municipal ownership of the public service monopolies because if you do not own them in time they will own you. They will rule your politics, corrupt your institutions and finally destroy your liberties."

This is true because of the huge profits of owning and operating corporations which serve the public. One five cent piece does not amount to much, but several hundred thousands of persons riding daily in street cars provide an enormous total of five cent pieces which makes the street railway business highly profitable when considered from a basis of reasonable investment. To secure these profits, and to maintain them by monopoly, men will corrupt city councils and officials. Thus, in time, the "big busi-



THE LATE HAZEN S. PINGREE, MAYOR OF DETROIT AND GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN,
WHOSE THREE-CENT STREET RAILROAD JOHNSON ABSORBED.

ness interests" come to control government, and practically to own the city which ostensibly they are "serving."

**HAZEN S. PINGREE GIVES ME THE
THREE-CENT-FARE IDEA**

I was first impressed with the idea of street railways operating at a three-cent fare by seeing what Hazen S. Pingree accomplished while he was mayor of Detroit.

R. T. Wilson, together with my brother Albert, had purchased the street railways

of Detroit, an old brokendown horse-car system with a few wornout electrically equipped cars. They had a big fight on with Mayor Pingree over changes of policy and of methods of operation which he advocated.

When I was defeated for Congress, they knew I would soon be free for business again and came to me with a proposal that I undertake the management of their Detroit road on a profit-sharing basis. I told them I was thinking of quitting business, but they insisted. What finally induced me to accept

was not so much the pecuniary reward as it was the chance to build, unhampered by lack of funds, a modern street railroad in a growing city. This looked like something worth doing and I consented to it on certain conditions. It was the beginning of my second plunge into big business undertakings.

Mayor Pingree was promoting a three-cent line for Detroit through Henry Everett, one of my old enemies.

I stipulated that although the system bought by my associates had been a five-cent proposition, they must not expect me to try to defeat this competing enterprise except by improved facilities on our lines. That is, I was to remodel our railroad so I could fight on the merits of our railway rather than to go before the city council (as is generally the way such fights are made), engage in a scramble and put a lot of obstacles in the way of the Everett grant.

This agreement of mine with Mr. Wilson and my brother was not known to the mayor

or to Mr. Everett. The latter had no reason to accept any quarter from me in my contest, and there were plenty of influences at work to prejudice Mayor Pingree against me.

His attitude at our first meeting was very hostile. When he had stated two or three ultimatums of street railway policy to which I agreed he was greatly surprised but still skeptical. Our company proceeded to tear up old tracks and rebuild the road, complying with the mayor's suggestions as to construction, doing the very things the city had been unable to compel the former owners to do, and asking no favors in return.

The mayor commenced to melt a little. We spent \$6,000,000 in cash and the result was the best electrically equipped street railroad in existence anywhere. The credit for this was largely due to A. B. duPont, the engineer in charge.

Our line was known as "the old system." It comprised all the lines then in existence.



THE TRACTION CENTER OF DETROIT WHERE THE THREE-CENT-FARE IDEA WAS GIVEN JOHNSON.

When some of the councilmen who were known to be friends of the old system told the mayor I had advised them to vote with him for the three-cent grant, and that I was against the idea of imposing any hardship on Everett and his friends, Pingree was thoroughly mystified.

When we met, Pingree asked me in his frank, manly way to explain my attitude. I said: "The city needs additional street railway facilities. It is evident that our company cannot get any concessions, so the new company ought to have them. I want the grants made on as fair a basis as possible because it will only be a question of time until my company will acquire them. If you impose unfair conditions in the new grants, you will simply put burdens on my back when these lines come to be absorbed by mine."

This amused the mayor and he called my attention to a provision in the grant which said that if the new company should consolidate with or sell out to the old, the grant became void. I replied that notwithstanding that provision or any other they could frame into words, nothing could prevent us from acquiring the railroad. This somewhat staggered Pingree and he said: "Mr. Johnson, explain that to me, won't you?"

"I will not consolidate with the new company nor make any attempt to buy," I answered, "but some day I will have a friend of mine down in New York or West Virginia or somewhere else, whom I shall call Smith for convenience, acquire the stock of the railroad by purchase. And, Mr. Mayor, if you attempt to put in a provision to prevent my Smith or some other Smith from doing this, you will simply defeat your own ends, for railroad stocks to be useful must be salable."

It gradually dawned on him that he did not have much safety in his safeguard provision, and then he said: "I have here a clean sheet of paper. You tell me how to write this grant so that you can't get it."

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IS THE ONLY SAFEGUARD

I replied: "There is only one way. Have the city own and operate its three-cent line. Then I can't consolidate with it, I can't purchase it, and I can't have Smith purchase it."

All my subsequent observation and experience have not enabled me to work out

any better answer than that. The mayor said that though he believed in municipal ownership he was doubtful of the powers conferred by the state laws in this direction, and he feared the inauguration of such a project would arouse the opposition of the business interests and defeat it.

The city gave Everett the grant. Everett built the road. We completed remodeling the old lines before his was done, and when he operated for three cents we did the same. We were not in need of money. Our enterprise was financed and could stand the contest. Everett had yet to raise the money for his project. It was a foregone conclusion that, with our better-laid-out system, our line would first cripple, then acquire the three-cent road. In eight months this was accomplished and I announced it to the mayor, one day, by inviting him to take a ride in a private trolley car and telling him at the moment we stepped onto the car on the Everett line, that this property had just passed into the hands of a friend of mine named Smith.

✓ We at once raised the fare to five cents on the old lines, the three-cent fare continued on the other, and to this day these two lines are operated with the two rates of fare. It has never been possible to raise the fare on the three-cent line, because the franchise prohibits it.

Later I coöperated with Pingree in trying to sell the whole street railway system to the city. Popular clamor and opposition to Pingree defeated this. It was claimed that the price was too high and that I was getting the advantage of the mayor.

The public did not know that I had agreed to reduce the cost to the city by such share of the purchase price as would come to me as my profit. It would have been useless to tell this. Nobody would have believed it. I suppose there are people who will not believe it now. But the citizens later had the humiliation of seeing the property which our company had offered to the city for \$15,000,000 sold to private business interests for \$25,000,000.

Then Detroit realized the chance it had missed and could not avoid seeing that I was more interested in municipal ownership than I was in personal profits—a fact that Pingree knew all the time.

Some day Pingree will be remembered and recognized as one of the foremost leaders in our era of national awakening. He

omitted in book

was a good business man with an aroused public conscience. Some people called him a political boss. He was nothing of the sort. He did not know politics in the popular sense. A political boss must first of all be a man of his word. Pingree did not pretend to be when it came to such things as promising positions to men in order to win their support.

is not in book

There were more important things to him than the distribution of jobs. He was a popular idol; always in a fight, always on the side of the people, he commanded their confidence despite that they knew he would deal with them in devious ways as to the details of affairs. They knew that he would not betray the community, but they learned that he would promise the man that which he could not deliver. Once, before a crowded hall, at the height of a red-hot campaign, he declared that he was out of ammunition; he had promised every job at least twice!

But how he loved a fight! With his back against the wall, with all the "best people" against him, with the politicians sore, with the state leaders determined that he must be destroyed because he was a "disturbing element"—that was when Pingree was at his best. He came before Roosevelt or LaFollette or Cummins, Folk or Hughes, Hoke Smith or Walter Stubbs. He knew he would never live to see the success of his crusade; but he crusaded because he loved the fight and the cause.

And also, he loved to be loved. That is what makes many men "get right" at or beyond middle life. They are men whose ideals have been right from the beginning, but who, engrossed in business, have never



OVER BROOKLYN BRIDGE WAS RUN SUCCESSFULLY THE FIRST AMERICAN MUNICIPALLY OWNED RAILROAD.

felt the joy of doing for the great people. If they get the taste of that happiness they cannot be stopped. Pingree fought as ardently for those people who misunderstood and hated him, as for those who applauded and supported him. He had at bottom the serene confidence in the righteousness of his position that is felt only by the man who actually is right.

While we were still interested in Detroit, my brother Albert, Mr. Wilson and some others acquired the Nassau Street Railway franchise in Brooklyn, New York, and I joined them.

The Nassau property acquired the Atlan-

tic Avenue system and established the first five-cent fare from Brooklyn Bridge to Coney Island. Previous to this the fare had been about twenty-five cents. The five-cent fare was really the beginning of the great popularity of Coney Island.

At this time there were four surface street railroads in Brooklyn, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit being the largest, the Nassau system next. In addition to these surface lines there were an elevated road and a municipally owned and operated elevated line on Brooklyn Bridge.

This municipal line was a mile and a half long from the Park Row terminal on the New York side to the Brooklyn terminal near the business center of Brooklyn, and the fare for this mile and a half was two and a half cents.

This was the first case of municipal ownership of a city transportation line in this country, and was the most efficient and operated at the lowest fare of any line in existence before or since.

WHEN NEW YORK CITY OWNED A SUCCESSFUL STREET RAILWAY

The management of the road was vested in the trustees of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge appointed by the two cities. The history of the city ownership and operation of those tracks on the bridge if properly studied will completely answer the objections raised by opponents of municipally owned and managed street railways. Here was a commission appointed by two notoriously corrupt city governments, yet it performed its various duties with absolute fidelity to the public.

Why?

Because the enterprise was operating under the daily observation of the persons most interested in it. Between a privately operated enterprise and one publicly operated, the people will always insist upon a higher degree of efficiency in the public management. People become disheartened and soon give up trying to get good service from a private company.

And between two public enterprises, one under the eye of the people and the other removed from their observation, the one they have closest contact with will be held to higher standards. Witness, for example, the placid indifference with which the ordinary citizen regards a \$100,000 robbery

of customs receipts, and by contrast his virtuous wrath if by chance his postman happens to be late three days in succession. He does not mind being robbed indirectly and at long range, but he *will* have his mail delivered at the same time each day, or know the reason why.

When we commenced our operations, the cheapest fare between New York and any part of Brooklyn was seven and a half cents, the city getting two and a half cents, as has been stated, and the surface and elevated lines five cents, though to any of the suburbs of Brooklyn it cost more than that.

The Nassau people urged the building of a line across the bridge on the roadway, giving two surface tracks in addition to the two elevated tracks already in use. All four of the surface car systems wanted to cross the bridge if any one of them was going to do so, and they chose me to represent them in an effort to get a franchise. I was instructed to procure a franchise for not less than twenty years.

I made my application to the bridge authorities. They said they would not think of granting a franchise for more than ten years at the longest. I reported. All the companies except ours demurred. The others hesitated about spending so much money for so short a grant.

I told them I would try again but that I felt it was so important to get a five-cent fare into operation between New York and Brooklyn, in view of the rapid growth of Brooklyn, that I was in favor of accepting the ten-year grant.

I was accordingly instructed to go ahead and get it; but when I had my next interview with the bridge officials they said they had changed their minds and did not think they cared to make a grant for so long a time as ten years. When I went back to my people, I said: "For my own part I am going to take anything I can get. If this grant is a public benefit, you can be sure they will continue it. If it isn't, it ought to end anyway."

That last argument did not make any impression on them, but they were impressed by the prospect of seeing cars running over the bridge with a through fare of five cents.

OUR "TEN-MINUTE FRANCHISE" DESTROYS MUNICIPAL LINE

Finally, on behalf of the four companies, I accepted a grant that could be terminated



MAYOR TOM L. JOHNSON OPERATING CLEVELAND'S FIRST MUNICIPALLY OWNED
THREE-CENT CAR, NOVEMBER 1, 1906.

by telephone or other message from the bridge authorities. This grant, sometimes referred to as our "ten-minute franchise," was really just as good a grant as any company ought to have, and in this case it proved very lucrative.

It did one thing, however. It put the city's own street railroad out of business, because nobody would pay the extra two and a half cents to ride on the city's line when they could go right straight through on our line for five cents. This city line was eventually operated by the company owning the Brooklyn Elevated Road.

The real weakness that forced the city owned line across the bridge out of business was that that line had no connections. The city had given away the rights to run everywhere except across the bridge. The bridge line was a monopoly so long as it was the *only* bridge line. But it could not compel the ramifying lines from the Brooklyn terminal to carry its passengers on to their homes for less than a five-cent fare because the franchises of these radiating lines did not require it; they were permitted to charge the straight five-cent fare.

If all these ramifying lines, naturally tributary to the main stem of the city owned bridge line, had been retained by the city; if they had been developed and owned and operated by it with the same efficiency that had prevailed on the bridge line for so many years, a most admirable municipal system would have been possible. A five-cent fare over the entire distance from Manhattan to any part of Brooklyn would have been not only possible, but profitable. But division of the system made this hopeless. The street railway system of any city is naturally and necessarily a unit; it ought to be a monopoly, and it can give proper service, at reasonable price, only when it is a monopoly.

The only monopoly that can be trusted with so important a function as this is one **owned and operated by the people for the benefit of the people.**

But that sort of philosophy, well enough understood nowadays if not often enough acted upon, was beyond the people in those days. Street car franchises were unimportant to the people; opportunities for jobbery to the politicians; inspirations for

some easy-money speculation and watered-stock financing to the promoters.

In 1898, E. H. Harriman became interested in acquiring the Nassau property. He was not so large a steam railroad operator at that time, and wanted the Nassau road for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. He was chosen as the expert negotiator for his side and I served in the same capacity for ours.

The final scene in these negotiations is worth describing as it illustrates so admirably the degree of confidence in which large business interests hold each other.

There were seven main holdings representing the Nassau and its purchases, and each of these in turn was split up among various ownerships. In making the consolidation it was necessary to change the personnel of many boards of directors and the character of many kinds of securities. A hitch in any of these steps would have proved very embarrassing. Nobody had sufficient faith in his associates to allow this to be done piecemeal. It had to be done all at once or not at all.

After months of negotiation, a time was fixed for the transfer of the property, the delivery of certified checks, stocks and bonds, the reorganization of many boards of directors, changes of officers, et cetera. These important transactions had to be done ostensibly in a certain sequence of time; but in reality instantaneously, on account of the total lack of confidence among the distinguished gentlemen involved in the enterprise.

A DRAMATIC SCENE IN HIGH FINANCE

A room in the Empire Building in New York City was engaged for the day or as much longer as it should be needed. Banks and trust companies had been notified. All securities and certified checks had been previously presented to and initialed by the man who was to receive them. These preliminaries were settled so that in the final exchange this work of verification might be obviated.

Representatives of the banks and trust companies, the lawyers of the various interests, the numerous boards of directors, the delegates generally of the enterprises involved, and a handsome important-looking man named Voorhees, were finally all got together in this one room. Here, around a great circular table, sat the leaders of the

seven interests with their associates grouped back of them.

Eventually the lawyers announced that all was ready. Then there was a sort of roll call in which all papers to be exchanged were called aloud and checked off. This done, Mr. Voorhees became the most important figure in the room. Looking wise, saying nothing and knowing less, he executed a contract agreeing to buy all of this property, involving some \$30,000,000, and then another in which he sold everything he had just bought. He performed very much the office that a stock exchange does by enabling people to make big trades while concealing the identity of the principals. It also prevents their meeting or knowing each other. Thus it prevents any personal litigation.

Mr. Voorhees looked so handsome, his manner was so impressive and his compensation so moderate, that I hesitate to apply a harsh name to him. Yet he was in truth a legal dummy.

For the brief space of a few seconds Mr. Voorhees was the owner of a \$30,000,000 property, but, of course, the doors were locked.

They were not locked because of Voorhees but because of the distrust which the gentlemen doing this business shared in each other. It had been announced that nobody would be permitted to leave the room until every interest had received and acknowledged what it was entitled to, and the announcement was accompanied by the locking of the doors.

The currents and countercurrents represented in that transaction were not known to any one person, certainly not to the brokers or to the lawyers. Nobody knew all the subdivisions of ownership. The way we did this business was the only practical way in which it could have been carried out. After the doors were locked, no one had any interest in what he had had; his whole interest centered on what he was to get.

After the reorganization of the board of directors, the selection of new officers for the various companies, and the delivery of certified checks and securities, there was another roll call and each was asked, "Have you received what your interest is entitled to?"

For our securities I received quite a handful of certified checks in denominations of \$100,000 each. These I had previously

presented at the bank to ascertain that they were genuine, and all I had to do in the final accounting was to examine my own initials on them.

After everybody had acknowledged his claim satisfied, the doors were opened and Mr. Voorhees departed with the thanks of his colleagues for his great courtesy and the masterly manner in which he had conducted the transaction.

MY STREET CAR FIGHT IN CLEVELAND

I have told this story to illustrate how Big Business deals with itself. Its dealings in Cleveland show how it deals with the public.

Cleveland was not bossed by any one man. The city government belonged to the business interests generally, but as the public utilities companies had more use for it than had the other kinds of business enterprises, the public utilities people paid the most attention to it.

They nominated and elected the councilmen and, of course, the councilmen represented them instead of the community. The campaign funds came mostly from business men who believed in "business men's government" and who could not, or would not, see that there was anything radically wrong with the system. They were quite content to let a few agents of Special Privilege attend to the details of city government.

Nothing very shocking happened and the community was quiescent. In that fact lay the danger. Nothing is so deadly as inertia. **The greatest obstacle to overcome in any fight in which moral issues are involved is not opposition but the indifference of the public.**

The chief part of our program in Cleveland was to educate the people never to be indifferent. They grew to consider as *the* important question that part of our platform which pledged my administration to try to give a three-cent fare on the street railroads.

In the beginning comparatively few people realized the intimate relation between the three-cent problem and all the other problems we were trying to solve. They did not in the least comprehend the difficulties in our way. There were men who clamored for the immediate installation of the three-cent fare without having taken into consideration the legal obstacles which blocked our path.

Neither did they consider the almost insurmountable barriers which the coalition between the public service corporations and the courts presented. **The state laws had been carefully framed by legislators and thereafter carefully guarded by judges to protect existing street railroads in their privileges and to prevent the establishment of competing lines.**

There were three ways in which street railway grants could be made and we shall consider them in the order of their respective advantages to Privilege.

The first and easiest method provided for the most valuable form of street railway franchise, viz., **the renewal of an expiring grant.** This renewal could be made only by the company in possession of the grant and one not hampered by restrictions of any kind.

The second provided for **extensions along lines already laid** and required the consent of property owners along the proposed route.

The third, **making grants for the new lines**, was so complicated as to make it almost impossible to build a competing railroad.

These were the legal conditions which faced us in our efforts to secure the three-cent fare in Cleveland, and it must be remembered that they were prescribed by state statutes and that the municipality had no recourse but to the courts, and the courts, as has already been said, were strongly favorable to the public service corporations.

We who wished to give three-cent fares were undecided which was the wiser course for us to pursue—to have the Cleveland city council make a grant covering a number of streets, or merely a grant for a small branch from which future extensions could be made. Although the questions of grants for new lines had never been tested in the courts, we felt pretty sure that we should be defeated no matter which horn of the dilemma we took. But I, as mayor, and those assisting me in the fight, chose the grant covering a number of streets. Having made this choice, we had to find some one to whom the grants could be made who would not only be able to finance the enterprise but whom we knew to be absolutely trustworthy.

In December of 1901 the council made the first three-cent-fare grant to J. B. Hoefgen. Mr. Hoefgen had got his first experience in the street railroad business with me in Indianapolis years before and had been an inde-

pendent operator with headquarters in New York for some time. We knew he would not sell out to the old company or fail to keep faith with the city in any other way.

BRIBING THE PROPERTY OWNERS

The making of this grant was preceded by a war between the old company and the proposed new company for property owners' consents along the streets of the proposed route. This war extended over several months. Representatives of the old company followed closely upon the heels of the men who were getting consents for the new company, and brought every possible pressure to bear to have the consents to the new company revoked.

It was like a game of battledore and shuttlecock with an organized force playing it on each side. The courts held that the property owners had the right to change their minds up to the time the ordinances were passed. Some of them did so seven or eight times, *or as often as they were paid to.*

The city council could not make a valid grant unless a majority of the property owners representing the feet front along each street of the proposed routes consented in writing to the construction of a street railroad. And this consent had to be given to the company offering to carry passengers at the lowest rate of fare.

Looking over our opposition, we figured that their scheme would be for the old street railroad, through property owners' consents, to get control of just one street in a group of streets to be covered by the proposed new line; and by having the property owners on this street protest that they did not want the new line, they could thus prevent the new line from carrying out its agreed route.

To overcome this difficulty we found it necessary in the city council to *change the names of streets* and this method of attack was persisted in pretty thoroughly by the administration.

For instance, this is what the old street railroad tried to do: by offering to pave Willett Street, a very small link in the proposed new three-cent line, the old company had bribed a number of the citizens of that street to withhold their consents for the new line.

Willett Street ran into Fulton Street, which ran into Hanover Street. I suggested to the council that we incorporate all these three streets under the name Rhodes

Avenue; thus the few property holders who were bribed on Willett Street would be far in the minority if the entire street were called Rhodes Avenue. The old company could not go the length of Rhodes Avenue buying up consents.

We changed the name of the street in the manner I suggested and the move was successful.

Hoefgen finally secured a number of consents at the eleventh hour and turned them in just before the ordinance was passed. It was too late for the old street railway companies to receive revocations, so the council granted the franchise to Hoefgen. The courts declared the Hoefgen grant invalid. We asked to have this order made final. We wanted to clear the way for immediate attack on another plan. This done, we now proceeded to try the other plan. As mayor, with the help of my council, I picked out ten routes and required a bond in the form of a cash deposit of \$10,000 to be made with each bid. This made it necessary for the old companies to be the low bidders *on all ten routes*. The new company had only to succeed on one.

We did not care if the old company got all the other nine if we could only get this one. This one would be the entering wedge. My plan was to get this one line no matter how short it was or where it was located, and then get my council to grant extensions for other lines from that one. We finally got our one line and this plan eventually won the victory for the city and vindicated our campaign promises.

PRIVILEGE STARTS A NEW LINE OF ATTACK

However, before it could be put into operation a most extraordinary thing happened.

Privilege was now thoroughly aroused, and had evidently arrived at the conclusion that safety from our agitation was to be secured only by killing it and everybody connected with it. Two days after the first three-cent-fare street railroad ordinances were introduced in the city council, a press dispatch reading as follows was sent out from Columbus:

A suit to test the constitutionality of the Cleveland law under which the city is now being governed, was filed in the supreme court this afternoon.

It is a *quo warranto* suit styled *the State of Ohio, ex rel. Attorney General versus M. W. Beacom* and the other members of the Board of Control, otherwise known as Mayor Johnson's Cabinet. It is based upon the contention that the act of May 16, 1891,

applies only to the City of Cleveland and is therefore special legislation.

This act prescribed the form of government for Ohio cities, stipulating the number of inhabitants necessary to various classifications. Cleveland was a city of the first class, second grade, and the *only city in the state* large enough to entitle it to the "federal" plan of city government under which it had been operating for twelve years when I became mayor.

By this plan the mayor and the city councilmen were elected by popular vote. The city council consisted of twenty-two members elected by districts and sitting in one body and responsible for the legislative part of the government.

The heads of the following departments were appointed by the mayor: law, public works, fire, police, accounts, charities, and these were known as directors of their respective departments.

These directors, with the mayor, formed the board of control, commonly known as the "mayor's cabinet." The system was an admirable one since *it made the mayor responsible* for the administrative government of the city. The power of appointment and removal of the directors was in his hands.

It was a better system than any other city in the United States had at that time. If it had embodied the initiative, the referendum, and the recall it would have been superior to any system of city government now in operation in this country, in my opinion.

The suit was brought by an obscure lawyer named Gibbons, but it was not at all difficult to trace it to the real perpetrators—the public service corporations. Ten days before our three-cent-fare franchises were to be bid for, the supreme court of the state, upon application of Attorney General Sheets, enjoined the City of Cleveland from making public service grants of any kind.

The charter under which the city had been operating for twelve years was declared unconstitutional. Other cities of the state were operating under the same statutory provision but not one was enjoined. *Our city government was practically destroyed and our hands were tied by supreme court injunction for eleven months.*

During the summer of 1902, a special session of the state legislature, inspired by Senator Hanna, was called to adopt a new municipal code—one which should apply to all cities of the state, and remove from

Cleveland the obloquy of "special legislation." They went to Cincinnati, a city governed by a self-confessed boss who issued his orders by telephone from his headquarters over the Mecca saloon, for the model of that code!

The new code provided for board-governed cities and is very advantageous to government in the interests of Privilege, as its divided responsibility prevents the people from locating the sources of corruption.

This code which Hanna forced upon us took away much of the power of mayors and vested it in various boards and elective officials.

WE GET A THREE-CENT-FARE FRANCHISE

In the meantime, on August 21st, the Cleveland city council had passed an ordinance providing for a three-cent-fare line over Rhodes Avenue and partly on Denison Avenue west to the city limits.

Ground was broken for the line September 23d in spite of some effort to stop it, and then the enemy got really busy. Every one of the property owners' signatures on the consents was scrutinized by the courts and fought over like the signature to a contested will.

A mile of the road was completed and the work was going on when it was stopped by an injunction a few days after the fall election, that is, on November 12th. The hearing on the injunction was first set for November 16th, then postponed to the 30th, and so it dragged along.

The three-cent company had expended \$30,000 on the construction of the line and was under bond for \$25,000 to complete the work. Injunctions multiplied so rapidly and checked the progress of construction so effectually, that the enterprise was often referred to as the three-cent-fare railroad buried in the mud. It took time and more patience than in my earlier life I would have supposed existed in the whole world to put that venture through.

At last the supreme court decided the case in favor of the three-cent company on the ground that the plaintiffs had permitted it to spend so much money before having it enjoined. This fact created an estoppel. But for Senator Hanna's political activity elsewhere and the unquestioned fact that an injunction would have hurt him, he certainly would have moved before election day and prevented an estoppel. The city's

real success at last in creating a line from which extensions could be made was due to the fact that Senator Hanna sacrificed his street railroad interests to political necessity.

When at last the three miles of track on Denison Avenue were completed they furnished the long desired base line from which other lines could be extended. It was the only bit of railroad in the city not under the control of the Hanna properties and those of the Andrews-Stanley company which had now combined—the consolidation being effected in the summer of 1903 and being commonly attributed to my activity in the city's interests. On July 6, 1903, the "Concon," as the Hanna-Andrews combine was called, commenced to sell six tickets for a quarter and to give universal transfers—clearly a measure of self-defense.

From this little line on Denison Avenue extensions were made one after another. Property owners' consent wars were raging on the streets all this time, and the council chamber and the courts were the scenes of constant battles. The city was powerful in the council, the "Concon" powerful in the courts. First one side would move, then the other.

✓ THE NEW LINE GETS THE RENEWALS
OF OLD FRANCHISES

As the franchises of the old companies expired, renewals instead of being granted to them were granted as extensions to the three-cent line, and so inch by inch the three-cent line grew longer and became more and more threatening daily. The administration policy of changing the names of streets was often necessary.

By the time I had been elected mayor for the third time, there had been fifteen injunctions against the low-fare movement, but we were patiently hammering away. The Cleveland Street Railway Company—the "Concon"—had made various experiments in the matter of fares. After abandoning the six tickets for a quarter and universal transfers, they tried the three-cent fare and then the four-cent fare for stated short periods. None of the trials was made in really good faith, yet all showed the weakness of the company's case. The city was consistently pursuing my policy of granting no renewals of franchises, and the question of expiring franchises was constantly coming up.

The best street railway grant from the

standpoint of the public interest is one that has already expired. The public has no interest in a franchise being for any specific length of time. The time limit serves private interests and affords an excuse for tying the public's hands. For three or four years, short lines and parts of other lines were permitted by the city to operate without specific grants.

It is a great pity that more street railroad grants are not made on such terms, for this avoids the necessity of giving away a lot of public rights or tying them up for a definite period. It is obvious that any grant, however safeguarded, might be interpreted by the courts as giving certain rights from which prolonged litigation would certainly follow, so that the company would gain time if nothing more. It got to be one of the features of our controversy that the street railroad could build lines, but could not get grants.

BUILDING A RAILWAY WITHOUT LICENSE
TO DO SO

Here is a specific case in point which illustrates the wisdom of such a course: A street railway line was needed around the new post-office building. Everybody wanted it, but in this case the street railway company did not want to build it. Nothing short of an act of Congress could bestow the property owners' consents necessary to a valid grant, for the government owned a majority of the feet front on each of the four sides of the building. The city, therefore, without power from council or any other legal authority, and even without funds for this specific purpose, *did construct this piece of railroad and owned it*. Any property owner in the city, any taxpayer could have prevented it by applying to the courts, but in all the big city of Cleveland there was not one person with sufficient hardihood to interfere. It only shows what can be done when everybody is willing, and what obstacles can be thrown in the way when some private interest is trying to balk a public enterprise.

There is hardly a city in the country where there are not a lot of unused grants which street railway companies preserve very carefully, running cars over them once a month or at some other regular interval. Municipal ownership would save all this. Without the private interest, street railroads would

be built with the same care and operated with the same considerations of public utility that obtain in fire lines and police stations. A careful study of all we did in the long street railroad war in Cleveland furnishes the best arguments I know in favor of public ownership and operation of this kind of property.

Grant for the sake of argument that a municipally owned street railroad will not be as economically managed in some directions as one privately owned, there are still a great many credits to its account. There would not be the foolish and expensive litigation which private companies go through. There would not be the laying down of routes to prevent competition.

The opponents of municipal ownership would bring all these objections which you now hear against street railroads as readily against the municipal operation of the fire department if they had any idea they could make a fire department pay as a private enterprise.

KEEPING COUNCILMEN IN LINE

Our fights were not always with Privilege from the outside. When councilmen could be reached and made to oppose measures for the public good, the representatives of Privilege were probably happiest. They knew what happens to a house divided against itself. Therefore, some of the hardest contests we had were to keep the council in line for the city.

Roughly speaking, there are three kinds of councilmen, just as there are three kinds of Congressmen and three kinds of state legislators. There is the earnest, intelligent man working for better things, there is the crook working for better pay, there is the painstaking good fellow working for he does not know what. He wants to be right, tries to be right, thinks he is right, but is conscientiously wrong on almost every subject. A combination of any two of these classes in any legislative body always wins.

The least hopeful, the hardest to move because of his imaginary virtues, is the one who belongs to the third class. I have always gotten the best results from combinations of the first and second classes; for the crook, whatever his other shortcomings may be, is usually wise—too wise to be fooled. Between right things and wrong things—unless the price is high enough—he will be

for the right. He will not go wrong just for the fun of it. Left to his natural bent and usual good judgment he will go right.

My experience in this direction has impressed two things very strongly upon me: one, that the intelligent crook may be relied upon many times when the perfectly good-intentioned man will fail; two, that legislative bodies, left to themselves, will go as nearly right as the native honesty and intelligence of the members make possible, for the corruption of such bodies comes from without, not from within.

FOREST CITY RAILWAY COMPANY ORGANIZED

In spite of the tremendous pressure brought against it by the public service corporations through unfair newspapers, in spite of constant litigation and of political tricks of various kinds, the low-fare movement made its way. The organization of a new traction company, known as the Forest City Railway Company, was secured and grants were made to this company with the provision that the lines could be acquired by the city at not more than ten per cent. above cost as soon as a municipal ownership law could be obtained.

The Forest City line was obstructed every time it made a move.

It costs money to build and equip street railroads, but the expense is enormous when you add to it the cost of litigation growing out of a new injunction suit nearly every day. It was not easy to capitalize an enterprise which was so badly handicapped; nor was it easy to find a person too honest to be bought, ready to take the risk of loaning money without any possibility of making more than an ordinary six- or seven-per-cent. investment.

The man for just this emergency came to us in the person of my friend ex-Congressman Ben T. Cable, of Rock Island, Illinois. Mr. Cable put one hundred thousand dollars into the company and later an additional two or three hundred thousand dollars. At any time when the fight was warm he could have sold out to the old company at an immense profit, and not only have defeated the low-fare movement but have brought discredit upon all connected with it. He fulfilled every obligation and his service to our cause cannot be overestimated. I did not see then, and I do not see now, how we could have prevented a disastrous defeat without Mr. Cable's assistance.

A competing company was not enough to satisfy me, however.

✓ In 1905, the city proposed to the old company to settle the whole vexed street railway problem by means of the organization of a holding company. It was my idea that this holding company should take over all the street railway interests of the city as lessee. A fair rental should be paid and the property operated in the interests of the public *and not for profit*.

As security to the old company a twenty-year franchise should be granted to the holding company with the agreement that it should revert to the private interests if the holding company failed to make good under the terms of the lease. The city offered to place a valuation of \$85 a share on the "Concon" stock. This figure was much too high, for the price offered would have given the old company about three times as much for their property and unexpired franchises as it would have cost to rebuild the whole system in first-class condition.

The advantages that would accrue to the city it is impossible to measure in money, as it would remove the biggest incentive for bad government by Big Business. This offer the old company foolishly rejected, for in 1908 they were forced to accept a settlement based on a price of \$55 a share.

I went ahead on the holding company idea just the same.

WE ORGANIZE THE MUNICIPAL TRACTION COMPANY

The Municipal Traction Company was then organized as the holding company and completed in the summer of 1906 with A. B. duPont as president and director, Charles W. Stage, Frederic C. Howe, Edward Wiebenson and William Greif as the other directors, and W. B. Colver as secretary. The directors were salaried and self-perpetuating, but neither they nor the company were to profit in any other way. Their books were open to the public and all their transactions were public.

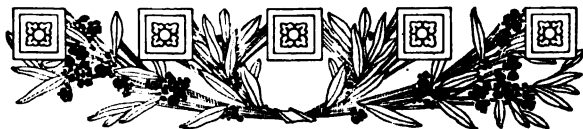
The holding company owned no railroad, but became the lessee of the Forest City Company. The capital for construction was raised by the sale of Forest City stock at ninety cents on the dollar and deposited in trust for use in construction by the holding company. The holding company agreed to construct and operate the low-fare lines, to pay six per cent. on the capital, to pay off the capital at ten per cent. above par, and to devote the entire surplus to extensions and improvements. Everything had been done openly. There had been no secret negotiations with the old company nor in other directions.

By the last days of October, 1906, the cars of the Forest City Railway Company were on their way from the factory in the East to Cleveland, and on November 1, 1906, the first three-cent-fare car made its first trip from Denison Avenue to Detroit Avenue.

By common consent I was the motor-man, city officials and other friends of the municipal ownership movement were the passengers, but the company's rules were enforced and every passenger paid his fare.

It was just five years and six months to a day since I had been elected mayor the first time, and at least a part of our dream had come true. It was a sunshiny day and the brightness of the weather seemed to be reflected in the faces of the men, women and children who crowded around us at the car barns and lined the streets all along the route.

They even decorated their houses, some of them, with flags and bunting as if it were a holiday, and here and there women on the streets threw bunches of fall flowers from their own little gardens toward the big new yellow car as it passed. A committee of women, I remember, brought a big bunch of flowers to me at the car house and said they wanted to thank us for getting three-cent fares for them. That was the best of it; it was a people's victory, a victory for women and children as well as for men, and they all knew it.



A Poet Though Married



By Helen R. Martin

Author of "Tillie, A Mennonite Maid," "The Crossways," etc.

Illustrations by John R. Neill

MAGGIE GLICK, in the flush of unwonted indignation that colored her mild, delicate face and brightened her soft, patient eyes, looked almost as young as she really was and almost as pretty as on the day, six years ago, when Bennie Glick had fallen in love with her, written a poem to her and then proceeded to marry her. Six years—during which she had borne him four children and supported the whole family, at the cost of her youth and beauty, while he—*ach, Himmel!*—wrote “pomes” for the *Lebanon Intelligencer* and the county *New Era*, his sole compensation for which consisted in the glory of seeing himself in print. And now, in the very face of her loving sacrifices for him, he sat at their table in their tiny dining room and made love—“or next thing to”—to their boarder, the brazen, pretty young “townner” who had come out to teach the village school!

“She’s as crazy after Bennie as he is after her!” thought Maggie, tears of self-pity filling her eyes as she bent over her baby girl’s plate to cut her meat. Never in all her married life had she grudged slaving for Bennie Glick that he might be free to write his “po-try”—so long as he *loved* her. But only to *hear* the way he and that teacher were going on at each other! Bennie was telling

the teacher, in effect, that not until he had known *her* had he written as he was capable of writing; that *her* appreciation, *her* understanding, had inspired his masterpiece. No one else, he said, had ever really appreciated his talents.

“But,” wondered Maggie, bewildered, “if workin’ night and day fur six years yet to support him and his children ain’t ‘preciation, what *is*? I certainly wouldn’t of did it fur no *common* man!”

The teacher herself looked like an exotic in this neat little painted frame house at the end of the one long street of the Pennsylvania Dutch village. The extraordinarily cheap varnished dining-room suit—which was the proud and triumphant result of a year’s secret saving on Maggie’s part—the two luridly colored chromos which hung over the sideboard, representing a variety of fruits never known to appear simultaneously, and so perfect in form and color as to be monstrosities, a ghastly picture of the dying Garfield hanging over the refrigerator—these details made an odd setting for the radiant and extremely stylish young lady who sat at the poet’s side and daintily sipped her tea.

“Of course I recognize,” she was saying with that air of elegance which both awed

and cowed poor Maggie, "that your poetry—*yours*—wouldn't be appreciated here."

Bennie—incapable of the least suspicion that she added to herself, "Or they'd publish it in the joke column!"—gazed at her with his soul in his eyes.

"Till I'm through dinner I'll read you what I wrote off this morning," he eagerly announced.

"Now you've taken away my appetite, I'm so eager to hear it!"

"I hope it is my pome and not these here scorched turnips that has took your appetite," he returned as, having helped himself abundantly to the turnips and tasted them, he cast a reproving glance at his wife.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss De Ford, "you are different, you know, from *some* of the great poets—Shakespeare, you remember, never knew *what* Anne put before him," she improvised. "And as for Virgil and Whittier and Alfred Austin and all those—well, plain living and high thinking, you know."

Maggie looked up in astonishment. "Why! I conceived it was just the other way about—that the po-try workin' in 'em made 'em so wonderful choicy about their wittles!"

"Och, Maggie, what do you know about it?"

"But that's what you always *tole* me, Bennie! And that's why my cookin' worries me so—for fear you can't write your po-try if I don't feed you up wholesome and hearty!" she insisted.

"These here scorched turnips don't look as if your cookin' worried you!"

"They stuck fur me while baby was nursin'—and I didn't call you to stir 'em because I seen you was deep in it—with that new pome."

"But I assure you, Mrs. Glick, that a true poet's delicate sensibilities are revolted by the grossness of rich or heavy food," Miss De Ford affirmed dogmatically, helping herself deliberately (to Maggie's consternation) to the last cream puff on the dish, the one intended for Bennie's dessert. "I would know merely to look at Mr. Glick that that was the case with *him*," she added, her bright eyes moving appreciatively from Bennie's greasy visage to his double chin and fat, overfed body.

"But it ain't!" cried Maggie. "It ain't!"

"You don't understand him, Mrs. Glick," Miss De Ford returned with a patronizing

smile which made Maggie long to rise up in her wrath and tell her she could suit herself with another boarding place, that *this* house was "full-up" and that her room was needed.

But the sad truth was she did not even dare to show the claws with which she yearned to scratch her rival; for since the death of one of their two cows, the teacher's board was almost their only income, and so they needed not only what she paid, but the money she was going to pay Bennie for acting as janitor of the schoolhouse—a function which all her predecessors had performed themselves. But *this* teacher, it seemed, was "too tony" to do such work, you had only to look at her hands. Maggie had never seen such hands. And such was her unbelievable power over Bennie, with her pretty looks and flattering ways, that she had actually got him to *work*—at least an hour a day!—to keep the schoolroom fire, wash the windows, sweep the floor and dust the desks!

"It would be takin' the bread out of my children's mouths, to send her off!" the poor wife thought. "And not even to keep Bennie's love to myself will I hurt my babies!"

It really looked as if Miss De Ford had helped herself to that cream puff just because she didn't think such rich things good for poets, for after taking only one bite of it, she was leaving it on her plate. Maggie was sure Bennie would reproach her for not having had more of them on the table, he was so fond of them. But they cost "two for five," and though the children, too, loved them, she could not afford to buy such luxuries for any one but Bennie and the boarder.

"Ben!" Miss De Ford suddenly spoke to the five-year-old boy opposite her at the table. "Will you finish my cream puff?"

"You bet you!" Ben quickly responded, his face beaming at this unexpected wind-fall. His mother had warned him not to ask for any.

"Now," the teacher turned brightly to the poet, who was sadly following the course of the cream puff which should have been his, "we will go into the parlor and hear the poem."

"They don't ask me to come hear it, too—they just want to be by theirselves!" thought Maggie as, with a speed expressive of her heated mind, she took the children down from the table and proceeded to "clear



"HIS VOICE THICK WITH EMOTION, BENNIE READ WITH GUSTO 'LINES ON A LADY'S VISIT TO A FORMER LADY FRIEND.'"

off" and "wash up." "It's Saturday and she ain't got nothin' to do but set in there and spoon with Bennie!"

The sound of Bennie's voice, thick with the emotion called up by his poem as he read, came to her as she moved to and fro between the boxlike dining room and kitchen of the little village cottage.

This is what Bennie was reading:

LINES ON A LADY'S VISIT TO A FORMER LADY FRIEND

On a summer eve a lady strayed,
In charity perchance a call she paid.

Her host in other days she had known:
She found her in sadness, neglect and forlorn.

Happy, oh, how happy once was she,
Oh, how great a change she did see!

Now she was married, wan, and pale,
The story of many an oftold tale.

There squalor and penury and want and misery
Stalked as handmaids in full mastery.

Her husband to her unkind and poor,
No cheer was there and bare was the floor.

As long as the aunt's bounty did last
They had drove a pace exceedingly fast.

Once they most lavishly did entertain,
Now one room all their effects doth contain.

Now they sit upon the stool of repentance
Bewailing their want of sustenance.

They drank the cup of violence;
Now they eat the bread of bitterness.

And my lady fair in silence withdrew,
And in pity bade her former friend adieu.

The poet finished and looked up—the flush of emotion on his broad, oily face deepened. His visitor was so overcome that she sat with her mouth and eyes buried in her handkerchief.

Maggie, who had hovered near the parlor door to listen, was saying to herself: "He kin write off such pitiful things as them and yet he never stops to think that our own house would be just so bare and poor if I didn't do the double work that's rightly mine *and* hisn!"

Miss De Ford raised her face at last and wiped her eyes. "Mr. Glick, there is money in your poetry."

"I wisht I knew how to get it out!" he answered facetiously.

"I could get it out. Let me have your poems to copy!"

"I'll be pleased to oblige!" he returned beamingly. "I'll get 'em together for you."

"Thanks. By the way, this is the day your pay is due for cleaning the school-room."

"It's a week to-day," he agreed, benignly expectant, though his wife was always ready to supply him with what small sums he required for stationery, tobacco, beer, perfumery and the other trifling necessities of life. But this money from Miss De Ford, earned by work distastefully beneath him save for the extenuating circumstance that it brought him into closer relations with the radiant lady who appreciated his poems—*this* money he would save up for a new suit of clothes, for he was rather ashamed of his shabbiness in contrast with her daintiness.

Miss De Ford drew a bank check from the jaunty little pocket of her blouse, and Bennie was smilingly about to hold out his hand for it.

"Mrs. Glick!" the teacher's pleasant voice called, and Maggie, surprised at being summoned to their *tête-à-tête*, appeared in the doorway.

"Have you time to come in a minute?" inquired Miss De Ford.

Maggie silently came forward. Miss De Ford handed her the check.

"Mr. Glick's money for the week. A check for three dollars. You are the family cashier, I believe."

Maggie looked at it, puzzled. It was made out to *her*.

Bennie laughed. "You are so used to see my wife handle the money that you think, meebly, I don't know how to cash a check! Give it here, Maggie."

He glanced at it as Maggie obeyed, then handed it back to her. "You'll have to indorse it for me."

"But you see," explained Miss De Ford, "I've made it out, not to Mrs. Glick's order, but to herself. No one else can cash it. Of course," she added flatteringly, "I understand, Mr. Glick, that you don't want your writing interrupted with such trivial matters."

"It makes nothing," he answered lightly, endeavoring to meet her peculiar idea of a poet's temperament. "It's neither here nor there. You can just gimme three dollars, then, Maggie, and keep the check."

"I ain't got no three dollars."

"Why ain't you?" Bennie asked, off his guard. "Miss De Ford paid you her board yesterday."

"I paid the store bill with what she gim-

me. If I didn't keep our store bill paid, Jake Esh would *soon* say he don't give us no credit no more!"

"If it's all the same to you, Miss De Ford, you can pay me in cash instead of a check," Bennie suggested.

"I never keep more loose money about me than what I absolutely need and I always pay everything by check, Mr. Glick." Miss De Ford's tone was firm.

"Then, Maggie, you go to the store and cash that check for me."

"But, Bennie," Maggie faltered, "I got the kitchen to clean and a cake to bake and supper to get. You know it would take me a good hour to go and come from the store."

"Let some of the work. Or finish it after supper. I got to have the money, Maggie."

"What fur, Bennie?"

He glanced at her in surprise. She was not in the habit of asking him to account to her for the use of money; why should she expect him to account to her for what he himself had earned?

"That's neither here nor there, Maggie," he answered with dignity. "I'll take care of that. You just go get me the money."

Before this tone and air of dignified reproof, Maggie yielded perforce. "Will you mind baby fur me that she don't crawl near the stove till I get back a'ready," she asked. He hated to be bothered with the care of the children.

"Better take her along."

"I was a-goin' to take Ben and Flossie. The baby would be better manageable fur you than them."

"It would do 'em all good to get out fur a walk. I won't have time to mind any of 'em."

"But, Bennie, till I got 'em all cleaned up and dressed, it would take the whole afternoon yet! I *can't*, Bennie! Miss De Ford," she appealed to the teacher, "could you make out another check—to Bennie instead of me?"

"I have used up the last page of my check book. I'll tell you what I will do, Mrs. Glick! Let *me* bake the cake and mind the children and you go alone. It will do you good to get out if you go without *them*. I can make such good cake!"

"Oh!" thought Maggie distraught. "It's a plot she's made up so she and Bennie kin spoon, that's what it is!"

But she acted on the suggestion, carrying with her a picture of Bennie's adoring gaze

upon this angel in the house who could make him delicious cake, admire his poems, pay him money, make herself beautiful in dainty clothes for his pleasure—how could poor, faded, soiled, overworked Maggie hope to hold her own against such a creature?

It was an hour later when, looking more puzzled over life's problems than ever, Maggie returned home. She found Bennie and the teacher at the kitchen table eating

"My goodness!" cried Bennie. "I ain't got tobacco enough to do me over Sunday! I'll have to go myself, I guess!"

"But I doubt, Mr. Glick," said Miss De Ford, "whether the shopkeeper will give *you* credit on that check, as it's made out to your wife. And I remember hearing you say that he never would give you tobacco unless you could pay cash for it. Never mind! Read me that poem again!" she smilingly



"'BENNIE GLICK!' MAGGIE SUDDENLY TURNED UPON HIM. 'IT AIN'T APPROPRIATE FUR YOU TO LEAVE HER TAKE YOU TO THE CIRCUS—WITHOUT ME!'"

from a plate of beautiful chocolate cakes, the baby asleep in its basket in the corner, and Ben and Flossie peacefully playing in the dining room with some building blocks which Miss De Ford had brought them from town a few days ago.

"Well, did you cash the check?" asked the lady.

"No, I didn't. Jake Esh he acted awful funny about it. He just grinned at me and sayed he had took all his money to the bank a'ready and couldn't spare me none. He'd give me credit on the check, he sayed, but he couldn't cash it."

"Well, then, did you bring me some tobacco?" Bennie inquired testily, in a tone of disappointment.

"You didn't say that's what you wanted," Maggie lamented.

exclaimed. "And the rest of your poems. Please, Mr. Glick!"

Maggie's simple heart would have overflowed with gratitude to Miss De Ford for her generosity to the children had it not been for those burning suspicions that possessed her as to the wily creature's designs upon the gifted Bennie.

It was on the occasion of Miss De Ford's producing tickets for the circus in Lebanon for all the family except Maggie and the baby, together with the munificence of a book of trolley-car tickets, that, for the first time, Maggie "had words" with Bennie on the subject of his infatuation.

"Don't oversleep to-morrow," he advised his wife as they were preparing for bed the night before the circus, "for we'll have to

leave on the eight o'clock trolley if we're going to see the parade, too."

"Bennie Glick!" Maggie suddenly turned upon him, dire trouble in her sweet voice as she stood half undressed, with her beautiful brown hair falling about her shoulders. Her hair was the only beauty that remained unmarred by the strain of her years of married life.

"What's the matter?" Bennie yawned.

"It ain't *appropriate* fur you to leave her take you to the circus—without me!" Maggie's effort to speak that last phrase unfalteringly, made her tone hard.

"Ben and Flossie will be along," her husband returned indifferently.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't think that I'd want to go onet on a circus, too," Maggie forced herself to say, her back toward him that he might not see the trembling of her lips and the hot tears in her eyes.

"Who'd mind the baby?"

Maggie had no answer to this quite unanswerable argument.

"And anyhow," added Bennie, "she has bought only four tickets."

This, also, seemed to Maggie to leave nothing to be said.

"What's more," Bennie pursued his advantage, "you haven't no clothes fit to go to the city."

"Do I ever have any money to buy clo'es fur myself yet?" she asked in a muffled voice.

"Don't Miss De Ford earn all hern?" he demanded triumphantly.

"She has only herself to keep," said Maggie—which retort was so out of character that Bennie was startled, and for an instant subdued.

But presently he rallied. "If you was a better manager you wouldn't go about so unkempt still." He could always awe her by introducing into common conversation a word proper to poetry.

Maggie furtively wiped her eyes, then again turned to face her lord as he sat on the side of the bed to draw off his shoes.

"Look a-here, Bennie, I've often heard that when girls in town that are earnin' their own livin' seem to spend so much more'n they earn, it's well knowed *how* they get their extra money. Now you know what the teacher's wages is here, and you know how free she spends. Why, only this after when I was tryin' Ben's little pants on him to see if he'd overgrown 'em too much

to wear to the circus, and he sayed they was so tight they choked his legs—and when I tried to stretch 'em bigger, he hollered, 'You're makin' 'em too worsen!'—she thought it so comic that she tole him she'd buy him a whole new suit in town to-morrow! And her no relation to us! So, Bennie Glick, can't you *see* what she must be when she can spend so freehanded? And," Maggie affirmed conclusively, "she says the *De* in her name is French! Now, think! Nothin' but a French woman!"

"Och, Maggie, you're dumn!" Bennie drawled.

"Them French is bad people, Bennie Glick!"

"How do *you* know?" Bennie scoffed.

"They stand up to be drawn without any clothes on!—fur twenty-five cents a time!" she said in a scandalized tone. "A Mennonite preacher tole me."

"Well, I guess the whole French nation don't stand up to be drawn without any clothes on! You're wonderful dumn, Maggie!"

"I ain't so dumn, Bennie, but I can see she spends more'n she earns!"

"All there is to it is that she's a good manager. If you was as good a manager as her we could live enough better'n we do. It ain't becomin' in you to hint such mean things about her when she's livin' here with us and bein' so kind to us."

And thus silenced, Maggie climbed into their high feather bed and cried herself to sleep.

But the next morning the surprise of husband and wife was equal to find when Miss De Ford came down to breakfast that she was clad merely in her school garb of white blouse and dark cloth skirt! Surely she would put on her best to go to a circus. And she had a frock that was so "appropriate," too; an "Alice blue" silk with lace yoke and elbow sleeves, which Maggie considered the "dressiest" frock she had ever seen.

"Is it that she ain't *goin'*?" Maggie marvelled, hope rising in her aching heart, as she hastened the bringing in of the sausage, fried potatoes and coffee.

"Why, Mrs. Glick!" The teacher stopped short, halfway across the room and surveyed her landlady in astonishment. "Why aren't you dressed? You'll be too late!"

"*Me?* Why, I ain't a-goin'. Am I?" she lamely inquired.

"Why of course you are going! What an

idea! Run along this minute and get into your other gown. I'll give the children their breakfast."

"But I can't go! Who'd take care of the baby?"

"The baby's father, of course. Who else?" cheerfully announced Miss De Ford.

"But he's all dressed to go!" said Maggie chokingly, her hopes dashed as she realized that the *dénouement* was to get her out of the way with the two elder children that the coast might be clear for a long day's *ête-à-ête* between this Jezebel and the lawful husband of another woman!

"Oh!" Miss De Ford cried as her eyes fell upon Bennie's spruce attire. "How very unselfish of you, Mr. Glick, to think of sacrificing a whole day for your children's pleasure! But it is so unnecessary. Mrs. Glick will *enjoy* going—while, of course, to you it would be a waste of time and a bore!"

Her assumption that he was superior to the frivolity of circuses and his realization that she also would be at home, alone with him; that her desire for his society had probably led her to plan this excursion for his wife and children—so flattered him that he rose to her bait straightway, though he had never missed a circus day in town in the past twenty years, and nothing short of this strong appeal to his vanity could have made him do it now.

"To be sure, I'd sooner leave Maggie go," he readily assented, though the statement sounded affected even to himself.

"It would be such a very unnecessary sacrifice for you to make," reiterated Miss De Ford, "though I think it was lovely of you to be *willing* to do it, Mr. Glick. Now do hurry, Mrs. Glick. Dear me!" she cried as she lifted Ben and Flossie to their places and began to help them to their breakfast, while Maggie slowly and with infinite un-

certainly walked to the door, "how spic and span and shiny the dear babies look—all dressed up so fine to go to the circus! *Dear me!* And you know," she turned to Bennie as he drew up to the table, "you couldn't very well spare the time to go, as it is your day for cleaning the schoolroom, you remember—not to mention the poem you promised me—the one that is to be dedicated to me!" She smiled upon him beatifically. "Shan't I be proud of it!"

To have had one's mind adjusted to a day at the circus and suddenly to find, instead, that one was expected to stay at home, clean a schoolroom and mind a baby, would have been too much for Bennie to digest even under the goad of her "appreciation," if the prospect of a long day's solitude with her had not seemed almost as good a thing as the circus itself. He wondered, while eating his sausage and fried potatoes, whether, in view of the daily "encouragement" he received he could safely venture,



"WE ARE GOING TO HAVE SUPPER
AT THE EAGLE HOTEL,' MISS DE FORD
CALMLY ANNOUNCED."



when presenting her with the poem dedicated to her, to imprint a poetic kiss upon her brow. In spite of her undisguised admiration, he had an instinctive, though surely unreasonable, apprehension that it would be a risk. For Bennie knew, in the depth of his soul, that he stood in awe of her.

"This ought to be a day of inspiration to you!" she went on. "The greatest poetry the world has ever known has been, as of course *you* know, inspired by sentiments of chivalry; and your consciousness to-day that you are chivalrously minding the baby in order to give your faithful little wife a bit of needed recreation—oh, I shall expect another masterpiece, Mr. Glick!"

"You shall not be disappointed!" he earnestly returned. "Your appreciation has not only brang out the best in me, it also reveals to me depths in myself I did not dream of. Sentiments of chivalry, for instance——"

The door opened and Maggie, dressed in the green sateen with white polka dots which had been her best dress ever since her marriage, came into the room. She did not look happy. In her anxiety and sorrow she had no heart for the vanities of a circus, and were it not that the children must not be disappointed, nor those expensive tickets wasted, not a step would she have gone.

"I hadn't ought to have went," she feebly protested as Miss De Ford sprang to help her with the children's hats and coats. "Bennie ain't used to a cold bite at dinner and it ain't to be expected that *you'd* cook him his dinner, Miss De Ford——"

"Now, then!" broke in Miss De Ford, "you're all ready but me." And before any one could say a word she had run into the hall and had come back instantly, her jacket over her arm and her leather bag hanging from her wrist as she raised her arms to pin on the jaunty brown hat which matched her suit, the stylishness of which impressed Maggie beyond words.

"You need not bother to see—them—on the car, Mr. Glick, I'll do it," she quickly spoke. "Just finish your breakfast and," she smiled at him archly, "see how much of the work you can have done by the time I get back!"

He laughed delightedly at her intimate playfulness, but she gave them no time for farewells. She hurried them out with the admonition that they had but five minutes to catch the trolley at the corner.

Never in her life had Maggie been called upon to readjust so violently a mental attitude as when, to the utter routing of her conception of the deep subtlety of Miss De Ford's machinations, that bewildering person boarded the car with her and the two children to go to town to the circus.

"But there ain't no car back till this after yet!" Maggie frantically explained as the car started.

"I know," was the serene reply as Miss De Ford turned Ben around on her lap to face the window. "Won't we have a good time to-day, Ben? I wouldn't exchange it for a day in Paris, would *you*, Bennie-man?"

Maggie sank back limply, nearly letting Flossie slide off her lap. She could not think—she was too confused. Miss De Ford had intended going all the time. She did vaguely wonder what Bennie would do about his noon meal; and his long, lonely day at home—Bennie hated so to be alone that he even objected to her running in for a half hour's chat of an evening with her sister who lived across the way; also his being obliged to mind the baby all day long and give her her bottle; not to mention the cleaning of the schoolhouse without her help—for having done it alone one Saturday, he had given his wife to understand that thereafter she must be on hand to help him—and of course that meant that Bennie would look on while Maggie did the work.

"Ain't, mom," Ben was exclaiming as a long freight train passed the trolley car, "ain't, mom, when you're lookin' at a choo-choo train and the little red caboose comes along, then it's *all*!" (all gone).

The state of bewilderment with which Maggie had started upon this excursion continued all day. By the time, however, that they had seen the parade, had bought Ben's new suit, had had dinner at the Eagle Hotel (at fifty cents apiece and, to Maggie's consternation, nothing deducted for the children!) a dinner the "stylishness" of which filled her soul with mingled awe and pleasure, and had at last found themselves in the circus tent seated in reserved chairs (not the common benches, mind you)—by this time, Maggie's general sense of well-being had softened her heart, smoothed out the puzzled pucker of her brow and loosened her tongue. For the first time since Miss De Ford had come among them, Mrs. Glick waxed friendly and communicative.

"Yes, this is the first time I went pleasure—

seekin' yet since I am married a'ready," she said, while they comfortably waited for the performance to begin, the children being sufficiently absorbed in prize popcorn bags to leave the two women undisturbed. "Except, to be sure, on a funeral now and again. Me and Bennie was to a funeral the week before you come—my cousin's mister was the corp. Such a pretty corp he made, too!" she sighed, luxuriating in so congenial a theme. "Ach, such flowers as he had! Eight big sprays and two *de-signs*. One *de-sign* was a heart and one was Golden Gates. She took it awful hard, missus did. Him and her always got along so nice and happy together! Yes, she called him popper and he called her mommer that way. That's always how it goes—them that gets along good together, one of 'em's always taken, it seems. Honest it does. Ach, she took it so hard. Right in front of all the people she flung herself on the corp and hollered, 'Oh, popper, we've lived together seventeen years and this here's the first time we was separated!' I tell you, Miss De Ford, there wasn't a dry eye in them rooms! The undertaker had to drag her off!"

Miss De Ford nodded sympathetically. And Maggie forgot to wonder that so "high" a lady should show such interest in what *she* had to say. She could understand, of course, how one so superior would be interested in listening to her poet-husband. "But as common as what *I* am yet, it's a wonder she'd take such interest!"

"Your husband, Mrs. Glick, is the only Pennsylvania German I have encountered out here," remarked Miss De Ford, "who isn't what you call 'a hard worker and close saver.' How does it happen that, being a Pennsylvania German, he is—well, *what* he is?"

"It's on account of his bein' a poet that way," Mrs. Glick answered.

"But wasn't he trained into habits of thrift and industry as all Pennsylvania Germans seem to be?"

"His pop he died when Bennie was little yet and so his mom was a widdah woman. She brang Bennie up to work so hard that when he took the scarlet fever till he was ten a'ready, the doctor sayed how it was overwork that made him ketch it. He had it so bad he near died fur her yet! So, when he did pull through, why, after that, to be sure, she never made him do nothin' he didn't feel fur doin', even after he was

growed—and her havin' nothin' but what she earnt. But she often sayed she felt paid fur all she done when first she seen Bennie's pomes printed in the noospapers!"

"Why did you marry a man with no means of support?"

"But when I married Bennie he was teachin' the school here—he had *your* job. You see, his mother had just died and he hadn't no one to keep him, so he *had* to get a job. But the teachin' was too hard on him. He sayed it didn't leave him no time nor strength to write pomes. So, till we was married a little while, he resigned," she sadly concluded with a little stifled sigh. "And so I kep' boarders when I could get 'em still, and sold milk."

"Suppose," suggested Miss De Ford, "that Mr. Glick wanted to get back the school—could he?"

"You needn't worry," Maggie smiled wanly. "He won't try to take your job off you."

"But could he get it if I resigned?"

"Oh, yes, he *could* get it all right, he's so in with the political boss out here."

"So I thought," the teacher replied in a tone of satisfaction that mystified Maggie. But she had no time to wonder what that tone, with the accompanying little firm tightening of the lips, might mean, for at this moment the performance began.

"Now me," Maggie remarked during the course of the performance, "I like a circus so much better than a dime waudevillie. At them ten-cent shows the actors certainly do make remarks sometimes that give you a shamed face! They make remarks that ain't *appropriate*!"

It was not until they were again on the street that Mrs. Glick recalled the existence of her lonely and neglected lord and began to look anxious.

"I hope we get the five o'clock car—or what will Bennie do fur his supper?" she worried, trying to hasten their progress through the crowds on the sidewalk.

"We are going to have supper at the Eagle Hotel," Miss De Ford calmly announced. "You would be quite too tired to cook a supper for us when we get home. And we're all hungry *now*."

"But Bennie's supper!" gasped Maggie. "He can't cook his own *supper* too!"

"Why not?" Miss De Ford inquired innocently.

"He won't do it!" Maggie cried. "He'll set and go hungry first!"

"Yes," responded Miss De Ford cheerfully, "a poet is always indifferent to gross details like meals."

"Then Bennie ain't no poet! Or else you don't know a lot of poets if you think that! Do you know many?"

"Many poets? None like Bennie."

"I guess then!" Maggie nodded proudly. "But ach, Miss De Ford," she added, "I'd sooner we went home on the five o'clock car. Bennie will have so cross if we don't!"

"Leave him to me. I'll manage—cheer him up," she amended it.

Maggie bridled at this usurpation of her prerogatives. But her sense of deep obligation for incredible favors kept her subdued.

"What time is it now?" she meekly though anxiously inquired.

"A quarter to five."

"A quarter 'to'?" she repeated uncertainly. "Does that mean a quarter over or a quarter till?"

Miss De Ford considered. "A quarter 'till'," she decided. "We couldn't possibly catch the five o'clock car, no matter how much we hurried."

"Ach, well, then," Maggie gave it up with a long breath, "if we can't, then would you mind if I stopped at the five-and-ten and got some individual hairpins?"

"Individual hairpins?"

"Them little thin ones you can't hardly see yet!"

"Invisible hairpins—yes; and we can get some toys for the children at the 'five-and-ten' and then have supper and take the six-thirty car home."

"Ach!" breathed Maggie, "it'll be a half over seven till we get home a'ready, ain't?"

"Yes; and what a good quiet day we've given Mr. Glick for his poems!"

Maggie wondered, as they neared home, whether even Miss De Ford could "manage" and "cheer up" a Bennie affronted by such a long day of loneliness and neglect; and upon their confronting him as he sat stolid and sulky in the dining room, it looked like a formidable undertaking indeed, though Maggie was dumfounded to behold that he had cleared away the remains of the breakfast and had attended to the fires. The fact was he had done the former under the inspiration of Miss De Ford's parting words and the expectation of her immediate return; and the latter he had been obliged to do for his own comfort.

But even Maggie's jealousy could not

withhold some meed of admiration for the skill with which the feat of appeasing him was performed—though to her simple conscience it seemed luridly mixed with guile.

"Oh, you dear good man," Miss De Ford greeted him caressingly, "how I have envied your peaceful, quiet day! When it came to the point I was really afraid to let your three helpless treasures go alone; I knew," she continued as she bustled about, taking off the sleepy children's wraps, "that your anxiety about them would disturb the Muse—the Muse, you know—and I did *so* want you to write the poem you're going to dedicate to me! I hope it's written! I see," she gave him no time to answer, "how beautifully you have thought of your wife in having cleared away the breakfast débris and attended to the fires! Chivalry, as I've before remarked, has inspired more great poetry—Ben!" she suddenly whirled the small boy about to face his fast-softening parent, "tell papa about the circus!"

"The big lion," said Ben, opening wide his sleepy eyes with reminiscent wonder, "roared as dreadful as he could! An'—an'—"

"He will tell you more to-morrow when he is not so sleepy. Mrs. Glick, just *see* how thoughtful the dear man has been for our comfort!—the coal brought up and everything so clean and cozy! Now, then, baby boy," she suddenly deposited the astonished child on his astonished father's lap, "papa will carry you up and undress you and put you in your little bed for poor tired mamma! What a theme for a poem, Mr. Glick! You remember all the charming things the great poets have written about the little curly, sleepy head upon one's breast?"

"I ain't no curly head!" Ben protested, while the elder Bennie, under the spell of all this sentimental cajolery, proceeded, without more demur than a moment's questioning glance toward his wife, to perform, for the first time in his life, the poetic task of disrobing and putting his son to bed.

"Be sure to come down again!" Miss De Ford tenderly admonished him as he started, "and read me what you've written to-day. I can't sleep without hearing it!"

"I—I ain't wrote it—yet," Bennie faltered, pausing in the doorway with his burden. "But—but—"

"I know," she said sympathetically, "that one cannot force the Muse. Well, then, let me hear again, before I sleep," she

said softly, "those 'Lines On A Lady's Visit To A Former Lady Friend.'"

"All right," he answered, beaming, entirely mollified. "I'll be down till I get Ben to bed."

Maggie, following her husband with the sleeping Flossie, was trembling with the agitation of a tremendous idea that began to dawn upon her—*Was the teacher "jollyin'" her Bennie?* The thought appalled her.

But by the time the children were in bed her horror had changed, under the spell of Bennie's angelically forbearing to reproach her, to a hot indignation against the perfidy of the woman who could so lead her trusting man by the nose; whose subtle flattery (to Maggie it seemed infinitely subtle) so outweighed all her own devotion and sacrifice.

In the days that followed, however, it became manifest to Miss De Ford, to Bennie, and even to Maggie herself, that the extraordinary experience of that day in town had wonderfully emancipated the cowed little wife from the thrall of her belief that Bennie could not work; that she herself could not ever take a bit of recreation at the price of his slight inconvenience.

The extent of this emancipation could be measured by the unprecedented event which occurred the very day after the mad dissipation of that memorable Saturday; Maggie, about to cook the Sunday dinner, walked into the dining room where her husband sat in conversation with their boarder, and asked him to bring her a bucket of coal from the cellar. Never before in their married life had she requested such a menial service from the poet and she trembled inwardly now; but she was expressing the sudden passionate protest of her heart against the long morning's intimate intercourse between these two, sitting at ease while she worked.

Bennie looked first astonished, then indignant, then hurt, in quick succession, but his glance, meeting a certain look in the eye of the lady seated before him—a look that seemed to put him on a pedestal even higher than that on which his own self-esteem constantly held him—what could he do but act up to her ideal of him?

"Sure, sure!" he quickly consented, rising heavily and taking the bucket from her hands. "Don't you ever carry the coal up yourself, Maggie."

"What I can't see," Maggie kept telling herself these days, "is what she's lookin' to get out of Bennie."

At last she found out. It was about ten days after the circus and Miss De Ford had asked that she might be permitted a half hour's conversation with Mrs. Glick alone in her room.

"Mrs. Glick," she announced as soon as they were alone behind the closed door, "I am going to give up the school and go away."

Maggie turned pale. The teacher's board was still almost their sole support, inasmuch as they had not been able to save enough out of it to buy another cow and so extend their milk business.

"Ain't you stayin' to finish out the term?" she demanded weakly.

"No. I go next week."

"Oh! Is some of your folks took sick?"

"No, I am going because I think I have got all I came for. Mr. Glick can finish out the term. They will pay a man fifty dollars a month."

"Oh! Think what that would be to us!" breathed Maggie. "But," she added dejectedly, "Bennie won't do it to take it."

"Yes, he will. It all depends on you."

"I can't make him do nothin'," Maggie returned almost resentfully.

Miss De Ford leaned forward confidentially. "If you will do as I suggest, he will have to take it."

Maggie shook her head. "Even you couldn't make Bennie take no steady job and keep it. He's all fur hisself, that way, and he don't like to work."

"It will be *you* that will make him take the school."

"Now you are jollyin' *me*?" demanded Maggie suspiciously.

Miss De Ford laughed. "Listen; I want to take you and the three children with me next week to my summer home at Point Pleasant where I live from the first of May to the first of November. You would live in the cottage on the grounds where every year I keep a family to help out with the work of the house. Your work would be the washing, ironing and mending. You would get your living and five dollars a week. Meantime, Mr. Glick would have his fifty dollars for teaching during the month of May; and during the summer, until school opened again in the fall, he could get work with the farmers about. Then when you came back

in November it would be to a comfortable income—fifty dollars a month.”

“Bennie would never leave me go!”

“Pack your trunk and go,” advised Miss De Ford.

“What fur do you want to separate me from my mister?” Maggie inquired darkly.

“To teach Mr. Glick to depend on himself.”

“Yes, and when I was out the way, you’d mebbly come back here to *him*!” Maggie, trembling at her own audacity, looked to see the teacher rise up in dire wrath to crush her.

To her utter astonishment, Miss De Ford shrieked with laughter. “Come back to Bennie Glick? Oh! no, no, *no*, Mrs. Glick! Hear me—I am a married woman!”

Maggie gazed at her in utter stupefaction.

“Tis even so, Mrs. Glick; I am *Mrs.* De Ford.”

“Then where’s your mister *anyhow*?”

“He had to be in Europe for three months this winter and as I had to do *something* to drown my sorrow, I decided to use the time in experimenting—I am a suffragist, a socialist—and I wished to understand the conditions of women who are self-supporting. Incidentally, I think I’ve done out here—or am doing—the best bit of suffragist work I’ve ever done—though I’ve lectured all over the state——”

“*Lekshured!*” gasped Maggie. “A suffragist! Then is your husband a sufferer—or what do you call it when it’s a male?”

“A sufferer? Yes, he is, though he doesn’t know it! At all events—Mr. De Ford gets home next week, and believe me, *he’ll* take care that I don’t worry you and Bennie any more! Now, to come back to you—think of the advantage to your children of six months at the seaside; and to *you* of freedom from worry about expenses. And your work will be ridiculously light compared to what you do at home.”

But she did not need to point out these advantages—they loomed so large to Maggie’s mind that even the astounding news

that this girl was a married woman seemed insignificant by comparison.

“No house rent to pay,” Mrs. De Ford continued. “For Mr. Glick would, of course, stay at the hotel. No pasture rent for your cow, no tobacco, perfumery, or stationery to buy for Bennie—you could *save*, Mrs. Glick!” she triumphantly announced, knowing the powerful appeal of this to a Pennsylvania German soul.

“Mebby,” Maggie said feebly, “Bennie would grow away from me!”

“Mrs. Glick,” spoke Mrs. De Ford impressively, “your husband would learn to appreciate you so completely that you would have him—” she paused to raise her hand and curve her thumb significantly—“that you would *have—him—right—there*, Mrs. Glick!” wriggling her curved thumb. “Right—there!”

Maggie stared at the thumb, fascinated.

“Mrs. Glick,” Miss De Ford continued still more solemnly, “no man ever *keeps on* loving a sheep—a creature he can use and bully. Don’t you *see* how much I can do with Bennie because I am *not* a sheep? A serpent, if you will! Be any kind of a beast rather than a sheep—be a rat-terrier. Try it. Look here, Maggie,” she waxed very earnest, “why hold yourself as cheap as an old shoe for a man who turns from you for the first woman who flatters his egotism a bit? If you do give yourself to him, make him be at least halfway worthy of you. Why, Maggie, even if he were what you think him, a poet and a superior being, *no* man could be worth all that *you* give. Poet or no poet, make Bennie stand on his own feet. You’ve been keeping him down on all fours ever since you married him. Give the man a chance and if he proves he *can’t* stand up, well then,” she concluded grimly, “if I were you I’d certainly let him *flop!*”

Maggie gazed into the bright eyes of the young woman before her and her own began to reflect their fire, while her shoulders straightened and her bosom rose and fell in a long, deep breath.

“Miss—Mrs. De Ford! I will!”





EDITORIAL NOTES



CORPORATIONS AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE

ASSUREDLY, amenities are growing among American newspapers. The old days of savage journalistic warfare seem to have passed forever. The editorial, if less powerful and less read, is certainly far more courteous in tone and more chaste in language. Newspaper editors are at last able to dwell together in peace and amity.

For this change, indicating the progress of civilization, we may well rejoice. But when harmony and general agreement in a certain part of the press reach the choral stage, when many newspapers print the same editorials on the same subjects at about the same time, when these editorials are on subjects wholly extraneous to current events but highly important to the welfare of great corporations, the average citizen may possibly gather new views about editorial harmony and some of the reasons therefor.

One topic about which all the journals of this class have been moved recently to conformable, not to say identical, utterance is the superiority of public service as rendered by private corporations to public service as rendered by government. We have not yet had the pleasure of reading in these journals any citation of facts in support of this thesis, but the assumption is complete and urged as if it were perfectly well known, universally admitted and beyond dispute.

We are extremely curious to know if this belief in the superior quality of private corporation to government service is as general as these newspapers so ingeniously assume. We are still more curious to know its origin and the present grounds on which it is based. We don't believe that a question of this kind can be determined by any of these genial assumptions, and if the gentlemen of the choral press would kindly be explicit about it we should esteem enlightenment as a favor, for we are trying to learn.

Wherein, for instance, is the service ren-

dered by an express company better than the service rendered by the government post office? Wherein are the privately owned railroads of America better for the public than the government railroads of Germany, Belgium and Switzerland? Or, if comparisons be unattractive, exactly what are the benefits conferred upon the public by the privately owned American railroads that could not be had under another system?

We ask these questions, not for purposes of controversy but for information. Also instruction. If the American public service corporation is really better for the community than the public ownership system now rapidly spreading over Europe and elsewhere, the fact can easily be shown; and we urge some of our brethren of the chorus to drop out of the concert long enough to show it.

We have in mind now two instances that might possibly be regarded as casting some doubt upon the superlative merit and virtue of the American public service corporation. We offer them humbly in the hope that we can win for them some slight attention from the writers of the harmonious press. They seem to us pertinent to the subject. If not, no doubt they can easily be explained away.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company operates along the lake front of Chicago a great and profitable suburban passenger service. It secured the lake front on which it runs the trains of this service in a manner that constituted one of the historic legislative scandals of Chicago and meant a great loss to the people of that city and of the State of Illinois. On all ethical grounds, therefore, the company is under obligations to serve the public well. Observe, then, how this service is performed.

On these suburban trains the motive power is steam. The resulting noise, smoke and cinders from the frequent trains are an unspeakable nuisance and affliction to the residents along the line, and a material in-

jury to property. Repeated attempts have been made to induce the city council to compel the company to substitute electricity for steam power. The company has always defeated these attempts.

For years the same company maintained at the Randolph Street station of its suburban line one of the worst death traps in the world. All passengers going into or leaving that station were obliged to cross the tracks among many moving trains, so that a special force of policemen was necessary to drag the unwary from under the car wheels. Public complaint on this subject also was long disregarded. At last the company rebuilt the ramshackle and filthy shed it had used for a station and instituted bridges by which the tracks could be crossed. To save a few dollars in this construction the stairways were made so narrow that persons must ascend and descend them in single file.

One consequence is an intolerable delay, so that often during rush hours a longer time is required to leave the Randolph Street station than is required to travel from Hyde Park to Randolph Street, a distance of about six miles. Another consequence is the dangerous overcrowding of the platform and bridges, so that at all times of heavy traffic a terrible accident impends.

Against this niggardliness, also, the public has rendered almost hourly protest. The company has never paid the least heed to these complaints. Judging by its record it never will pay any heed to them until some tardy authority somewhere can be rescued from the company's malign control.

Meantime, the profits of the suburban service are reported to be enormous, which they probably are. Its cash fares are double the fares of the street railroad for the same distance, and even with these high prices the traffic of the Illinois Central increases because of geographical advantages, the possession of the people's lake front and the growth of the city.

But the motive power does not improve and the terminal facilities do not increase. They remain as they were, because the company is too greedy for profits to make any changes for the public welfare.

It needs those profits because it is being exploited in the games of high finance.

This seems to us something typical and well worth attention.

Many other instances, quite similar,

might be cited, but for the next we prefer to take the case of the street railroads of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Here the service is furnished by a monopoly, which likewise owns steamboats on the popular resort lakes of Minnetonka and White Bear, the great recreation grounds for the two cities. It owns, that is to say, the greater part of the means of reaching these lakes and also the means of ferriage upon them.

When the company secured the ferriage facilities it made low rates of fare under which thousands of city families were induced to build summer homes at the lakes. At the beginning of the present season, the lakes being now well populated, the company increased the rates on its ferry service 150 per cent. and the commutation rates on land thirty-eight per cent. Some of its rates for water transportation are declared to be among the highest in the world and approximate in some cases fifty cents a mile.

It had the monopoly, it had the people at its mercy, and it proceeded to make the rates on the old basis of what the traffic would bear.

In the whole range of government service anywhere and everywhere we question if it would be possible to match these two instances for audacity and disregard of public interests.

Sometimes discussions of this subject bring out much comment concerning the wastefulness of government service and the better economies practiced by the corporations.

It may be admitted that both of the companies mentioned in these instances are economically administered. The point on which we desire enlightenment is how the public derives any benefit from their economies. The Illinois Central is too economical to electrify its suburban service or to make life safe at its terminal. The street railroad is too economical to maintain an adequate service or to carry passengers at reasonable rates. All of these economies are doubtless to the advantage of the few men that own the stocks of these corporations. But where does the public come in?

The New York Central Railroad Company is too economical to elevate its tracks in Eleventh Avenue, New York City. This economy results every year in an appalling number of fatal accidents.

There is evidently a kind of economy that

multiplies dividends and wastes human lives. It has never seemed very attractive or desirable to us, but possibly this is an error that can be corrected by our brethren of the harmonious press, if once we can induce them to be explicit and instructive to us that merely want to know.

PROFITABLE FOOD POISONING

WE have before remarked upon the futility of the punishments usually meted out by the courts under the pure food law as means of checking or preventing violations of that wholesome statute. A painstaking and careful examination of more than eight hundred and sixty notices of judgment sent out by the Department of Agriculture to give publicity, according to the law, to the cases where offenders have been convicted, give especial point to these remarks.

Two classes of punishment were inflicted by the courts. One was fine, and the other confiscation and destruction of the shipment. Fines were imposed in four hundred and ninety cases. Confiscation was ordered in comparatively few cases, although when it was ordered it usually bore more heavily upon the offender than the average fine.

The inadequacy of the fines imposed is clearly shown. The heaviest inflicted was \$500. That was in the celebrated case of a fake "headache" cure in Washington, when President Roosevelt interested himself and instructed the prosecuting attorney to urge upon the judge the infliction of a prison sentence. In eighty-eight other cases fines of \$100 or more were imposed, the aggregate being \$12,380, making an average of a trifle more than \$139.

But that is merely the average of the exceptional cases. Of the remaining four hundred and one cases where fines were imposed one was for the enormous sum of one cent. The other four hundred totaled \$8,916, an average of \$22.25.

Taking into account the eighty-nine cases where the fine was exceptionally heavy the general average was only \$43.44 for all the offenders fined. When it is considered that the large probability is that for each case where an offender is caught he has escaped punishment on many similar offenses, each of which may easily have netted more profit than the one punishment cost, it will be seen how grossly inadequate the administration of the penal features of the law by the courts has been.

These cases are almost entirely those where poisoners, dopers, or misbranders of food and drugs were caught at their work. There is another large class of offenders against the pure food law whose offense is not necessarily a menace to the health of the people, but merely a contemptible attempt to cheat them out of small sums of money. These are the short-weight villains, who sell goods under labels that lie as to the weight of the packages.

Examination of the eight hundred and sixty odd notices of judgment reveals an appalling amount of this cheap dishonesty. Seizures by the pure food police have disclosed shortages of astonishing proportions in more than twenty of the prepared food staples. Canned goods of all kinds suffer most at the hands of these petty thieves, especially fruits, preserves and vegetables. The shortages run from about ten per cent. up to more than thirty-three per cent., with an average of nearly twenty per cent.

These shortages are clearly shown to have been sufficient to constitute a considerable element in the high cost of living, but how have the courts dealt with them? Chiefly by requiring the short-weight thieves to give bonds that they would take back their dishonest packages and relabel them so as "to conform to the law." This does not mean that they must honestly set forth the correct weight. The law does not require that any weight shall necessarily be stated upon the label, but merely that if any weight is stated it shall be the true weight.

So when a short-weight thief is caught and his goods are not seized, he has merely to give bond to conform to the law, and then strip off his lying labels and replace them with others which do not pretend to specify weights. What a farce that is!

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE is a firm believer in the efficacy of adequate publicity as a remedy for many of the evils which the public now bear. We have pointed out a way by which a simple measure of publicity would give a force and effect to the pure food law which it has never known. That is, by requiring the Department of Agriculture, when it has caught a violator of the pure food law, to advertise him to his customers in his place of business.

Suppose the department should advertise in the local papers of Podunk that it had caught X Y Z, the leading grocer of the

village, selling such and such adulterated or misbranded or short-weight goods, and should give the name of the manufacturer. Do you not suppose that X Y Z would be out on the streets mighty quickly with an advertisement notifying everybody that he had ceased to deal in the goods of that manufacturer? And do you not suppose that manufacturer would be hustling as hard as he could to convince people everywhere that he had ceased to be a common cheat?

The experience of the Department of Agriculture has already demonstrated the efficacy of this method of publicity. It has found that no persons keep so keen a watch on its notices of judgment in pure food cases as the commercial travelers for food and drug houses. What do the drummers do with these notices? They carry them in their gripsacks to show to their customers as warnings against dealing with the convicted firms. And that is the most beneficial effect of the punishments obtained under the law, vastly more so than the fines or confiscations themselves. It is the publicity that counts. But how much more could it be made to count if it were thoroughly applied!

A SOCIALIST'S VIEW OF THE TARIFF

WHEN, last fall, the most radical district in insurgent Wisconsin sent Victor Berger to the Lower House of Congress the country was tentatively interested, mildly amused and only faintly curious as to what the Germanic theorist would have to say for himself. Perhaps the average citizen expected a Socialist Congressman to rise at intervals, recite a chapter from Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*—in the original—and vote against every measure, on the principle that anything was bad which emanated from a member of the "capitalistic classes."

Berger has disappointed the average citizen. As a member of the District Committee he has done good work by astonishing the city of Washington with the information that it has slums that could give points to the worst quarters of New York, Pittsburgh or Chicago.

On the floor of the House Berger has preserved a demeanor singularly mild. He has thrown a few bombs in the way of joint resolutions, in which nobody has concurred, to be sure, but which have aroused some genuine concern. A resolution proposed on a

quiet afternoon, to abolish the Senate and substitute a referendum of the states, for example, is not exactly a soporific, especially since there is some doubt as to the number of votes such a proposal might get, could there be a secret ballot on the measure.

From speech making Berger refrained altogether until the oft-reiterated platitude that the high tariff was intended to protect the interests of labor finally goaded him into language. It was not violent or incendiary or even rancorous language. Perhaps the Berger speech on the wool tariff would have passed unnoticed had it not been delivered by the first man in Congress empowered to speak for a political group which may some day have to be reckoned with. Thirty-two American towns, besides the city of Milwaukee, are now under the control of the Socialists. At the last Presidential election the Socialist vote was more than half a million. What these singular people think about the tariff seemed to interest the members of Congress, who listened to the Berger speech with rather closer attention than a new member often inspires.

The Socialists, represented by Berger, do not believe in any tariff, high or low. To their minds every tariff is a burden upon the people who can afford it least, and is simply a means by which the wealthy evade the payment of their taxes. The tariff is an inheritance of the Dark Ages when the privileged few paid no taxes at all, and the common people paid them all.

Are the Socialists then Free Traders? Not at all, in the sense that they look upon free trade as a panacea. There was applause on the Republican side when Berger declared that free trade would mean that most manufacturing—all manufacturing that has not reached the trust stage—would be done on the other side, and that any sudden lowering of the tariff would unsettle conditions, close workshops and throw thousands of people into the ranks of the starving.

Tariffs, high, low or none at all, from the Socialist point of view, "like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case."

The tariff is not even responsible for the growth of trusts, only as it originally stimulated competition and hastened the inevitable end. "The outcome of competition," said Berger, "is always the same. Com-

petition always kills competition in the end. . . . As a matter of fact, every flourishing industry winds up in a trust."

Meanwhile there is free trade in labor, and since labor never winds up in a trust, we have a system whereby the manufacturers and the big business men are able to boost the price of life with one hand and with the other make it impossible for their customers, the common people, to earn enough to pay the price. This does not appear reasonable to the Socialists. It does not even resemble scientific management of business.

The remedy, however, as outlined by Berger on the floor of Congress, sorely puzzled his listening colleagues. Mr. Stanley, of Kentucky, asked the question:

"If I understood the gentleman, he said that he was not opposed to the organization of trusts."

Mr. Berger replied that he was not opposed to the organization of trusts any more than he was opposed to the Atlantic Ocean or to the Mississippi River or to anything that was the inevitable result of conditions.

"Does the gentleman favor the fixing of the price of commodities of these immense organizations, by the government?" pursued the gentleman from Kentucky.

"As a first step. I understand that Mr. Gary of the Steel Trust is in favor of that."

" . . . and it will be but a step from that, until, instead of allowing them with the price fixed by the government to operate for the benefit of a few individuals, they will be forced to operate for the benefit of all men? . . . And that will be an easy step from the government control, as advocated by Judge Gary, to Socialism, as advocated by yourself?"

"That will be a very natural step."

"Then the only difference between the trusts and the Socialists is that the trusts believe in having the government run their business for the benefit of the persons who own them, and you believe in having it run these great organizations for the benefit of all the people?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

The gentleman from Kentucky sat down, asserting that for himself he differed as widely from Judge Gary as he did from Victor Berger. He believed in competition and the independence of the individual.

Which is all very well, but—in spite of the Sherman Act—the trust, disguised under

a clean shave and a soft hat, continues to operate. As for the Socialists, well, the only good thing anybody ever said for them was that they were opposed to capitalism, and here they come out as allies of the trust. Between the trusts and the Socialists how long will Mr. Stanley, of Kentucky, be allowed to compete in society as an individual? That is what ought to be worrying us.

THE MOST PERSISTENT FORCE IN THE WORLD

AFTER all, the most curious study afforded by human affairs is the progress of democracy. Apparently, it is the only force in the world that moves on steadily, irresistibly and at about the same rate of progress through one century after another. Its movement seems to be subtle as well as certain, so that few observers are aware of the vast extent of the changes it effects until these changes have passed into history. It is when we come to draw lines across the centuries that we are most amazed, for then we see how far democracy has moved in one hundred years.

When the American Republic was founded it was regarded as the utmost and very perilous experiment in popular government; but any new nation founded to-day would go far beyond all the marks set up by the makers of our Constitution. Most of the European nations that then were fast bound in absolutism have now governments much more responsive to the popular will than our own.

All these reflections are pointed by the progress of the movement to curb the power of the House of Lords in Great Britain. It has been on its way for more than a generation, wise men declaring it to be impossible, commentators deriding it, newspapers jeering at it, statesmen proving it most dangerous and foolish, the people apparently uninterested in it, the world regarding the British lords as fixed forever and immovable in the British system.

Yet all the time the fate of the lords was settled and the forces were at work that would undermine their House.

Looking back now, it is worth something to recall how often this reform has been defeated, sent to the rear, disgraced and laughed out of sight. But it always came back. When it was shelved in the last reign many astute persons felt assured that

it would never be heard of again. Hardly a year had passed before it had returned, and was prowling around the door and looking in at the window: "What are you going to do about the Lords?" No party and no statesman wished to take up that question. They all dodged it as long as they could, going home by the back way and ducking out of the back door like men avoiding a process server.

Yet all the time, there it was on their trail, dogged, persistent, tireless, indomitable, driven off now with brickbats and now with fierce looks, but always coming back and battering at the same door. "What are you going to do about the Lords?" It has been fought in the general elections and fought in the Commons and fought in the Upper House and fought before the throne, and whenever its opponents thought it was routed and they might rest in peace, back came the same old thing and again demanded an answer: "What are you going to do about the Lords?" And at last comes the answer in the serious reduction of the power that the peers have exercised in English legislation since the beginning of parliaments.

That was an excellent phrase of Wendell Phillips, when he said that no question was ever settled until it was settled right. He might have said that no question of advancing democracy is ever settled until it is settled in the affirmative. Sooner or later it must come. Those that oppose it waste their time and labor. Sooner or later it will be back on the trail, demanding and protesting. As a matter of fact, democracy is never defeated. If it is turned back at one point in the world it captures another somewhere else and then waiting a little returns and captures the first.

This has been the story of the movement against the House of Lords and of every other democratic reform. Only a very shallow person is likely to believe that the story is to end here. The conservative English have begun by depriving the Upper House of some of its power. They will go on slowly in the same way, resisting the forward impulse and still carried along by it

until they have abolished the Upper Chamber and placed all the power where all the power belongs, in the hands of the elected representatives of the people.

Democracy is only applied common sense. There is no reason for an Upper Chamber in England or elsewhere. It performs in government no useful nor salutary purpose. It is the fifth wheel of the legislative wagon. At every proposal to abolish it there will be protest and clamorings; these will seem often to prevail in behalf of the established condition. After a time men will perceive that often as the forward movement has been repulsed it has never been defeated and cannot be, for after each repulse it only returns with greater strength and greater insistence.

We should think those persons that are valiantly battling for woman suffrage might take much heart of hope from the history of the contest against the English peers. Being on the side of advanced democracy they are certain to win, sooner or later. And the decade that sees the establishment of the Portuguese Republic, of popular government in Turkey and Persia, and the beginning of democracy in China, would seem to be a propitious time for any other substantial advance.

Because it is only in a large way and a survey of centuries that the rate of democracy's progress seems uniform. Close at hand it is always being accelerated with the spread of intelligence. It has made more progress in the United States in the last five years, for instance, than it had made in the preceding twenty.

The day is coming when government will be squarely in the hands of the people, without fiction, pretense, or subterfuge, without reference to any persons supposed to be unusually gifted for governmental duties. The power will be with the people; also the responsibility. It was to that end that the human race started the first time men revolted against any form of tyranny; and being evolution, the progression will not be checked anywhere more successfully than a handful of titled fossils have succeeded in checking it in Great Britain.

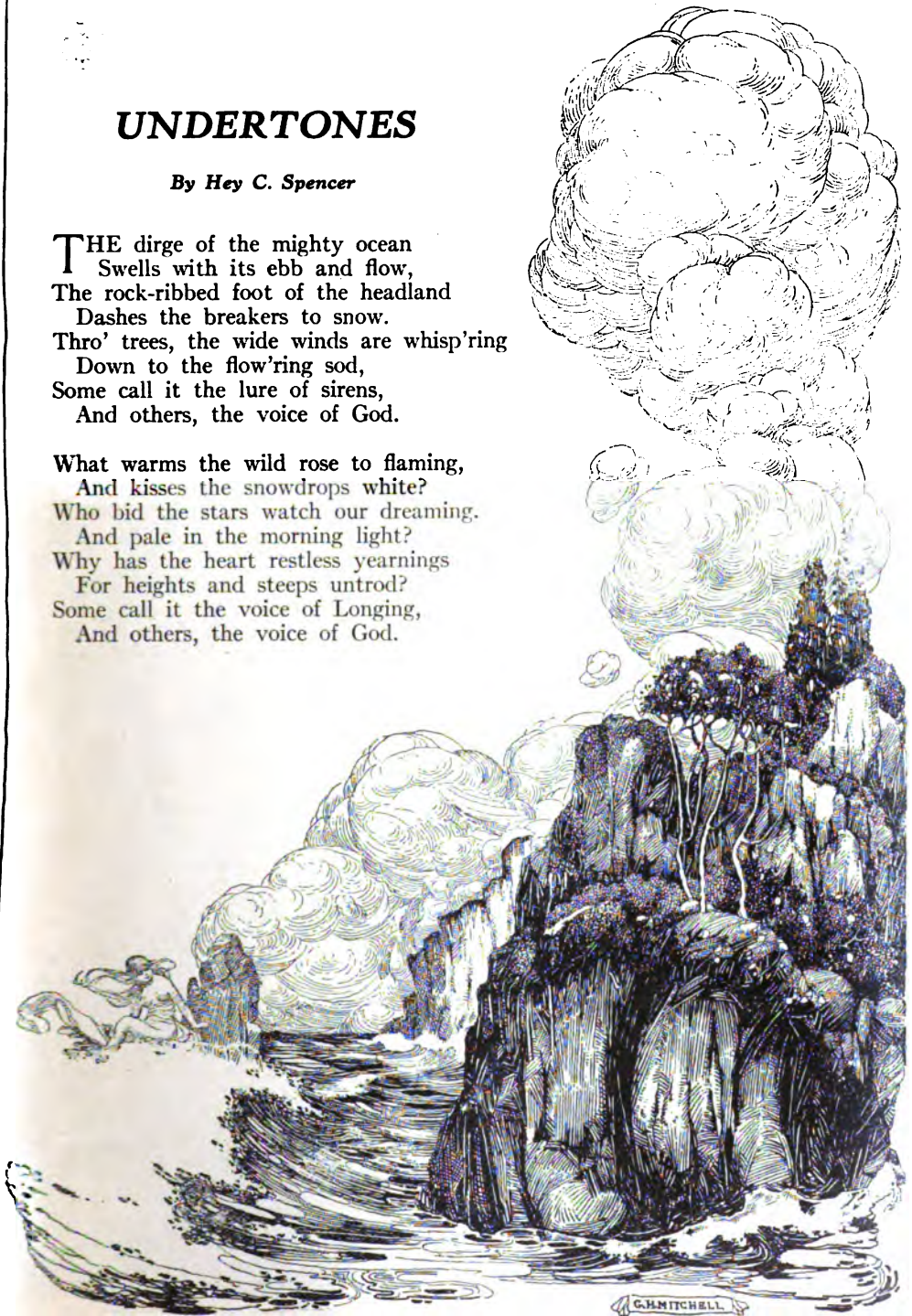


UNDERTONES

By Hey C. Spencer

THE dirge of the mighty ocean
Swells with its ebb and flow,
The rock-ribbed foot of the headland
Dashes the breakers to snow.
Thro' trees, the wide winds are whisp'ring
Down to the flow'ring sod,
Some call it the lure of sirens,
And others, the voice of God.

What warms the wild rose to flaming,
And kisses the snowdrops white?
Who bid the stars watch our dreaming,
And pale in the morning light?
Why has the heart restless yearnings
For heights and steeps untrod?
Some call it the voice of Longing,
And others, the voice of God.





"'THEN,' SAID SETH, 'I PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE.'"

—See "The Steeples," page 412.

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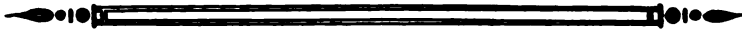


The **HEATHEN INVASION**



By
Mabel Potter Daggett

AMERICAN WOMEN LOSING FORTUNES AND REASON
SEEKING THE ETERNAL YOUTH PROMISED BY THE
SWARTHY PRIESTS OF THE FAR EAST



E

VE is eating the apple again. It is offered as a knowledge of the occult that shall solve the riddles of existence.

Yoga, that eastern philosophy the emblem of which is the coiled serpent, is being widely disseminated here. And before a charm that seemingly they cannot resist thousands of converts are yielding to the temptation to embrace its teachings of strange mysteries.

Literally yoga means the "path" that leads to wisdom. Actually it is proving the way that leads to domestic infelicity and insanity and death.

They are priests from "east of Suez" who with soft spoken proselyting have whispered this mysticism into the ears of the American woman.

While the churches of America are spending twenty million dollars annually in the cause of foreign missions the pagans have executed an amazing flank movement; they have sent their emissaries to us. Today the tinkling temple bells ring out with a derisive, jarring note in a Christian land.

Seattle has its Buddhist temple; San Francisco has its Hindoo temple; Los Angeles has its Krishna temple.

The Vedanta Society of New York has laid out West Cornwall, Connecticut, the

corner stone of a greater temple than these. It is marked, as are stones and trees set apart for worship in India, with red paint, the sacred vermilion. And graven deep in New England granite is set the most holy word of the Vedantists—"Om."

Chicago, Illinois, and Lowell, Massachusetts, have their Zoroastrian temples to the sun, another of which is to be erected at Montreal. At Chicago also the Bahais, a modern Mohammedan cult, are building their great Mashrak-el-Azkar to represent their sect in the West.

It was the Congress of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 that with a spirit of fine religious toleration beckoned the first holy men from their fastnesses in the Himalayas.

That benign condescension has proved fraught with far-reaching consequences. The Swamis and Babas who came to America discarded in India the simplicity of their Sanhyasin garb for gorgeous robes more tempered to Western taste. They arrived silken clad and sandal shod, to prove an attraction that outshone the plain American variety of divine, the minister in a frock coat and white tie. The Easterners were picturesque personalities whom American society welcomed in the drawing-room.

The incense of sandalwood burned in their honor all the way from the Lake Shore Drive to Fifth Avenue and the Back Bay. At social functions all poets, artists, authors and musicians stepped aside to at least second place. These dusky-hued Orientals sat on drawing-room sofas, the center of admiring attention, while fair hands passed them cakes and served them tea in Sèvres china. It was far better than squatting, clad in a yellow loin cloth, at some heathen temple's gate. They remained among us.

Also others of their order, hearing of this triumphant reception, combed out their matted hair, allowed to hang uncared for during the years of sacred meditation, and leaving their begging bowls behind, hurried over to this so much more lucrative field.

When there was started at Green Acre, Maine, in 1896, a summer school of philosophy which was the outgrowth of the World's Fair Congress of Religions, its platform was an open forum where the Swamis found a welcome. It is

via this New England route from Calcutta that nearly every Eastern mystic has arrived and established his vogue in this country.

With this introduction from Green

Acre, Maine, the land of the Puritan forefathers, the turbaned

teachers from the East set out across the continent. At first their way lay through the populous cities where the sun rises now on the gilded minarets of their mosques and pagodas. More recently they have reached the smaller towns and villages where have been formed branches and circles that are exerting a widely increasing influence.

On the banners of many of these cults is emblazoned the serpent that affects the onlooker as a startling reminder of the evil that entered Eden. It is the symbol that you will see on the gold and enameled badge pinned on a convert's gown. You will find it on the walls of the assembly rooms. And it appears as the imprint on the literature used at the yoga classes.

The yoga class is becoming as popular as the Browning class or the Shakespeare class. It is the direct means by which a Swami reaches the public. Through its aid, the Eastern teaching is gathering a wider clientèle than it formerly numbered among the society set that first made it



The Temple of Kali, in India, where Ramakrishna founded the monastic order that sends the Swamis of the Vedantist Society to America.



"Old mysteries in the

depths of her beautiful eyes."

fashionable. Placing the Hindu Scriptures, the Bhagavadgita, or the Persian Scriptures, the Zend Avesta, above their Bibles are many women who were formerly predestined Baptists and Presbyterians, Methodists saved by grace, established Episcopalians, Catholics who said their rosaries, and daughters of Abraham from an unbroken line of the Jewish faith.

It is the promise of eternal youth that attracts woman to yoga, the promise which is found intertwined with most of the pagan religions. This yoga philosophy opens the door to subtle mysteries. The yogi, as the student who

masters it is termed, is promised the dominance of natural law. Incidentally there is offered also health and long life and the power to stay the ravages of time. Is it not enough to tempt the feminine mind from Paradise itself?

Small wonder that a Swami's following, while it includes notably here and there college professors and men of learning come to investigate a science brought from the roof of the world, recruits its largest numbers among women. But yoga is a dangerous knowledge to lure any but the best balanced brain. In the pursuit of it, too often the listening devotee is offering her sacrifices even at the altar of her soul.

Miss Sarah Farmer, a New England spinster with a beautiful ideal of universal brotherhood, gave her fortune in the founding of Green Acre, where for



"Her Blessedness" Mrs. G. W. Hilton, of Lowell, the high priestess of the sun worshipers in America.



years she was a familiar figure in her flowing gray gown and veil. The study of many religions unbalanced her mind and she has been for several years an inmate of an insane asylum at

dred thousand dollars to the Vedantist Society was set aside by the courts on the grounds of mental incapacity and undue influence. On the very day of the decision, her daughter, Mrs. Olea Bull



The Hindoo Holy Man on his native heath in India.

By courtesy of The American Baptist Missionary Union, Boston.



Waverly, Massachusetts.

In Chicago, a few years since, Miss Aloise Reuss, a woman of culture and refinement was taken, screaming and praying, from the Mazdaznan Temple of the Sun to be incarcerated, a raving maniac, in an Illinois asylum.

The death of Mrs. Ole Bull, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, widow of the world-renowned violinist, occurred in January last, and her will bequeathing several hun-



Mrs. Ole Bull, widow of the renowned violinist. This picture, taken some ten years ago when Mrs. Bull was fifty, shows her as the beautiful woman she was before the study of yoga shattered her reason.

Vaughn, in whose behalf the verdict was rendered, died technically of tuberculosis but actually, the doctors said, of a broken heart.

Mrs. May Wright Sewell, the club woman of national repute, who spent much time with Mrs. Bull at the latter's Cambridge home, is suffering from ill health, and is said to be a physical wreck through the practice of yoga and the study of occultism.

The relatives of Mrs. Ellen Shaw of Lowell, Massachu-

setts, a while ago petitioned the courts that a conservator be appointed to prevent her from bestowing her property on the sun worshipers. Witnesses at the trial testified that Mrs. Shaw had taken nude sun baths on the lawn of her residence in the fashionable Tyler Park section of Lowell.

Last spring, Dr. William R. C. Latson, a New York physician, was found mysteriously dead in his Riverside Drive apartment, and Alta Markheva, the young Jewish girl who called him her man-god, or "guru" in the study of yoga, attempted to follow him in suicide. Her sister, Mrs. Rebecca Cohen, moaned: "This new religion seems to me to be of the devil. It has disgraced my sister and taken her from her people."

More recently the handsome and cultured wife of President Winthrop Ellsworth Stone of Purdue University at Lafayette, Indiana, has abandoned home and husband and children to join the sun worshipers in the study of yoga. Dr. Stone went before the board of the Presbyterian Church and announced: "I am utterly crushed, I want your prayers and your sympathy. I love my wife. She is as dear to me as she ever was. I hope that she will some time yet come to her senses and return to me and my boys."

Further record of the devastation that follows in the wake of the trailing robes of

the "Masters" from the East, may be read from day to day in the newspapers.

The imported religions of the Orient that sow the subtle seeds of destruction, are offered to the uninitiate as beautiful philosophies. On the surface they are that. But they are inevitably sprung

from the soil of paganism and are tinctured with its practices.

It is not that the Swamis bring with them the hideous images worshiped at every roadside shrine in India. Here and there, it is true, a little brown god Buddha or a green jade Krishna has appeared in an American home; but it is undoubtedly used merely, so its owner will tell you, as an "aid to concentration" in the worship of the ideal that it represents.

A greater menace than that of image worship lurks in the teachings of the Hindoo mystics. The casual observer will not discover it. Only those who reach the inner circles become acquainted with the mysteries revealed to the adepts. And the descent from Christianity to heathenism is by such easy stages that the novice scarcely realizes she is led.

How many are followers of the new gods it is difficult to estimate with exactness. It is known, however, that their numbers are in the thousands. The Vedanta Society, established in America by the Swami Vivekenanda of popular memory, has its headquarters at 135 West Eightieth street, New



Kali, the horrible heathen goddess worshiped by the Hindoos as the divine mother.

York, where his successor, the Swami Abhedenanda, lectures to audiences of from three to five hundred people.

Branch societies with Swamis in charge are maintained in Boston, Pittsburgh, Washington, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles, to say nothing of the circles in many small towns.

Vedanta proclaims itself a universal religion, and always there is generous room in its pantheon for any new god not already listed. Its altar is dedicated to the Supreme Spirit whose name is the eternal word "Om."

He may be worshiped through any of his incarnations as Ahura Mazda, or Kali the Divine Mother, or Buddha, or Allah, or Vishnu, or Siva, or Krishna, or Rama-

krishna, or Christ. You are offered the wide range of personal choice and no divinity objectionable to your Western sensibilities will be forced on your religious attention.

At West Cornwall, Connecticut, the society maintains its "Ashrama" or peace retreat, planned to become the great summer school of Oriental philosophy for America. It consists of three hundred and seventy acres of forest and field in the heart of the Berkshire Hills.

I was at the Ashrama last summer on a night in June when the Swami Abhedenanda

in a flame-colored robe of silk sat over against the sunset that arched above the veranda of "Peace Cottage." There had come for the evening service one or two artists from an adjacent colony, and some

few strangers who had driven over from the village of West Cornwall.

The Swami talked of his religion that is three thousand years old. He spoke of immortality—but it was of an immortality reaching back in thousands of incarnations through which the souls of his hearers had traveled before this mortal birth, and stretching on in thousands of incarnations more to be traveled still before final absorption in

Brahma. The aim of life, the Swami said, was to realize oneness with God. The

path to this attainment, he pointed out, is through meditation and concentration and the practice of yoga. But he quoted from the Upanishads which, along with the Vedas form the ancient Hindoo scriptures, and the Upanishads warn that "the path of yoga is as narrow as a razor's edge."

To the Almighty Father and the "Divine Mother," the Swami addressed a prayer for happiness and peace. Then with closed eyes and clasped hands we passed with him into the silence to meditate on oneness with God. At first there were the sounds of



Baba Bharati, the priest of the Los Angeles Rhada-Krishna temple, who has some American converts, mostly women.

nature stirring softly. A summer breeze swayed through the apple trees. A thrush called. Far off a cowbell tinkled faintly. Then all the world receded in the twilight. We were folded with God in the soft falling dusk. The waves of eternity beat gently against the soul. A long time after, we returned to conscious existence at the call of a musical chant in Sanskrit: "Om! Om! Om! Chianti, chianti, chianti! Peace, peace, peace be with you." In the blue blackness of night the first evening star shone.

So poetically, so

artistically, is paganism presented to persuade a Christian audience.

Then out of this psychologically perfect setting, a voice spoke. It was the voice of a woman, one of the strangers from the village. She leaned forward in the shaft of light that shone out into the darkness through the open house door, and fixed the teacher from the Orient with a clear-eyed gaze.

"Swami," she said, "I have come from your home land after twenty-two

Hannish, the "Little Master" and incarnation of divinity to 14,000 sun worshipers in America.



Miss Sarah Farmer, in the flowing gown, was a pioneer in the Eastern religion cult. This is a picture taken at Green Acre, where many famous people congregated. The man wearing the hat is Joseph Jefferson, who stands next to the Swami Abhayananda.

years as a missionary there. And your religion that is three thousand years old, what, let me ask, has it done for the women of India?"

The Swami hesitated. He laughed disagreeably. "What has yours done for the old maids of New England?" was his only rejoinder.

The missionary's question is the argument for which Orientalism in its most plausible phase has no answer. That one shrewd sentence punctures the sophistry of the East. So Julia Ward Howe once gave pause to the flow of Vivekananda's eloquence in a Boston drawing-room:

"Swami," she demanded, "if your gods are so good, let your women come to tell us of them."

"Our women," he evaded modestly, "do not travel."

One of them did, however. It was Pundita Ramabai whose tour of the world, proclaiming the wrongs of Indian womanhood, stirred England

to lay a heavy hand on some of the religious rites in India. Have American women forgotten Pundita Ramabai?

Baba Bharati, the other day, in a newspaper interview, was able to boast that of his five thousand converts in this country the majority are women. Baba Bharati is that Hindoo who is more selective in his heathenism than are the Vedantists. At the Rhada-Krishna temple he has builded in Los Angeles, his followers concentrate on two divinities.

"Hindooism with the halo of its own brilliancy," is what he calls it. "I have made no effort to Westernize it," he brazenly admits. "It is the eternal Hindooism."

When the Baba was established in New York, a few years ago, he announced one

day to his devotees: "Dear hearts, I have given you the philosophy of religion because here in the West you all want food for your intellects; but I have done so to wheedle you into listening that I may tell you that the philosophy of religion is not religion. Religion is love."

It was shortly thereafter that the Baba was called to the Pacific Coast

to attend the parliament of religions known as the Venice Assembly, held in Los Angeles in 1906. The atmosphere of the Pacific he found most pleasing and his choice fell upon Los Angeles as the headquarters in America for "Krishna, the Lord of Love."

This is a title acquired by the most popular divinity of the Hindoos during his career on earth; when he took unto himself sixteen thousand wives and left one hundred and eighty thousand sons to perpetuate his memory. He is also known as the Lord of the Yogis. Rhada was his favorite

consort, whose name, signifying "love energy," is linked with his for the title of the Los Angeles temple.

There are in India some three hundred and thirty million gods ranking in importance below the great Hindoo triad composed of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. It was as Krishna that Vishnu appeared in human form for one of his ten earth incarnations.

"Salaam-Aleikum," which is "Peace be unto you," again, Mazdaznan bids for notice. It is sun worship that takes its name from Ahura Mazda, the Supreme Lord in the Zend Avesta, of whom Zoroaster was the great prophet. There is also a mingling of Hindooism in its strict vegetarianism, and the adaptation of the yoga teaching in breathing and posturing exercises.



Alta Markheva, the Jewish girl from New York's east side, who, drawn into the study of yoga, worshipped Dr. Latson as her man-god.



This gem of a religion was launched in the United States by his Humbleness Ottoman Zar-Adusht Hannish, claiming to be the "Mantra-Magie of Tempel el Karman (Thibetan rites), Kalantar in Zoroastrian philosophy, Dastur in the art of breathing and Envoy of Mazdaznan living." He is assisted in dispensing its benefits by Her Blessedness Spenta Maria, otherwise Marie Elizabeth Ruth Hilton, the wife of Dr. G. W. Hilton of Lowell, Massachusetts.

At least fourteen thousand Americans are joining with them in the worship of the Lord God Mazda and the daily adoration of the sun. There are Mazdaznan centers in thirty cities of the United States, as well as in Canada, South America, England, Germany and Switzerland. They are all the remarkable growth of the past ten years. It was about 1901 that His Humbleness the Prince of Peace appeared in Chicago.

He said that he had come direct from Thibet where he had pierced the mysteries of the Dalai Lama, bringing back with him this little novelty in the religious line which he immediately proceeded to place on the market. It is quite well authenticated that he had come from Salt Lake City where he was a type setter on the *Mt. Deseret News*. But it is also probable that he had at some time been in Persia, and the rumor that says he was born there, the son of a Russian girl and a German music master, is undoubt-

edly correct. At any rate, whatever he has been, he stands to-day among his followers as the "Little Master," an incarnation of divinity.

His headquarters are in Chicago, where the great temple is located on Lake Park Avenue. The lesser temple stands on the lawn of Dr. Hilton's residence on Columbus Avenue in Lowell, and ground has been consecrated for a third temple to be erected in Montreal.

That the sun may do its perfect work, the cult encourages the wearing of as little clothing literally as the law allows. It is Anthony Comstock's prying supervision that has hampered the full exercise of the faith in New York. But on Lowell lawns, sun baths and dew baths in "angel robes"—and, as has been testified, even without them—have been sights to startle those of the population still living on the earth plane of staid New England common sense.

Only one who in some previous incarnation has been an old Zend soul, it is said, is really ripe for the practice of Mazdaznan. Her Blessedness, next in authority in the cult to Hannish himself, is reputed to have been once the Queen of Sheba, hence her present high attainments.

Mrs. Hilton's entry into Lowell took place a few years ago when Dr. Hilton, returning from a trip to the Pacific Coast, brought her home as his second wife, accompanied by



Swami Vivekananda, whose sandaled feet were kissed by American women devotees.



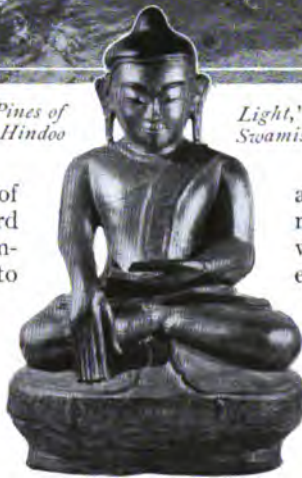
*Lynkolester, "Pines of
where the Hindoo*

*Light," at Green Acre, Maine,
Swamis lecture.*

two pretty grown daughters of a former marriage. It was heard that she was cultured and charming. Lowell society called, to find her a handsome woman with old mysteries slumbering in the depths of her beautiful eyes. She offered her callers Mazdaznan to make them beautiful too. She sent for Dr. Hannish who, looking forty, was introduced as actually sixty-seven.

Lowell built its sun temple and entered on the practice of the new faith. Meat was rigidly eschewed. Fresh violets and sheep sorrel served for the light breakfast allowed. Tea was brewed from rose leaves. A pinch of brown sand was taken at intervals to give tone to an empty stomach. There were classes in breathing and concentration. And for all dieting, bathing and breathing that failed, there were cosmetics sold on the side that successfully supplemented the beauty results.

These were preliminary preparations by way of purification for the deeper truths that await the sun worshiper deemed strong enough in the faith to receive them. A true disciple finds herself at last admitted to the ranks of those who are told that one



among them may become the mother of the new Messiah, whose appearing is confidently expected. And she receives the book of instructions, "Inner Studies." This is a compendium of Eastern knowledge that sells at ten dollars a copy. Even at that price it is difficult to obtain, for it does not circulate safely in the mails.

The atmosphere of mystery that enwraps Mazdaznan ritual is characteristic of every Eastern cult. The latest importation, arriving within the past year, is Sufism, a variety of Mohammedanism dispensed in New York by one Inayat Khan from Baroda. His chanted prayers sound like the familiar call of the Coney Island Arab to his camel. Sufism frankly admits that its disciples are being gathered into a secret order.

Upon another secret order, that of the Tantrics, which represents the climax of Eastern abominations and is Hindoo religion at its lowest stage, the search light of publicity was recently turned. There are said to be thousands of Tantric initiates in America. They are under the direction of five gurus or primates. One of these,

who styled himself "Om the Omnipotent," has had his headquarters in New York closed by the police.

The sacred books of the cult are the Tantras, dialogues between the god Siva and his consort Kali, the Divine Mother. The rites have much in common with the worship of Baal and Moloch by the ancient Assyrians. Their essential feature is the adoration of a naked woman, the dancing Nautch girl who is trained for the embraces of the priests.

The unmentionable orgies of the Tantrics constitute what is known as the "left hand" worship of Kali. The "right hand" worship of this goddess as the divinity of carnage and slaughter is disgusting enough. Her great temple which with its bathing place, the Kali-ghat at Calcutta, has given its name to that city, is one of the most noted in India, to which thousands of devotees make annual pilgrimage.

There is no more horrible idol in the Hindoo pantheon than the figure of Kali. She is represented as a nude black woman dancing on the body of her husband, the god Siva. Her huge tongue protrudes from her mouth. For earrings she has two human heads. She wears a necklace of human skulls and a waistband of human hands, which trophies she is supposed to have taken from the enemies whom she slew during her visit to earth. When she had completed her work of destruction, she danced on the bodies of the fallen until the earth trembled. Her husband, Siva, in the effort to stop the carnage, threw himself beneath her feet. Kali, representing the power and influence of woman, is worshiped as the "Divine Mother."

It is the Hindooism that reaches in the wide span from this heathen idolatry to the heights of the Bhagavad Gita, that has brought to America the yoga philosophy. Its leading exponents, the priests of the Vedantist Society, belong to a monastic order founded in the nineteenth century by Ramakrishna, a priest in the temple of Kali.

Ramakrishna became one of those holy men known as "fakirs," of whom India has some five million five hundred thousand, who toil not but only concentrate and meditate. It is the process by which during twelve years' retirement in the forest or wilderness they have developed the yoga power. Their uncombed hair is matted and

filthy. Their bodies are smeared with ashes. Their only clothing is a yellow loin cloth. They either travel about the country or sit at a temple gate receiving alms in a begging bowl. The populace reverences them and supports them. They are credited with supernatural powers.

JUST HOW YOGA IS PRACTICED

It is a tradition that Ramakrishna, when he entered on the study of yoga, was illiterate and unlearned. When he had completed it, he was possessed of the knowledge comprised in all literature, science and art the world has ever known. It had been revealed to him by his own soul.

The recent trial of the Bull will case in the Maine courts has disclosed some of the mysteries of yoga as it is studied and practiced here. In Mrs. Bull's beautiful home, known as "Studio House," at Cambridge, Massachusetts, as also in her summer home at Green Acre, Maine, there was a "meditation chamber" with lighted candles and burning incense to make it holy. Here was the headquarters for a select coterie, of whom the Swami Vivekenanda during his lifetime and later the Swami Abhedananda was the leader.

The yoga in vogue at Studio House was from the publications of the Vedantist Society, which furnishes the text books for classes throughout the United States. The aim is to develop a sixth sense. Thereby the yogi will become endowed with psychic power, the ability to cure disease, to ward off old age, and to prolong life indefinitely.

These, however, are subsidiary attributes through which the soul is finally to attain to the highest state of superconsciousness and communion with God. To this end it is taught that the spinal column contains a hollow canal called Susumna, at the lower end of which is the "Lotus of the Kundalini," the source of all power. The practice for its development consists in meditation and concentration and exercises in breathing and posture.

The breathing prescribed is rhythmic, through one nostril and out the other to the accompaniment of the repetition of the sacred word "Om." There are eighty-four varieties of the posturing, the most familiar of which consists in sitting crossed-legged on the floor, with one hand grasping the great toe of each foot.

The awakening Kundalini rises in the

hollow canal. As it progresses upward, remarkable powers of the mind unfold. When it reaches the brain, one is able to detach the soul from the body. But beware that you have the Kundalini under complete control! Should it make its escape from the brain, the soul will be unable to reënter the body and the phenomenon commonly known as death will have occurred. Insanity is another disaster that threatens as a coincidence in the practice of yoga.

MAN IS THE REAL IDOL

It is not the worship of images of stone and wood that constitutes the gravest peril in the teaching of the Orientals. It is the worship of men. The guru is the real idol.

"He was my man-god," sobbed Alta Markheva over the body of Dr. Latson.

In books of travel written about India one may read that it is no uncommon proceeding in that country for the disciple on meeting his guru to prostrate himself and take the very dust from his teacher's feet to place upon his own head. It is done even in America. When Swami Vivekananda came out from his daily meditation, his devotees were wont to clasp the hem of his robe, and they kissed his sandaled feet! It was American women who did this!

To bestow gifts upon a guru counts for spiritual merit. The teachers from the East ostentatiously announce themselves under vows of poverty and chastity. Their poverty, at least, is not the suffering sort. No lady's canine darling combed and curled for a bench show was ever tended with more assiduous care than is a "Master" whose very name is spoken reverently and with softened breath.

The wardrobe that his followers have bestowed on the Prince of Peace, Ottoman Abdul-Zar Hannish, is one rivaling the apparel of King Solomon. The priestly gown in which he officiates on occasions of state is woven of threads of gold and cost three thousand five hundred dollars.

When the Baba Barati was in Boston, the rent of his luxurious apartment there was paid for years by one of his adherents, a woman of wealth.

The Swami Abhedananda has traveled *via* Pullmans and palatial ocean steamers from Chicago to New York and London and Paris, with his expenses defrayed by the New York society woman who accompanied him.

To perform the most menial service for a guru, it is taught in the Eastern scriptures, is a high privilege. At the West Cornwall Ashrama, which is Swami Abhedananda's "peace retreat," the labor of his household is done by American women who are content to toil in his kitchen in the heat of summer, and who even milk the cows in the devotion of their discipleship. They serve absolutely without pay or compensation of any material kind.

The Hindoo dishes that the Swami requires are prepared with care, and with all spells and incantations prescribed by his religion duly pronounced. Daily the Swami's shirts of silk and linen flap on the line beyond the kitchen door, washed also according to ritual by the same devoted hands.

The household is directed by a beautiful woman of independent wealth who like the rest assists indiscriminately in its toil. She is out in the garden, her golden head flashing in the sunlight while she gathers the vegetables for dinner. She is at the well drawing water, her fair face flushing a lovelier pink with the exercise. She was standing with her white rounded arms raised above her head, in the housewifely act of putting fresh papers on a closet shelf, when she turned to me with the declaration: "I wouldn't, of course, perform such labor for anyone else. I do it all for love of the Swami."

At Green Acre, a Swami passing through the fields to the Lynkolester, "pines of light," the grove where the lectures are held, has been wont to be attended by a throng of personal attendants. One woman carries over him an umbrella. Another waves a palm-leaf fan. Eager ones ahead let down the pasture bars. And the New England farmer in his near-by hay fields sees the sight and wipes his perspiring brow with a laconic "I swan!"

A Green Acre native holds a Swami in as cordial a regard as a snake. Uncle Ben Rogers, whose white farmhouse shelters the overflow of summer guests from the Green-acre Inn, coined for the dark-hued Orientals a phrase now current through the countryside. Some one had called to see one of his boarders.

"She ain't here," said Uncle Ben. Could he tell the caller where the lady was? "Gone a-niggerin' in the pines," was the contemptuous information that Uncle Ben vouchsafed.

What magic of a midsummer day's dream has so blinded the eyes of the American woman that she sees Swamis with distorted vision? From the moment that the guru has whispered to his pupil the mantra or secret formula, to reveal which would invite the anger of the gods, there is formed between the two a tie the most indissoluble of any on earth.

WOMEN TAKEN FROM HOME AND FAMILY

On the frontispage of a book that he has dedicated to his own guru, Baba Bharati has written: "To my guru to whom my soul, mind and body are irrevocably sold in payment of the grace of his illumination which lighteth my path to the lotus feet of Krishna my beloved."

So a guru's bidding is obeyed even when he tells a disciple that the highest spiritual attainment in yoga will require the renouncement of home and family ties.

"My husband and children are no more to me than any others equally deserving of regard," Mrs. Stone, the wife of the Purdue College president coldly proclaims. "My religion teaches that they have no claim on me and I am free to seek the perfect life alone."

The Boston headquarters of the Vedantist Society on St. Botolph street is in charge of an American woman who has taken the vows and the veil of an Indian nun of Ramakrishna's order. She is a Vassar College graduate and a rich man's daughter. The Vedantists declare: "We know nothing of former relationships. She now belongs more to us than to her family." She has become Sister Devamata.

When Mrs. Bull lay on her deathbed, the Vedantists with Sister Nevidita who surrounded her in her weakened physical and mental state, denied her daughter admittance because, as they assured Mrs. Bull, she was "psychically inharmonious in the scheme of perfection."

Sister Nevidita, once Margaret E. Noble, an Englishwoman, is now also a Ramakrishna nun. She was summoned from India to exercise special supervision over Mrs. Bull and her money. In the room that she occupied at Studio House, set in a niche in a wall above her bed was a picture of Ramakrishna before which she performed daily *pooja*, or worship. She

says her prayers also to Kali the Divine Mother, of whom she has written a book, eulogizing the heathen goddess as the "sweet terrible one."

Is it any wonder that the missionaries from the foreign field are sending to their home offices in New York and Boston the peremptory inquiry: "What do Christian women mean?" And they echo the question put at the Swami Abhedananda's Ashrama: "What has paganism done for the women of the East that the women of the West want aught with it?"

Woman's position in India is the ~~most~~ degraded of anywhere in the world. Shut within the *zenana*, she may not even leave the house without her husband's permission. Her hope of salvation is through him whom she regards as a god. She serves him his food and waits for her own with her face to the wall until he has finished. Child marriage is required and motherhood is enforced as early as the age of twelve. Twenty-three thousand child widows freed now by English law from suttee, the rite that formerly burned them on a husband's funeral pyre, are reckoned as accursed and are persecuted by social custom.

Thousands of girls, twelve thousand in South India alone, are dedicated as Nautch girls to the service of the temple priests in consecrated prostitution.

It is a holy injunction of Manu, the ancient Hindoo code, that woman shall not be taught the Vedas, and she is forbidden to pronounce even a sacred syllable from them. One hundred and ninety-nine women of every two hundred in India cannot read or write. It was one of these little dark women who sorrowfully drew her chudder more closely about her and said to a missionary: "Oh, Miss Sahib, we are like the animals. We can eat and work and die, but we cannot think."

Literally less than a cow, is a woman in India. For the cow is held sacred.

And the soft-speaking priest from the land of the serpent who lures the Western woman with his wiles, holds her also in like contempt. What did the Swami Vivekenanda, returning to his native land, tell of his fair American proselytes? The missionaries say that he boastfully spread the impression that they were even as the Nautch girls of India.



"THAT OLD SABBATH BELL RANG OUT A CHIME OF PROPHECY OF
ENDLESS HAPPINESS."

THE STEEPLE

By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman

Author of "A New England Nun," "By the Light of the Soul," etc.

Illustrations by F. L. Stoddard

IT was blisteringly hot in Snow Hill. The beetling elevation from which the little village had its name sheltered it from any cooling breeze which might blow from the east and the sea, and when the afternoon sun blazed from the west, the heat-waves were echoed back from the broad bosom of Snow Hill. Two men who sat on the bench in front of Dyce's grocery store were discussing it.

"Yes," said one, Sam Dyce, the store-keeper, "that damned hill that they say holds the snow longer than any mountain in these parts, in the spring, makes this whole place hotter than tophet, summers."

Sam was in his shirt-sleeves, and his

suspenders, which his daughter Daisy had embroidered with rosebuds, were in evidence. He had removed his collar, and his long stringy throat showed. Sam was Yankee from way back. He was Yankee from head to toe, and that meant a goodly length of Yankee, for he was over six feet tall. He kept his country store in the fear of the Lord and the determination of profit.

He was constant in attendance at the church in Snow Center, three miles away. He was a deacon, and superintendent of the Sunday school. He was well-to-do. He had remodeled the old Dyce homestead. It had bay windows, a double colonial piazza,

and a front yard designed by a landscape gardener. His wife kept two maids, and every spring she and her daughter went on an excursion.

The daughter, Daisy, had been away to school, and her father had bought an electric victoria for her. She was a pretty girl, very sweet-tempered, and not in the least above her father and his store. Some Saturday nights when there was a rush of customers, she came over and helped at the dry goods counter. It was there the other man had first seen her. He had been motoring; his car had broken down and he had stepped into the store in search of a supper of bread and cheese. Sam had sent him to his remodeled mansion where he had feasted, and finally, as the car was still balky, remained over night, quarters being provided for his chauffeur. The car was installed in the barn at the risk of losing insurance.

Sam was hospitable, although a Yankee, and this stranger was not a customer, and of no earthly financial use to him. Sam had not once thought of his pretty daughter, but her mother had, and Daisy had worn her pink and white dress at breakfast next morning.

The stranger came again. He was an odd, incidental sort of man, not very young, seemingly rather aimless, or uncertain concerning his aims. Daisy had fallen in love with him but nobody knew whether he had fallen in love with Daisy or not. Sam, prodded by his wife, had found out what little there was to know about him.

His name was Weston, Lee Weston. He was a bachelor and his reputation was exceedingly good. He was much sought by society people, but hung aloof in the lazy, courteous fashion which he had inherited from a Southern grandmother who had been a Lee. He lived alone with servants and an old housekeeper, and his house was said to be a museum of art.

That Sam Dyce regarded as distinctly not in his favor. Sam scorned art in spite of his rosebud suspenders. He did not in reality care for them, but Daisy had worked them, they were her first embroidery, and Sam did care for his Daisy. He liked the other man well enough. He would have preferred Daisy to marry a man of Snow Hill or Snow Center, but Lee Weston, regarded as a possible son-in-law, did not overawe Sam Dyce. A prince of the blood

could not have done that. He scarcely saw Weston's immaculate summer attire and the determined crease of his trousers, and was perfectly unconscious of his own shirt-sleeves.

All that troubled him was the fact that Weston had come and come, and put up his touring car in his barn, and as yet his intentions regarding Daisy were doubtful. Now another man wanted her, and Daisy was urged by her mother that a bird in the hand— Sam's wife was so set of mind that affairs at home were becoming strenuous, and poor Daisy was unhappy.

Now Sam was very uncertain whether Weston would be well received by his wife, since the other man had come to board for the summer next door, at Mrs. Eliza Angel's, and was courting Daisy assiduously and had acquired favor in the eyes of her mother. He was much younger than Weston, and very handsome, and the covert air of high breeding which Sam's wife's acute feminine eye had discerned in Weston was not evident in the newcomer.

"He don't put on airs," she said of Weston, "but he's *got* them, and *I* don't like to feel that my own daughter is marrying a man that knows he's above her pa and ma, even if you want her to."

"Weston don't act a mite stuck up," Sam had retorted.

"He's up so high he don't need to act," said the woman. "The other one is just as good, and well brought up, but he's on the same rung of the ladder as we are."

"Well, they'll have to settle it," said Sam.

In the lower depths of his mind he was revolving the matter as he and Weston sat on the bench. The silent car stood glittering painfully in the road, brilliant with scorching dust. The chauffeur was in the store, sound asleep in a chair. Daisy and her mother had gone to Snow Center visiting, in the little electric victoria, and Sam was entertaining.

"Arabella always leaves the key under the front door mat, and you can go to the house and wash and make yourself to home, if you want to," he had said. "The hired girls ain't there. One has her afternoon off—blamed foolishness, paid seventeen dollars a month—and the other has gone berrying."

But Weston had seated himself on the bench, under the shadow of the store, where it was somewhat cooler than in the road, and

Sam had remained beside him. He had not risen when the car had stopped. Sam and his forbears received sitting if they chose, otherwise not; but always it was a matter of their own choice.

Possibly that attitude of Sam's attracted Weston, as well as the innocent charm of his daughter. He looked approvingly at Daisy's father, long and sinewy and yellow and shrewd, and redolent of his staples in trade. He had said to himself long before that the girl and her father were of the true blue blood that recognizes no necessity of asserting it.

The mother was of less degree in Weston's eyes. In fact, she was unconsciously, even to him, the slight barrier which delayed his decision, leisurely in any case. She had been very kind to Weston, and he liked her, but the fact that she placed him on a higher rung of the ladder was so evident that it annoyed him, while he did not fairly know it. Weston's reasons for delay were very subtle, and he was not fond of unraveling the subtle, and the summer had been a very hot one, not conducive to strenuous mental process. He had just remarked inanely but inevitably upon the heat, and Sam had rejoined with his statement concerning the hill. Weston eyed it lazily. It reared itself precipitously before them—rather a magnificent hill, almost a mountain, a great rise of land covered with green almost to the summit, where a bare expanse of rock shone out like a great jewel.

"I cannot understand," remarked Weston indolently, "why, in the name of common sense, since it was obviously impossible to move the hill, the people, the original settlers, could not have founded the village somewhere else."

"That's as plain as the nose on your face," said Sam. "The Snows owned the land, and when the Snows owned anything they wanted to sell, they sold it. If they hadn't owned anything but that ledge of stone on the top of the hill, they would have sold that. The Snows were the greatest family to make a trade in these parts. Some of it I've seen myself, and some I used to hear about from my father and grandfather. The Snows were as smart as whips comin' down through the generations, till they wound up in Seth."

Weston nodded. He had not paid much attention. He was thinking regretfully that since Daisy and her mother were away,

he supposed before long he might as well go himself. Straws were turning him at this point of his life, and not much wonder, since the point was unprecedented with him. Weston had never thought seriously of any woman until he had seen that young country girl, with her innocence, and ignorance which was not stupidity, simply the lack of knowledge of the unexperienced. Her beauty also attracted him, although not in as large a sense as her character, which seemed to him of such absolute clarity that it revealed her own future self after the passing of years as a being even more desirable than now.

While Daisy was pretty, even beautiful, her beauty was of a small, clear, almost severe type, which could easily be passed unnoticed. Regular, clean-cut features, a straight gaze from dark blue eyes, little color, and thick neutral hair brushed back smoothly from full brows, and a habit of silence, did not tend to make her conspicuous. Daisy was called scarcely pretty at all in her native village of Snow Hill. She was admired, however, because she was Sam Dyce's daughter, had been away to school, had her clothes made by the most expensive dressmaker in Snow Center, and lived in the handsomest and largest house in the village.

When Guy Bird had come to board at Mrs. Eliza Angel's for the evident purpose of courting Daisy, there had been much covert jealousy and nearly every young man had gone to Snow Center, had his trousers creased and fitted himself out with shirts and neckties like the newcomer's. However, Daisy herself seemed to care little for the young man next door, but her mother did, and that was considered more than an equivalent.

"Arabella Dyce never yet got her mind set on doing anything but she brought it to pass," it was said, "and that girl will marry that man her ma has picked out for her, whether she wants him or not."

Seth Dyce, who knew his daughter, was not so sure. He was sorry that his women folk were away now, for he saw the shadow of a flitting in the young man's eyes. Sam began to wonder if he could not manage to hold him, but he was no diplomat. While he was considering, Weston himself furnished the key to the situation.

"Whose house is that on the Langham road, with a steeple and long windows like



"ARABELLA GOT
RED IN THE
FACE. 'SAM,' SAYS
SHE, 'I'M GOING
HOME.'"

a church?" he inquired. "I notice it every time I come, and have always meant to ask about it, then have forgotten. It looks like a church, but it can't be, for there was a man smoking out in front, and there were white shades at the windows, and there was a woman sewing beside one of them."

"That," replied Sam, "is Seth Snow's house. Ever hear about Seth?"

"No," stated the other, with only a faint show of interest. It was very warm even in the lee of the store. The odor of the stock in trade was somewhat irritating. There stood his car and a swift rush over the country would be more agreeable, and he might return some day if so disposed. The image of poor Daisy seemed to waver indistinctly,

as if through waves of heat. But Sam Dyce continued, and his nasal drawl soon awakened attention.

"Mebbe," said Sam, "if you haven't heard of Seth Snow, you'd like to. Seth, he's the last of the family. He got married when he was young, and his wife died. She was a queer sort anyway, and sometimes I've wondered if her queerness wasn't sort of catching, for Seth, he never seemed any queerer than other folks when he was a young man, except, of course, he was mighty sharp on the dollars and cents and making a good bargain, like all the Snows. Seth, he'd had a college education but he settled down to farming and made considerable, had enough income to live on anyway.

He'd heired that from his father, and he wouldn't spend a mite of it.

"But when his Aunt Lois Snow, that had never got married, died and left him all she had, then he begin to let up on farming, and he got religion, too, in the big revival they had down at Snow Center, and he wasn't very well, and old Dr. Riggs, who always looked on the dark side, and had his patients just ready to die, told him he hadn't got six months to live, and Seth, he looked round and thought it was high time he begun to hustle and get in some good works. So he thought he had a call to preach. Of course, he hadn't been to a regular minister's school, but he calculated he might set up as a sort of outside minister, and he made his house over into a meetinghouse.

"He drove a mighty sharp bargain with the carpenters and the men that sold him the timber, but he had them long winders put in, and the ceiling of the first story taken down, and posts driven in to hold up the roof, and that steeple built. Then he begun to look round for pews and a pulpit. Although Seth was real earnest about it, nobody ever questioned that, he couldn't quite get over what was bred in his bone. He couldn't make up his mind to go and have brand-new pews and a new pulpit made for that meetinghouse. It seemed to him he might dicker for them some way. But, of course, pews and pulpits ain't to be bought off-hand at a bargain like women's dresses and hats, and Seth was sort of discouraged for a while, I reckon.

"He lived along in the rooms he'd kept for himself and his housekeeper back of the meetinghouse proper, and kept a look-out for nice second-hand pews and pulpits for pretty near a year. Then, all of a sudden, luck came his way. The First Presbyterian Church at South Atway had a lot of money left it, and the women got up a fair to help out, and they had the whole church fixed up fine. They had new carpets, and pews, and electric lights, and memorial winders and a new pulpit.

"Well, Seth, he just hitched up and drove over to South Atway, and next thing we knew wagons begun to come loaded up with pews, and the pulpit setting on top. Seth bought the carpets and the bracket lamps, too.

"Well, my wife and the other women got interested, and they said it was a shame that

a man should try so hard to have the gospel in Snow Hill, and save folks from going in all weathers way down to Snow Center, and not have anybody help, let alone showing a mite of interest. So they got together and made the men help, and we got the carpet down and the pews set up and the pulpit in place. That was quite a job, for it was a real old-fashioned pulpit, with stairs up one side, and we were mortal afraid it wouldn't be fastened strong and might topple over and poor Seth be killed while he was preaching. But we got it up in good shape finally, and the bracket lamps and everything, and the Sunday was set for the first meeting.

"Seth had a notice printed and pasted up on the meetinghouse door. We made a good deal more fuss about that meeting here than we had ever done about any meeting in Snow Center. Of course, that church of Seth Snow's wouldn't be a real regular church, admitted to conferences and such things, I supposed; but after all, I couldn't see if a good Christian man had a call to preach, and was willing to furnish his own meetinghouse and pews, even if he did get them at a bargain, and it would save folks from going a good way in bad weather, why it wasn't all right, but I calculated I'd wait and hear how Seth preached.

"Well, I did. It was a beautiful Sunday in May. It was the great apple year, and I never saw before nor since so many blooms as there were. The orchards and door-yards were all pink and white, and the air was so sweet it seemed like singing. Everybody in Snows Hill went to meeting to Seth Snow's church, and most all the women had new bonnets and a lot had new dresses. My wife had a new one trimmed with jet beads and she had pink roses in her bonnet, and she looked handsome, if I do say it.

"Daisy was nothing but a little tot then, but she had a white dress all trimmed with scallops, and a blue sash and a hat with a wreath and a blue ribbon bow, and she danced along ahead of us like a white butterfly. She's got such a pretty quiet way with her now that you wouldn't believe she was such a little fly-away when she was a baby. But she's got the fly-away in her now, under all her ladylike ways. Daisy never was a milk-and-water girl, and she never will be."

"I can't imagine her as ever being nervous or unduly excited over anything," remarked Lee Weston, with alertness.

"I can," said Dyce. "Still waters run deep."

Weston looked thoughtful. A most unmatched father had effected more than a match-making mother. Weston had visions of the girl in question being troubled in her sweet soul, and his own echoed back that imaginary trouble.

Dyce continued. "The road was full of folks going to meeting that day," said he. "Oh, I forgot to say that the Presbyterians in South Atway had thrown in their church bell, because it had a little crack, and they were going to buy a chime anyway. So Seth's bell was ringing for fair.

"Just think," says Arabella, as we walked behind that dancing little girl. 'What would all the Snows that have gone before say if they could hear that bell ringing and could know their house was a meetinghouse.'

"I know just what they would have said," I told her. 'First they would have asked if Seth had got the pews and things at a bargain, then they would have said—for the Snows were all mighty good people—that they were proud and sort of overcome to think that their house that they'd been born and married and lived and died in had been turned into a meetinghouse.'

"That was true enough, but I must say when I listened to Seth preaching I was sort of staggered as to what all the bygone Snows would have said. They had been a pretty peaceable set, not willing to let their toes be trod on, especially when money matters were concerned, but always as saving of other folks' feelings as if they had been their own, and to this day I can't quite account for Seth's sermon, for he had always seemed to be a Snow down to the backbone.

"Sometimes I have thought maybe he had a sense of real Christian duty toward his neighbors, and thought he ought to say what he did. It was all true enough, though it did put an end to his preaching, and he has never seemed quite the same since. Some folks think he was so disappointed that it loosened a screw in his head. Anyhow, nobody ever heard such a sermon as Seth Snow preached that Sunday.

"There we sat, women folks dressed up and men folks shaved and looking as fine as we could, all pleased with the new meetinghouse and smiling, and Seth, after the singing (he had bought a parlor organ with the

other things and Abby Barstow played it and the congregation sang), prayed. We all bent our heads when he begun, but before he had prayed five minutes most of us were staring at him, for he was praying for *us*. And he prayed as if we needed it awful bad and he thought so, and was sure that the Almighty did. Of course he sort of threw himself in, and said 'us' now and then, but sometimes he didn't and prayed right at us.

"We had always known, of course, that we had our faults, and might have wanted to think it over a while before we were willing to go into the arena as the early Christian martyrs did and be eaten alive by lions and tigers, with such a mean man as Nero looking on, but we hadn't fairly sensed it that we needed such powerful praying for us at the Throne of Grace. By the time Seth got to 'Amen'—it was a pretty long prayer—we begun to think we wouldn't have stood much chance of escaping hell-fire at all if it hadn't been for such strong praying, and, as it was, he didn't leave us any too sure.

"But the prayer was nothing to the sermon. The text was about the mote in thy brother's eye, and the beam in thy own eye, you know the one I mean. Well, Seth contrived to twist that text around in a fashion I'd never have dreamed of and I don't believe many ministers would. I must say, though I had the same mind as everybody else about his sermon—that it wouldn't do to let him keep on preaching any more like it—I did think he was pretty cute.

"He reasoned it out that after you'd got the beam out of your own eye, then it was time to get at the mote in your neighbor's, and I reckon Seth, he calculated that he'd been working pretty hard at his own particular beam and got his eyes reasonably clear and the time had come to look after the other chap's mote. And he did. He made a mighty good-sized mote out of it; sort of got it mixed up with the beam, I reckon.

"He just lit into everybody in Snow Hill. And he made it real plain. He called names right out, and the worst of it was he did hit the nails on the heads every single time. When he got ready to clean out my mote I was mad enough, but he had me all right.

"He said: 'There's Brother Sam Dyce sitting there in his Sunday clothes, looking clean and shaved and in his right mind and

as if he had a clean conscience. But his conscience is not clean to the sight of his fellow men although it may be to his own, because of the mote which obscures his vision. He cannot see, probably, that it is not right to sell bunches of asparagus with large tender stalks on the outside, while the inside ones are tough and pindling. He cannot see that it is not right, when he is selling a dozen eggs, to pick out as many as he dares of the little ones.'

"He went on that way, and he was right. I was mad, but I had to admit he'd got me. Then he begun on Arabella.

"There's his wife,' says he, meaning Arabella. 'She's a good woman. I don't doubt that, but she would be a better one if instead of giving her old bonnet to Sister Elmira Slate who hadn't any fit to come to the House of the Lord in, she had worn the old one herself, and given Sister Elmira the new one. Sister Slate is younger than Sister Dyce, and better looking, and a poor widow, and that fine new bonnet might catch somebody's eyes and she might have a chance to get married again, and she would make a good wife. If I were a marrying man myself, and had not consecrated the rest of my life to the service of the Lord in this His Tabernacle, I would not ask for a worthier helpmeet than Sister Slate, and while the fine new bonnet would make no difference to me, we are not all alike, and sometimes it is the fine new bonnet that serves as a spark to kindle the fire of holy matrimonial affection. Sister Dyce is a good woman, but if she had given that new bonnet to Sister Slate, and that new dress all shiny with beads to Sister Atkins, whose dress don't look hardly suitable for this occasion, and worn one of the many others which must be hanging in her closet at home, she would come nearer the shining mark of the Saints of the Lord.'

"Arabella got red in the face, and she prodded me in the side with her elbow so hard she hurt. 'Sam,' says Arabella, 'I'm going home.'

"You set still,' says I. I don't often go against my wife's wishes, but when I do, I mean it, and Arabella, she sat still though she looked as if she would burst.

"Seth, he didn't have anything to say against poor little Daisy, or wouldn't have had, except she went to sleep. She never heard what he said, and as a matter of fact Arabella and I came in for the worst of that.

Seth told us that we were running the risk of the unpardonable sin by letting that poor little baby go to sleep in meeting, and Arabella got madder, but Daisy, she just slept, with her cheeks like roses, and her little yellow curls all over her eyes, and her little legs curled up on the pew cushion. Arabella, she put out her hand to wake up the little thing, but I shook my head at her real fierce.

"Well, Seth preached at us all he could think of, and I guess he didn't leave much out. I had always known I had charged a pretty big interest on a mortgage I held on Moses White's house, and it wasn't any news to me to hear it from the pulpit. I had to grin and bear it, if I did see Moses sitting up and looking real proud and injured over across the aisle. But the next minute he got his turn, for Seth, he just lit into him about wasting his money on tobacco and rum, and loafing when he ought to be working, and said that though Brother Dyce was charging exorbitant interest on his mortgage, the money wasn't being spent in such bad ways, for Brother Dyce was working hard at his appointed task, and didn't drink, nor smoke, nor chew. Then he wound up by giving both of us a hit, by saying that neither man's fault excused the other's, that my sharpness in money matters didn't excuse Moses, and Moses's bad habits didn't excuse me.

"Then if he didn't have a fling at Elmira Slate, and say that if she had not been quite so extravagant in years gone by, and had learned as every woman should, to make over and cut out clothes for herself she wouldn't need anything given her, and then he said that Sister Atkins had always worn her best clothes too common in all kinds of weather, or she would have looked more suitably attired on that holy day.

"I can tell you, Seth Snow did his duty by us all, and every mother's son and daughter of us got his and her share that day. He was certainly just in his preaching whatever else he was, except maybe to Seth Snow. He just seemed to take it for granted that we all knew that if he had ever had any sins they were clean gone, and his place was now to tell us of ours.

"Well, we sat there and listened. Some made a move to go out after they had been trounced, but when they got it through their heads that if they waited they'd see the boot fitted on the other leg, they kept

their sitting. When the sermon was done there was more singing, and Seth, he made another prayer. That time it was short. He told the Lord Almighty how he had told us what our shortcomings were, and he hoped He would forgive us if we turned round and did better. I don't mean to be making light of sacred things, but that was really the heft of that prayer. Then Seth, he just said 'Amen,' and sat down on his pulpit sofa, and we went out.

"Seth didn't venture to pronounce a benediction. For all he was so satisfied with himself, I guess he thought that would be going too far. He just said 'Amen,' and sat down, and we went out. There wasn't any hard feelings between us, as we went home along that road. There couldn't be. We'd all been hit too much alike. Some of us was even sort of tickled and laughing, and others were mad, but all with Seth. That was the last sermon he ever preached in Snow Hill.

"The next Sunday he rang his old cracked bell for all he was worth, but everybody in Snow Hill who could go to meeting at all, went to Snow Center. They had had all they wanted of Seth's preaching, and they would have footed it miles in any kind of weather, winter cold or summer heat, rather than sit and listen to another sermon like that. Arabella said she felt as if she had lived through a little of the Day of Judgment, and she didn't want any more sooner than she could help it.

"Well, there was poor Seth Snow with his house turned into a church, and all the pews and the pulpit, to say nothing of the carpet, and the bell, and the parlor organ and the steeple on his hands. It went pretty hard with him. I don't doubt he thought he had a good call to preach, and it worried him because he couldn't find anybody to listen to him, and it worried him because he was a Snow, and had spent so much money for nothing. At first he used to try to corner folks in their houses or on the road, and work in a little preaching, but they wouldn't stand it, and finally he gave up beat.

"Then he tried to get rid of his church fixings. He was real lucky about his pews and carpet and parlor organ. He sold the organ at a good figure to a man in Snow Center who wanted it for his new second wife who was young enough to be his daughter. Then the church in Elmville caught fire, and all the inside that wasn't

burned was spoiled by smoke and water, and he sold his pews and carpet and made a good profit, but the pulpit and steeple stuck on his hands. Finally he seemed to feel so wrought up over it I took the pulpit into my store to try to sell it, though I must say folks don't come asking to look at pulpits as a rule, and it was a good deal in my way. But I declare that pulpit was sold within a year, and it was all owing to Seth's sharpness. He hadn't been born a Snow for nothing.

"One day he got into a dispute with a stranger in these parts, and Seth, he said he didn't ever bet, it being against his principles, but if he did bet, he'd be willing to lay a good deal that there wasn't a thing in that store of mine in use in the country that couldn't be bought. And that stranger comes walking into my store, and asks for a pulpit, and there it was. It seems he'd told Seth that he'd buy the thing that was in his mind, if I had it, and it turned out to be a pulpit. I always thought Seth had contrived to turn his thoughts that way somehow.

"Seth was pretty cute, even after he'd been so disappointed about his preaching, that folks surmised he wasn't quite right in his head. I've never seen anything wrong myself except for one thing. Seth, he will ring that old cracked bell every single Sunday, and get himself up all ready to preach, though it seems as if he must know nobody will come, and it has been years, for Daisy is most twenty, and he's kept it up ever since that Sunday, and he's an old man now."

"He didn't have a chance to sell the steeple?" asked Weston.

"Why, yes, he did, and that was another queer thing. He had a good chance to sell that steeple when the one on the Baptist Church in Snow Center was struck by lightning, but he wouldn't sell. He told me about it. 'Sam,' says he, 'I had a chance to sell my church steeple, but that's one thing I won't part with if it did cost me a pretty penny, and folks think it's thrown away. It ain't thrown away,' says Seth. 'That's one thing that ain't. If I can't preach that steeple can point up and show what I meant to do. I meant to point up,' says Seth, 'and I still think I had a call to point up, Sam.'

"There was something sort of sad about it. He wouldn't sell the steeple, and as for the bell, nobody wanted that."

"He is an old man?"

"Yes, Seth's pretty old. He is a good deal older than I am. He looks full as old as he is, too. His hair has been as white as snow a good many years, and he walks bent over. He tries to farm a little but he don't make out much. But that don't make any odds, for he's got plenty out at interest to live on. But I've always been sorry for Seth. He's a disappointed man. Once he says to me, 'Do you know I only preached that one sermon, Sam?'"

"Maybe that did more good than a dozen," I told him. Sometimes I've wondered if it didn't. I know I used to do a little different, and I know Arabella gave Elmira Slate a brand-new bonnet, and I know Sister Atkins tried to make over a dress.

"And I've never even preached a funeral sermon, nor married a couple," says Seth.

"Why, you couldn't do that last anyway," I told him, "for you know you ain't an ordained minister, Seth."

"But he didn't seem to sense that. 'It's a pretty hard thing, a pretty hard thing, for a man to be disappointed in everything he wants to do for other folks,' says he, and he goes away, shaking his head. That wasn't long ago."

Weston's eyes had been on the road for the last few seconds. Something was approaching at a swift glide. The young man changed color. Sam Dyce observed him, and a queer little smile twisted his mouth.

The little electric car glided up to the house opposite, a large woman got out, and entered, then the car wheeled and approached the store. Becomingly framed in the car's dark hood showed a girl's charming, delicate head and face. She flushed ever so slightly, and smiled at the two men. Weston approached her eagerly and at the same time appeared, as if he had risen from the ground, his coming had been so unobserved, an old man, bent, white-headed, with a face at once shrewd, benevolent, and pathetic. He spoke at once to Weston.

"Well," said he. "I hope now you have come to marry her, and are not intending any further delay."

The girl and the man started. "Now, Seth," said Sam Dyce.

"You need not talk," said the old man.

"It is time something was done. Your daughter is as good a girl, and as pretty a girl, as ever lived, Sam Dyce, and she is not going to be hurt. This man has been coming, and coming, and she likes him. As for the other man, her mother is so set on—" The old man made a contemptuous gesture.

Then he spoke with a wonderful, almost uncanny authority. "Stand up beside that girl in the buggy," he ordered Weston, and Weston obeyed.

"Now, do you want to marry that woman, and love her and take care of her, and stand between her and all the troubles of life?" he said. Weston, white to the lips, bowed.

"Daisy," said Seth Snow, "do you like that man enough to put up with his faults, and be happy?" Daisy tremblingly bowed.

"Then," said Seth, "I pronounce you man and wife."

Seth walked away, straightening his bowed back.

Sam Dyce spoke first. "See here," he said, "that wasn't legal, you know."

"We can have it made legal easily," said Weston. All at once his uncertainty had vanished. He realized within himself an enormous, sheltering, sanctifying love for that young girl. He understood that her mother could not even annoy him if he had this girl. Even an involuntary dislike to her sentimental, provincial name of Daisy vanished. He had once told himself that if he ever did, she should be Margaret, the rest of her life. Now he was content with Daisy. Daisy regarded him and her father with an adorable expression—shy, triumphant, shamed, rapturous.

"Well, I never," said Sam. "What will that other fellow do?"

"He went away this morning, father," said Daisy. "There was another girl, really. He used to go with her. Annie Munson told me, and said she felt dreadfully. I think he will go back to her."

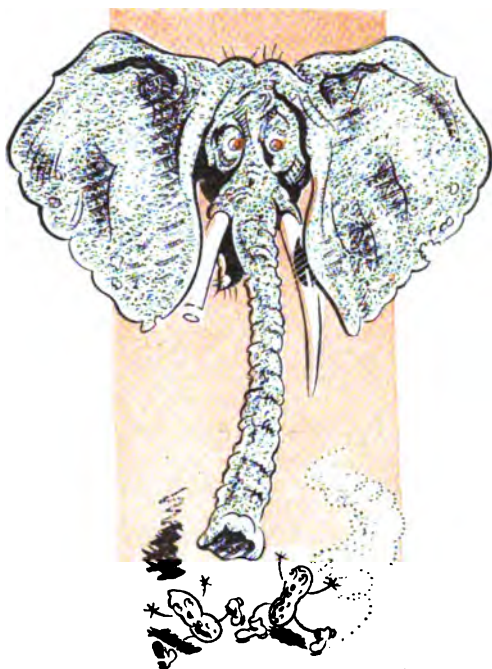
"Never mind him," said Weston. He looked at the girl and she looked at him.

Above the tree tops showed in a clear sharp triangle Seth Snow's church steeple. Presently there pealed out in a dissonant jangle his cracked bell. But since all discords may become harmonious under some circumstances, that old Sabbath bell rang out for the two lovers a chime of prophecy of endless happiness.

WHO'S WHO *at the* ZOO

By *Irvin S. Cobb*

Illustrations by *A. Z. Baker*



PERSONALLY, I have always been passionately fond of animals. Even when we were living in a flat we had our pets—two goldfish and a canary. I shall never forget the evening I returned home to find the canary at what you might call his last gasp, or tweet. He had got out of his cage and had inadvertently backed into a gas jet; as his mentality was located at the far end of him from the scene of the conflagration, he had not noticed that he was afire until his tail was burned to the roots. He was picking the coverlids when I arrived, and he passed away shortly thereafter.

The goldfish, while always docile and highly domesticated, were not what you would call exciting company. I'd as soon, almost, have a tame silkworm hanging around the house.

Since we moved to the country, however, our pets have been the subject of much talk among our friends and neighbors. Our celebrated mouse-colored, Georgian period horse, Gray Gables, enjoys more than a local reputation on account of his habits and prev-

alent style of architecture. He has those pronounced dormer effects along his elevations, and high Gothic arches throughout. He sheds rain better than any horse I ever saw, and it is awfully easy to hitch him up. You only have to throw the harness across him carelessly and it will catch on some of the projections and adhere. Our cat, Plutarch's Lives, is also well known throughout the suburb where we live. He is a very rare species, half Maltese and half Mormon.

So it is easy to see that I love animals and it is my delight, these pleasant fall days, to go to the New York Bronx Zoo and study the various forms of animal life which you find there in such abundance. There are more than five thousand different specimens at the Bronx Zoo, hardly any two of which look alike or smell alike. It is the largest Zoo and the completest and the most highly perfumed in the world. I am sure that nowhere else is there anything approaching the situation to be found in the small brick building devoted to the smaller mammals, including civet cats, when the steam heat is turned on and the doors are all shut.

The bird collection is one of the most interesting of all. I always drop in there first when I enter the grounds, one reason being that it is the nearest to the entrance,

and another being that I am of a restful disposition, especially when engaged in nature study, and am fond of short trips and long stops. The parrot house, for parrots, cockatoos and macaws, is very handy as you come in at the main gate, and it is well worth a visit, too, because it is filled with great, handsome, beautifully gotten-up, masterful birds, all shrieking at once at the several tops of their respective voices. If you had ever reported an annual election of a suffragette league, as I have, you would be struck at once by the resemblance. Parrots are pretty, but they do not excel as parliamentarians.

INTRODUCING MR. G. C. C. H. TOUCAN

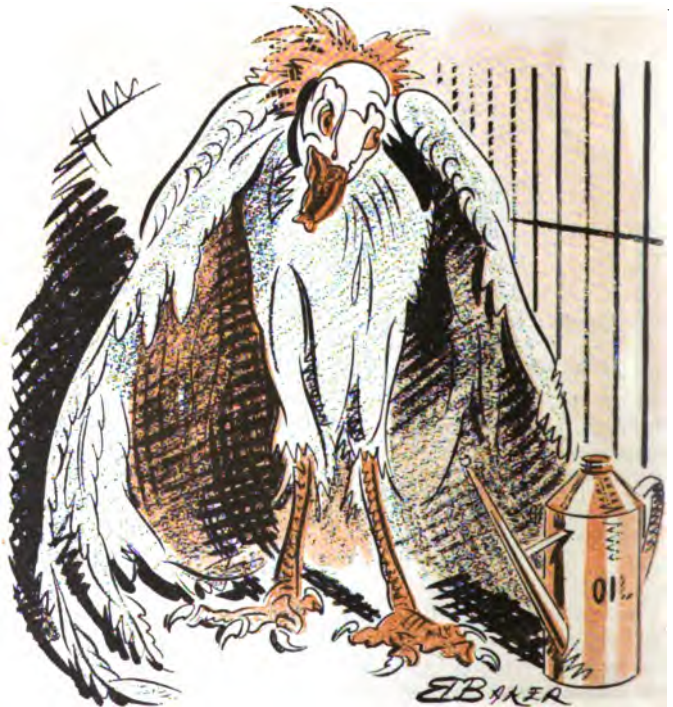
Birds with large bills and bright plumage, relatives of the parrot family, are also domiciled here, and some of them are well worth your study. For example, there is the giant concave casqued hornbill toucan. If he had any other name, I did not catch it. He is colored up in reds and yellows and greens and blues like a new road wagon, and has a profile which reminds you somewhat of the kind of thing you see carved on top of an Alaskan totem pole.

Mr. G. C. C. H. Toucan, by all accounts, is the head of his own household. He is not, to say, hen-pecked. In fact, when the nesting season arrives and Mrs. G. C. retires into a hollow tree, he comes with mud and walls up the entrance, leaving only a small hole through which the lady takes air and nourishment until such time as her domestic duties are quite completed and the children are old enough to start to kindergarten.

In this way he insures that his wife will not go traipsing off to a Mothers' Congress, or something, when she should be at home attending to a young and growing family. From what I have been able to gather, the female of this species is absolutely nothing of a clubwoman.

On the other hand, the mot mot in the adjoining cage is a frivolous thing, much given to social diversions. The mot mot is the only known creature which deliberately subjects itself to suffering in order to beautify itself. It plucks the down from its tail, leaving only a small tuft at the end of the long shaft. This is painful but highly decorative. I have never gathered, however, in any of my readings, that the mot mot is addicted to tight lacing or high-heeled slippers or plumage that buttons down the back. In time it may become addicted to these things, but then we must remember that the mot mot is but a poor, foolish bird and not gifted with the higher intelligence that enables us humans to avoid that vanity which is painful.

Then there is the West African plantain eater, living two numbers below on the same side of the street. Here is the chorus girl of bird life. It has a becoming pinky-red gloss on its wing coverts, but when it gets caught out in the rain, the rain washes all this color off leaving the plantain eater a uniform slate gray. A guaranteed waterproof make-up would certainly be a great



THE VULTURE KEEPS PEERING ANXIOUSLY AT HIS NEIGHBORS.

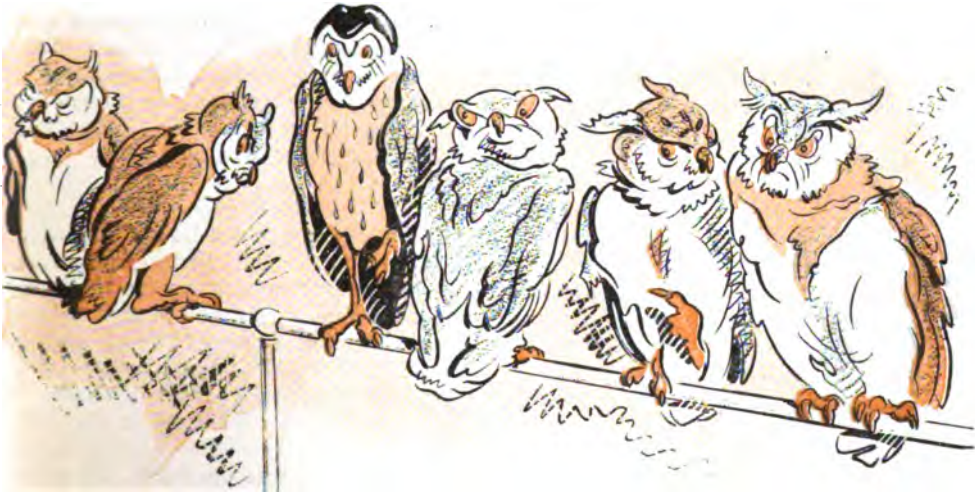
boon to West African plantain eaters and plump, open-pored queens of comic opera playing the summer dates. I throw in this idea gratis, for what it may be worth to chemists and other interested parties.

Specimens of the laughing jackass are to be found in this department. The laughing jackass does not laugh and he is not a jackass, otherwise the name is quite correct and appropriate. At least, he does not laugh in captivity, but only smiles sometimes in a bored sort of way when people come and stand in front of his residence and ask foolish questions. But,

moving along to a fresh location and doing the same thing all over again. My wife has the moving spirit herself. I believe, in fact, that most, if not all, wives do have it.

The New Guinea bower bird is representative of her sex, and I have no fault to find with her habits. They are a part of her nature. But I'll bet she has trouble keeping a servant.

I don't know whether it happened by chance or is done through deliberate design, but in one of the outdoor flying cages is an uneasy but well nourished old vulture with a bald, slick head and large, strong talons



A SUPREME COURT BENCH FIGURING OUT A "REASONABLE" RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

according to the literature on the subject, he is a tolerably free laughter in his native state. The books say he laughs three times a day regularly in a derisive, harsh and raucous manner—in the morning, at noon and again at night. But he lives in the Australian deserts and eats lizards and fuzzy worms and snakes, and it is a rotten bad climate by all accounts, and he is a homely, ungainly thing with frowsy tail feathers, and what the poor thing finds to laugh at I cannot imagine.

JUST LIKE SOME WOMEN

I can better understand the eccentricity which prompts the New Guinea bower bird to spend weeks of hard work making a cleared space just alongside her nest and tastefully decorating it with bits of bright color and then, when it is all completed,

and a hooked bill and a shifty eye and a look about him of being heavily interested in Standard Oil or some other large trust. In the very next compartment, where he can peer at them anxiously through the dividing bars, is a whole Supreme Court bench of horned owls sitting all in a solemn row, sleeping part of the time and trying to figure out just what is a reasonable restraint of trade the rest of the time.

Along here are the eagles, and rising statesmen come and study their expression of countenance trying to acquire the eye of the eagle, and forgetting that those who have an eye like an eagle very often have also a chin like one—which is no chin at all, as you will find upon contemplating this noble bird's profile.

If you do not care for birds there are animals to suit every imaginable taste—



A PROFILE LIKE THE TOP
OF A TOTEM POLE.

giraffes for the delight of the throat specialist; sea lions for the man who is inventing a bronchitis lozenge; warthogs for the chiropodist; boas for the after-dinner speaker; birds of paradise for the clergy; lyre birds for the politicians; and for the bank president a large pinky-faced monkey with the fluffy side-whiskers of a born financier, that sits in a private office at the back end of the marmoset cage, and adds up interest all day on his fingers.

From cage to tank, and tank to den, and den to pit, and pit to range, one may wander on for hour after hour, entranced

in nature study. Here is the blue-nosed mandril contemplating his own likeness in the bottom of his drinking pan, and uttering low moans. There is the mighty polar bear eating a cold dead fish in majestic silence and inspiring heartless persons to remember the story about the fellow who was asked to be pallbearer at the funeral—and what's worse, to tell it.

The Arctic seal has caught chronic cold from splashing across a dripping rock and he coughs through his symptoms in a voice like George Cohan singing, and amateur students of natural history come and stand and look at him and wonder how in the world they ever get seal rings and sealing wax from such a looking thing.

The three-toed African elephant, made all one piece like a union suit, lurks in ambush behind his wide and branching ears waiting to spring out and annex the passing peanut. The ring-tailed monkey pursues the study of entomology with his friends. The secretary bird moons around seriously, doing sums in its head and, as if to add to the mathematical aspect of Zoo life, there are the rabbits multiplying rapidly and the great Egyptian asp which is considerable of anadder himself.

If you resent that last allusion as bordering dangerously upon a pun, do not blame me. I stole it from an English comic weekly and I have simply thrown it in here in an endeavor to add a touch of variety to the sober and truthful passing impressions of a nonprofessional faunist. All about one the romances, the tragedies and the comedies of the Zoo go on unceasingly, and there is entertainment for all.

IN THE SNAKE HOUSE

The snake house will be apt to claim at least an hour of your time. Snakes have had a strange, mysterious fascination for our race ever since our first mother bought a lemon disguised as an apple from a traveling salesman disguised as a snake.

The Bronx snake house contains the largest collection of snakes in the world, it is said. Nearly all the venomous kinds are represented by competent delegates—the cobra, which is handsome but has a perfectly miserable disposition; the rattler which also hates to be disturbed and gets peevish easily; the water moccasin from the Dismal Swamp, making a specialty when at home of the Southern colored business; the puff adder from far Ceylon, and Ferdinand de Lancey from the West Indies—Fer de Lance I believe they call him for short, but in speaking of a snake of such qualifications I prefer using the full name. And also the Gila monster, and the copperhead and many another besides, and in addition to these, a large and complete assortment of what are known among sideshow Boscoes as plain eating snakes.

You can go to the bargain counter here—a Mr. Ditmars is in charge—and find almost any kind of a marked-down staple snake in stock. The last time I was there, a large centipede named Clarence had succumbed to the rigors of our northern climate and was on his last legs—twenty-seven of them,

or twenty-eight, I forget which. There was, also, a horned toad engaged in pulling off his last year's suit of clothes and eating it as he went, being, I suppose, of a tidy nature and opposed to making any unnecessary litter around the place.

Both of these were interesting sights—one pathetic, and one appealing to the economic sense as showing that food and clothing in the case of a horned toad may be synonymous—but both interesting. Yet, when I inquired of the curator and found that he has not yet been able to add to his exhibits a hoop snake and a glass snake, I turned away in disappointment, realizing that no snake house could ever be complete until it has a hoop snake and a glass snake beneath its hospitable roof.

Both of them are to be found in this country, too. I never saw either of them myself, but back down in Kentucky I have seen any number of people who've seen people that have seen them. The hoop snake, I contend, is the most unique snake alive. Alongside of him the Bengal stem-winder, which conceals itself from the native hunter by crawling down its own throat and then tucking the tail neatly inside the opening, is only a piker.



IT IS OF NO AVAIL
FOR THE VICTIM
TO ATTEMPT ES-
CAPE FROM THE
HOOP SNAKE BY
FLIGHT.

The hoop snake has no poison sacs in his jaw where a rattler or a scandal monger carries his. But he has a kind of self-feeding fountain-pen arrangement like a horn growing right out of the top of his head, and this horn or spike is so full of deadly poison that often it overflows and runs down on his face, giving him an untidy appearance. And he never crawls. When in rapid motion, he suggests somebody practicing capital O's with the free-arm, Spencian method. This appearance is due to the fact that he travels by putting the tip of his tail between his lips, thus forming a complete circle, and rolling along rapidly like a runaway buggy tire. From this fact, his name of hoop snake is derived.

He lies in wait for his prey at the top of a tall hill and, as the quarry approaches, he suddenly emerges and rolls down upon him at lightning speed. It is of no avail for the intended victim to seek safety in flight, because the hoop snake can roll faster than any human being ever ran. He will roll upon you from behind and sink his horn into you upon your retreat, causing instant death.

There is but one mode of escape. At the warning cry of "Hoops, my dear!" the traveler turns and faces the approaching doom. When the snake is but a few paces distant, he leaps behind the nearest tree. The snake, being unable to alter his course upon such short notice, drives his horn deep into the trunk of the tree and sticks fast. You may then emerge from your refuge and, while he writhes there a helpless prisoner, you can destroy him utterly with a club.

But the tree will die before sundown. All through the mountainous parts of Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, the hoop snake is so common that any native guide will show the visitor from the North the dead trees studded thick at the bottom of every steep hill, each with holes in the rotting bark where the horn of the hoop snake entered. Then if the stranger desires to see more, the native will lead him up the mountain to the favorite haunt of another strange creature peculiar to those parts, known as the blind or sightless tiger.

THE WONDERFUL GLASS SNAKE

The glass snake is only slightly rarer than the hoop snake. As a small boy I have often had its tracks pointed out to me in the dust of the road by older companions. The glass snake is made up in joints or sections, like a string of freight cars, or two pounds of sausage. For a snake, he is of a highly emotional, not to say excitable, temperament. When startled, he instantly separ-

ates at his joints and each section wriggles off in a different direction.

But if the disturber remains quiet, he will presently witness one of the most marvelous sights in nature. The grass will part and out into the open will come the head, uttering a peculiar soft, purring sound. At this signal, the various links reappear and join on to the head, each in its proper order. When the tail piece has hitched on, the reunited reptile will utter a triumphant hiss and glide away into the undergrowth.

The surest way to circumvent a glass snake is to track down and capture one of the fugitive sections, the third one back from the head, say. Upon the reassembling of the baffled serpent, this will leave an unsightly gap amidships, which not only destroys the symmetry of the snake as a whole, but puts it to considerable personal inconvenience, for it has all the trouble of eating its food and none of the joys of digesting it.

Yes, sir, I'll bet you that when I was younger, I heard about the hoop snake's ferocity and the glass snake's guile a thousand times from grown persons who had known them intimately. And so that is why I cannot understand why they do not catch good specimens and keep them on exhibition at the Bronx Park for the benefit of those reared in less favored localities than the one I came from.

Candidly, though, I never cared so very much for snakes anyway. I have noticed that snakes as a race are inclined to be cold, taciturn and uncommunicative. They are always upsetting precedent, too. I remember once I went to a studio tea given by one of New York's most noted bohemians. He is not a bohemian any more, having since gone to work for a living, but



SOME DAY THE LION WILL SNEEZE!

in those days he was a true bohemian and did boheeming by the day, week or job.

He gave this studio tea to a lot of chosen spirits—with a lot of other and even better chosen spirits on the side-board—and the principal event of the evening was to be a battle to the bitter death between a newly caught Connecticut rattlesnake and a West Indian pine snake out of a bird and animal store down on Grand Street.

I couldn't understand why two snakes coming from such widely separated localities should have so deep a grudge for each other, but I was assured by all the snake authorities present that such was indeed the case, and that the moment they came face to face, they would grapple in a relentless struggle.

That was what they all said. There was a square coop of wire netting in the middle of the floor, and we all assembled about this. Our host shook the rattlesnake out of a sack into the middle of the arena. As soon as the rattler had run his eye down his tail to its tip to make sure all his luggage was there and none of it had been lost in transit, he began forking out his tongue and sounding his rattles and was indeed a fearsome sight.

The spirit of brutal sport and the love of slaughter entered our breasts then, and we called loudly for the other gladiator. So they dumped him in out of a pasteboard shoe box. He was a forbidding looking creature with a sneering expression on his face and a low retreating forehead, a forehead so low, in fact, that when he wrinkled it in thought, the wrinkles rippled up over the top of his head and ran down his back in waves. He also had



THE WELCOMING SMILE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

large white and black squares arranged along him in regular pattern, like the tiling in a bathroom.

He hissed and squirmed as he dropped in, and the rattler threw himself into a coil and sat back on his haunches ready to strike. We watched with bated breath—spell bated with an “i” if preferred—and said to each other that right here was where the two of them

would go to it. But shucks!

A fleeting glance of recognition seemed to pass between them. I was looking right at them and I am telling it to you just as it happened. It was then that I first noticed the pine snake thinking. He was trying to place the rattler, that was what he was doing. Both of them reared up higher and stared hard at each other, and then the pine snake gave the rattler the high sign of the lodge, and the rattler's face broke into a sunny smile, and he said, just as plain, “Well, Bill, old scout, ding my button if it ain't you—consarn ye, put her thar!” and they sprang into a loving embrace which lasted until we, in disgust, pried them apart with a pickle fork tied to a broom handle and killed both of them on the spot. My confidence in snakes on that occasion was shaken to an extent where I doubt that I could ever feel the same toward them again.

NOW THIS IS DIFFERENT

But with the warm-blooded animals, it is different. There is the hippopotamus, for example. I like him very much. They have a splendid specimen at the Bronx Zoo. He looks something like a cross between a dachshund and a Pullman car. There may be also a slight strain of old-fashioned hair-cloth trunk mingled in his blood somewhere. He is homely, but he has a sunny nature.



HIS WIFE IS NOTHING OF A CLUBWOMAN.

He has qualities of heart and hand which endear him to all with whom he comes in contact. It is a positive pleasure to be thrown in his midst, so his keeper tells me.

The hippo has a peculiar attraction for me, because he is an amphibious

creature, being equally at home whether he's all dry, or half dry, all wet or half wet, and in that respect he very much resembles a set of false teeth which once belonged to a great aunt of mine. They were what you might call amphibious false teeth. In the daytime they were about with her all over the neighborhood, but they spent every night peacefully in a glass of water alongside her bed.

I shall never forget the night my great uncle, her husband, came home late from a lodge social and, in feeling about the room for the wherewithal to assuage his thirst, got hold of the wrong thing. He quit the use of intoxicants after that. He said that when a man tried to take a simple drink late at night and was severely bitten in the face by a glass of water, it was time to quit. So when I see the hippo, I think of Uncle Hiram and Great Aunt Julia's amphibious teeth.

The cat house, or house of the large mammals, is another favorite haunt of mine. I love to study that lordly king of beasts, the black-maned Nubian lion. I love even to study him in a circus or at Coney Island, and behold him held in subjection at the bidding of a foreign gentleman with brilliantine on his mustache and spotted pants, who

wrests the majestic brute's jaws apart and shoves his head down the gaping throat, thus illustrating the triumph of mind and hair oil over matter. I fairly love that spectacle—and I'm always hoping that I'll be there the day the lion sneezes.

I love, too, to study him at the Zoo and let him study me in return, one of us on one side of the bars and the other on the other, thus providing a treat for all concerned in perfect safety.

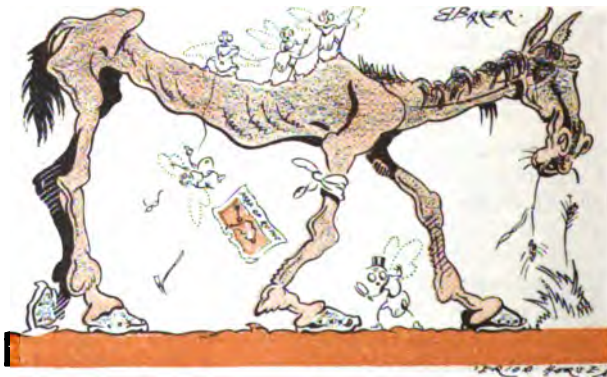
There is a keeper up there in the cat house named Henry, with whom I like to converse. He is full of absorbing stories of his great pets, and he never seems to tire of telling them to persons who show an intelligent interest. I notice him smiling his appreciation every time he sees me taking down notes of what he is saying. Sometimes he chuckles right out.

If you should be up there at any time, just ask for Henry and ask him to tell you some of the things he has observed in connection with his great feline charges. He will do so gladly, and will talk by the hour if you do not manifest an inclination to doubt him but drink it all in with the intentness which such a narrative deserves. He tells me he used to be a sailor before the mast, but quit on account of the pernicious lying which is permitted to go unchecked in the seafaring pursuits.

Henry tells me that the great Brazilian jaguar, Señor Lopez, would be known in Brazil as a two-minute jaguar, on account of the yellows and whites in his coat having run together miscel-



THE ZOO IS FULL OF INFORMATION.



OUR HORSE, "GRAY GABLES," IS OF THE GEORGIAN PERIOD TYPE.



FOR MORE THAN SIX MONTHS THAT UNFORTUNATE LION WAS BORN EVERY DAY.

laneously. But if the spots had a firm, fixed appearance, the natives would call him by a Portuguese word signifying hard-boiled jaguar. One of the Manchurian leopards has a skin on which the yolks are all mixed up indiscriminately and, although the name on his cage is Don, out of deference to public opinion, Henry tells me that the animal's real name is Old Scrambled. He is always telling me something like that.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A BABY LION

On the occasion of my last visit to the lion house, two very new lion cubs were frolicking about over their mother's back, and when I admired them, Henry, who was standing near by, volunteered the remark that they were lucky cubs because they'd never have to be born but just the once. Naturally I asked him what he meant by that, and in explanation he told me a story.

He knew of a case where a lion cub was born all over again every week day and

sometimes on Sunday, for more than six months. It seems it was this way. The cub's mother belonged to a traveling show, and the cub was born for the first time just as the company started on the road for the season. So, from then on all through the summer, at each town the press agent would hurry first to the local newspaper offices and then to the city hall to announce that a baby lion had been born that very morning and that the management had decided to name it for the town. Would the papers please print nice, long pieces about it, and would the mayor kindly consent to christen it that evening just before the beginning of the night performance.

So, of course, a great crowd would turn out, and at the proper moment the trainer would bring out the baby lion—after a while it took two trainers—and the mayor would name him Hawville or Hicksburg or whatever the name of the town happened to be, and business would be great. By

July 1st the cub had a string of names, so Henry says, longer than that lady out in Chicago who is always getting married about once in so often.

But one night, about the middle of August, as the mayor and principal officials of some town out in Iowa were assembled in front of the cage and the populace was all jammed in, with fathers

and mothers dragging their children up as close as possible, the baby lion suddenly burst from his cage with an infuriated roar



MY FAITH IN SNAKES WAS SHAKEN THAT NIGHT.

and, after knocking down the mayor and two members of the common council, he stepped on the prostrate stomach of a stout hay and general feed merchant and bounded clear over the side wall of the tent and bit an Alderney cow in two.

And the very next day he was in a strong, steel-barred den all to himself with danger notices hung on

the bars and a large sign clear across the top, stating that he was "Wallace, the Untamable Lion." So Henry says.



The Harvest Moon

By Charles Nevers Holmes

THE dog days die!—yet summer still lives on

In sultry midday or in memory.

The first leaf falls!—the flower's face is wan,

And sunburned hands spoil a fruitful lea;

Anon, yon brook purls softer down the dale,

King Sol reigns lower with each passing moon;

Autumnal breezes breathe on hill and vale,

Whilst o'er the meadows smiles a Harvest Moon.





"IT WAS NOT UNTIL THIS HAND HELD THE FLARING MATCH
UP THAT CREEGAN MOVED."

The Stool Pigeon

By
Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Wire Tappers," etc.

Illustrations by William Oberhardt

AN overcoat, even when cut by a Bond street tailor, is of no great value. Neither, for that matter, is a blue ribbon, or a foxbrush, or a pair of elk horns. Yet there are times when trifles such as these can give purpose to an otherwise idle life.

When Van Tuyl's paragon of a butler carried away my topcoat, I found myself possessed by one determination, teased by one hope, and that was, at some time and in some way to recover a garment so gratuitously and so unjustly taken from me.

The sheer thought of seeing that solemn-eyed thief strutting about in my borrowed plumes was sufficient to rowel me into an ever-extending search for the impostor. That ever-extending search, in turn, carried me to many devious and astounding corners of the city, to unsavory cellars where lemon-steerers and slough-beaters foregathered, to ill-lit rooms where anarchists nightly ate the fire of their own ineffectual oratory, to heavy-fumed drinking-places where pocket-slashers and till-tappers and dummy-chuckers and dips forgot their more arduous hours.

But more and more often I found my steps unconsciously directed towards that particular den of subterranean iniquities known as *The Café of Failures*. For it was in this new-world *Cabaret du Néant* that I had first heard of my engaging butler and his methods. Night by night I went back to that dimly lit den of life's

discards, the same as a bewildered beagle goes back to its last trace of aniseed. I grew inured to its bad air, unobservant of its scorbutic waiters, undisturbed by its ominous-looking warren of private rooms, and apathetic before its meretricious blondes.

Yet at no time was I one of the circle about me. At no time was I anything more than a spectator of their ever-shifting and ever-mystifying dramas. And this not unnatural secretiveness on their part, combined with a not unnatural curiosity on my own, finally compelled me to a method of espionage in which I grew to take some little pride.

This method, for all its ingenuity, was simple enough to any one of even ordinary scientific attainments. When I found, for example, that the more select of those underworld conferences invariably took place in one of that tier of wooden-partitioned drinking-rooms which lined the *café's* east side, I perceived that if I could not invade those rooms in body I might at least be there in another form. So with the help of my friend Durkin, the reformed wire-tapper, I



"I TELL YOU, CHUCK, I COULD HEAR THIS

constructed a piece of machinery for the projection of the spirit into unwelcome corners.

This instrument, in fact, was little more than an enlargement of the ordinary telephone transmitter. It was made by attaching to an oblong of glass, constituting, of course, an insulated base, two carbon supports, with cavities, and four cross-pieces, also of carbon, with pointed ends, fitting loosely into the cavities placed along the side of the two supports. The result was, this carbon being what electricians call "a high resistance" and the loose contact-points where the laterals rested making re-

sistance still higher, that all vibration, however minute, jarred the points against their supports and varied resistance in proportion to the vibration itself. This, of course, produced a changing current in the "primary" of the induction coil, and in turn reproduced, greatly magnified, in the "secondary" where with the help of a small watch-case receiver it could be easily heard.

In other words, I simply contrived a mechanical sound-magnifier, a microphone,

lifted down the gilt-framed picture of a bacchanalian lady whose seminudity disseminated the virtues of a champagne which I knew to be made from the refuse of the humble apple-evaporator. At the top-most edge of the square of dust where this picture had stood, I carefully screwed two L-hooks and on these hooks hung my microphone-base. Then I rehung the picture, leaving it there to screen my apparatus. My cloth-covered wires, which ran from



THIN AND EAGER VOICE DECLARING, 'THE THING'S A PIPE!'

an instrument which translated the lightest tap of a pencil end into something which reached the ear with the force of a hammer-blow. And the whole thing, battery, coil, insulated wire, carbon bars and glass base, could be carried in its leather case or thrust under my coat as easily as a folded opera hat.

It was equally easy, I found, to let it hang flat against the side wall of that rancid little *chambre particulière* which stood next to the room where most of those star-chamber conspiracies seemed to take place. My method of adjusting the microphone was quite simple.

From the painted wooden partition I

this picture to the back of the worn leather couch against the wall, I very nicely concealed by pinning close under a stretch of gas pipe and poking in under the edge of the tattered brown linoleum.

Yet it was only on the third evening of my mildly exhilarating occupation of that stuffy little *camera obscura* that certain things occurred to rob my espionage of its impersonal and half-hearted excitement. I had ordered a bottle of *Chianti* and gone into that room to all intents and purposes a diffident and maundering *bon-vivant* looking for nothing more than a quiet corner wherein to doze.

Yet for one long hour I had sat in that secret auditorium, with my watch-case receiver at my ear, while a garrulous quartette of strike-breakers enlarged on the beatitude of beating up a "cop" who had ill-used one of their number.

It must have been a full half hour after they had gone before I again lifted the phone to my ear. What I heard this time was another man's voice, alert, eager, a little high-pitched with excitement.

"I tell you, Chuck," this thin and eager voice was declaring, "the thing's a pipe! I got it worked out like a game o' checkers. But Redney 'nd me can't do a thing unless you stake us to a boat and a batch o' tools!"

"What kind o' tools?" asked a deep and cavernous bass voice. In that voice I could feel caution and stolidity, even an overtone of autocratic indifference.

"Ten bones'd get the whole outfit," was the other's answer.

"But what kind o' tools?" insisted the imperturbed bass voice.

There was a second or two of silence.

"That's spielin' the whole song," murmured the other.

"Well, the whole song's what I want to know," was the calm and cavernous answer. "You'll recall that three weeks ago I staked you boys for that express-wagon job—and I ain't seen nothing from it yet!"

"Aw, that was a frame-up," protested the first speaker. "Some squealer was layin' for us!"

It was a new voice that spoke next, a husky and quavering voice, as though it came from an alkaline throat not infrequently irrigated with fusel-oil whisky.

"Tony, we got to let Chuck in on this. We got to!"

"Why've we got to?"

"Two men can't work it alone," complained the latest speaker. "You know that. We can't take chances—and Gawd knows there's enough for three in this haul!"

Again there was a brief silence.

"You make me sick!" suddenly exploded the treble-voiced youth who had first spoken. "You'd think it was *me* who's been singin' about keepin' this thing so quiet!"

"What're you boys beefin' about, anyway?" interposed the placid bass voice.

"I ain't beefin' about you. I ain't kickin' against lettin' you in. But what I want to know is how're we goin' to split when you *are* in? Who follied this thing up from the

first? Who did the dirty work on it? Who nosed round that pier and measured her off, and got a bead on the whole lay-out?"

"Then what'd you take *me* in for?" demanded the worthy called Redney. "Why didn't you go ahead and hog the whole thing, without havin' me trailin' round?"

"Cut that out. You know I've got to have help," was the treble-noted retort. "You know it's too big for one guy to handle."

"And it's so big you've got to have a boat and outfit," suggested the bass-voiced man. "And I'll bet you and Redney can't raise two bits between you."

"And you get me a tub with a kicker in, and two or three tools, and then you've got the nerve to hold me up for a third rakeoff!"

"I don't see as I'm holdin' anybody up," retorted the deep-voiced man. "You came to me, and I told you I was ready to talk business. You said you wanted help. Well, if you want help you've got to pay for it, same as I pay for those cigars!"

"I'm willin' to pay for it," answered the high-voiced youth, with a quietness not altogether divorced from sulkiness.

"Then what're we wastin' good time over?" inquired the man known as Redney. "This ain't a case o' milkin' coffee-bags from a slip-lighter. This haul's big enough for three."

"Well, what *is* your haul?" demanded the bass voice.

Again there was a silence of several seconds.

"Cough it up," prompted Redney. The silence that ensued seemed to imply that the younger man was slowly and reluctantly arriving at a change of front. There was the sound of a chair being pushed back, of a match being struck, of a glass being put down on a table-top.

"Chuck," said the treble-voiced youth with a slow and impressive solemnity that was strangely in contrast to his earlier speech, "Chuck, we're up against the biggest stunt that was ever pulled off in this burg of two-bone pikers!"

"So you've been insinuatn'," was the answer that came out of the silence. "But I've been sittin' here half an hour waitin' to get a line on what you're chewin' about."

"Chuck," said the treble voice, "you read the papers, don't you?"

"Now and then," acknowledged the diffident bass voice.

"Well, did you see yesterday morning where the steamer *Finance* was rammed by the White Star *Georgic*? Where she went down in the lower bay before she got started on her way South?"

"I sure did."

"Well, did you read about her carryin' one hundred and ten thousand dollars in gold—in gold taken from the Sub-Treasury here and done up in wooden boxes and consigned for that Panama Construction Comp'ny?"

"I sure did."

"And did your eye fall on the item that all day yesterday the divers from the wreckin' comp'ny were workin' on that steamer, workin' like niggers gettin' that gold out of her strong room?"

"Sure!"

"And do you happen to know where that gold is now?" was the oratorical challenge flung at the other man.

"Just wait a minute," remarked that other man in his heavy guttural. "Is *that* your coup?"

"That's my coup!" was the confident retort.

"Well, you've picked a lemon," the big man calmly announced. "There's nothin' doin', kiddo, nothin' doin'!"

"Not on your life," was the tense retort. "I know what I'm talkin' about. And Redney knows."

"And I know that gold went south on the steamer *Advance*," proclaimed the bass voice. "I happen to know they re-shipped the whole bunch o' metal on their second steamer."

"Where'd you find that out?" demanded the scoffing treble voice.

"Not bein' in the Sub-Treasury this summer, I had to fall back on the papers for the news."

"And that's where you and the papers are in dead wrong! That's how they're foolin' you and ev'ry other guy not in the know. I'll tell you where that gold is. I'll tell you where it lies, to the foot, at this minute!"

"Well?"

"She's lyin' in the store room in a pile o' wooden boxes, on that Panama Comp'ny's pier down at the foot o' Twenty-eight' street!"

"You're dreamin', Tony, dreamin'. No sane folks leave gold lyin' round loose that way. No, sir; that's what they've got a nice stone Sub-Treasury for."

"Look a' here, Chuck," went on the tense treble voice. "Jus' figure out what this day is. And find out when them wreckers got that gold out o' the *Finance*'s strong room. And what d'you get? They lightered them boxes up the North River at one o'clock Saturday afternoon. Then swung in next to the *Advance* and put half-a-dozen cases o' lead paint aboard. Then they tarpaulined them boxes o' gold and swung into the Panama Comp'ny's slip and unloaded that cargo at two o'clock Saturday afternoon!"

"Well, s'pose they did?"

"Don't you tumble? Saturday afternoon there's no Sub-Treasury open. And to-day's Sunday, ain't it? And they won't get into that Sub-Treasury until to-morrow morning. And as sure as I know I'm sittin' in this chair, I know that gold's lyin' out there on that Twenty-eight' street pier!"

No one in that little room seemed to stir. They seemed to be sitting in silent tableau. Then I could hear the man with the bass voice slowly and meditatively intone his low-life expletive.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

The youngest of the trio spoke again, in a lowered but none the less tense voice.

"In gold, Chuck, pure gold! In fine yellow gold lyin' there waitin' to be rolled over and looked after! Talk about treasure-huntin'! Talk about Spanish mains and pirate ships! My Gawd, Chuck, *we* don't need to travel down to no Mosquito Coast to dig up our doubloons! We got 'em right here at our back door!"

Some one struck a match.

"But how're we goin' to pick 'em?" placidly inquired the man called Chuck. It was as apparent that he already counted himself one of the party as it was that their intention had not quite carried him off his feet.

"Look here," broke in the more fiery-minded youth known as Tony, and from the sound and the short interludes of silence he seemed to be drawing a map on a slip of paper. "Here's your pier. And here's your store room. And here's where your gold lies. And here's the first door. And here's the second. We don't need to count on the doors. They've got a watchman somewhere about here. And they've put two of their special guards here at the land end of the pier. The store room itself is empty. They've got it double-locked, and

a closed-circuit alarm system to cinch the thing. But what t'ell use is all that when we can eat right up into the bowels o' that room without touchin' a lock or a burglar alarm, without makin' a sound!"

"How?" inquired the bass voice.

"Here's your pier bottom. Here's the river slip. We row into that slip without showin' a light, and with the kicker shut off, naturally. We slide in under without makin' a sound. Then we get our measurements. Then we make fast to this pile, and throw out a line to this one, and a second to this one, to hold us steady against the tide and the ferry wash. Then we find our right plank. We can do that by pokin' a flashlight up against 'em where it'll never be seen. Then we take a brace and bit and run a row o' holes across that plank, the two rows about thirty inches apart, each hole touchin' the other. Don't you see, with a good sharp extension bit we can cut out that square in half an hour or so, without makin' any more noise than you'd make scratchin' a match on your pants' leg!"

"And when you get out your square?"

"Then Redney and me climbs through. Redney'll be the stall. He watches the door from the inside. You stay in the boat, with an eye peeled down below. I pass you the gold. We cut loose and slip off with the tide. When we're out o' hearin' we throw on the kicker and go kitin' down to that Bath Beach joint o' yours where we'll have that one hundred and ten thousand in gold melted down and weighed out before they get that store room door unlocked in the morning!"

"Not so loud, Tony; not so loud!" cautioned the conspirator called Redney. There was a moment of silence.

In that silence, and without the aid of my microphone, I heard the sound of steps as they approached my door and came to a stop.

"Listen!" suddenly whispered one of the men in the other room.

As I sat there, listening as intently as my neighbors, the knob of my door turned. Then the door itself was impatiently shaken.

That sound brought me to my feet with a start of alarm. Accident had enmeshed me in a movement that was too gigantic to be overlooked. The one thing I could not afford, at such a time, was discovery.

Three silent steps took me across the room

to my microphone. One movement lifted that telltale instrument from its hooks, and a second movement jerked free the wires pinned in close along the gas pipe. Another movement or two saw my apparatus slipped into its case and the case dropped down behind the worn leather-couch back. Then I sank into the chair beside the table, knowing there was nothing to betray me. Yet as I lounged there over my bottle of *Chianti* I could feel the excitement of the moment accelerate my pulse. I made an effort to get my feelings under control as second by second slipped away and nothing of importance took place. It was, I decided, my wall-eyed waiter friend, doubtlessly bearing a message that more lucrative patrons were desiring my fetid-aired cubby-hole.

Then, of a sudden, I became aware of the fact that voices were whispering close outside my door. The next moment I heard the crunch of wood subjected to pressure, and before I could move or realize the full meaning of that sound, the door had been forced open and three men were staring in at me.

I looked up at them with a start—with a start, however, which I had the inspired foresight to translate into a hiccough. That hiccough, in turn, reminded me that I had a rôle to sustain, a rôle of care-free and irresponsible intoxication.

So, opprobrious as the whole farce seemed to me, I pushed my hat back on my head and blinkingly stared at the three intruders as they sauntered nonchalantly into the room. Yet as I winked up at them with all the sleepy unconcern at my command, I could see that each one of that trio was very much on the alert. It was the youngest of the three who turned to me.

"Sister," he said, and he spoke with an oily suavity not at all to my liking, "I kind o' thought I smelt gas leakin' in here."

He had the effrontery to turn and stare about at the four walls of the room. Then he moved easily across the floor to where the champagne picture hung. What he saw, or did not see there, I had no means of determining. For to turn and look after him would be to betray my part.

"That leak ain't in this room," admitted the second of the trio, a swarthy and loose-lipped land pirate with a sweep of carrotty bang which covered his left eyebrow. I knew, even before he spoke, that he was the man called Redney, just as I knew the first



"'PUT DOWN THAT GUN!' HOWLED CREEGAN. 'YOU CAN'T SHOOT HIM!'"

speaker was the youth they had addressed as Tony. About the third man, who towered above the other two in his giant-like stature, there was a sense of calm and solidity that seemed almost pachyderma-

tous. Yet this same solidity in some way warned me that he might be the most dangerous of them all.

"'Sssh all righ'!" I loosely condoned, with a sleepy lurch of the body. How much

my acting was convincing to them was a matter of vast concern to me. The man named Tony, who had continued to study the wooden partition against which my microphone had hung, turned back to the table and calmly seated himself beside me. My heart went down like an elevator with a broken cable when I noticed the nervous sweat which had come out on his forehead.

"Say, Sister, this puts the drinks on us," he declared, with an airiness which I felt to be as unreal as my own inebriacy. I saw him motion for the other two to seat themselves.

They did so, a little mystified, each man keeping his eyes fixed on the youth called Tony. The latter laughed, for no reason that I could understand, and over his shoulder bawled out the one word, "Shimmey!"

Shimmey, I remembered, was my friend the wall-eyed waiter. And this waiter it was who stepped trailing into the room.

"Shimmey," said the voluble youth at my side. "We introoded on this gen'lmun. And we got to square ourselves. So what's it goin' to be?"

"Nothin'!" I protested, with a repugnant wave of the hand.

"You mean we ain't good enough for you to drink with?" demanded the youth called Tony. I could see what he wanted. I could feel what was coming. He was looking for some reason, however tenuous, to start trouble. Without fail he would find it in time. But my one desire was to defer that outcome as long as possible. So I grinned back at him, rather idiotically I'm afraid.

"All righ'," I weakly agreed, blinking about at my tormentors. "Bring me a bran'y an' soda."

The other three men looked at the waiter. The waiter, in turn, looked at them. Then he studied my face. There was something decidedly unpleasant in his coldly speculative eyes.

"Shimmey, d'you understand? This gen'lmun wants a brandy and soda."

The waiter, still studying me, said "Sure!" Then he turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

I knew, in my prophetic bones, that there was some form of trouble brewing in that oddriferous little room. But I was determined to side-step it, to avoid it, to the last extremity. And I was still nodding amiably about when the waiter returned with his tray of glasses.

"Well, here's how," said the youth, and we all lifted our glasses.

That brandy and soda, I knew, would not be the best of its kind. I also clearly saw that it would be unwise to decline it. So I swallowed the stuff as a child swallows medicine.

I downed it in a gulp or two, and put the glass back on the table. Then I proceeded to wipe my mouth with the back of my hand, after the approved fashion of my environment.

It was fortunate, at that moment, that my hand was well up in front of my face. For as the truth of the whole thing came home to me, as sharp and quick as an electric spark, there must have been a second or two when my rôle slipped away from me. I had, it is true, inwardly fortified myself against a draught that would prove highly unpalatable. But the taste which I now detected, the acrid, unmistakable, over-familiar taste, was too much for my startled nerves. I hid my sudden body movement only by means of a simulated hiccup. The thing I had unmistakably tasted was chloral hydrate, knock-out drops.

The idea, of a sudden, struck me as being so ludicrous that I laughed. The mere thought of any such maneuver was too much for me—the foolish hope that a homeopathic little pill of chloral would put me under the table, like any shopgirl lured from a dance hall! They were trying to drug me. Drug me who had taken double and triple doses night after night as I fought for sleep!

They were trying to drug me, me who on my bad nights had even known the narcotic to be forcibly wrested from my clutch by those who stood appalled at the quantities that my long-inured system demanded, and knew only too well that in time it meant madness.

But I remembered, as I saw the three men staring at me, that I still had a rôle to sustain. I knew it would be unwise to let those sweet worthies know just how the land lay. I enjoyed an advantage much too exceptional and much too valuable to be lightly surrendered.

So to all outward signs and appearances I let the drug do its work. I carefully acted out my pretended lapse into somnolent indifference. I lost the power to coördinate; my speech grew inarticulate; my shoulders drooped forward across the table edge. I wilted down like a cut dock-weed, until

my face lay flat against the beer-stained wood.

"He's off," murmured the man called Chuck. He rose to his feet as he spoke.

"Then we got to beat it," declared the youth named Tony, already on his feet. I could hear him take a deep breath as he stood there. "And the next long nose who gives me heart disease like this is goin' to get five inches o' cold steel!"

He knelt before me as he spoke, pulled back my feet, and ran a knife edge along the shoe laces. Then he promptly pulled the shoes from my feet. These shoes, apparently, he kept in his hand. "That'll help anchor 'im, I guess," I heard him remark.

"Let's get on the job," suggested the big man, obviously impatient at the delay. "If there's nothin' but three inches o' plank between us and that gold, let's get busy!"

I sat there, with my head on that table top so redolent of the soured beverages of other days, and listened to them as they moved across the room. I listened as they passed out and swung the door shut behind them. I waited there for another minute or two, without moving, knowing only too well what a second discovery would entail.

My head was still bent over that unclean table top when I heard the broken-latched door once more pushed slowly open, and steps slowly cross the floor to where I sat.

Some one, I knew, was staring down at me. I felt four distended finger tips push inquisitively at my head, rolling it a little to one side. Then the figure bending above me shifted its position. A hand felt cautiously about my body. It strayed lower, until it reached my watch pocket.

I could see nothing of my enemy's face, and nothing of his figure. All I got a glimpse of was a patch of extremely soiled linen. But that glimpse was sufficient. It was my friend, the wall-eyed waiter, resolutely deciding to make hay while the sun shone.

With one movement I rose from the chair and wheeled about so as to face him. That quick body twist spun his own figure halfway around.

My fist caught him on the forward side of the relaxed jawbone. He struck the worn leather couch as he fell, and then rolled completely over, as inert as a sack of bran. I looked down at him for a moment or two as he lay face upward on the floor. Then I dropped on one knee beside him,

unlaced his slattern and square-toed shoes, and calmly adjusted them to my own feet.

Once out in the street I quickened my steps and rounded the first corner. Then I hurried on, turning still another corner, and still another, making doubly sure I was leaving no chance to be trailed. Then I swung aboard a cross-town car, alighting again at a corner flashing with the vulgar brilliance of an all-night drug store.

I went straight to the telephone booth of that drug store, and there I promptly called up police headquarters. I felt, as I asked for Lieutenant Belton, a person of some importance. Then I waited while the precious moments flew by.

Lieutenant Belton, I was finally informed, was at his room in the Hotel York, on Seventh avenue. So I rang up the Hotel York, only to be informed that the Lieutenant was not in.

I slammed the receiver down on its hook and ended that foolish colloquy. I thought of Creegan, my old detective friend. Then with a jaw-grip of determination I caught that receiver up again, ordered a taxicab, paid for my calls, consulted my watch, and paced up and down like a caged hyena, waiting for my cab.

Another precious ten minutes slipped away before I got to Creegan's door in Forty-third street, pushed the bell button above the mail box, and stood there with my finger on it for exactly a minute and a half.

Then I suddenly remembered that the clicking door latch beside me implied that my entrance was being automatically solicited. I stepped into the dimly lighted hall and made my way determinedly up the narrow carpeted stairs, knowing I would get face to face with Creegan if I had to crawl through a fanlight and pound in his bedroom door.

But it was Creegan himself who confronted me as I swung about the banister turn of that shadowy second landing.

"You wake those kids up," he solemnly informed me, "and I'll kill you!"

"Creegan," I cried, and it seemed foolish that I should have to inveigle and coax him into a crusade which meant infinitely more to him than to me, "I'm going to make you famous!"

"How soon?" he diffidently inquired.

"Inside of two hours' time," was my answer.

"Don't *wake those kids!*" he commanded, looking back over his shoulder.

I caught him by the sleeve, and held him there, for some vague premonition of a sudden withdrawal and a bolted door made me desperate. And time, I knew, was getting short.

"For Heaven's sake, listen to me," I said as I held him. And as he stood there under the singing gas jet, with his skeptically tilted stogy in one corner of his skeptical mouth, I told him in as few words as I could what had happened that night.

"Come in while I get me boots on," he quietly remarked, leading me into an unlighted hallway and from that into a bedroom about the size of a ship's cabin. "And speak low," he said, with a nod toward the rear end of the hall. Then as he sat on the edge of the bed pulling on his shoes he made me recount everything for the second time, stopping me with an occasional question, fixing me with an occasionally cogitative eye.

"But we haven't a minute to lose," I warned him, for the second time, as he slipped away into a remoter cubby hole of a room to see, as he put it, "if the kids were keeping covered."

He rejoined me at the stair head, with the softest of Irish smiles still on his face. By the time we had reached the street and stepped into the waiting taxi, that smile had disappeared. He merely smoked another stogy as we made our way out toward the end of Twenty-eighth street.

At Tenth avenue, he suddenly decided it was better for us to go on foot. So he threw away his stogy end, a little ruefully, and led me down a street as narrow and empty as a river bed. He led me into a part of New York that I had never before known. It was a district of bald brick walls, of rough flag and cobblestone underfoot, of lonely street lamps, of shipping platforms and unbroken warehouse sides, of storage yards and milk depots, with railway tracks bisecting streets as empty as though they were the streets of a dead city. No one appeared before us. Nothing gave signs of being alive in that area of desolate ugliness which seemed like the back yard of all the world concentrated in a few huddled squares.

We were almost on West street itself before I was conscious of the periodic sound of boat whistles complaining through the night. The air, I noticed, took on a fresher and

cleaner smell. Creegan, without speaking, drew me in close to a wall end at the corner, and together we stood staring out toward the Hudson.

Directly in front of us, beyond a forest of barrels which stippled the asphalt, a veritable city of barrels that looked like the stump age of a burned-over Douglas-pine woodland, stood the façade of the Panama Company's pier structure. It looked substantial and solemn enough, under its sober sheeting of corrugated iron. And two equally solemn figures, somber and silent in their dark overcoats, stood impassively on guard before its closed doors.

"Come on," Creegan finally whispered, walking quickly south to the end of Twenty-seventh street. He suddenly stopped and caught at my arm to arrest my own steps. We stood there, listening. Out of the silence, apparently from mid-river, sounded the quick staccato coughing of a gasoline motor. It sounded for a moment or two, and then it grew silent.

We stood there without moving. Then the figure at my side seemed stung into sudden madness. Without a word of warning or explanation, my companion ducked down and went dodging in and out between the huddled clumps of barrels, threading a circuitous path toward the slip edge. I saw him drop down on all fours and peer over the stringpiece. Then I saw him draw back, rise to his feet, and run northward toward the pier door where the two watchmen stood.

What he said to those watchmen I had no means of knowing. One of them, however, swung about and tattooed on the door with a night stick before Creegan could catch at his arm and stop him. Before I could join them, some one from within had thrown open the door. I saw Creegan and the first man dive into the chill-aired, high-vaulted building, with its exotic odors of spice and coffee and mysterious tropical bales. I heard somebody call out to turn on the lights, and then Creegan's disgustedly warning voice call back for him to shut up. Then somewhere in the gloom inside a further colloquy took place, a tangle of voices, a call for quietness, followed by a sibilant hiss of caution.

Creegan appeared in the doorway again. I could see that he was motioning for me.

"Come on," he whispered. And I tipped in after him, under that echoing vaulted

roof where the outline of a wheeled gangway looked oddly like the skeleton of some great dinosaur, and the pungent spicy odors took me at one breath two thousand miles southward into the Tropics.

"Take off those shoes," quietly commanded Creegan. And I dropped beside him on the bare pier planks and slipped my feet out of Shimmey's ungainly toed shoes.

A man moved aside from a door as we stepped silently up to it. Creegan turned to whisper a word or two in his ear. Then he opened the door and led me by the sleeve into the utter darkness within, closing and locking the door after him.

I was startled by the sudden contact of Creegan's groping fingers. I realized that he was thrusting a short cylindrical object up against my body.

"Take this," he whispered.

"What is it?" I demanded in an answering whisper.

"It's a flashlight. Press here—see! And throw it on when I say so!"

I took the flashlight, pressed as he told me, and saw a feeble glow of light from its glass-globed end. About this end he had swathed a cotton pocket handkerchief. More actual illumination would have come from a tallow candle. But it seemed sufficient for Creegan's purpose. I could see him peer about, step across to a pile of stout wooden boxes, count them, test one as to its weight, squint once more searchingly about the room, and then drop full length on the plank flooring and press his ear to the wood.

He writhed and crawled about there, from one quarter of the room to another, every minute or so pressing an ear against the boards under him. He kept returning, I noticed, to one area in the center of the room, not more than a yard away from the pile of wooden boxes. Then he leaned forward on his knees, his hands supporting his body in a grotesquely bearlike posture. He continued to kneel there, intently watching the oak plank directly in front of him.

I saw one hand suddenly move forward and feel along an inch or two of this plank, come to a stop, and then suddenly raise and wave in the air. I did not realize, at the moment, that the signal was for me.

"Put her out," he whispered. And as I lifted my thumb from the contact point the room was again plunged into utter darkness. Yet through that darkness I could hear a

distinct sound, a minute yet unmistakable noise of splintering wood, followed by an even louder sound, as though an auger were being withdrawn from a hole in the planking at my feet.

Then up from the floor on which Creegan knelt a thin ray of light flickered and wavered and disappeared. A rumble of guarded voices crept to my ears, and again I could detect that faint yet pregnant gnawing sound as the busy auger once more ate into the oak planking on which we stood.

I suddenly felt Creegan's hand grope against my knee. He rose to his feet beside me.

"It's all right," he whispered, with a calmness which left me a little ashamed of my own excitement. "You stay here until I come back."

I stood there listening to the slight noise of the door as he opened it and closed it after him. I stood there as I once more heard the telltale splintering of wood, indicating that the auger had completed its second hole through the planking. Then came the sound of its withdrawal, and again the wavering pencil of light as the men under the pier examined their work and adjusted their auger end for its next perforation.

A new anxiety began to weigh on me. I began to wonder what could be keeping Creegan so long. I grew terrified at the thought that he might be too late. Vague contingencies on which I had failed to reckon began to present themselves to me. I realized that those three desperate men, once they saw I was again coming between them and their ends, would be satisfied with no half measures.

Then occurred a movement which nearly brought a cry from my startled lips. A hand reaching slowly out through the darkness, came in contact with my knee, and clutched it. That contact, coming as it did without warning, without reason, sent a horripilating chill through all my body. The wonder was that I did not kick out, like a frightened colt, or start to flail about me with my flashlight. All I did, however, was to twist and swing away. Yet before I could get to my feet, the hand had clutched the side of my coat. And as those clutching fingers held there, I heard a voice whisper out of the darkness:

"Here, take this," and the moment I heard it I was able to breathe again, for I knew it was Creegan. "You may need it."

He was holding what I took to be a policeman's night stick up in front of me. I took it from him, marveling how he could have reentered that room without my hearing him.

"There's a light-switch against the wall there, they say," was his next whispered message to me. "Find it. Keep back there and throw it on if I give the word."

I felt and pawed and padded about the wall for an uncertain moment or two.

"Got it?" came Creegan's whispering voice across the darkness.

"Yes," I whispered back.

He did not speak again, for a newer sound fell on both his ears and mine. It was a sound of prodding and prying, as though the men below were jimmying at their loosened square of planking.

I leaned forward, listening, for I could hear the squeak and grate of the shifting timber block. I did not hear it actually fall away. But I was suddenly conscious of a breath of cooler air in the room where I stood.

Then I heard a treble voice say, "A little higher."

The speaker seemed so close that I felt I could have stooped down and touched his body. I knew, even before I saw the spurt of flame where he struck a match along the floor, that the man was already halfway up through the hole. I could see the dirt-covered, clawlike hand as it held the match, nursing the tiny flame, patiently waiting for it to grow. It was not until this hand held the flaring match up before his very face that Creegan moved.

That movement was as simple as it was unexpected. I had no distinct vision of it, but I knew what it meant. I knew, the moment I heard the dull and sickening impact of seasoned wood against a human skull-bone.

There was just one blow. But it was so well placed that a second seemed unnecessary. Then, as far as I could judge, Creegan took hold of the stunned man and drew him bodily up through the hole in the floor.

A moment later a voice was saying, "Here, pull!" And I knew that the second man was on his way up into the room.

What prevented Creegan from repeating his maneuver with the night stick I could not tell. But I knew the second attack was not the clean-cut job of the first, for even as Creegan seized the body halfway up through

the opening, the struggle must have begun.

The consciousness that that struggle was not to be promptly decided, that a third factor might at any moment appear in the fight, stung me into the necessity of some sort of blind action on my own part. I remembered the first man, and that he would surely be armed. I ran out toward the center of the room, stumbled over the boxes of gold, and fell sprawling along the floor. Without so much as getting on my feet again I groped about until I found the prostrate body. It took me only a moment to feel about that limp mass, discover the revolver and draw it from its pocket. I was still on my knees when I heard Creegan call out through the darkness.

"The light!" he gasped. "Turn on the light!"

I swung recklessly about at the note of alarm in his voice and tried to grope my way toward him. Only some last extremity could have wrung that call from him. It was only too plain that his position was now a perilous one. But what that peril was I could not decipher.

"Where are you?" I gasped, feeling that wherever he lay he needed help, that the quickest service I could render him would be to reach his side.

"The light, you fool!" he cried out. "The light!"

I dodged and groped back to the wall where I felt the light-switch to be. I had my fingers actually on the switch when an arm like the arm of a derrick itself swung about through the darkness, and at one stroke knocked the breath out of my body and flattened me against the wall. Before I could recover my breath, a second movement spun me half around and lifted me clear off my feet. By this time the great arm was close about me, pinning my hands down to my side.

Before I could cry out or make an effort to escape, the great hulk holding me had shifted his grip, bringing me about directly in front of him and holding me there with a grasp that made even breathing a thing of torture. And as he held me there he reached out and turned on the light with his own hand. I knew, even before I actually saw him, that it was the third man.

I also knew, even before that light came on, what his purpose was. He was holding me there as a shield in front of him. This

much I realized even before I saw the revolver with which he was menacing the enemy in front of him. What held my blinking and bewildered eyes was the fact that Creegan himself, on the far side of the room, was holding the struggling and twisting body of the man called Redney in precisely the same position.

But what disheartened me was the discovery that Creegan held nothing but a night stick in his left hand. All the strength of his right hand, I could see, was needed to hold his man. And his revolver was still in his pocket.

I had the presence of mind to remember my own revolver. And my predicament made me desperate. That gang had sown their dragon teeth, I decided, and now they could reap their harvest.

I made a pretence of struggling away from my captor's clutch, but all the while I was working one elbow back, farther and farther back, so that a hand could be thrust into my coat pocket. I reached the pocket without being noticed. My fingers closed about the butt of the revolver. And still my purpose had not been discovered.

As I lifted that firearm from my pocket I was no longer a reasoning human being. At the same time that I felt this red flash of rage through my body, I also felt the clutch about my waist relax. The big man behind me was ejaculating a single word. It was "Creegan!"

Why that one shout should have the debilitating effect on Creegan which it did I had no means of knowing. But I saw the sweat-stained and blood-marked face of my colleague suddenly change. His eyes stared stupidly, his jaw fell, and he stood there, panting and open-mouthed, as though the last drop of courage had been driven out of his body.

I felt that he was giving up, that he was surrendering, even before I saw him let the man he had been holding fall away from him. But I remembered the revolver in my

hand and the ignominies I had suffered. And again I felt that wave of something stronger than my own will, and I knew that my moment had come.

I had the revolver at half-arm, with its muzzle in against the body crushing mine, when Creegan's voice, sharp and short as a bark, arrested that impending finger-twitch.

"Stop!" he cried, and the horror in his voice puzzled me.

"Why?" I demanded in a new and terrible calm. But I did not lower my revolver.

"Stop that!" he shouted, and his newer note, more of anger than fear, bewildered me a bit. But Creegan, as he caught at the coat collar of the man called Redney, did not answer my repeated question. Instead, he stared at the man beside me.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he finally murmured.

"What t' hell are *you* doin' here?" cut in the big man as he pushed my revolver end away and dropped his own gun into his pocket. "I've been trailin' these guys for five weeks—and I want to know why you're queerin' my job!"

Creegan, who had been feeling his front teeth between an investigatory thumb and forefinger, blinked up at the big man. Then he turned angrily on me.

"Put down that gun!" he howled. He took a deep breath. Then he laughed, mirthlessly, disgustedly. "You can't shoot *him*!"

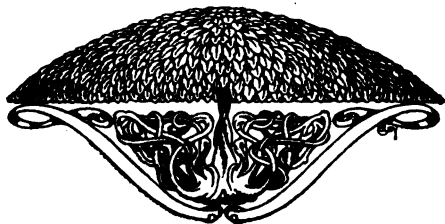
"Why can't I?"

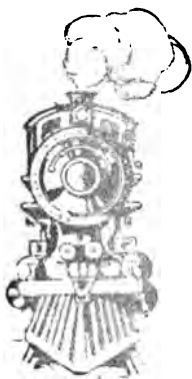
"He's a stool pigeon!"

"And what's a stool pigeon?" I demanded.

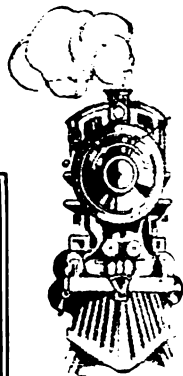
Creegan laughed for the second time as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"He's a Headquarters' gink who stays on the fence, who tries to hunt with the hounds the same time he's runnin' with the hares—and gener'ly goes round queerin' an honest officer's work!"





SPEED



THE PRICE WE PAY IN LIVES FOR A THING WE DO NOT GET

By Charles Edward Russell

Author of "Lawless Wealth," etc.

FORTY-FIVE minutes behind time was the famous train with the alluring name that with much-heralded celerity runs daily between Chicago and New York. It was scheduled at fifty-two miles an hour, including all stops. To overtake those lost forty-five minutes it was now tearing through Ohio at more than seventy miles an hour.

"I don't like to see a train run so fast through a town," said the man from Minneapolis who sat next to me in the buffet car.

He looked nervously out of the window at the town lights flashing past. The loud and sharp clatter of the switches as we rushed over them almost precluded conversation, but I was preparing to roar out an assent to my neighbor's remark when there was a crash ahead, the front of the car swayed downward in a terrifying manner, the dishes flew out of the buffet, and most of us landed in a heap on the floor. In the midst of the cries of men and the grindings of timbers we were dimly aware that the train had left the rails and now lurched and pounded over the ties. For what seemed to us, pallid and breathless, an interminable period, it ran thus; then, careening to one

side and about to fall into the ditch, it stopped.

"Stay where you are!" the conductor had shrieked at the first smashing sound. Not one of us thought of obeying him. Trembling and shaking, we opened the vestibule doors and got to the ground.

About three hundred yards to the rear was the crossing of another railroad. I shall have in this article unpleasant remarks to make about all the railroad companies of America. It would be unfair to particularize. Let us, then, call the other railroad the Lake & River, since there is no such name in the railroad list, and let us say that the train I was on was the Gilded Splendor Limited of the East & West Trunk Line.

The crossing of these two roads was at grade. Most of our railroad crossings are at grade. A freight train on the Lake & River road had run directly upon our tracks in front of the flying express. By strangely ordered fortune the express locomotive had struck the freight locomotive just between the cab and the tender. The impact had thrown the cab and boiler into the ditch on one side and the tender into the ditch on the

other. Between these the express locomotive had passed, derailed but not yet destroyed.

A fraction of a second earlier and the famous train would have piled upon the boiler of the freight locomotive and most of us would have been scalded to death; a fraction of a second later and the famous train would have piled upon the tender full of coal and most of us would have been crushed to death or mangled. Striking exactly between the cab and the tender, the famous train was only derailed and shaken. No more than two persons were killed outright and four or five injured.

It was called a "lucky" accident, and the survivors gave thanks.

I do not know whether it was a "lucky" accident; but I do know that it was absolutely stupid, absolutely unnecessary and in any other country than ours would have been impossible.

"We have the best railroads in the world," says the American Chauvin, long of prejudice and short of facts.

Best in what? Not in safety, certainly. What happened in the accident I have described is in all ways typical of our over-vaunted system, and this was what happened:

The deadly grade crossing was at right angles. A short distance before reaching it, the Lake & River railroad turned a rather sharp curve. The curve, and the track thence to the crossing, were hidden among factories and lumber piles; the tracks of the line traversed by the famous train were not visible from the Lake & River tracks until the engineer was close upon the crossing.

For this death trap, apparently so ingeniously constructed, the only protection was the crude signal apparatus that is called a semaphore. A wooden post about twenty feet high stood at one side of the trunk line tracks. On the top of it was a movable arm, adorned at night with two red lanterns. When this arm stood at an acute angle with the post, it signified that the trunk line tracks were clear; when at right angles, that the crossing was blocked. Upon this device, invisible from any point beyond the curve, often by the factory smoke and steam made invisible everywhere, depended daily the lives of hundreds of persons.

Typical conditions, typical crossing, typical result.

This is one way in which our accidents

occur. We have hundreds of other ways, all as stupid and unnecessary. From them we pile up our astounding and almost incomparable total of railroad disasters whereat the world wonders.

OUR APPALLING RAILROAD DISASTERS INCREASE

Not without reason, for they are not only the most numerous but they seem to increase in a way that should give us occasion for most serious thought, unless we really like to be ground up. For many years the perils of the American railroad have been proverbial. We may well be disturbed to find that in spite of all that has been said and written on this subject the peril grows, both absolutely and relatively.

Here are the reports of casualties to railroad passengers and employees as made to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the last four years:

PASSENGERS AND EMPLOYEES ONLY

Year.	Killed.	Injured.	Total.
1907.....	5,000	76,286	81,286
1908.....	3,764	68,089	72,757
1909.....	2,791	63,920	66,711
1910.....	3,868	84,400	88,308

Even this, shocking as it seems, is far from the sum total of our railroad horrors. It does not include among the killed those that died more than twenty-four hours after the accident; it does not include the casualties upon the electric interurban lines, which now attain to considerable numbers; more important still, it does not include accidents to those "other persons," which are not counted as forming a part of the railroad casualties because they are accidents to neither passengers nor employees but to unfortunate persons killed or injured at grade crossings or elsewhere along the line. These number yearly from five to six thousand killed and from ten to twelve thousand injured. With these additions, the real total of the railroad casualties of America for 1910 is probably about one hundred and five thousand, and the largest in our history.

This total has been growing in alarming fashion. In 1899 it was 44,620; in 1900, 50,320; in 1901, 53,339. By 1909 it had risen to 95,626. In other words, it had more than doubled in ten years. Apparently that rate of increase is still the rule,

and every year the perils of the American railroad are augmented at least ten per cent.

That this conclusion is conservative can be shown in another way. In 1897, the total amount paid by the American railroads in damage claims for personal injuries was \$6,049,889. It has steadily increased every year since. By 1907 it had become \$21,462,504. In these years the gross earnings of the railroads increased approximately one hundred and thirty per cent., and

the payments for personal injuries increased three hundred and thirty-five per cent.

Accidents increase in a much greater ratio than traffic.

In the last ten years the railroads of America have killed and injured more persons than were killed and injured in the entire Civil War, one of the bloodiest wars in history. This record is without an equal, standing alone in humiliating conspicuousness in the world's experience. To show at

a glance how far it goes beyond the worst work of other nations, here is a little table compiled in 1903 by Carroll W. Doten, of Boston, Secretary of the American Statistical Association, to show the number of passengers killed in each million of passengers carried on the six leading railroad countries of the world:

France02	in each million.
Belgium . .	.05	" " "
Austria . .	.07	" " "
Great Britain and Ireland07	" " "
Germany . .	.08	" " "
United States51	" " "

Bad as this is, we have since done much worse. By 1905 our figures had risen to .72 in each million.

In 1906, the British railroads carried 1,200,000,000 passengers, of whom 58 were killed and 631 injured.

In the same year the American railroads carried 800,000,000 passengers of whom 359 were killed and 10,764 injured.

When we come to employees, the comparison is still more shocking.

In 1906, 483 employees of British railroads were killed, and 16,256 were injured.

In the United States, in the same year, 3,929 employees were killed and 76,701 were injured.



NOTE THE SUBSTANTIAL CONSTRUCTION OF AN ENGLISH RAILROAD—EXCELLENT ROCK BALLAST, LIGHT RAILS FOR SMOOTH RUNNING. THE RAILS ARE SOLIDLY CLAMPED AND SCREWED TO THE TIES IN SUCH MANNER AS TO PREVENT SPREADING. SPREADING RAILS ARE A FREQUENT CAUSE OF ACCIDENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.



THE WRECK OF THE FEDERAL EXPRESS AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, JULY 7, 1911.

"Were it not for the dangerous construction and layout of said company, or had a longer cross-over been located there, such a catastrophe could not have happened."—*Coroner Wilson, of Bridgeport, in his verdict.*

In Great Britain one employee in 1,204 was killed; in the United States one in 387.

In Great Britain one employee in 35 was injured; in the United States one in 19.

Collisions and derailments on the British railroads numbered 239; on the American railroads, 13,455.

Here are further figures on this division of the subject:

In 1908, Great Britain carried 1,278,115,488 passengers, of whom 107 were killed, or one passenger in 11,945,004; the United States carried 890,009,574 passengers, of whom 383 were killed, or one in 2,323,784.

In 1909, Great Britain carried 1,264,800,000 passengers, of whom 94 were killed, or one in 13,242,553; the United States carried 891,472,465 passengers, of whom 253 were killed, or one in 3,523,606.

Of employees in 1909, we killed one in 576 and injured one in 20.

Comparisons for a term of years seem to indicate that for the same number of passengers carried we kill ten times as many as Great Britain and thirty times as many as France.

For these terrible showings some persons have offered as an excuse what is almost universally believed to be the superior speed of American railroad trains. In other countries, men say, travel is so much safer because it is so much slower.

This is an hallucination that will doubtless persist in the face of any demonstration to the contrary, and to combat it is but to waste time, for none other in my observation has shown such astonishing vitality. Yet to keep the record straight, I remark here that the American railroad trains are not the fastest in the world. In average speed of passenger trains Great Britain is first, France second, Germany third and the United States fourth.

Great Britain, transporting fifty per cent. more passengers at a much greater average speed, has among them about one tenth as many casualties. France, which operates the fastest long-distance train in the world and several of the fastest trains at shorter distances, kills about one thirtieth as many passengers.

Evidently, then, speed is not alone the

reason. What is it, then? Why do we conduct this huge slaughterhouse? Why are our roads so perilous and the foreign roads so safe? What is the true significance of all this?

Why, it lies just here—all of it: **The American railroad is not physically equipped for safety. That is the fact, however unpalatable it may be for national pride. The chief source of the**

forty thousand miles of line is double-tracked. Great important trunk lines carrying enormous traffic still remain single-tracked.

Foreign railroad experts view these facts with boundless amazement. They may well be amazed.

Here, for instance, is one of the oldest and best-known railroads in the country, a main traveled highway, its chief division



TYPE OF WOODEN TREESTLE STILL IN ALMOST UNIVERSAL USE THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

American railroad peril is defective equipment. Run over some of the main factors in accidents and see.

SINGLE TRACK LINES

No other country in the world would dream of transporting such volumes of traffic over one pair of rails. In all the countries of the world that have developed railroading as a science, double tracks are the rule. In the United States they are the exception. The percentage of double tracks to single tracks here is about the same as the percentage of single track to double track in the leading European countries. We have in the United States about two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles of railroad line, of which less than

nine hundred and ninety-nine miles long. The business it carries would justify ~~our~~ tracks. Yet for two thirds of the way the business must be handled upon a single pair of rails. Human skill is not able to cope with such conditions; confusion, delays, broken schedules and accidents are inevitable.

THE DEADLY GRADE CROSSING

Our American railroads, to tell the plain truth about them, are constructive make-shifts. Almost without exception they were built in a slovenly, slipshod and reckless manner, and so continue. For some reason, inscrutable to me, public attention can never be drawn to this fact, and yet it is fundamental, if in truth we do not like to be

killed when we travel. As to that I do not know; foreign visitors sometimes express the belief that our one great national characteristic is indifference to human life and to the chances of being mangled. If they are wrong, then we should understand that little can be done to insure reasonable security on our railroads until we have another



A TYPICAL TRESTLE ON EUROPEAN RAILROADS:—STEEL CONSTRUCTION THROUGHOUT—BUILT TO LAST.



TUBULAR STEEL RAILROAD BRIDGE WITH STONE PIERS IN ENGLAND—OVER FIFTY YEARS IN CONSTANT USE AND STILL SOLID. IF A TRAIN SHOULD JUMP THE TRACK, THE WALLS WOULD PREVENT IT GOING INTO THE RIVER.

Our railroads were thrown together in mad haste and with but one idea. The projectors had invested money in them; with an insane avidity they wanted to get something to run wheels upon so that they might have immediate profits. In the pursuit of that purpose the death lists have been multiplied and the country has been spotted with the maimed and the halt.

Among the clumsy and barbarous contrivances that resulted from this

system of railroad construction and maintenance.

We have dirt ballasted roadbeds where the ballast should be of stone; we have wooden bridges instead of steel; we have temporary culverts instead of culverts in solid masonry; we have cheap, narrow, and inadequate cuttings, wooden trestles, dirt fillings, soft ties. All along the line we have temporary and makeshift construction where we should have the solid and enduring.

mad craving for instantaneous profits is the crossing of other railroads and of public highways at the grade. It is a staggering fact to contemplate, but after all these years and all the modern development of the business, this murderous practice is still the rule and safer crossings are the exception.

I do not know how many grade crossings there are in the United States, but the number must exceed a million. Not alone country roads are crossed in this haphazard



Courtesy of the National Highways Protective Society.

EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF TRACK ELEVATION ON LONG ISLAND. THE SQUARE "LOOK-OUT-FOR-THE-CARS" SIGN IN THE BACKGROUND INDICATES THE COMMON, DANGEROUS GRADE CROSSING.

manner, but with very few exceptions our railroads enter and leave all towns and even cities at the level of the streets.

When one reflects that this is still the case in New York City, where a railroad occupies a long, busy and crowded avenue in a populous region; in bustling, growing cities like Syracuse and Denver, and in thousands of progressive towns of smaller size; and that no agitation nor effort avails to abolish these anomalies, one is tempted to despair of the whole situation. If the people of an old, established and highly civilized community like Syracuse are willing to have express trains hurtling every few minutes across their principal streets, the hope seems slight that the whole country will ever be sufficiently aroused to demand railroad safety.

The foreign visitor must be right.

GRADE CROSSINGS UNPROTECTED

Very few of these grade crossings have any form of protection; still fewer have gates. Even in the most populous cities, the majority of crossings have no flagmen. Out in the country the only safeguard is a ridiculous little sign-board, undiscoverable at night, reading "Railroad Crossing" or "Look Out for the Cars." With an apparently cynical

disregard for the peril involved, this is often placed where it cannot be seen until one is upon the tracks. In a country threaded with railroad lines that are fitted with such deadly snares the wayfarer is loosed with scarcely a chance for his life. As he drives or motors along the country road he knows not what moment he may see too late the maddening little sign "Railroad Crossing," and a flying express be upon him.

Sometimes the wagon road descends a hill sheer to the crossing; sometimes curves or thick bushes completely hide the railroad line; sometimes the railroad issues from a cut upon a place that seems expressly designed to kill people. The population steadily increases; so does the number of road vehicles and the number of trains. It is no wonder that the list of grade-crossing horrors keep pace with these.

The continued maintenance of this device for human slaughter is one of the weirdest facts in the world, and never fails to fill the stranger with disgust and amazement—if he can be made to understand it. He no longer regards our railroad death lists as large. Viewing all the multitudinous arrangements for killing us, he is forced to the conclusion that over our reckless, avaricious

and blood-stained railroad management watches incessantly a Special Providence. Otherwise we should all be dead.

Tardily, some of the states are taking up this matter of the grade-crossing shambles and are instituting measures of reform—timid and half-hearted. In New York the law for many years has forbidden any addition to the number of grade crossings and some counties have labored to abolish a part of those we have. In Massachusetts the declared policy is to exterminate them, and one gains a new idea of the vast extent of this unspeakable evil when one learns that after years of work and the expenditure of thirty million dollars there are still left in Massachusetts seven hundred and thirty-four grade crossings, some of them of the worst possible character.

In Chicago, the world's greatest railroad center, all the railroads, only a few years ago, entered the city at the street level, sending hundreds of trains daily across crowded thoroughfares, and augmenting the totals of the killed and the maimed. At last the community wearied of these hourly horrors and a progressive campaign was begun for track elevation. It has been carried on ever since with excellent results, though, even now, much remains to be done.

Two facts about the work in Chicago might strike the impartial observer as strange. The first is that as a concession to the abnormal power of the railroads in our public affairs, the companies were not compelled to do more than to half elevate their tracks, so that the streets must be depressed to pass under them; an aldermanic freak that produces much unsightliness and some danger.

The other is that the cost of the improvement is shared between the municipality and the railroad. This, it is true, has been something of a custom elsewhere in the country, but would puzzle anyone to explain its justice.

OUR STRANGE ATTITUDE TOWARD THE SUBJECT OF RAILROAD SAFETY

In the final analysis, of course, the difference is nothing, because the companies invariably make the public pay for all improvements, recouping the expenditures through increased charges or curtailed service.

But inasmuch as we never recognize this principle in our dealings with the railroad, proceeding upon the idea that fines as well as improvements are paid from the company's treasury, the arrangement would



AN UNUSUAL GRADE CROSSING DAILY HAPPENING, NOBODY KILLED.

seem to be highly illogical. The railroad cannot possibly have any genuine rights upon a public street; if its tracks interfere in any way with public travel, comfort, or convenience, it is merely a trespasser and should be compelled at its own expense to abolish the nuisance that it has created.

Such, at least, would be the view taken in any other country than ours. If any person hesitates to believe that the railroad has hypnotized and cast a strange spell about the American people, such a skeptic may be interested to know that this is the only country in the world that ever abandoned the ancient principle of the highway, and that we have abandoned it for the sole benefit of the railroad.

Elsewhere the rule has been inviolable that a public highway is public property; here alone one may find such a curiosity as a private public highway, for here alone may we see a railroad company carrying the public and its goods and yet affecting to regard the public highway it thus operates as its private property with rights therein superior to any consideration of public convenience and welfare.

In America the railroads not only maintain this monstrous doctrine, but with the aid of the government and the courts they have managed to fasten it upon our accepted practice; to the very great impairment of public safety, the increase of the mortality at grade crossings and the detriment of the Common Good.

DEFECTIVE SIGNAL SYSTEMS—OR NONE AT ALL

Here again foreign visitors and investigators look upon us with astonishment. The idea of operating one hundred and seventy thousand miles of single track without block signals and relying upon the blessing and assistance of Providence seems to them merely insane.

Let us take for an example a railroad that stretches from the Mississippi basin to the Pacific coast. It is single-tracked although its traffic demands two tracks. At each end of the line there are daily let loose, we shall say, twenty trains, some of them fast expresses. Except for switch targets, station blocks and train dispatchers' orders telegraphed to the stations, they roll from end to end trusting to luck. When two of them smash together somewhere along the line, we call it an accident. This indicates

a defective sense of terminology. It is not an accident. It is a crime.

Yet it is a crime typical and almost universal in America. Only sixty thousand miles of the total two hundred and thirty-seven thousand are protected by any pretense of a signal system.

Our deficiencies in this regard are fairly well known, but what is not so well known is that in most cases even where they exist they are merely nominal things, created apparently for looks and the benefit of the advertisement writer.

Only three railroads in the United States have the absolute block. The rest, if they have the block at all, have what is known as the "permissive" block.

The difference is important. By the block signal system a railroad is divided into short sections. So long as a train is in one of these sections, a danger signal is shown at the entrance. If the railroad uses the absolute block, an engineer is forbidden to enter so long as the danger signal signifies that the section is occupied. If the railroad uses the "permissive" block, the engineer may proceed at his discretion. As he is usually under orders or every inducement to slam his train through on schedule time, his discretion is to rattle past the block and hope that all will be well.

Various gentlemen connected with the operating, publicity and press agent departments of our national slaughterhouse will make, of course, the usual perfervid protests at my statement that only three railroads in the United States use the absolute block. To save them needless excitement, I may observe here that I do not get my information about this from the press bureaus, but from the office of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is a much better source. Operating departments have now become so large and so complicated that sometimes the worthy young gentlemen employed in them do not know what is what on their own railroads.

Even as to danger signals other than those of the complete block system, engineers, under the pressure of speed requirements, frequently ignore them and trust to luck, the grand old deity of the American railroad. They cannot do anything else.

TEACHING RAILROAD MEN RAILROADING

Five or six years ago, a reporter told the general superintendent of one of the great

est of the Chicago railroads that the engineers on that line habitually ran through signals set against them. The superintendent denied the statement and genially called the reporter a liar, a word much in vogue among managerial gentlemen when confronted with unpleasant facts.

The reporter offered to prove his assertion, and the next morning went with the superintendent to a convenient place on the line a few miles from the terminal whence, in one hour, they saw thirteen crowded trains go flying through not merely one set of danger signals but three. Apparently the engineers paid no attention to such things. They had been commanded to get their trains through on time; they were continually in danger of discharge or suspension for a long list of causes; they held their positions by most insecure tenure; daily they were brought before their manager for failure to make time; no one had ever cared a rap whether they ran through their signals. Therefore they did what was the normal thing to do in the circumstances—they slammed ahead.

It happened to know about this incident. Another that is related to me tells of a new man that came to take charge of the signal system on another Chicago railroad. He found the same condition and told the division superintendent, who was incredulous. So also this pair went out upon the line to watch. As train after train went thundering past the signals without even slowing down, the division superintendent grasped the signal man and yelled:

"Quick! Let's get out of this! The first thing we know the whole lake front will be piled up with wreckage!"

It is but shallow to blame the engineers for these things; they are but the victims, and often the protesting, unwilling victims, of the system. The track facilities are too small, the single track will not carry the traffic, the engineers are required to do the impossible, the first requisite is that by taking appalling chances they shall overcome the deficiencies of equipment and get through according to schedule. So they bang ahead, sometimes in safety and sometimes rolled up in a rear-end collision in which their own escape is practically impossible. It is dreadful business; but it is railroading as conducted in the United States.

On July 7th of this year one of the famous fast express trains of the country

was wrecked under conditions that illustrate all of these comments. The engineer ran through his signals, but it appeared from the testimony that he was behind time and a circular issued the day before to engineers by the division superintendent reproved them for not making up lost time. There appeared to be no reproof for disregarding signals when necessary to make up time.

The construction of the road was so obviously faulty that the coroner went to the unusual length of condemning it, placing upon it the chief responsibility for the accident. There was a "cross-over" at an angle too short for safety, yet over that death-trap passed every day scores of fast and crowded trains. A "rule" of the company forbade engineers to take this "cross-over" at a high rate of speed, but the testimony showed one of these tacit understandings that where trains were delayed, time might be made up by violating just such rules.

In this particular accident fourteen persons were killed and forty mangled. The railroad is one of the oldest in the United States; also one of the best reputed and most heavily capitalized.

THE OVERWORKED MAN

Sometimes there is another reason why the engineer runs through the signals. He does not see them because he is physically too exhausted to see them. He has been on duty so long that his faculties are numb and he is dazed and incapable. Then some day he goes through a signal that is really significant and with some of his passengers he is crushed in a wreck.

In all the discussions of this subject, nobody seems to write the engineer's side. Yet, after all, he being most exposed to the resulting perils, his view ought really to come first. If you could get it free from the ban of concealment that his employment lays upon him, you would have something that would open your eyes.

What do you say to engineers falling asleep in their cabs while on duty, their eyes closed, their hands still upon the throttle? Such things have been known, with a great crowded express train behind them, roaring on in the night over shaking bridges, unguarded grade crossings, around dangerous curves, along defective tracks, the engineer dozing in his cab and only the clatter of the switches at the next town to wake him!

Bad engineer! say you. Not at all. It is not his fault. He is a sober, careful, intelligent man, fully alive to the responsibilities of his position. He does not want to be killed any more than you do. With all the strength of all his faculties he is striving and struggling against the drowsiness that lays its leaden mace upon him. Human endurance has its limits.

It is easy enough for you, sitting at ease at home and reading in your morning newspaper of a wreck, to condemn the engineer or train dispatcher. How would it be if you had been more than twenty-four hours under the horrible strain of guiding and controlling one of the monstrous modern locomotives, so many lives and so many thousands of property dependent upon you, hammering incessantly over rough roads, shaken, worn and deafened? That would be different, would it not?

Yes, human endurance has its limits, though you would not think so if you knew some of the things that in emergencies are demanded of engineers and train crews. In one of the worst wrecks of recent years, a wreck that cost the lives of thirty-eight persons, it was shown that the engineer had been without sleep for forty hours. In spite of himself and all his efforts he could not keep awake.

I have the testimony of an old and experienced engineer that in such conditions a man may believe that he is awake, may sit with his eyes open and his grip firm upon the throttle, and still be to all intents and purposes asleep. The tired brain refuses to connote intelligence; the signals slip by, shining into eyes held open with sheer strength, but no strength can control the brain to which the weary nerves fail to convey the news of the signal. So the hand upon the throttle is not drawn, and the huge train is catapulted into another.

Then, if the engineer escape with his life, somebody wants to put him into jail.

BAD WEATHER MAKES SIGNALS VALUELESS

Fog, snow and heavy storms obscure the signals and all else, and are responsible for some disasters. Sometimes the engineer must plunge on unable to recognize a landmark, estimating his position by elapsed time, like a ship captain on dead reckoning. To this condition, bad headlights, which are one of the present-day curses of the American railroad, greatly contribute.

Small, mean and inadequate headlights save some money in cost and oil, I suppose, but they have a heavy debit account in accidents.

As to long hours, it is urged on behalf of many railroad companies that they do not usually compel their engineers to work an excessive number of hours; the engineers themselves prefer so to work, because they are paid according to the distance they run, and the more work they do the more money they earn. This is superficial reasoning. It appears on examination that the engineers have little volition in the matter. Their rate of pay is so small and the working conditions are so arranged that they must work overtime to maintain themselves; particularly in a country where the cost of living has increased sixty per cent. in the last fifteen years.

Others than engineers are dangerously overworked in railroad operation; and for a long time the disposition of the Federal courts made the prospect of ending this source of peril seem but small. Telegraph operators and train dispatchers fall asleep at their desks, or become too tired to understand clearly what they are doing.

Train dispatchers' orders become illegible, confused or distorted; a train pulls out of a siding too soon and smashes into a second section that it has been ordered to wait for; an engineer gets the wrong number of a train that he is to meet at a certain siding and bangs into it between stations.

A sleepy and overworked dispatcher sends a train ahead when he should halt it. Five minutes later he discovers his error; there is no way now to remedy it; and he sits, frozen with horror, waiting for news of the crash. On more than one occasion he has killed himself or gone mad under the strain.

In these cases it was long customary to blame the dispatcher. Slowly the public awoke to the real blame, which lies with the management. So awakening, laws were passed forbidding the employment of operators and train dispatchers for more than a limited number of hours in the twenty-four. In two famous decisions the Supreme Court knocked out one of these laws, passed by Congress, on the ground that it usurped a state function, and one passed by the State of Texas because it interfered with interstate commerce. We are now experimenting with another which may or may not be found to stick.

It is an odd illustration of our methods about these things that since 1907 we have had a national commission called the Block Signal and Train Control Board, which has been trying, apparently in vain, to find a practical system of safety signals, and that our new and feeble Hours of Service law does no more than limit continuous employment to sixteen hours. Even at that, according to the last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is but laxly enforced.

TIMIDITY OF OUR RAILROAD EMPLOYEES LAWS

The timidity of these measures are as extraordinary as their tardiness. Both would cause amused astonishment in far-away New Zealand, for instance, where an automatic safety device long ago eliminated collisions, and law has established an eight-hour day for railroad men. But, of course, if we are afraid to deal frankly with the subject we shall continue to be slaughtered. Just why the fear of the power of the railroad companies should be greater than the fear of death in its worst form I am unable to say.

Abroad, men seem to have no terror of railroad power, for assuredly they order all these things better, not merely in France, but everywhere else. Take grade crossings, for example. In Great Britain very few exist; the percentage of grade to safe crossings there is about the same as the percentage of safe to grade crossings in America.

Wherever a grade crossing exists in Great Britain or on the continent it is protected with a gate and carefully watched day and night. Electric apparatus gives ample warning of the approach of a train; then the gates are closed, and the guard, at military attention, stands at his post until the train has passed. On the continent he is usually a government employee; therefore he is faithful, efficient and under effective discipline.

As to signal systems, every European railroad is elaborately protected from end to end. I have mentioned the automatic device used in New Zealand. The same invention is employed on some English roads and in Australia. It leaves nothing to chance nor to human skill; the block cannot be opened until the train or engine has passed out. In Switzerland and some other European countries, an electrical device automatically stops an engine that attempts

to enter a closed block or to run past a danger signal. For this and other reasons of precaution, the entire Swiss railroad is said to have been operated for a year with the deaths of but two persons, one of whom was a suicide, and the other was drunk.

As to overworked employees, the European countries long ago discovered that overlong hours do not pay, and nowhere but in the United States are men required or allowed to pass the normal bounds of human endurance.

European roads are stone-ballasted, double-tracked, enter towns or cities upon elevated structures of masonry, have permanent roadbeds, bridges and culverts, masonry arches instead of wooden trestles, steel or stone bridges instead of wooden makeshifts, and they are watched incessantly. In the kingdom of Prussia, in proportion to the mileage, thirteen times as many men are engaged in watching the railroad tracks as are similarly employed in the United States. Hence, the Prussian railroads are safe against dangers arising from broken rails, which is one of the prolific sources of accident in the United States. Yet the American rails are in reality much more in need of watching for the reason that since the monopolization of our steel supply we get very much worse rails.

All these are details. There is evidently something else and something greater that is behind them as a fundamental difference between railroading in the United States and railroading in Europe. What is it? Not skill of management, certainly. I doubt if European management would ever attempt to get results from the broken-down and inadequate American system. Not, again, in the skill and intelligence of the employees; every person that has had an opportunity for comparison knows how superior in capacity, intelligence and resources are the American railroad men. What then?

WHAT A RAILROAD IS FOR

Why, to begin with, it lies in this, that the first object of the European railroad is to serve the public with transportation, and second, to make money thereby; and the first object of the American railroad is to make money, and the serving of the public is no more of an object than this, that to make the money some kind of a transportation service is incidentally necessary.

And now we come at last to the fountain head of the whole trouble. Why do not the American railroads have double tracks? Why do not they have good roadbeds? Why do not they have safe bridges? Why do not they have efficient signal systems? Why do not they have enough track watchers? Why do not they have steel bridges? Why do they overwork their employees?

To all these questions there is the same answer.

The heart of the trouble with the American railroad is the way it is financed. It is always pleasant to read of the great fortunes that have been dug by a few men out of the American railroad system. It is not so pleasant to reflect that these fortunes have cost us an enormous amount in needlessly high freight rates, and have taken another toll in human life. We pay for them all with our pocketbooks and also with our lives.

You may not have thought of this phase of the matter, and now that it is suggested it may seem far fetched or extravagant. I can easily prove to you that it is neither, and I will prove it first by one of the greatest of American railroad experts and magnates.

WHY THE ENORMOUS CAPITAL OF AMERICAN RAILROADS?

The total capitalization of the American railroads is approximately eighteen billion five hundred million dollars. It consists of stocks and bonds. On stocks must be paid dividends; on bonds must be paid interest.

This capitalization is increasing at the rate of close upon one billion dollars a year. The more capitalization, the more dividends and interest must be paid. Dividends and interest can be paid only from the earnings of the enterprise or from the proceeds of more securities.

When, by the increase of the capitalization, these interest and dividend charges threaten to become more than the earning capacity of the road will normally provide for, there must be either an increase in the earnings through increased rates or a decrease of expenses. In most instances there are both. The rates are put up (in one way or another) and the expenses are reduced by withholding the work that should be done to put and to keep the property in a safe and permanent condition.

Now this is exactly what is happening all

over the United States to an extent we little dream of; to an extent that means in plain terms the physical bankruptcy of the American railroad system.

But, you say, this vast mass of additional securities issued every year, this billion dollars of new stocks and bonds added yearly to the system, do not they represent improvement? Are they not issued for this exact purpose of putting the roads into good condition?

JAMES J. HILL'S ANSWER

Summon the witness and see. James J. Hill is his name—none better in the railroad world. About four years ago he said that to put the American railroads into a condition in which they would be able to handle properly their traffic would require an expenditure of five billion dollars. In other words, the railroads at that time had run behind physically to an extent equal to about one third of their capital. Two years later, on further consideration, Mr. Hill amended his first declaration. He said that the sum required to put the railroads into good condition was not five billion, but seven billion dollars.

In these two years there had been added to the capitalization about two billions. Yet the condition of the roads had grown worse by two billions. It is evident, therefore, that the additional capital did not go into improvements.

But to those that are familiar with the melon industry of the United States no such demonstration is necessary. Capitalization is sometimes issued for the avowed purpose of improvements; it seldom reaches that goal. What it is really issued for is the games of Wall Street, to acquire additional properties, to complete the amalgamation of a system, to cement some new colossal structure of railroad combinations, to strengthen the hold of some clique upon a particular line of properties, or as melons for the plain and unadorned purpose of making profits for the gentlemen on the inside.

All of these issues, for whatsoever purpose, become a charge upon the earnings of the road; when these charges reach a certain point there can be no more improvements upon that road because there is no money to make them with. And that is exactly what is the matter with the American railroad system and the reason why we have all these preventable accidents.

When we read that the capitalization of one of the best-known of American railroads has been increased fifteen hundred per cent. in seven years, and that it is impossible to find more than a small fraction of this sum in any improvements, one begins to realize what all this means—an elucidation much increased by learning that this is the railroad recently distinguished by a particularly bad accident caused by faulty construction, and that a small part of the excessive capitalization issued in these seven years would have made the dangerous place safe.

THE LURE OF THE MELON INDUSTRY

You see, the temptation is too great; men are not built so that they can withstand it. The gentlemen on the inside of the property vote to issue a certain amount of bonds. If this issue is not cut up directly among the stockholders as a straight melon or gift, it is accompanied with rights by which the stockholders are entitled to subscribe for the bonds at a price far below their real value.

Let us say that the bonds are worth in the street 115, and the stockholders have the right to subscribe for them at 85, which is a very fair illustration of the best of these operations. In a day they make a rich haul without the least effort or risk. Why should they care for what purpose the bonds are issued? Let it be to acquire the Podunk & Northern or any old thing; there is the melon and here the trusty knife. Let us proceed to cut.

So they cut it in the finest style of the art. Then the management, being confronted with the necessity of digging more money out of the concern, digs part out of the physical condition of the road and the rest out of the shippers.

In other countries the road is maintained out of its earnings. In this country the earnings are swept up by a constantly increasing draught of stocks, common and preferred, of first mortgage, second mortgage, third mortgage, consolidated, refunding stock, debenture and other bonds, of notes and other evidences of the melon growers'

gentle (and profitable) art. The result is that there is hardly a spike driven into an American railroad that is not capitalized and made a thing upon which more interest must be paid and more rates collected.

OUR RAILROADS PAY TOO MUCH INTEREST TO MAKE ADEQUATE IMPROVEMENTS

It is for this reason that the road is a makeshift and so continues; that it lacks fifty-five per cent. of a reasonable physical condition; that it has no adequate signal system; that it has a single track, wooden bridges, imperfect culverts, dirt fills, rotten ties. It is already bearing more interest charges than its traffic will warrant on bonds and stocks issued in the grimy game of finance and having no relation to improvement. Then a train goes through a rotten bridge, or a rain washes out a flimsy embankment, and up goes the total of our railroad victims.

This is the American railroad system now; it has been the American railroad system from the beginning. The first purpose has been, not to provide a means of transportation, but to make great and sudden fortunes for the gentlemen lucky enough to be able to manipulate the property.

It is, in truth, a huge venture in horticulture to which the carrying of freight and passengers is a wholly secondary consideration. The melons impoverish the railroads, heap up the cost of living, and kill and maim every year an increasing number of our people. The one good purpose they serve is to augment the fortunes of the gentlemen that grow and cut them. The reason may be inadequate, but it is so well established that it seems impregnable.

At all this, too, the foreigner wonders. It appears from the advancing price lists that we do not care if we lose our money, and from the accident totals he gathers that we do not care if we lose our lives. He is naturally interested, therefore, to learn if there is anything that we do really care about. It is to be regretted that the study of the railroad situation in America does not seem likely to enlighten him.



WHAT YOU NEED IS A DOCTOR

By
Harris Merton Lyon

Author of "Sardonies," etc.



Illustrations by Rea Irvin

MR. BEETY stood at the window and groaned out at the dismal morning. Then he let his hand flutter vaguely over the territory of his solar plexus, and groaned again.

"Rotten, miserable, wasted life," announced Mr. Beety, hollowly, to himself. "Can't eat; can't sleep; can't work; can't think; can't drink; can't smoke. Can't—aw, rats! What's the use! And all alone—all, all alone. Nobody in this whole blankety city cares a blank what ails me. New York! Yah!" And Mr. Beety stuck out a pea-green tongue to emphasize his scorn. (As a matter of fact, he did everything he said he couldn't do.)

For purposes of identification, Alexander Beety was a tall, dark, slim man, thirty-two years old, a bachelor, with a handsome face and—when he wanted—a gracious manner. He had been for about four years in New York and had made outside and inside of that town some twenty thousand dollars. It was honestly made—no, not in real estate—and this shows Mr. Beety to have been a man above the average. Which he was. Mr. Beety had a devious and surprising mind. He was very alert and cheerful at suspecting everybody of everything and he had a very ironic manner of asking

searching and disconcerting questions. Also, he hated everything, including himself.

He hated food; he hated his bed; he hated his laundry and his tailor; he hated New York, the United States and all of Europe. Except France. He thought Frenchmen were "funny little cusses." Above all, he despised London. He seriously insisted that his stenographer was a dunce; and he called Central a harsh and bitter name every time he had occasion to deal with her. Everybody that worked for him was a jack-ass and a bonehead.

He was absolutely impartial; he was as hard on himself as he was on anybody else. He admitted that those who paid him money for his services were suckers, easy marks, come-ons and plain fools. That anybody who took him (Beety) seriously was a lunatic. And that he (Beety) was the biggest idiot of them all, the center of an idiotic universe. When he wasn't groaning he had a harsh, short laugh which he used to bleat out suddenly as the thought of all this mundane idiocy smote him afresh.

He ate with the aid of an advertised tablet which he bought at a drug store; he slept with the aid of an advertised tablet which he bought at a drug store. He drank cock-tails because they put life into him; and he

smoked cigarettes because they quieted his nerves. When he thought outside of business hours he eagerly tried to keep on thinking about business; for otherwise his thoughts retired within him and gloomily contemplated the ghastly vista of the complete and thorough Beety wreck. He was quite right in thinking he had no friends. Most people haven't friends in New York. They merely have cronies in the making or spending of money.

For fourteen consecutive mornings Mr. Beety had groaned his complaint. Some of the mornings he had dragged his reluctant body down to the office. Most of the time he stayed at his apartment, and spent the time lying on a lounge, reading magazines, smoking cigarettes and cursing his luck. Then he would change position and curse the cigarettes; then change position and curse the lounge. Most of all, and in loud fitful wails, with his clenched, thin hands raised to the ceiling, he would utterly damn the magazines and the writers therein.

On this fourteenth morning, Nora, the

buxom, motherly maid-of-all-work, had said to him compassionately:

"Phwat you need is a doctor, Misther Beety."

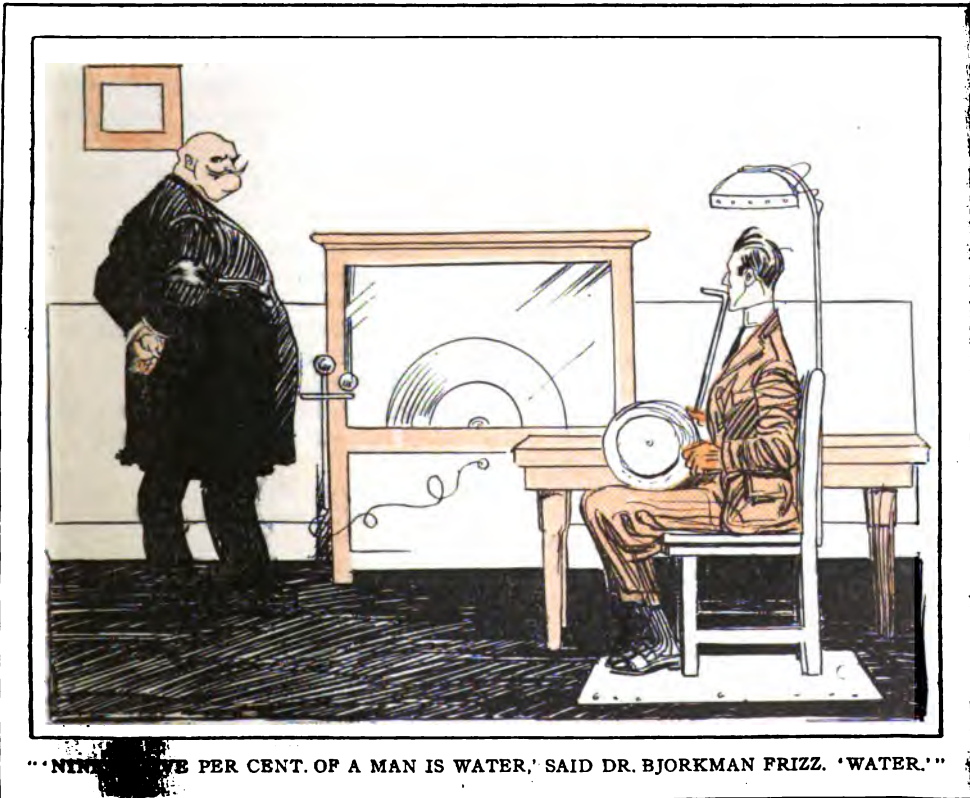
Yah! That's what they all said. Every slave that came up from the office; that goggle-eyed, solid concrete stenographer; old Blinx, the firm's lawyer; that auditor that had a front tooth missing and insisted on talking through it (the aperture, not the tooth) until it made his (Beety's) nerves jump; Mrs. Pruyn, of the apartment below, sixty years old and an awful bore; Lallah Pallooze (she over the 'phone) of "The Lobster and Lulu" Company, silly pated, gum-chewing—Yah! That's what they all said:

What you want is a doctor.

To all he had replied: I never had a doctor in my life.

Suddenly, an energy born of desperation seized him. He rang the bell. Nora reappeared.

"You think nothing will save my life but a doctor, do you? Well, bring on your



"NINE PER CENT. OF A MAN IS WATER," SAID DR. BJORKMAN FRIZZ. "WATER."

doctor. Here I am. Laid out. I won't hurt him. Bring him on."

"Phwat docthor, Misther Beety?"

"What doctor? How do I know? I don't own any. I don't even rent any. You get one."

"Phwat kind av a docthor do you want?"

"What kind? I want the doctor of tradition: a large, cornfed doctor with whiskers on and a little black satchel; the kind of doctor that rubs his hands and acts cheerful when he comes on the stage."

"You mean Docthor Brownson, down the block!" exclaimed Nora gladly. Then she disappeared.

"Do I? Ain't that nice?" He punched a pillow and lay back. "Yah! Whiskers!" Anathema *sotto voce*.

In about fifteen minutes Nora reappeared, beaming and obsequious. She opened the door, bowed and announced: "Docthor Brownson, Mr. Beety."

Beaming and obsequious appeared the large, cornfed Doctor Brownson, with whiskers and black satchel.

"Well, well! Under the weather, eh, Mr. Beety?" began the arrival, vigorously rubbing his hands together.

Mr. Beety fixed him with a glittering eye and said nothing.

The large person drew a chair over to the lounge, settled himself on the chair, settled his whiskers on his vest and began:

"Well, well! We'll soon put you in tip-top shape. Nasty time of year to be down, but you'll soon be up again." He chuckled melodiously into his whiskers, lifted his eyebrows, smiled benevolently, reached out and fumbled for Mr. Beety's wrist. With one eye on his watch, he said, "Ah, nqw, and what are the symptoms?"

"You mean what is the matter with me?" asked Mr. Beety coldly.

"Yes, yes. That's it."

"I thought that was what you were to find out."

"Ha, ha. Good joke. Good joke. Well, you're quite right. And asking is one of my methods."

Mr. Beety grunted.

"Feel any pain?" pursued the other.

At last Mr. Beety was touched. This was the first time in all his life anybody except his mother had deliberately invited him to dilate upon the ailments which afflicted him. To be able to lie back and

tell his troubles to this old mutt (the expression is Mr. Beety's, not mine) was worth the fee, whatever it was.

Mr. Beety's hand hovered vaguely over his solar plexus and he groaned.

"Pain in the stummick?!" asked the savant.

Groan. "Yes."

"Anything else?"

"My legs are tired."

"Where 'bout's?"

"In the calves, and in where you bend your knees."

"Iph-m," said the whiskers. Then he leaned over and placed his ear to Mr. Beety's chest. As he did so, his whiskers brushed Mr. Beety's nose and Mr. Beety (who was a precise and finicky man) immediately thought: Suppose this old rummy (Beety's expression) has just come from a scarlet fever case and has swept up a bucketful of germs in his beard? Here I am, getting them in the nose. Whereat he groaned again.

"Iph-m," said Doctor Brownson again, raising his head. "Anything else?"

"Why, I feel sort of dead around here"—digiting toward the epigastric region—"and I've got a ringing in my ears. My mouth tastes bad. I ache in my joints. Haven't any ambition." He held up the little finger of his left hand. "See that finger? Rheumatism or something in it. Aches to beat the band. I sweat around the back of my neck and sometimes I cough." Here Mr. Beety coughed, to prove it. "I lie awake nights, and I'm drowsy in the daytime."

"Anything else?"

"My eyes are kind o' loggy and after I bat 'em a few times it's hard for me to see anything right away."

"No appetite?"

Here Mr. Beety rolled a beseeching eye.

"Quit your kidding," he said, mournfully.

"Anything else?"

"Say, what are you doing, Dock? Taking an order?"

Whereat the visitor smiled, rubbed his hands heartily, asked the favorite question of all medicos, rubbed his hands again, folded them over his abdomen, leaned back, closed his eyes, seemed soaked and simmering in thought for a few minutes, opened his eyes, closed them again, said, "Ah-h-h" very reluctantly and snapped back the lid of his little black satchel.

Mr. Beety gazed at this performance and at the satchel in some perturbation. He had an idea he might have confessed to consumption or cancer.

"Now," said the cornfed, scratching his nose and eyeing a row of little pill bottles all of which looked alike and seemed to contain the same little white pills, "now, let me see. Number 2 and number 4 for you, I guess, Mr. Beety. Number 2 and—ah—number 4. Remember that. I'll send them up to you marked properly. On the hour you are to take six of number 2. On the half-hour, three of number 4. I will also send you up some pink pills and some brown pills. Of the pink pills you take three about an hour before meals and of the brown you take two a half-hour after meals and four at bedtime. Try to take these without any water and——"

"Got a lead pencil?" queried Mr. Beety, horror stricken.

"What for?"

Mr. Beety grinned to himself. "Oh, never mind."

"For the instructions? The instructions will be on each bottle."

"Oh, never mind."

When the pills came, Mr. Beety emptied them all into a cigar box, dipped in blindly, chose whatever came to hand, and swallowed it, the while he continued reading his magazine. Accidentally, the second day, Nora dumped some peppermint drops into the box—peppermint drops and cigarettes being his favorite combination. It was two days later before he discovered that he had been eating pills and peppermint drops indiscriminately. In the meantime, people were coming in to visit him, poking at the medicine, laughing immoderately and changing their tune. Their tune now had the burden:

What you want is a *good* doctor.

Old Blinx had the worst laugh of all. It sounded like a hen jeering at an empty feed-trough, thought Mr. Beety.

"What you want is a *good* doctor," he said. "Fire this other one."

"Are there any good ones?"

"Why, bless your soul, send for Snicklick. Here—I'll write his address. Been my doctor for forty years. Look at me!"

Mr. Beety looked at him, and his soul inwardly loathed. "Snicklick—rotten-sounding name," he commented, dubiously.

"Well, ha-ha, so's Beety."

Is it? thought the owner of the name. He secretly resolved not to send for Snicklick.

However, a cramp in the night took him, turned him galley west, wrapped one arm around the bed post and one leg around a pillow; and he sent for Snicklick.

Dr. Snicklick was an alert little man with eye-glasses and a fish-like, meant to be judicial, mouth. He excreted whiskerly only a small set of mutton chops.

"I think I'm dying," murmured Mr. Beety faintly.

"Nonsense," barked the alert doctor. "Keep in bed."

Mr. Beety was compelled to because by the time Snicklick was through with him he was buried beneath blankets. After Nora

had administered a mustard footbath and had brought a half dozen hot water bottles, the mutton chops began working:

"You'll be in bed perhaps a week. You'll need a nurse. I'll send you up one I know. You want to lie quite still. Don't exert yourself. Don't excite yourself. Do you smoke many cigarettes?"

Whoever told a doctor that he did?

"Do you drink alcohol?"

Whoever told a doctor how much?

"Well, don't. Take the medicine I send you"—(it turned out to be horrible, evil-tasting stuff)—"a teaspoonful in a half glass of water four times a day. Above all, don't get out of bed. You—"

"But, Dock, honest—*what's* the matter with me?"

The mutton chops became austere. The fish-like mouth became fishier. There was



"UNDER THE WEATHER,
EH?' BEGAN THE
DOCTOR."

an audible Snicklick sniff. "It won't help you any to know, but if you *must* know, why—ah—it's simply a local congestion in your abdominal cavity whereby the action of your gastric juices has become deranged and the evil has spread until it might perhaps inflame the diaphragm—not, however, producing any such complication as peritonitis, you may be sure but—" for Snicklick had learned that Beety possessed twenty thousand dollars—"but it is——"

"It is what?" asked Mr. Beety with open mouth.

"It is very true that you have so *ast*ringed, contracted, desiccated, obstructed, dejuiced, jejuni~~fi~~ed, opilated, and stopped up your cæcum, duodenum, sigmoid flexure, hepatic duct, the cystic duct, the pancreas and all three colons, the ascending, transverse and descending, that you have induced a horrid phlegmatic condition which will soon require a liberal and generous humectant to keep the very membranes of your very entrails from desquamating, chipping off and blocking up all the pipes of your body. It may, however, go no further than that."

At this, Mr. Beety rolled his eyes and groaned again.

When the doctor left, the patient was bathed in perspiration, itching, sneezing, cursing. Later the patient muttered:

"Dying. That's what it is. Dying." And began smoking box after box of cigarettes, gloomily. "Dying all alone and nobody to care—dying like a dog in a—like a—dying like a dog. That's me."

About noon of the following day, Mr. Beety miraculously discovered that strong rye highballs were good for the cramp, and settled down to doctor himself with two or three quarts of his favorite brand and a case of siphon seltzer. "Oh, well, I might as well die happy," said he, echoing the cheerful phrase of other rye-drinkers.

Curtis Snicklick, M.D., found his patient with a good healthy fever, Nora having removed all traces of Mr. Beety's home "cure," and Mr. Beety having devoured much peppermint.

"Well," he barked, "that's all right. Little fever to be expected. Nurse hasn't come, of course. I couldn't get the one I wanted, but I'll send up somebody. She'll be here sometime this evening."

Mr. Beety was peacefully sleeping when the nurse arrived. The next morning he awoke with a bursting head, eyes like mar-

bles, a tongue like a door mat (with the "Welcome" obliterated), and a dull lassitude in all his bones. He glared at the nurse and rolled onto one elbow.

"I'm going to fire that pancreatic, perspiration slob," said he viciously. "First thing I do this morning."

This nurse was—well I suppose all nurses are—cool, clean, sweet-looking, even-tempered, bright-eyed, quick-fingered, gentle-smiling, gentle-stepping. Moreover, she had blue eyes and a pink skin and golden hair and was very pretty—all of which Mr. Beety, being a brunette, liked. He liked it very, very much. He felt it paid to be sick and dying.

Mr. Beety grinned for the first time in over two weeks. "I'll fire Snickelfritz, but I'll keep you," he said.

"Oh, no, you won't. Don't you want some breakfast?"

"No. Why won't I?"

"Because, if you're not sick enough to have a doctor, you're not sick enough to have a nurse."

"Why, I'm sick enough, if that's all the qualifications I need. I'm too sick to have that guy. I'm going to die."

"Are you? Will you have some soft boiled eggs?"

"And coffee. Please write your name and address on that desk pad."

"Why?" But she did so.

"Never mind why." A crafty light came into Mr. Beety's eyes.

After breakfast he got a messenger boy and sent him to Snicklick with the enclosed note:

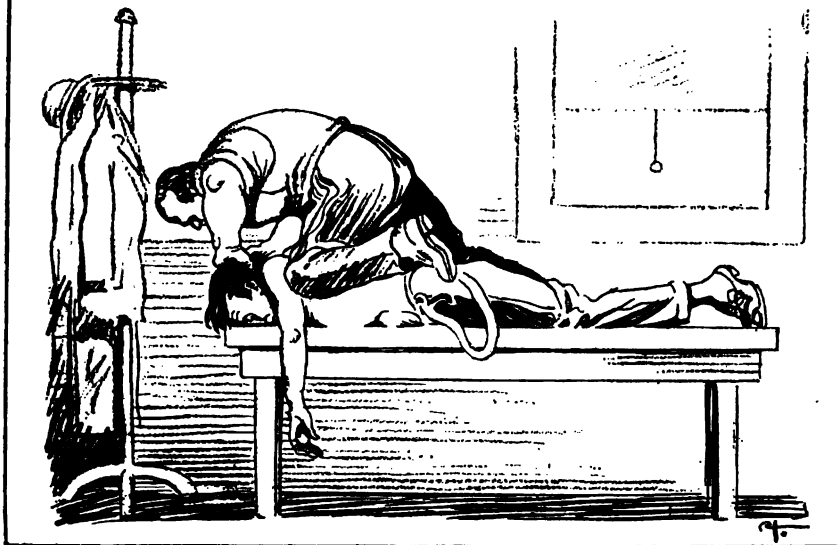
"Sorry to lose your valuable services—by the way, how valuable? Please send bill—but the dejuiced hepatic humectant has got into my bones, and I'm going to an osteopath."

About three o'clock a very weary looking man presented himself before Dr. Alonzo Sconce.

"Do I look to you like I need to have something rubbed out of me?" he asked.

"All men do," announced Dr. Sconce. He was a very prim, stiff, starchy, sway-backed man, very muscular, with knuckles the size of pullets' eggs. No whiskers.

He laid Mr. Beety out, stripped to the waist, on a slab, took off his own coat and vest, turned up his shirt sleeves, and standing in the middle of the room suddenly jumped up in the air and came down



"I SEE," SAID THE OSTEOPATH, "THAT YOUR GRANDFATHER DIED OF SPINAL MENINGITIS."

upon Mr. Beety's omoplates with all his weight, rested there for a moment on the first knuckle of the second finger of each hand, and then began weaving his way toward the occiput, or back of Mr. Beety's collar where it entered his brainpan. Then, burying the stub of each thumb in the collar bone, he circumtortured Mr. Beety's neck until he had it in a loose, flexible and pliable condition, quite free from knots, gnurls, kinks and criks.

"I see," said the osteopath, hammering rapidly, "that your grandfather died of spinal meningitis, and you think too hard."

Mr. Beety, who was face-down, started to express his amazement—but a thump suddenly drove his nose into the slab.

Dr. Sconce swayed a little further back and began playing upon the joints of the vertebral column as if they were piano keys. At about A-flat of the second octave, he grunted:

"Your father was a hard drinker, played poker and didn't pay his debts."

"That's a—" yelled Mr. Beety.

Bang! A knee was inserted under his floating ribs quickly while an open hand smacked him resoundingly over the opposite kidney.

"You smoke cigarettes, eat candy and

don't sleep. Osteopathy is the only thing that can cure you."

"Otherwise I will die!" sneered Mr. Beety, at last getting his breath.

"Otherwise you'll be a cripple when you're fifty," said Dr. Sconce.

He continued kneading, thumping, punching, rummaging among what few muscles Mr. Beety had, and belaboring him red, white and blue for half an hour.

Almost exhausted, Mr. Beety struggled into his clothes and to his feet. He smiled a pale wan smile.

"What I really wanted when I came in here," he said feebly, holding out a piece of paper, "was not a prize-fight but a nurse. Get me her."

Doctor Sconce gazed grimly at the writing—Miss Mary Holmes, 304 West 21st Street—and said: "I'm not in the business of supplying nurses."

Mr. Beety felt himself reeling. He had been beaten half to death for nothing. "Oh, you don't, don't you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, what do I owe you?"

"Five dollars."

He paid it and rode home in a taxicab. He was so sore he couldn't walk.

"Ain't it funny about this business," he

said to himself when he got home. "How nice the nurses are and how rotten the doctors and the medicines is!" Then he scribbled a note:

DEAR MISS HOLMES:

I am to be a cripple when I'm fifty. I will not die of humectant in the colon, as we were at first informed. In the meantime I have found that hosspaths, bone shakers, rubdubs and the like do not recommend you as a nurse. What do you advise me to do?

When Miss Mary Holmes read that, her eye twinkled and she answered:

Why don't you try my doctor? B. Frizz, 600 Riverside Drive.

Answer by Mr. Beety:

Why? Because you never told me to before. (Business of flying to Dock Frizz.) When I get through aviating, I'll let you know the score.

Dr. Bjorkmann Frizz wore a sort of star and crescent effect, his nose being the star and a pair of superb white mustachios the crescent; otherwise he nolly-pressed on whiskers.

Dr. Frizz was an erratic individual. But, then, so was Mr. Beety. He walked up and down before his patient martially, humming a bit of Boulanger through his nose. Then stopped, and yelled belligerently:

"Why be sick?"

"Why?" rejoined Mr. Beety, covering an undigested luncheon with his trembling hand. "Why? Something seems to tell me to. You understand—M. A. M., wireless, I'm the goat. Handed to me, wished on me. Grin and bear it," said Mr. Beety, surreptitiously swallowing a peppermint drop.

"Nonsense." Dr. Bjorkmann Frizz came over in front of Beety and stood with his hands behind his back, peering into Beety's eye. "Ninety-five per cent. of a man is water," said Dr. Frizz. "Water."

"A very poor liquid to be made out of," remarked Mr. Beety.

"And what propels this watery sac, this human skinful of saline solution?" propounded the doctor, heedless of Mr. Beety's interruption.

"Money makes the mare go," ventured Mr. Beety.

"Electricity!" barked Doctor Bjorkmann Frizz. He removed one hand and with it banked up his mustachios on each side as one banks up celery. "Ee-leck-fristy, sir!" He regarded his victim with an air

of triumph. "What you need is more water and more electricity. Drink eight quarts of luke cold water every day. Drink one quart of luke warm water before breakfast."

"Remember, Dock," interrupted Mr. Beety, "I'm already sick. Get the case right before you begin. I'm already sick. You don't have to *make* me sick. And," he leaned over, breathing hoarsely, "lemme put you onto somepin'. You're all wrong on this water business. If you want to make money as a dock, you quit talking that way about water. Get a new one. But get a popular one."

"And eat only watery vegetables," pursued the Norwegian, with a malignant eye. "Eat lots of lettuce, spinach—"

"Rutabages?" asked Beety.

"Rutabages and turnips and squash and tomatoes and—"

"Watermelons, mebbe?"

"No watermelons. They are bad for you."

"But they're full of water; and you said—"

"Prunes," continued the oracle.

"*Smillia smillbus curanter*," rejoined Mr. Beety.

"What's that?" shouted the owner of the star and crescent who had not heard.

"Oh, nothing. Latin jest. No offense."

"The only thing the matter with you is, you don't eat right and you don't drink right. I am giving you the newest and most enlightened doctrine. Stick to water. No medicine. If you get a pain, put cold water compresses over it. If the pain gets worse—" Doctor Frizz laid his hand upon a convincing and ghastly piece of machinery, a sort of cross between a guillotine and an electric chair—"come to me and I'll fix you up with electricity." He patted a rubber collar with steel brads in it lovingly. "One or two applications and you'll be surprised what a difference it will make in you."

"Sunset," murmured Mr. Beety. "Sunset and evening star and one clear call for—but suppose I'm dying in the night, your honor?" Mr. Beety was so distracted he became confused in his terms of official worship.

"Dying in the night? Dying in the night? Come to me the first thing in the morning, sir. Now—" and Bjorkmann Frizz made those professional noises which a truly important physician always makes—it is the one thing ethical in the profession—when

getting down to business. He said: "Now—er-ah-hemph, hemph—caw, caw—bull-oomph, bulloomph,—irp, irp—I shall give you a sort of diet to follow a few days *besides* the water." He bounced to a table and wrote rapidly. "And, bulloomph, in this case, since you cannot leave your room very well, I will send you a nurse."

"Well, this is something like business," announced Mr. Beety. "Leaving out the electrocution and the water cure, your diagnosis is a success. But may I ask what her name is?"

The doctor was astounded. "Her name? Why, I don't know, sir. Let me see—probably if Miss Holmes isn't on a case——"

"She ain't! She ain't!" Mr. Beety jumped up and grabbed both hands of the exponent of water. "You're all right, old man! You're all right. I'm going home and soak myself. You send that nurse."

When Miss Holmes reappeared, the invalid leaned on one elbow, waved a cigarette, and remarked in a cheerful tone: "I told you so!"

"Did you?" said Miss Holmes, demurely. Then she dropped her eyes and blushed at what she had done.

Mr. Beety, however, all unconscious of what part the nurse had played in his triumph, rambled on incoherently: "Funny lookin' old bird's nest, ain't he? Got good sense, though. Mary is a grand old name." He quaffed diligently out of a large pitcher of water. "Let's see what I get for breakfast. Hand me that score card the old slob made out, will you, please? Under that matchbox." He looked up, giggled to himself, and burst into song, carolling: "So long, Mary! Don't forget to come back home!"

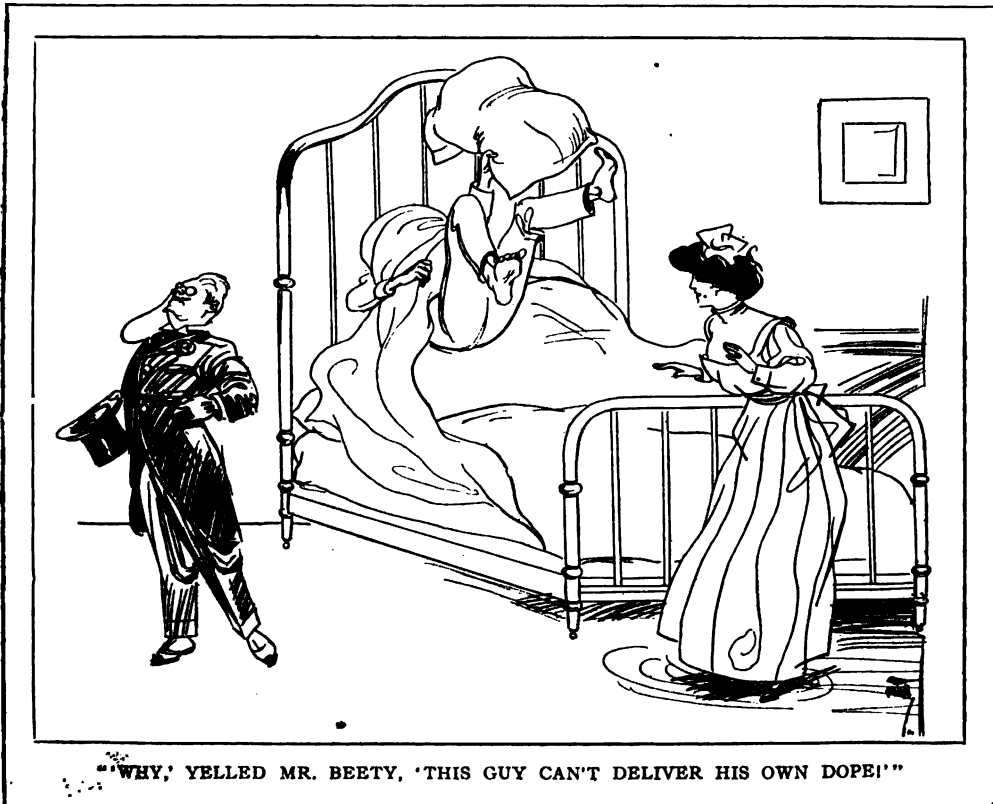
"Please," said Miss Holmes, primly, "please do *not* take liberties with my name."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Beety. "But I really felt so good." He added: "And it does seem like home to me."

"Well, it doesn't to me; so you can quit singing about it."

"Doesn't it? What sort of a home *would* suit you?" asked Mr. Beety, with alacrity.

"Bran," she read.



"WHY," YELLED MR. BEETY, "THIS GUY CAN'T DELIVER HIS OWN DOPE!"

Mr. Beety nearly fell out of bed.

"Bran? What's that?"

"Your breakfast. Bran, a soft boiled egg, and a cup of hot water."

"What in Sam Hill is bran?"

"It's a kind of—of food."

"Funny I never heard of it before."

"They feed it to horses."

"Horses? Then what the—I beg your pardon—what's old Frozen-ear feeding it to me for? I ain't a horse, just because I'm sick."

"It's part of his system," said the nurse, decisively.

"Well, it'll stay out of my system," rejoined Mr. Beety.

"No it won't," she said. And it didn't.

By the time Mr. Beety had subsisted four days on the Frizz diet, he was nearly dead from exhaustion. Moreover, his nerves were going to pieces. A lump of sodden pain lay in the pit of his stomach like a stone in a dish of water. The top of his head seemed to be somewhere above the roof of the house, and in the interspace marvelous shapes walked and talked and had their being. He got Miss Holmes out of the room long enough—under a pretext of Nora watching him—to lay in a supply of peppermint lozenges, Hynos, the sleeping tablet, and two or three stiff drinks of whisky. He also had a discourse in *materia medica* with Nora.

"What do you think of this doctor game, anyway, Nora?" sneered Mr. Beety. "Ain't it all a fake?"

"Except when you're dyin', and then I'd have a praste."

"Look here, do you suppose it would do any good for me to have an operation? Somepin's all wrong inside of me, Nora—a great big hunk of somepin'. Maybe if I had it cut out," he began earnestly; then said: "But I couldn't stand ether. My heart would be sure to collapse. My grandfather died that way."

"Poor soul," remarked Nora, anent the grandfather.

"Now, I was reading about somepin' in the newspaper the other day—somepin' these bull fighters give you when they want to stick a gaff in you. It was called stovaine or frozaine or somepin' that didn't have anything to do with it. What do you think, Nora? You could swallow a cup of that frozaine and sit up in bed and *watch* 'em while they split you open. You

wouldn't feel it, wouldn't make you bat an eye. Just as wide awake as I am here. Ick-zz!" He made a noise and motion as if sawing off his throat with his hand. "Just like that, and me sittin' here the way I am now, not minding it a bit."

"Land sakes," remarked Nora, gathering up her apron and closing her mouth.

"I've a notion to try it. Get somepin' cut out of me and I *know* I'll feel better . . . appendix, stummick, cirrhosis of the liver"—he waved his hand—"anything. I'd feel a lot better."

"Poor thing," murmured Nora. "Wouldn't you like somethin' strengthenin', Mither Baty? A pork chop or some corn beef, now?"

Mr. Beety's soul and shoulders executed a spasm. "Bran! Bran! By the bones of a broncho, BRAN!" he shouted, "I'm going to fire that horse doctor, so help me bob, back to the manger so fast!—I'm goin' to——"

Here his wild eye lit upon the incoming Miss Holmes. He suddenly became very meek: "I'm going to take some prunes and Swiss chard for dinner," he concluded.

Mr. Beety could sing no more. He loved his nurse, but he could sing no more. He was too weak. He didn't seem to be getting any better; he didn't seem to be getting any worse. He was down to a hundred and four pounds and he stayed there; but he wouldn't die.

Mary Holmes, though she wouldn't admit it, was really alarmed. She thought people ought either to get so well under the eminent Doctor Frizz's treatment that they didn't need him any more, or else get so deathly sick that they also didn't need him any more.

"Don't you feel *any* better?" she would ask him nervously.

A pale, lily-like voice would float fragily up from the bed: "*Statoo quo—non compos mentis—articulo mortis—et cetera.*"

"What?"

"Same old story in the same old way."

Mr. Beety's mind seemed to be rambling, at least it seemed so to him. He got Nora aside one day and asked her if she didn't think so, too.

"Don't I seem queer, Nora? You know—flighty? Apt to say anything?"

"Y-yes, sir." Nora was nervous. "That is, you always did anyway."

"I—I thought so," said the wreck of

Beety, solemnly. "Too many men, too many minds; too many et cetera, too many creeds et cetera. While just the art of being kind"—a pathetic glance here at Nora—"is all this rummy old dump of a world needs."

"I'm sure I'll do all I can, sir," said Nora.

"Nora, I'm nutty. I always knew I was nutty. Since I've been sick it's been growing on me like a—a beard. I'm nuttier than ever. Where's that newspaper? There's a murder trial in it. Here it is. Now, let me see. Gimme some paper and an envelope. While just the art of being kind—when I give you this letter, you smuggle it out and *don't* tell Miss Holmes. Lemme find that guy. Um! 'Professor Oblate Warden Flatt.' Gimme the telephone book."

And the letter was surreptitiously dispatched.

The next day a motor car drew up before the Beety apartment house. A dapper, little, gray-headed man (Van Dyke beard), waving a pair of very yellow chamois gloves, toddled nervously into the room. He shot a martinet glance, which is a glance very alert and contemptuous, through a set of horn-rimmed eyeglasses at Miss Holmes.

"Mr. Beety?"

The nurse pointed at the bed.

"Oh, yes. Hyah you ah."

"Rats," remarked Mr. Beety, feebly.

"Sir!"

"Oh, don't pay any attention to me. I'm all in," concluded Beety.

"Nervous disorder? Nurse, draw that blind and then leave the room."

Behind his back, Miss Holmes made a face at the great psychological expert; and when she left the room she left the door slightly open and she stood slightly close to the slightly opened door.

"Now, my good man, your symptoms."

"My name is Beety."

"Yes, yes. So I know."

"I thought you said my name was Simpson."

The oblate Dr. Flatt smacked his lips. "Ah! Aphasia, perhaps," said he to himself. "What troubles you most?"

"Why, honest, Dock, I think I'm nutty."

"Your coördination of ideas with the sound of words is extremely faulty. Say 'Round and round the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.' Say it quickly."

"Why should I? Ain't you just said it yourself? Once ought to be enough for that."

"Will you please say it?"

"Say what?"

"Say what I just said."

"I've forgotten it."

The expert smacked his lips. "Memory completely gone," he murmured in an undertone. "What day of the month is it?"

"How do I know? I'm in bed."

"Will you *please* tell me the day of the month?"

"It's the 28th."

"No, it isn't. It's the 29th." With visions of the sanitarium, his commission and his fee, the great crimino-psychomedico placed a thumb in each ear and wagged his hands back and forth. "What am I doing now?" he barked.

"You're trying to make a monkey out of me," said Mr. Beety with an astonishing rally of strength.

"Delusion of persecution," muttered the renowned professor.

Mr. Beety rose up suddenly in bed and fixed his man with an ancient mariner gaze:

"Say, you listen to me. I admit I'm a lunatic and I'm elected for the bug ward and all that, but, honestly, is this the stuff you pull all the time? I saw your name in the murder trial. Did you ask such questions as that of those poor mutts? Honest; have you got the nerve to hand that—"

The leading et cetera Professor Flatt pulled himself up to his full height, which was exactly five feet, four and three eighths inches, and said primly: "Certainly in your present state you would never understand my system. It is probable that at no period of your mental career would you be able to understand it. Do you wish to retain me, sir, or do you not wish to retain me?"

"Why, I want to know—" Mr. Beety became extremely pathetic. If he could have wept, he most certainly would have wept. He extended his arms like a little child and his voice broke: "Why, Dock, all I want to know in this wide, wide world is—*what* is the matter with me? If you will be so kind as to tell me, I—"

A red-faced, determined young lady (Note: Mary very beautiful in anger, when anger not directed toward person admiring beauty) burst at this juncture upon the lunatic and the expert.

"No, you won't! This has gone far enough—this whole thing! There's nothing the matter with this man. *You*!"—she pointed a lightweight champion index finger

at the Van Dyke—"you say quickly, 'A big black bug bit a big black bobcat's back.' You can't." Mary actually danced. "You can't!" she jeered.

"What day is to-day? What date?"

"It's the 29th."

"It's the 30th, the 30th," jeered Mary, dancing some more.

"Why," yelled Mr. Beety from the bed, "this guy can't deliver his own dope!" In utter stupefaction he lay back on the bed and giggled until he had to kick his heels in the air.

With a passionate gesture of his chamois gloves, Dr. Oblate Warden Flatt dashed impetuously from the room. Just like that. Later he sent in a bill for five hundred dollars. Which was never paid.

"Look here," said Mary Holmes, sitting down and picking lint modestly from the lintless counterpane, "there's nothing the matter with you at all. Honest. Nothing."

"Huh?" demanded Mr. Beety, elegantly. "Why, Mary, I'm nutty, I'm going to die, I'm going to be a cripple, I gotta eat bran, I gotta take pink, brown and white pills——"

"Ever play golf?" asked Mary.

"No."

"Well, never mind the doctors. You listen to me. You've got to play golf. Ever try—just try—going to bed at 8.30 every night?"

"No."

"Well, you've got to try that. Ever try

eating a beefsteak in more than ten minutes and without four cocktails?"

"No."

"Well, you've got to try that. Ever try getting interested in anything besides business?"

"Yes. Just lately."

Here Mr. Beety did a remarkably vigorous thing. He grabbed Mary Holmes around the neck so tightly that she never has gotten away. And he kissed her such a kiss as never has been set down in a short story.

About two months afterwards, Mr. Beety sent down to an arts-and-crafts shop for someone to come take his order. A lavender young man appeared.

"Are you the artsman or the craftsman or both?" asked Mr. Beety.

"Youah ordah?" said the superior and unimpressed young man, it being part of one's devotion to art to rise aloof from all crossness.

"I want this motto done about four by five—not in any old craftsman type but plain, housepainter, patent medicine type—see? Somepin' everybody can read."

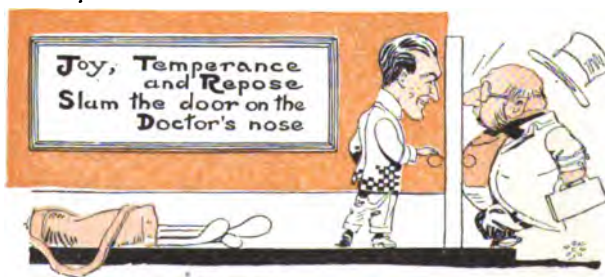
"About foah bah five inches. Yes."

"Four by five feet. I want a sign for my dining room. Here's the copy."

The copy read:

Joy, Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

—LONGFELLOW.





The CASE of DR. WILEY

By O. K. Davis

Author of "The Battle of 1912," etc.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mr. Davis' article is well worth your time. In telling clearly and convincingly of the conspiracy against Dr. Wiley, he shows not only the unfortunate condition of the pure food law, but he gives a most interesting behind-the-scenes picture of official life in Washington. Mr. Davis most interestingly shows the methods and machinery used to defeat the desires of the people as expressed in laws by Congress.

THEY are trying to destroy Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry in the Department of Agriculture—"Old Doc Wiley, the pure food man"—who for more than twenty-five years has been heading the crusade in this country for honest, unadulterated foods and drugs.

This is a business in which we—the food consumers—have a paramount interest. It touches every stomach in the country that has even a casual acquaintance with prepared foods. We have known for years that the food poisoners and drug adulterators were fighting Dr. Wiley and were insistently eager to separate him from his job.

Dr. Wiley is a sprightly youth of sixty-seven—and a bridegroom of six months. There is nothing about his appearance or his movements to indicate that he is within three years of three-score and ten. He jumps off a street car at the corner near his office and skips up the steps as lightly as the youngest clerk in the bureau. But when his wrath is aroused and he jumps up to emphasize his words he looks bigger and heavier than a heavy-weight champion.

His critics and enemies like to speak of him as "an old crank." Well, in some respects he is a crank, and he himself will not deny it. He takes a personal interest in about everything that happens on the round world. And he has personal views concerning most of it. He is always giving free advice about what to do to get the greatest

enjoyment out of life. Constant, varied, unceasing activities against intemperance of every sort punctuates his uninterrupted round of official and professional hard work.

He was born in Indiana in 1844 and grew up there, but completed his college training at Harvard. He had been professor of chemistry at Purdue University for nine years when he resigned to become chief of the Bureau of Chemistry twenty-eight years ago. Since then he has had many remunerative offers from business concerns but he has chosen to remain in the people's service. Those twenty-eight years he has given very largely to working for pure food, and has proved up, year after year, one hundred per cent. fine all the time. Everybody in the whole United States knows him and nobody has the least doubt where he stands.

He is always on the side of the person who eats as against the one who merely puts up the food. If there ever was a champion of the people and of the public health Harvey Washington Wiley is the man.

The present effort to eliminate Dr. Wiley as the chief national agent for pure food is not like those we have seen fail in other years. It is not made openly and directly by the impure food preservers and drug dopers, although it would work to their immediate advantage if it should succeed. It comes from the very men who ought to be Wiley's chief allies in the great fight for the public health—his associates, and even his superior, in the Department of Agriculture,



DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, THE "PURE FOOD MAN," THE VICTIM OF A DEPARTMENTAL CABAL.

that branch of the government charged with the important duty of enforcing the pure food law. It is among them that the conspiracy has been hatched to force Dr. Wiley out of his place, and to deprive the country of the enormous benefit of his services.

The first of these opponents to Dr.

Wiley is George P. McCabe, solicitor of the Department of Agriculture and chief inventor of ways and means for hampering Dr. Wiley and crippling his work.

The second is James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, nominal head of the Department, but in fact the principal instrument used by McCabe in his work against Wiley.

The third is Dr. Frederick L. Dunlap, associate chemist in the Bureau of Chemistry, the ally of McCabe and Wilson, who was given his present position for the open purpose of over-
slaughting Dr. Wiley and limiting the sphere of his public usefulness.

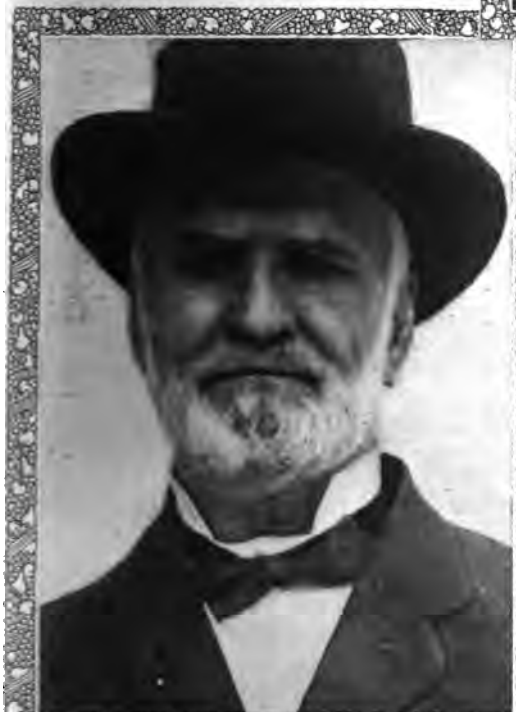
To Dr. Wiley more than to any other one man was due the enactment of the law of June 30, 1906, known as the "Food and Drugs Act"—the pure food law. Theodore Roosevelt, as President, directed the final battle in Congress, but it was the work Dr. Wiley had been doing for years that prepared the way and led to the success of that fight. From the time that he entered the old Bureau of Agriculture, in 1883, before the creation of the present Department, Dr. Wiley had been interested in the pure food question. He had interested thousands of others, all over the country.

Even before there was any provision of law that would enable him to bring offenders to punishment, Dr. Wiley was



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SOLICITOR GEORGE P. McCABE OF THE
AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT,
ACTIVE AGAINST WILEY.



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SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE JAMES L. WILSON.

engaged in showing up the frauds and deceptions practiced by the manufacturers of foods and drugs. Not a world's fair or public exposition was held anywhere in the country without a government exhibit of adulterated foods. Dr. Wiley could not then give all the details desirable in such cases. He could not tell the names of the manufacturers and dealers who handled the fraudulent goods. But he did arouse public interest by making actual demonstration of what was going on.

Under the authority of a specific appropriation Dr. Wiley had been engaged for several years, when the pure food bill finally came before Congress, in examinations and tests of the effects of certain chemical preservatives upon the quality and character of various articles of food. He had a squad of young men, who had volunteered for the purpose and had put themselves under rigid rules of living, to whom the pre-

servatives used by the food dopers were fed along with their meals. By careful, long-continued and scientific observation of the effects of such diet on the volunteers, Dr. Wiley reached his conclusions as to the harmfulness or otherwise of the preservatives thus tested. This was Wiley's famous "poison squad" work.

All this had a decided bearing on the result when Congress finally came to enact the belated pure food law. An examination of that law will show that Congress deliberately and carefully placed the chief burden of its administration squarely upon the Bureau of Chemistry, of which Dr. Wiley was and is the head. In general, of course, the Secretary of Agriculture would be the agent of the Department, but in this case Congress went out of its way to specify the part that should be borne by the Bureau of Chemistry—that is, by Dr. Wiley.

It is section 4 of the law which lays this task on Dr. Wiley. That section reads:

SEC. 4. That the examinations of specimens of foods and drugs shall be made in the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture, or under the direction and supervision of such bureau, for the purpose of determining from such examinations whether such articles are adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of this act; and if it shall appear from any such examination that any of such specimens is adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of this act, the Secretary of Agriculture shall cause notice thereof to be given to the party from whom such sample was obtained.

Any party so notified shall be given an opportunity to be heard, under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed as aforesaid, and if it appears that any of the provisions of this act have been violated by such party, then the Secretary of Agriculture shall at once certify the facts to the proper United States District Attorney, with a copy of the results of the analysis or the examination of such article duly authenticated by the analyst or officer making such examination, under the oath of such officer. After judgment by the court, notice shall be given by publication in such manner as may be prescribed by the rules and regulations aforesaid.

To the average student of the pure food law the language of this section seems to be perfectly clear. It is plain that it was the well considered and deliberate intention of the lawmakers that Dr. Wiley and his bureau should take the chief part in the proceedings for its enforcement.

The reference to "rules and regulations as aforesaid" is to the rules for the administration of the law which another section required the Secretaries of the Treasury, of

Agriculture, and of Commerce and Labor, sitting as a board, to formulate and proclaim. These rules were proclaimed in accordance with the law, and are in agreement with the plain intent of Congress. In conferring this power upon Dr. Wiley, Congress precipitated a contest that has been going on in the Department of Agriculture ever since.

Secretary Wilson had been at the head of the Department of Agriculture for nine years when the pure food law was passed. Even before entering the Federal service he was a man of wide reputation among the farmers. He had brought to the administration of his Department an extensive knowledge of agricultural problems, and had undoubtedly accomplished much for the growth and development of the agricultural interests of the whole country.

Mr. Wilson was born in Scotland, seventy-six years ago, but since 1855 has made his home in Iowa, where he had years of practical experience as a farmer, with various terms in the state legislature and in the Lower House of Congress, giving him also political and legislative experience.

He had been a professor at the Iowa Agricultural College for six years when President McKinley put him at the head of the Department of Agriculture in 1897. That post he has held ever since, having now established the record for continuous cabinet service. His reputation among the farmers has enabled him to be of decided political service to each of the three Presidents under whom he has served, and despite his thin, high-pitched voice, he has been an effective public speaker.

Mr. Wilson's actions after the passage of the pure food law show that he resented the part in its administration that Congress had assigned to Dr. Wiley, and promptly determined to limit the scope of the chief chemist's activities wherever he could. In this he was actively aided and abetted by Mr. McCabe.

THE EXTRAORDINARY POWERS OF SOLICITOR McCABE

Just where Mr. McCabe's opposition to Dr. Wiley got its foundation does not appear. It may be that it started in the fervor of support for the designs of the chief so often observed in ambitious department subordinates. At any rate, this opposition has grown and ramified until now it is the

most dangerous force in the Department of Agriculture. McCabe clearly dominates Secretary Wilson, and step by step has developed his own power in the Department, especially with reference to the administration of the pure food law, until he has practically deprived Dr. Wiley of the power conferred by the statute on the chief chemist, and limited him to the routine work of the laboratory.

McCabe is a hard-headed, fighting Irishman, of the type that is so frequently prominent in machine politics. If he had lived in New York City he would surely have become a power in Tammany Hall. He is the son of a railroad man in Utah, and was for a time himself a fireman on the Oregon Short Line, with headquarters at Ogden or Salt Lake. Distinctly ambitious and industrious, a climber who knows what he wants when he wants it, he gave up his railroad work several years ago and went to Washington to take a government job that would enable him to secure an education in one or another of the institutions of the national capital, as many another ambitious young man has done. He carried through his plan, worked at his department job during the day and studied law in the evenings. He secured his law diploma, and soon afterwards obtained an opportunity to transfer from the Treasury Department, where he was at first employed, to the Department of Agriculture.

There he continued to work and to study. By and by he got himself made law clerk. Then he was promoted to be law officer. At last he grew to be "solicitor."

The solicitors of the other Federal departments are appointed by the President.

In the Department of Agriculture, Mr. McCabe created the office himself by securing the insertion of an item in the appropriation bill. This method enabled the Secretary of Agriculture to employ him without the necessity of public appointment by the President.

Several times attention has been called in the House of Representatives to the fact that Mr. McCabe's solicitorship was not regularly created, but that has not checked McCabe. When the appropriation bill for the fiscal year 1909 was under discussion in the House, Representative Mann, of Illinois, who handled the pure food bill during its passage through the House, raised a point of order against a provision increasing McCabe's salary as solicitor five hundred dollars a year, on the ground that the post was not authorized

by law but merely carried in the appropriation bills. McCabe had already attracted Mr. Mann's attention by opposition to the pure food law.

Charles F. Scott, of Kansas, a stand-pat Republican who was beaten for renomination last year by a Progressive, was chairman of the committee on agriculture and as such had charge of the appropriation bill on the floor. He undertook to defend the proposed increase for McCabe.

"This officer is employed on very important work," said Mr. Scott. "He is occupied daily with questions growing out of the enforcement of the pure food law."

"I think a large share of his duty is to hinder the enforcement of the pure food law," retorted Mr. Mann. "He ought to have nothing to do with it, in my judgment."

The first act of Secretary Wilson to have serious effect in limiting Dr. Wiley's au-



DR. FREDERICK L. DUNLAP, ASSOCIATE CHEMIST IN AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, ACTIVE AGAINST WILEY.

thority under section 4 of the pure food law was the appointment of the board of food and drug inspection. The pure food law went into effect on January 1, 1907. The new board was appointed on April 25th following. It was composed of Dr. Wiley, as chairman; Dr. Frederick L. Dunlap, associate chemist in the Bureau of Chemistry, and George P. McCabe, solicitor of the Department.

DEFEATING THE INTENTION OF CONGRESS

The appointment was announced in general order No. 111, which provided that the board should "consider all questions arising in the enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906, upon which the decision of the Secretary of Agriculture is necessary, and will report its findings to the Secretary for his consideration and decision. All correspondence involving interpretations of the law, not theretofore passed upon by the Secretary of Agriculture, shall be considered by the board."

In preparation for the appointment of this board, Secretary Wilson had created another office in the department, that of associate chemist in the Bureau of Chemistry. He wanted a scientific man on whom he could depend to check Dr. Wiley. There is no specific provision of law for such an appointment, so he had to rely on the general authority contained in the appropriation bill, giving him power to "employ such assistants, clerks and other persons" as he may consider necessary.

The purpose of Mr. Wilson in appointing Dr. Dunlap is shown by the astonishing powers conferred upon the associate chemist. Examination of the list of his duties as furnished by Mr. Wilson to Representative Lever, of South Carolina, who inquired into the matter, shows that Dr. Dunlap had from the first greater powers than Dr. Wiley, and that he was not in any way under the direction of the man upon whom Congress had imposed the duty of supervising the scientific administration of the pure food law. In a recent hearing before a House committee, Dr. Dunlap was asked:

"Are you subject in any way to the authority of the chief of the Bureau of Chemistry?"

"In no way whatsoever," he replied.

Dr. Dunlap was appointed to devote himself entirely and exclusively to the administration of the pure food law. This was a

shrewd move in hampering Dr. Wiley, for the chief chemist has a multitude of other duties to perform outside of those arising from the operation of the food and drugs act.

Dr. Dunlap is about half Dr. Wiley's age, and has less than a quarter of Wiley's experience. He had served seven years as a chemist in the University of Michigan when he was appointed by Secretary Wilson to overshadow Dr. Wiley. In describing his qualifications to a House committee he said that for six of those years he had "conducted classes in food analysis." At that time Dr. Wiley had been twenty-four years at the head of the Bureau of Chemistry, and his work had given him world-wide fame as *the* great expert in the chemistry of food.

Thus the board of food and drug inspection was created by Secretary Wilson as a sort of Department court of appeals from Dr. Wiley. It was composed of two chemists—one appointed for the openly admitted purpose of overslaughting Dr. Wiley—and a lawyer who had demonstrated his willingness and his keenness in opposing the chief chemist. This construction of the board placed the balance of power in the hands of the faithful McCabe, on whom Secretary Wilson knew he could depend for constant opposition to Dr. Wiley. Appeal to Secretary Wilson under such circumstances was useless. Every time Dr. Wiley tried, he lost.

DR. WILEY'S FIGHT AGAINST BENZOATE OF SODA

In the years of examinations of foods and of experiments with preservatives and adulterations of all sorts and kinds, Dr. Wiley had thoroughly prepared himself for action when the pure food law gave him the power. One of his first attacks was against the use of benzoate of soda as a food preservative.

He had been conducting "poison squad" experiments with this drug for some time, and was sure of his ground when he utterly condemned its use in foods. Even if he had not been able to satisfy himself that it was positively detrimental to human health, he would have rejected it as long as there was any doubt about it. In his fight for pure foods Dr. Wiley takes the position that *it must be shown affirmatively that a preservative is not injurious in order to have its use permitted*. He is against taking any risk.

Besides benzoate of soda, there were

many other preservatives that had received Dr. Wiley's attention before the pure food law went into effect and which he attacked soon after he had the power to do so. There were sulphur dioxid and sulphurous acid used in preserving dried fruits, in sugar and molasses; alum, borax and boric acid used in preserving meats; formaldehyde, salt-peter, sulphate of copper and other copper salts, used to give canned peas and other vegetables a beautiful green color; salicylic acid and a lot more.

With all these crusades on hand, naturally Dr. Wiley and the Bureau of Chemistry became very busy. The inspectors who were sent out over the country collected a great number of samples. The bureau was overwhelmed with them, but as fast as possible examinations and analyses were made and the reports called for by the law were sent up to the Secretary.

There are two reasons why Dr. Wiley has fought the use of these preservatives so vigorously. The first is because of their deleterious effect on the health of persons who eat foods prepared with them, and the second is that the employment of such preservatives, especially of benzoate of soda, enables the manufacturers to use decayed and inferior fruits and vegetables which could not be used if the drugs were not employed.

It is a matter of dollars and cents with the manufacturers. If they have to use only fruits and vegetables in first-class condition their loss by waste would far exceed the cost of the preservative. Many of the notices of judgment in convictions under the pure food law show how articles have been condemned by the courts for containing the refuse of fruits and vegetables, the preserving of which was only made possible by the use of some kind of chemical preservative.

CREATION OF THE REMSEN BOARD

The manufacturers of these foods flocked to Washington and descended upon Secretary Wilson. The changes were rung on the argument of the danger to business investments. Dr. Wiley met them with the flat declaration that *there is not a single article in which preservatives are used that cannot be preserved in perfect condition without the aid of chemicals*. He set out to demonstrate it by actual experiments in the Bureau of Chemistry. He dried fruits

and made preserves and proved what he said.

His arguments and demonstrations did not stop the protests and appeals to Secretary Wilson. The food manufacturers who used benzoate of soda were especially active in this fight. They insisted that benzoate of soda was not harmful and that there was no reason why they should upset their entire business systems because of Dr. Wiley's opinions.

Dr. Wiley had prepared a bulletin denouncing the use of benzoate of soda in foods. Mr. Wilson was inclined to sustain the chief chemist, and the bulletin was made ready for publication.

Then the benzoate men appealed to President Roosevelt. They urged that the power which Dr. Wiley was about to exercise was the power to destroy their business, and that it was too great a power to be left in the hands of one man. They demanded the creation of a board of experts to whom appeals from Dr. Wiley could be taken. They told the President that he ought to have the benefit of the experience and work of a board of experts not members of the Department who would give him disinterested advice, and they promised that if such a board were appointed they would abide by its verdict.

The users of benzoate of soda won. President Roosevelt directed Secretary Wilson to appoint the board, and Roosevelt himself named the members. Thus the famous "Remsen referee board" was created, as a further check upon Dr. Wiley.

The "Remsen" or "referee" board is so known from the fact that Dr. Ira Remsen, president of Johns Hopkins University, is its chairman. Dr. Remsen had an influential voice in the selection of his four colleagues. The men appointed with him were Dr. Russell H. Chittenden, of Yale; Dr. John H. Long, of Northwestern University, at Chicago; Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, of the University of California, and Dr. C. E. Herter, of New York. Dr. Herter has since died and his place has been filled by the appointment of Dr. Theobald Smith, of Harvard.

All these men are experienced chemists of high scientific standing and wide technical training. But none of them had the special training and experience of Dr. Wiley in the particular work imposed upon him by the pure food law.

Moreover, these men were appointed, and all of them knew it, to serve as a court of appeals on decisions by Wiley. It is always easy to secure contradictory testimony from experts, especially from professional experts, that is, men who derive part of their revenues from giving testimony in court as scientific experts.

Dr. Wiley's bulletin on benzoate of soda was suppressed, and the question was referred to the Remsen board. Soon afterwards the question of the use of sulphur dioxide and that of the use of copper salts were also submitted to the Remsen board. Later that board was asked to report on saccharin and on aluminum compounds.

ANOTHER EFFECTIVE ACTION TO CRIPPLE DR. WILEY

The Remsen board went to work on benzoate of soda, and information was soon available that its members were conducting experiments with "poison squads" of their own. Then an interesting but mysterious thing happened in Washington.

The annual appropriation bill for the Department of Agriculture came up for consideration, before the Remsen board was ready to report on benzoate of soda. For several years this bill had contained an item in the following language:

To investigate the composition, adulteration, and false labeling or false branding of foods, drugs, beverages, condiments and ingredients of such articles, when deemed by the Secretary of Agriculture advisable, and also the effect of cold storage on the healthfulness of foods; to enable the Secretary of Agriculture to investigate the character of food preservatives, coloring matters, and other substances added to foods, to determine their relation to digestion and to health, and to establish the principles which should guide their use, and to publish the results of such investigations when thought advisable.

This was the authority under which Dr. Wiley had employed his "poison squads" and had made his experiments with preservatives and food dopes. But with the Remsen board at work and employing its own "poison squads," somebody of influence in the Department of Agriculture—somebody opposed to Dr. Wiley—reached the conclusion that there was no further need for the chief chemist's "poison squad" experiments.

The appropriation bills are made up by the House committees chiefly on estimates furnished by the Secretary of Agriculture,

and after consultation with him and other officials of the Department. Usually there are hearings at which most of these officials appear and are examined as to the estimates for their particular work, and as to what they are accomplishing and what they think should be done by their divisions or bureaus.

The Remsen board was appointed in 1908, just about a year after the pure food law became operative. The appropriation bill next under consideration by the House committee was that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909. Charles F. Scott of Kansas, the same man mentioned before, was chairman of the House committee on agriculture that year. He presided at the hearings which were held.

Secretary Wilson appeared, and talked about several things, experiments in horse breeding, for instance, and the appropriations desired for that work; tuberculosis in dairy cattle; the development of trees and plants for paper pulp; and several other matters.

Dr. Wiley also appeared at those hearings, as usual. And also as usual there was mention of the food investigations. Quite casually, as he was proceeding, Chairman Scott asked Dr. Wiley if he had closed any of the investigations he had been conducting. Yes, one had been concluded, that in regard to the manufacture of sirup in the South. The makers had had trouble because their goods fermented in the summer, and Dr. Wiley had shown them how to prevent that.

"Have you completed any other experiments?" asked Mr. Scott.

"I would like to speak about several others we are about to begin," replied Dr. Wiley.

"I was going to let that follow," said the chairman. "Have you finished any others?"

"There are no others that are finished," answered Dr. Wiley. "They are like Tenyson's brook, they go on forever."

The examination ran off there into a discussion of the use of preservatives in sweet pickles. Some time later Mr. Scott returned to the question, with a curious insistence.

"Are you still working with your 'poison squad'?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Dr. Wiley, "they have a lot to do yet before we get through with this work."

"What are you doing now?"

"We are just beginning some work on the drugs put in soft drinks."

That was all. There was not a word to suggest to Dr. Wiley that anybody had recommended to Chairman Scott the elimination of the "poison squad" authority from the bill. Dr. Wiley left the hearings confident that his work would go on as usual.

When the bill came into the House the "poison squad" provision was gone, and there was left only this: "To investigate the effect of cold storage upon the healthfulness of foods."

Now see what happened, even to that remnant of the old authority. The firm of Curtice Brothers, of Rochester, New York, had been leading the fight in behalf of the users of benzoate of soda. They put up a large line of goods the labels of which show that they contain benzoate of soda. The late James Breck Perkins was the Representative of the Rochester district in the House of Representatives.

When the agricultural appropriation bill was under consideration in the House that year, in committee of the whole under the five-minute rule, and the clerk read the paragraph containing this remnant of Dr. Wiley's old authority, Congressman Perkins raised the point of order against the cold storage investigation provision.

Immediately a discussion was precipitated, the report of which occupies several pages in the *Congressional Record*. Mr. Mann, the champion of the pure food law, protested against the total elimination of the "poison squad." Mr. Perkins insisted. In the end the chairman said:

"The chair thinks it exceedingly unfortunate that the point of order should be raised upon a provision of this kind."

But the precedents were in favor of the point of order, and he sustained it, thus killing the item.

Dr. Wiley could no longer employ the "poison squad" method of investigation, but the Remsen board appointed under the general authority to secure "such assistants" as the Secretary of Agriculture needed, could spend what it chose out of the lump sum appropriated for its maintenance, and could use all the "poison squads" it liked, with nobody to say it nay and no other experiments possible by which to check its findings.

So the fine work of crippling the effectiveness of Dr. Wiley went on.

SOLICITOR McCABE'S WORK AGAINST DR. WILEY

All this time Solicitor McCabe, most expert in the game of ham-stringing Dr. Wiley, had not been appearing very much in the open. But he was very skillful in the dark, and his work was telling. He was proceeding in two ways. One was by increasing his ascendant influence over Secretary Wilson, and the other was by increasing his resistance to Dr. Wiley in the board of food and drug inspection.

Mr. McCabe evolved and put into service a brand-new idea. This was the "three months' rule of abatement." This rule is that where more than three months has elapsed between the collection of a sample of suspected food or drug by an inspector and the presentation of the case to the board of food and drug inspection by the Bureau of Chemistry, after its examination of the sample, the board will "abate" the case—that is, drop it without prosecution.

In other words, McCabe invented a special rule of limitations for the benefit of violators of the pure food law. The general Federal statute of limitations is three years—that is, unless a prosecution is undertaken within three years after a crime is committed it is barred. But McCabe thought that three months was long enough to permit food adulterators to remain under the menace of the law.

McCabe told a House committee that this rule had its inception in the protests of various United States district attorneys because in numerous instances so much time had elapsed after the collection of the samples before the cases were submitted to them that the cases were "stale" and it was difficult if not impossible to obtain convictions. Manufacturers and dealers charged with violation of the law protested, also, through members of Congress, often asserting that they had reformed the practices as soon as they learned that they were violating the law and that it was an unjust hardship to be haled into court for an old offense after reformation.

Dr. Wiley protested against Solicitor McCabe's new rule, but in vain. Wiley conceded that prosecutions should be brought within a reasonable time, and was willing to agree to abatement of cases not

prosecuted in fifteen months after collection of the samples. His bureau was overwhelmed with the work devolving upon it through the operation of this law, and he objected to being required to complete his examinations within three months.

McCabe urged that three months was enough, and Dr. Dunlap agreed with him. That made a majority of the board of food and drug inspection, and the rule was adopted. Secretary Wilson approved it, as he has approved practically everything wanted by Mr. McCabe, and the solicitor and Dr. Dunlap began to abate cases to their own satisfaction.

Up to February 5, 1910, when McCabe testified before a committee of the House of Representatives, the board had "abated" 2,326 cases which Dr. Wiley and the Bureau of Chemistry had recommended for prosecution. Testifying before an investigating committee in August of this year, McCabe said that between February 5, 1910, and the date of this later testimony the board had abated 651 additional cases. Thus 2,977 cases in which Dr. Wiley had recommended prosecution had received from McCabe and Dr. Dunlap the benefit of this special three months' rule of limitations.

Dr. Wiley admits that he makes mistakes. He says he would not be human if he did not. He is willing to admit that his errors reach a considerable number in the aggregate. But he objects vigorously to the assertion that he is mistaken in any such number of cases or in any such proportion of the subjects that come before him for decision under the pure food law.

Mr. McCabe testified that in the last year alone Dr. Wiley had certified to the board of food and drug inspection 5,600 cases where the examination of the samples had shown the manufacturer innocent. Every one of those examinations took, on the average, just as much time as did the examinations which found the producer guilty.

It was not only Wiley's cases that were being abated under this procedure, it was Wiley himself, and that was the real object of McCabe's activity. He worked both ways. He not only abated the cases Wiley wanted to prosecute, he actually accused Wiley of not being sufficiently energetic in the prosecution of certain lines of cases, and to threaten to hale the chief chemist

before the Secretary of Agriculture if he did not immediately busy himself on the line suggested. Thus McCabe's own record was in a measure protected if by any accident there should come an explosion that would make his actions public.

THE HISTORY OF A VERY NEAT JOKER

Things were progressing so well with McCabe that he attempted a new move, designed to have far-reaching effects. And with the help of the same Charles F. Scott who had assisted him before, he was successful. The appropriation bill for the fiscal year 1911 was coming up for action in the House of Representatives.

Neither McCabe nor Secretary Wilson appeared before the committee in the hearings, and in all the record there is not a word of explanation of what happened, or of the necessity for it. When the bill was reported to the House it contained, in the first paragraph, the usual words, "Secretary of Agriculture, \$12,000; Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, \$5,000; Solicitor, \$4,500," and so on. After the salary for the solicitor there were added the words: "and hereafter the legal work of the Department of Agriculture shall be performed under the supervision and direction of the solicitor."

Surely. Why not? That is the business of the solicitor, to perform the legal work of his department. It was the simplest and most innocent looking "joker" ever inserted in a bill in Congress. Likewise it has been made the most effective under the skillful direction of Mr. McCabe.

Now see what happened when that bill came up for action in the House. Part 2 of Volume 45 of the *Congressional Record* contains the narrative reported by the official stenographers of the House. The agreed on time for general debate had almost expired, when Chairman Scott took the floor to make the closing speech in explanation of his bill.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "this bill is unique in the fact that it is almost identical with the estimates submitted by the Secretary, and the estimates are unique in the respect that they are substantially a copy of the existing law. *There is no new legislation of importance. There is no change of language which alters in any way the scope or character of the work the Department is doing; and in only three of the bureaus*

are there changes in the sums appropriated sufficient to call for special comment."

The italics are mine, not Mr. Scott's.

When Mr. Scott concluded, the chairman of the committee of the whole, Mr. Campbell, of Kansas, a friend and colleague of Mr. Scott, said:

"The time for general debate has expired. The clerk will report the bill."

That meant that consideration of the bill under the five minutes' rule was to begin. This was the actual consideration of the measure by the committee of the whole. Under the rules of the House the bill should have been read then line by line, every word of it, but there is nothing in the *Congressional Record* to show that that was done in this instance. The *Record* merely says:

"The clerk, proceeding with the reading of the bill, read as follows:

"Total for the office of the Secretary, \$198,770."

That is, there was no reference to the subtle joker about the solicitor and the legal work of the Department.

No question was raised about this provision subsequently, and the bill went smoothly to final passage and was signed by the President, with the joker intact. It was approved on May 26, 1910, to go into effect on July 1st following. It is of interest to note that the Charles F. Scott who put through this joker for McCabe is the man regarded as most likely to succeed Mr. Wilson as Secretary of Agriculture if there should be a change in that Department.

SOLICITOR MCCABE'S METHOD OF INCREASING HIS OWN POWER

On June 9th, two weeks after the signing of the bill, Secretary Wilson issued General Order No. 140, and then it was immediately apparent to Dr. Wiley and the Bureau of Chemistry what had been behind that curious provision about the solicitor and the legal work of the Department.

The new order cited that provision of the appropriation bill, and declared that to carry it into effect it was thereby ordered, et cetera, as follows. Then followed eight separate paragraphs dealing in turn with the different bureaus and divisions of the Department. All were brief, except No. 5, which dealt with the Bureau of Chemistry. That said:

The legal work of the Bureau of Chemistry, including the drafting of agreements and all other

matters on which legal advice is necessary, shall be referred to the Solicitor. In accordance with section 4 of the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906, the examination of foods and drugs in connection with the enforcement of the Act shall be made in the Bureau of Chemistry.

After such examinations, all the evidence in all cases, with such summaries to be prepared by the Bureau of Chemistry as the Solicitor shall prescribe, shall be referred to the Solicitor to determine whether a *prima facie* case has been made and to recommend to the Secretary whether citation to a hearing shall issue. In all cases where citations issue, the Solicitor will prescribe the form and manner of issuing and the parties to whom citations shall issue.

Now go back and compare this order with the language of the statute and observe how Solicitor McCabe was nullifying the intent of Congress and the plain command of the law. McCabe has testified that he drew this order No. 140, and it is plain that he understood very thoroughly just what he wanted to accomplish by it. The order continues:

Hearings will be held by or under the supervision of the Board of Food and Drug Inspection as heretofore. In every instance, after a hearing has been held or an opportunity for a hearing afforded, the case, including all papers in reference thereto, together with such summaries as the Bureau of Chemistry shall prepare *at the direction of the Solicitor*, shall be submitted to the Solicitor, *for recommendation to the Secretary as to whether the case shall be reported to the Department of Justice for prosecution.*

Again the italics are mine.

The law—section 4—says that when the Bureau of Chemistry has reported a finding adverse to a product and the hearing has sustained that report, the Secretary "*shall*" transmit the papers to the "proper district attorney." McCabe was rewriting the law to suit himself, and without troubling Congress to pass on his amendments. And lest Dr. Wiley should attempt to tell some friend in Congress or some Department of Justice official what was going on, McCabe made General Order No. 140 cover just such a possibility. The last sentence of the paragraph dealing with the Bureau of Chemistry says:

No recommendation relative to the legal side of any case arising under the Food and Drugs Act shall be made to any officer of the Department of Justice, nor shall communications, oral or written, be addressed to any officer of the Executive Departments regarding matters arising in connection with Acts of Congress with which this Department is concerned, except with the approval of the Solicitor, obtained in advance.

Apparently nothing better than this could be devised to bind and gag Dr. Wiley.

There were still, however, one or two little matters that McCabe wanted to make sure about, and so he included them in General Order No. 140, although in general provisions applicable to all bureaus as well as to that of chemistry.

All requests for authorization of any Department officers or employees to travel for the purpose of attending court proceedings as witnesses, or to confer with officers of the Department of Justice concerning the preparation of cases for trial, as well as accounts rendered for expenses incurred under such authorizations, shall be submitted to the Solicitor for his approval. Arrangements for the employment of necessary witnesses not connected with the Department shall also be made with his approval.

Solicitor McCabe and Secretary Wilson had had some trouble with Dr. Wiley on such matters as these rules covered, and McCabe's intention was to avoid a repetition of such conflict.

The Remsen board had reported in favor of benzoate of soda. The medical associations of the country had refused to accept the report, and Dr. Wiley had not changed his opinion regarding the use of that drug as a food preservative because of the Remsen report.

The State of Indiana had sought to prevent the use of benzoate of soda, and two of the chief users of it, Curtice Brothers, of Rochester, New York, and Williams Brothers, of Detroit, Michigan, had sued for an injunction preventing the enforcement of the state law.

The members of the Remsen board were sent to Indiana by Mr. McCabe and Secretary Wilson, at government expense, to give their testimony in favor of the benzoate users. Indiana wanted to secure the testimony of Dr. Wiley and the members of the poison squad with whom he had tested benzoate of soda.

McCabe ruled that they could not go to Indiana. Thereupon the Indiana authorities went to Washington with a commission prepared to take this testimony. Again McCabe ruled that Dr. Wiley could not testify, and the Indiana men were forced to go to the district court and sue out a writ of *mandamus* to compel the appearance of Dr. Wiley, who all the time had been willing and anxious to testify.

There had been other trouble with Dr. Wiley, too. There was a national convention of state food and dairy commissioners in Denver in the fall of 1909. The question

of the use of benzoate of soda was certain to come up. Secretary Wilson and Solicitor McCabe deemed it of the utmost importance that that convention should adopt a resolution supporting the findings of the Remsen board. For six weeks before the convention McCabe traveled about the country at government expense, drumming up delegates to go to Denver and work and vote to approve the use of benzoate of soda. Dr. Wiley went to that convention also, but he was forbidden by the Department to speak on the benzoate resolution.

So when he was writing General Order No. 140, McCabe took care to provide authority for himself to cover any future cases of this kind which might arise.

Thus there developed and grew in the Department of Agriculture a practical conspiracy aimed at the repression of Dr. Wiley and his activities in the enforcement of the pure food law.

All the time it proceeded under cover of the assertion that Secretary Wilson, Solicitor McCabe, Associate Chemist Dunlap and the others were really endeavoring to give force and vitality to that law.

The charge was brought constantly that Dr. Wiley was making fantastic interpretations of the law and seeking to prosecute cases which were absurd on the face of them. McCabe has made much of one of these cases, where Dr. Wiley recommended the prosecution of a Florida dealer in a candy made in New York and advertised to be "fresh every hour" because it was obviously impossible to have New York made candies "fresh every hour" in Florida.

SOLICITOR MCCABE PREPARES TO ELIMINATE DR. WILEY

Matters progressed favorably for Solicitor McCabe after the issue of General Order No. 140. But McCabe realized that it was necessary for him to proceed with the utmost care and secrecy. Every time any hint got out that anyone was making trouble for Dr. Wiley an immediate protest arose in the country. No possible uncertainty was left as to the place the chief chemist holds in the belief and affection of the people, and McCabe profited by the warning.

Last spring arose an occasion when McCabe thought he had the opportunity at last to rid himself of the man who stood in

the way of his being the one dominating element in the Department of Agriculture. For several years Dr. H. H. Rusby, an expert pharmacognosist of New York, had been employed in the Bureau of Chemistry to make examinations of drugs at New York and to appear in court as an expert witness.

THE DR. RUSBY AGREEMENT

There had been much trouble about Dr. Rusby's compensation. He felt that he was not adequately paid for the time he gave to the work. At length an arrangement was made whereby he was to be put on the regular roll at \$1,600 a year, with an understanding that he was to work only such days as at the rate of \$20 per day would amount to that sum. When he appeared in court as an expert, it was to be at the rate of \$50 a day. This was just what had been done in the Department in numerous other cases, notably with the Remsen board, but it was also a violation of a strict construction of the law. This arrangement was made after Dr. Wiley had discussed it with Secretary Wilson.

Dr. Dunlap took the case to Mr. Wilson *again* on a day when Dr. Wiley was away from Washington and Dr. Dunlap was acting chief of the Bureau of Chemistry. Mr. Wilson had approved the appointment of Dr. Rusby. He referred the case, however, to the Department committee on personnel, composed of Assistant Secretary Hays, Solicitor McCabe and Chief Clerk Clark. There was an investigation by this committee, after which it solemnly reported to the Secretary that Dr. Wiley had violated the law, and recommended that he be "permitted to resign."

This recommendation was submitted to President Taft, who referred it to Attorney General Wickersham. Mr. Wickersham, considering only the single case submitted to him, found—which is the fact—that there had been a violation of law, and concurred in the recommendation. The matter went back to the President, and before action he called on Dr. Wiley and the others concerned with him for their answers to the charges of the personnel committee.

Thus far everything had been done in secret, and the conspiracy was proceeding most prosperously. Unfortunately for the conspirators and most fortunately for the people, there was a slip in their plans. A newspaper learned the facts, and the affair became public before the President had had time for final action. Immediately there came an overwhelming demand from the country for the retention of Dr. Wiley in his post as pure food law administrator.

At once the House of Representatives committee on expenditures in the Department of Agriculture took up the matter and began an investigation that will disclose in all its ramifications the whole plot of McCabe and his colleagues against Dr. Wiley.

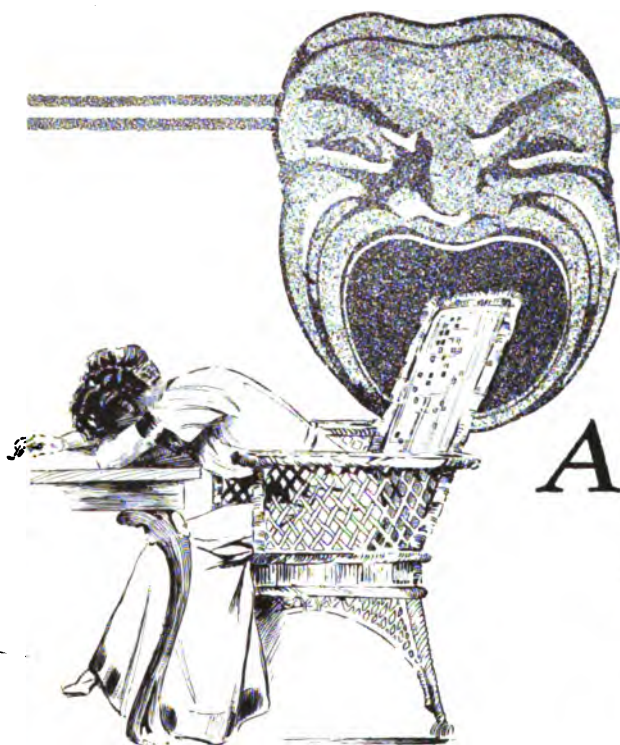
CLEAN UP THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

At the same time it discloses to the public the necessity for vigorous and continued action. We had permitted ourselves to become too confident in the assurance that everything was all right in the Department of Agriculture. Now we have seen it proved that pretty nearly everything is all wrong there, so far as the administration of the pure food law is concerned.

There must be a cleaning out. The pure food law is none too strong at the best. A thorough and fearless administration of it is needed at all times, uninfluenced by the protests of the food adulterators and poisoners. Men must be placed in charge of its enforcement who are ready to demonstrate by their actions that they are heartily in sympathy, not only with the letter of its provisions, but with the spirit of them as well.

What "business" is it that urges so much consideration for its "investment of millions of dollars?" **It is the business of poisoning and doping foods.** We want men to administer the pure food law who have convictions on that subject, and the courage of their convictions all the time. And we know from his record of twenty-eight years of constant and assiduous activity in the fight for pure foods and drugs that Dr. Wiley is chief among those men.





AN ACTOR'S WIFE

Decoration by S. Van Tyne

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

The present installment of "An Actor's Wife" is a continuation of a story of the human emotions and pitfalls facing every young girl or woman who yields to the blandishments of the footlights. The story started in the September *Columbian Magazine* and will be continued from month to month in the HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, following the consolidation of these two publications. The first installment deals with the initial voyage of a young actor and his wife into New York's theatrical sea. They had seventy-five dollars between them when they reached the metropolis. The husband secured an engagement as star with a Shakespearean repertoire company. It was the young couple's first separation and they felt it keenly. After a road tour the company came to Broadway.

CHAPTER III

THE boy *Hamlet* failed to attract the public. After two weeks on Broadway the notice went up. The company was to reorganize, which, in this instance, meant reducing expenses—and "back to the woods." Will agreed to double the *King* with the *Ghost* for a small increase in salary and on condition that I be added to the roster. In return for my railroad fares I played one of the strolling players and the *Player Queen*.

The company made one-night stands only; we made early and long jumps to out-of-the-way towns, which Will declared were not on the map. The hotels were often so bad that we were driven to patronizing the village grocer, and to supplementing our meals with chafing-dish messes. Through rain, snow and slush we plodded our way to the railroad sta-

tions; sometimes there was a hack and the women rode back and forth.

The theaters were cold and the dressing rooms filthy. The stage entrance invariably gave upon a foul smelling alley, and a penetrating draught swept the stage when the curtain was up. Once, after the *King* (Will) had been killed by *Hamlet* and lay dead upon the stage, he sneezed explosively. The audience appeared to enjoy the situation. But in spite of the physical discomforts and the stultifying grind, we were happy—we were together.

By the end of the season we had saved almost three hundred dollars. Then Will played a few weeks with a summer stock company—a "summer snap," as it is termed—and in the autumn we were able to make a stand for the much-desired joint engagement.

When the company gathered at the

railroad station bound for a city of the Middle West, it more resembled a family party than a theatrical organization. The manager himself played a part, and his wife was the lady villain. The comedienne and the stage carpenter were man and wife, and the leading lady—a girl not much older than I—was chaperoned by her mother. Will was the leading man and I the ingenue. There was the prospect of a pleasant season ahead. I smiled a little contemptuously when I thought of Miss Burton's terrible arraignment of the stage. She had been unfortunate in her association, that was all, I told myself.

The comedienne and I shared dressing rooms. She was a beautiful woman with a strain of Latin blood. I loved her from the first moment I met her. I was disappointed in her husband; her superior breeding and education caused me to wonder at her choice. Later, when I better understood the needs of the woman, I grew to like him; he was clean-minded and sincere.

It was about the second week of the season when our family party first showed signs of incompatibility. There had been some gossip connecting the leading lady's name with that of the manager, but as she was protected by her mother, it appeared to me ridiculous and unwarranted. One night, as the curtain fell on the first act, the manager's wife ordered the leading lady's mother out of the wings. Immediately there followed a war of high-pitched voices which penetrated the walls of our aerial dressing room. The curtain was held and the orchestra played its third overture.

During the wait, Margherita, my dressing-room mate, told me the circumstances of the case. The leading lady's mother was the "friend" of the "angel" of the company; in this capacity she assumed privileges which were galling to the manager's wife. Adding to this the fact that her husband was too obviously interested in the leading lady, the outbreak was not to be wondered at. The manager himself was one of those round, flabby men, suggestive of a flat, spineless worm—physique is often an indication of character.

This night the mother had been more

obnoxious than usual. It was her habit to stand in the wings while the manager's wife was on the scene, and by petty distractions to goad the actress to exasperation.

Gradually members of the company were drawn into the dissension; it was an intolerable situation. Our sympathies were with the manager's wife, but we diplomatically held aloof. Matters finally reached a climax. One night during the performance there was a stage wait. In vain Will and the heavy man filled in the hiatus. The manager's wife had surprised the leading lady somewhere behind the scenes kissing her husband, and thereupon slapped the girl's face.

A moment later she came upon the stage to play her "big" scene; she was laboring under great emotion and I thought she had never acted so well. In a speech to me—I played her daughter—it was part of the business that I take her hand in mine; I am not sure that I did not press her hand in silent sympathy. She drew me toward her; in another moment the lady villain was sobbing in my arms, and there was an emotional storm not indicated in the manuscript of the author. I led her up stage as the house fairly rose to her splendid acting. When the storm of applause had died away we went on with the scene as if nothing had happened.

I wonder why it is that women invariably punish their own sex and exempt the man? Do they instinctively demand a higher code of honor from their kind while meekly acquiescent to the conventional license for men?

Subsequently, the "angel" joined the company, and, to all appearances, an adjustment was reached. For a time peace was restored. The leading lady assumed an air of injured innocence, and left off rouging her cheeks to heighten the effect. Then, suddenly—or gradually, I never realized how it came about—it became obvious to all that the leading lady was "making a play" for Will. Her attentions became so marked that the men of the company chaffed him about it, declaring the manager would presently challenge him to mortal combat, or—and what was more likely—discharge him from the company. Will accepted their allusions in good part, but I observed the subject was distasteful to him.

To me he called the woman "a little fool,"

and was irritated at being placed in so ridiculous a position. Indeed, I think Will suffered as much as I did. Without being rude or boorish, there was nothing he could do to check her advances. She was planning her *début* as a star the following season, and made Will a proposition to become her leading man. She consulted him concerning the new plays which were being submitted to her, and planned for the current season special *matinées* of classic plays with which Will was familiar. She called him to preliminary rehearsals and discussions in her rooms at the hotel; sometimes, between the acts of the performance, she called him to her dressing room, where she received him in a state of negligee.

New bits of stage business were introduced in our present play, or the old elaborated; she would run her fingers through his hair, or prolong the kisses which the rôle demanded, or, in his embrace, she would draw close to him. In countless, intangible ways she brought her blandishments to bear upon him. Will declared she was playing him against the manager, whose relations with her had become strained since his wife had interfered. In all things she was aided and abetted by her mother, who fawned on Will and made his position the more equivocal.

My own emotions were confused; it was inconceivable that I should be jealous of the woman. No, the sensation she aroused was nothing more than disgust. To be jealous of my husband connoted a lack of faith, and he had done nothing to betray my trust in him.

Jealousy had always appeared to me a debasing and an undignified emotion. I resented the position in which my husband was placed; I would not add to his discomfiture by hectoring. I had promised myself when I married that never should I be jealous when I saw my husband making stage love to another woman—perhaps in the back of my mind was the hope that I should always be the other woman, his leading lady. Nevertheless, I was determined to stand the test without flinching. It was high time that I began to realize that the conditions which confronted me were but a part of the game—the *game*!

The word was reminiscent of Miss Burton. I fought down the suggestion blindly, passionately—I began to dread going to the theater. Often, while I was making up, I

found Margherita's eyes fastened wistfully upon me—they told how she longed to comfort me. Unhappily, I could not talk about the thing which was troubling me. What was there to say? There are emotions which never find tangible expression. Then the idea of asking my husband to resign from the company suggested itself. I endeavored to look at the question from a material standpoint. It would not be easy to find another engagement in midseason; besides, there were the expensive railroad fares back to New York—we were then touring California—and probably another separation.

Perhaps it was the strain of hard travel, or it may have been the certainty of my condition which I had heretofore only suspected, or a combination of both, which made me lose my self-control. I had always believed strongly in the influence of suggestion upon the unborn child, and the unclean atmosphere in which I was living preyed upon my mind until it became an obsession. I grew to hate the woman and her witchlike mother.

We had had some racking railroad jumps, and the loss of sleep was telling on every member of the company; the leading lady was stimulating on champagne—her mother stood in the wings, bottle and glass in hand, and applied the restorative whenever the girl came off the stage. Under the influence of the wine she became more brazen in her advances to Will; she took liberties which made even her mother, watching in the wings, gasp with amusement.

One day, something she said *sotto voce* to her mother reached my ears. I began to watch her. As the act progressed she elaborated the detail with ever-increasing audacity, and when the action required her to throw herself in Will's arms, she flung me a look of laughing defiance, coincident with a broad wink to her mother—old Hecate of the wings—then kissed him madly.

I am not sure that I responded to the cue which some seconds later brought her into my arms. (We were fellow Nihilists under arrest.) The contact of her hand against mine—Will told me afterwards he would never have believed me possessed of such physical strength. I choked her. I drove my nails into her flesh. I dragged her to the wings and beat her with my fists. I vented upon her the long-pent-up fury. Oh, the shame, the ignominy of it! I, who resented a vicious influence upon my unborn child—I, its mother, had descended to the

level of a fishwife! It was Margherita who brought me back to consciousness; it was she who restored to me a modicum of my self-respect. I believe she was secretly pleased at what I had done.

That night, as she sat beside my bed, she told me something of herself. As a young girl she possessed a wonderful singing voice; her parents—poor Italians—who came to America when she was a babe in arms, could not afford proper masters. She went on the stage to support herself, hoping to earn enough to pay for her musical education. Her beauty attracted a patron "of the arts," at least, that is the way he was referred to in the newspapers. But it was not Margherita's art that he cared about—it was the woman. Margherita was not willing to pay the price.

She struggled on, and one day, after several years of hazardous existence, she found herself stranded in a far Western city without money, without friends. In a state of despondency she had walked to the outskirts of the town, and there in a lonely wood she sat down to fight out a choice between life and death. In a moment of emotion she burst forth into song; her troubled soul found solace in Gounod's "Ave Maria."

At the end her voice broke, and she sobbed. A hand was laid on her shoulder; it was a big hand, strong and sinewy. The man that went with it was big—"big all the way through," Margherita said proudly. They were married not long after; ever since he had remained at her side, helping her to fight for a clean career, making her life's work his. Dear Margherita! I can see you now, with your glorious black eyes, your coronet of raven hair with the poppies over your pretty ear— Oh, the pity of it! Weakened by the hardships and privations her life entailed, she died a few years later.

When Will came into the room that night, he held a paper in his hand. It was our resignation. His eyes twinkled with humor when he told Margherita that he was taking the bull by the horns, and sparing us the ignominy of dismissal. I was glad to see he was not angry with me. Then Margherita whispered something in his ear. He came to the bed and took me in his arms, and what he said concerns only a man and wife. Margherita stole away, but before she went she kissed us both, and there were tears in her eyes.

On the way back to New York, Will and

I sat hand in hand, looking out at the monotonous stretch of desert land. "I'm glad to have it over—I'm glad that's out of our life," he reiterated, pressing my hand. "It was rotten!" Suddenly he burst out laughing. "Do you know, girly," he said, "do you know that with a little more fullness of figure and a pair of two-inch heels, you'd make a grand *Lady Macbeth*? Phew!" and he laughed again.

CHAPTER IV

THE question of children had given me many a bad hour. My husband felt that the coming of a child at the outset of his career would be a burden and a handicap; once he was established and could afford to maintain a home, it would be time enough, he declared. He felt that, at best, children born and reared in the theatrical profession were the victims of unnatural conditions. It was not practicable to carry a young child about the country, and, if left behind to the care of either relatives or hired attendants, the child was robbed of its natural protection. Obviously I must make up my mind to separate from one or the other—my child or my husband, until the little one was old enough to travel.

Here arose another knotty problem. Children are little human sponges; they absorb the atmosphere of their environment. A stage child is no more immune to the vicious influences about it than to a scarlet-fever germ. Should I, then, be willing to expose my child to the dangers of more far-reaching consequences than physical ailments, and at a time of life when character is formed?

Will was so fortunate as to secure another engagement almost immediately. His success led to the opportunity he most desired, and in the early autumn he played his first engagement as leading man of a New York production. The company opened out of town; in theatrical parlance this is what they call "trying it on the dog."

Our boy was born during Will's absence. It must have been very hard for Will to have the nervous strain of a first night's performance and the worry of my illness at the same time. I had gone to the hospital alone; Will had made the arrangements before he left town. He said he would feel better if he knew I was in skilled hands and not at

the mercies of a lodging-house keeper. It seemed cruel to be alone at such a time. I cried a little when the big, cheery nurse held my boy for me to kiss. The little chap had black hair like Will's, and his forehead bulged in the same way. I had always admired Will's forehead.

Baby was six weeks old when his father first saw him. I laughed when he held the boy in his arms, he appeared so awkward. After a successful New York opening, the play settled down for a run. We moved from our furnished room to an apartment. Will found it difficult to sleep with a crying baby in the same room. With the coming of the child, and the "front" Will's new position demanded, it was hard to make both ends meet; for a long time I did the housework except the washing, but when my health began to fail, Will made me hire a servant.

Will was very fond of our little boy. Many times he would look at him, and his face would grow serious as he confessed to me how glad he was we had him. Even as a small baby, the child showed his preference for his father; he would stop crying the moment he heard Will's voice. Indeed, I believe that when temptation lured him in her most attractive form it was the child who held him close to me.

Temptation there was in plenty; his success had been unqualified, the critics hailed him as a young man with a great future. His pictures began to appear in the magazines and in the pictorial supplements of the Sunday papers. He joined an actors' club, where he dined on *matinée* days.

Will's family developed a pride in him, hitherto carefully suppressed. They had shown decided disapproval of our marriage when it became expedient to announce it to them. My introduction to the family during the week our late-lamented company had played Will's home city, was strained and unsatisfactory. Now, however, the sight of the family name in print gave unalloyed joy to Will's father, who collected newspaper clippings for Will's scrapbook with more zeal than did Will himself. Will said this sudden interest reminded him of a story he had heard at the club. It ran like this:

A handsome young Irishman of humble parentage had long yearned for the footlights. Unable longer to restrain himself, he confided his ambitions to his mother.

Now the old lady was an ardent church-goer, and looked upon the stage as a quick chute to perdition.

"Jimmie, Jimmie, me boy! To think you'd want to be an actor! To think you'd want to bring shame on your old mother, this disgrace on your dead faather's good name!"

The old lady rocked herself to and fro in her grief. In vain Jimmie endeavored to soothe her. Finally, an idea occurred to him.

"But, mither, mither, darlin'," he caressed. "I'll not bring disgrace on your name—you know actors always change their names when they go on the stage, and no one will ever know who I am."

The old lady stopped her moaning and was silent for a moment.

"But, Jimmie," she protested, "Jimmie, supposin' you became a gr-r-e-at mon, supposin' you became a great mon, with your pictures in all the papers—and adornin' the fences . . . then, Jimmie, how'll they know you're me son?"

It was at a *matinée* that I first saw Will in his new part. It was the first time since our marriage that I had not heard his lines or helped him with his costumes. He had told me all about the play, and I knew the cue for his first entrance almost as well as he himself. My heart thumped so hard and fast I feared my neighbor would guess who I was. His entrance was greeted with a burst of gloved applause, accompanied with such exclamations as, "There he is!" "Isn't he a love!" . . . "Just wait until you see how he can make love!"

I confess I hardly knew whether to be proud or indignant. The familiarity with which they discussed him grated on me; I resented the proprietary tone. Then I smiled at my silliness, for I realized that this very interest made for popularity, the most valuable of the actor's assets. I listened to the gush of the *matinée* girls and their discussion of the private lives of theatrical people with a good deal of amusement.

Coming out of the theater, I heard one woman ask another whether Will was married. I wondered what difference that would make in his popularity.

After the *matinée* I went back to Will's dressing room; Will had planned what he called a little junket. We were to dine together—a pleasure we could not often af-

ford. While Will washed up, I told him the nice things I had overheard. I predicted he would become a veritable *matinée* idol—a term which he scorned. There were some letters lying on his make-up table. I picked them up idly; Will followed my action.

"Read them," he said. "You'll be amused, they are my first mash notes." There was so much roguishness in his smile that I laughed back at him. Some of the letters were innocent enough, written in girlish hands, with requests for autographs or autographed photographs. One or two asked Will's advice about going on the stage, and there was one from a tooth-powder firm, wanting the right to use Will's picture in which his teeth showed. There was one—a violet-scented note on fine linen, written in the large, loose, vertical scrawl so much affected by smart women—without signature. It ran as follows:

If you will pardon this somewhat unconventional method of making your acquaintance, my dear Mr. Hartley, I shall be most happy to have you join me at tea, after the *matinée*, at Sherry's (other drinkables not excluded). I was present at the opening night of your play, and was quite carried away by your splendid acting. Where DID you learn to make love? I have occupied the right-hand proscenium box every Saturday *matinée* since the opening. Isn't that a proof of my devotion? Do I flatter myself that I have caught your eye once or twice as the curtain falls? I invariably dress in black and wear gardenias. If you are interested, you will have no difficulty in identifying me. For family reasons I withhold my name for the present. Do come, Mr. Hartley.

As I folded the letter and replaced it in its cover, I recalled that Will *had* glanced toward the right-hand proscenium box several times.

"I think I'll put you on a car and send you home," began Will, but something in his voice belied his words, and I made him an impudent *moue*. "How do you like being married to a *matinée* idol?" Will asked, giving the final touch to his dress.

I did not reply; I was asking myself the same question.

CHAPTER V

WILL made friends easily. It was not long until he received more invitations than he could accept. He was called on to give his services for charitable purposes, but I noticed these hostesses never received him in their homes. It must be said that Will

rarely accepted an invitation which did not include me, though I often realized that I was invited as a necessary evil. After supper the guests invariably played poker, and I knew nothing about cards. The late hours sapped my strength, and my boy always awakened early in the morning. Sometimes the suppers were held at the big glittering restaurants. I had not the proper clothes for such occasions; it was imperative that Will dress well, and I did not want it said that his wife was shabby. The other women wore wonderful gowns and much jewelry.

After a winter's round of these parties, I was able to distinguish one particular set from another. There is a smart set, a fast set, and a loose set. It is this last into which the actor is drawn. Sometimes one finds an artist or a writer and a few newspaper men, but none of these is possessed of the fascination of the actor for the average woman.

With one or two notable exceptions, the actor is not received by the "real people" in society. In one or two cities outside of New York—Boston, for instance—there are families, "in trade," cultured gentlefolk, who entertain a few of the well-known lights of the stage. They welcome this advent of the world of make-believe into their monotonous lives. But mostly the actor belongs to the loose set. It is in this world that the *divorcée* or the semi-detached woman plays at being a patroness to some struggling song writer or a handsome actor.

The lady who maintains a handsome apartment and entertains lavishly is usually a woman with an ambiguous past. Nobody asks any questions and all seem willing to take the goods the gods provide. The stall-fed woman, stagnant with luxury, turns to this set for new sensations while her husband consorts with the pretty chorus girl. The stagnant woman plays around the edges, as it were, lacking either the vitality or the courage of "an affair." Individually and collectively, they mistake the excitement aroused by cocktails or other alcoholic drinks for real love and passion, and they wallow in it to their hearts' content. Nobody cares, nobody criticises; they all do the same thing.

It took me a long time to make these acknowledgments to myself. When I confided my conclusions to Will, he looked at me sharply and told me he never realized I had so much perspicacity. After that

he did not press me to accompany him; it became quite a common thing for him to telephone me from the club that he would not be home until late that night. I was sorry that I had expressed myself so plainly to Will; if only I could make him understand that I wanted him to be true to the best that was in him! It hurt me to hear him speak lightly of the women with whom he associated, and still continue to go among them.

Miss Burton was now a frequent visitor at our home. She adored the boy and never failed to bring him a present when she came. She took upon herself to lecture me for not going out with Will. She declared I was spoiling him, and that I would make him selfish. I thought over what she said, and resolved that I would go with Will the next time he asked me.

Also I began to frame a little circle of my own. There was a sculptor to whom I was particularly attracted. He was a Western product, and was preparing to go abroad to study. I had always had a fondness for sculpture, and during my enforced retirement I amused myself at modeling in clay. A baby's hand I had made attracted his attention, and one day when he had called on Will he advised me to continue my efforts. He brought other friends with him, and it became a regular thing for me to receive my friends on Saturday afternoon. I saw that Will enjoyed my little parties, though they were simple and I made no pretensions.

Miss Burton sent me a wonderful outfit and I took up my work of sculpturing in earnest. One day—it was at Christmas time—Miss Burton sent me a beautiful gown. With the package came a characteristic note; she begged me to accept the gown and not to feel hurt, that she was dead broke and could not afford to make me a “decent” Christmas present. The gown, she said, had been spoiled by the dressmaker who had made it much too tight, and it would make her happy if I would accept it with her love.

It was so pretty—all creamy white and fluffy, and there were little pink flowers scattered over the net. I put it on, and as I looked at myself in the mirror I felt quite pleased with the reflection. White was always becoming to me. I did not tell Will about my present, but the next time he casually mentioned an invitation to dinner I accepted with an alacrity which surprised him.

Sunday came and I dressed with the excitement of a conspirator. When Will called me to help him with his tie, I walked into his room with an air of unconcern worthy of a star. Will was delighted with my appearance.

When we entered the house of our hostess I no longer felt the desire to hide; instead, I felt quite mistress of myself. It's wonderful what a difference clothes will make in one's feelings. Miss Burton once told me that whenever she was down on her luck and felt depressed, she forthwith went on a sartorial debauch. She bought everything in sight. Her new clothes reestablished her self-respect, and somehow, some way, a good engagement came along and helped her to pay for her prodigality.

We were a little late in arriving, and when I came down from the bedroom, where I had left my wrap, the second round of cocktails was being passed. Will was standing at the foot of the stairs talking with his hostess. A large nude figure carrying softly shaded lights decorated the newel post, and screened me from view of the woman who was talking to Will.

“You handsome dog!” I heard her say. “What have you been doing to Alice? She's gone clean off her head—threatens to leave her husband!”

“I haven't done anything,” Will began, but at that moment our hostess saw me and nudged Will, who joined me and we entered the drawing-room.

I felt Will's questioning eyes on my face, but I did not look at him; instead, I gave my hand rather impulsively to my sculptor friend who was standing alone, and I did not notice the returning pressure until my wedding ring cut into the flesh, and made me wince. I was wondering who Alice could be and what Will had to do with her. Our hostess's patron was present. He was a middle-aged man with a ruddy complexion, iron-gray hair and a closely cropped mustache. I had once seen him at the Horse Show in one of the boxes, and he had been pointed out to me as a prominent railroad man. He greeted Will noisily.

“Hello, Hartley!” he yelled, “you're late on your cue. I suppose you wanted to make an effective entrance!”

At the table I sat next to the sculptor; on my other hand was a dentist who had leaped into fame by having been expelled from a certain European country where he had set

up a successful practice. A *liaison* with the wife of a man close to the throne had led to his downfall, and he had returned to his native land to be received with open arms by the set in which we were now traveling. He had a face such as I imagine Molière conceived for his *Tartuffe*; his voice was caressing and made me sleepy.

Opposite me sat a well-known star. He was famous for his magnetism. Although I could not discern it, there must have existed something of the sort, for every leading woman who engaged with him sooner or later succumbed to his charms. I myself knew of one girl whose life was almost ruined when he became devoted to another woman who had joined his company to play a special engagement. This irresistible gentleman was married, but his wife refused to live with him and made her home abroad. For the sake of the children she would not divorce him.

A comic-opera singer sat beside the hostess. The dentist, assuming that I knew the situation, asked me, *sotto voce*, how long I thought it would be before "papa" took a tumble to himself. When I confessed my inability to follow him, he proceeded to enlighten me. The hostess was infatuated with the singer, who was as poor as Job's turkey, and while her patron was absent—he was married and had several grown children—the lady consoled herself with song.

The easy, matter-of-fact way in which these topics were discussed, the utter lack of respect between the sexes, no longer shocked me. I was on the point of asking my purveyor of illicit news whether he could tell me who Alice was; instead, I turned to the bored man at my right, and by degrees I got him to tell me of his ambitions, his work and his ideas of life. I found we had much in common.

While we were talking, there was a noisy argument going on at the other end of the table.

"I wouldn't stand it for one minute!" rang out the voice of our hostess, and I saw her shoot a meaning glance at the singer.

"Ask an actor's wife! Ask Mrs. Hartley!" bellowed the host. "Mrs. Hartley?"

"Yes?" I responded, not knowing the subject of conversation.

"Pardon me for interrupting so interesting a conversation, won't you, Calhoun," he said, addressing my sculptor friend with

exaggerated courtesy. "I'll give her back to you in a minute. Mrs. Hartley, the ladies want to know how it feels to watch your husband make love to another woman?"

I caught Will's eye. At another time I should have been embarrassed—to-night, however, I felt a strange self-control.

"Oh, dear, what an old chestnut!" I answered flippantly. "I believe that's the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time I've answered that question this season." I noticed that my voice took on a bored tone.

"Well, tell us!" urged mine host.

"To tell you the truth," I began, "I never give it a thought."

Will's eyes twinkled; he was seated at the far end of the table.

"It's a part of the business, just as dictating to his typewriter is a part of the routine of a business man. Does every wife suspect her husband's stenographer?"

"Yes! yes!" came the chorus from the gentlemen at the other end of the table.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Very well, then, it seems to me since you gentlemen won't behave that it is up to the women to see that you do!"

Our host suggested a toast and scrambled to his feet. "Here's to our wives and sweet-hearts—may they never meet!"

There was more laughter. The dentist murmured something about moss-grown jokes, and the hostess asked why husbands and lovers were excluded. I felt my mouth drawing down at the corners, and I buried my lips in the American Beauty rose the sculptor had purloined from the centerpiece.

It was probably the frequent replenishing of the wineglasses which led the doctor-dentist to level all his batteries of fascination upon me. He moved nearer and closer, until even the hostess noticed his efforts; she thought it funny. Finally, he slipped his hand beneath the table and let it rest upon my arm. I arose and asked the sculptor to exchange seats with me. I think he understood, for as I passed him he said to me in a low, intense tone, "Is that beast annoying you?" I did not answer. In my confusion I upset a glass of wine, and the wine agent across the table told me he was sorry I didn't like his wine.

The time we lingered at the table seemed interminable. Mr. Calhoun told me I should take a drink of brandy for I was growing quite pale. He could not, of course,

realize that at that moment I had suddenly noticed that Will's companion was dressed all in black and wore gardenias. A moment later the hostess called her "Alice."

As we left the table I had asked Mr. Calhoun what time it was. When he told me it was after eleven, I ran quickly up the stairs to the room where I had seen a telephone. It was my habit to awaken my boy at half after nine, every night, to give him nourishment. He was put to bed at five o'clock, and the period between that and morning was too long to go without food. I wanted to ask my maid whether she had remembered my instructions.

The telephone was in a kind of closet off the hostess's bedroom; beyond the bedroom was her boudoir, reached by a door from the corridor. I had finished with my message, and was about to go downstairs where the singing had begun, when I heard someone enter the boudoir beyond. I stopped and drew back, why I do not know. A moment later there were footsteps on the stairs, and Will entered the room. He came quickly and began speaking at once.

"My dear Alice," he said, "this thing can't go on. You are making a fool of me and of yourself. The first thing you know, your husband will get on to it and there will be the devil to pay!"

"That's right! Make it harder for me," the woman answered. "Why do you always bring my husband into the conversation? You know how it is between us. He's never understood me and I can't go on with him any longer. I won't—that's all!"

There was a pause before Will spoke again.

"Come, now, don't go on like that; everybody will know what's happened. You'll spoil your eyes."

Another pause. I think these silences were the hardest to bear.

"You had no right to let it go this far if you didn't care," the woman went on resentfully.

"This far? How do you mean? There

has been nothing that you need be ashamed of—nothing that you couldn't tell your husband if it came right down to it," answered Will.

The woman laughed angrily. "Is that so? I suppose you count a few motor rides and a few suppers on the side nothing. I suppose you wouldn't mind telling your wife that you had held me in your arms and kissed my eyes and my hair——"

"Good heavens! neither of us meant anything wrong! Now, don't do that, don't do any of that foolish business with me."

What was she doing, I wondered? Did she intend to kill him or kill herself? I almost started to go to Will's rescue, then—she laughed.

"Powder your nose and let's go down. Somebody will notice our absence."

Evidently she obeyed, for there was another pause.

"You needn't worry about your wife," she said. "The giant from the West is keeping her busy. Better keep your eye on him."

Will did not reply. My eardrums seemed on the point of bursting for the surging of the blood to my face.

They came out into the corridor. At the head of the steps she stopped.

"I suppose it amuses you to make women love you," she said.

"My dear woman, you don't love me. I don't flatter myself to that extent."

She laughed sneeringly.

Would they never go?

"Kiss me good night and good-by," she half whispered.

"This is the last one," he answered, "the last, remember."

There was a stifled cry, as she clung to him, and I saw Will release himself and run down the steps. A few minutes later she followed. I found my way down the servants' stairs and entered the dining room from the butler's pantry. When Will came to look for me I was drinking brandy frappee with the wine merchant. That night I slept on a couch beside my boy's crib.

"An Actor's Wife" will be continued in the November number of the
HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.



THE THREE-CENT-FARE FIGHT IN CLEVELAND

By Tom L. Johnson

Author of "Nine Years' War With Privilege"

Illustrated by Cartoons used during the Johnson-Burton Campaign for Mayor

THE actual operation of the first three-cent-fare street car line in Cleveland, described in our article in the September HAMPTON'S, sent the stock of the monopoly company, the Cleveland Electric, down to sixty-three, but the battle was not yet won. The three-cent cars commenced to run November 1, 1906, and operated on the west side.

They were prevented by injunction from running over a strip on Detroit Avenue, the connecting link with the tracks on the viaduct which spans the Cuyahoga River

and joins the west side to the east side of the city.

I confidently believed that this injunction would be dissolved in a few days and that low-fare cars would run to the center of the city without further obstruction. I was too hopeful.

Shortly after the line was put into operation I was out of town on business. When I got back A. B. duPont, president and operating manager of the Municipal Traction Company, met me at the station with the somewhat disheartening news that the

injunction still held, and immediately followed it with the startling suggestion to jump the viaduct.

We had been in a good many tight places together in the course of street railway operations in other cities, and we agreed that physically this feat could be accomplished, but whether it could be done legally neither of us knew. After nearly a whole day's conference with his lawyers they gave their sanction to Mr. duPont's plan, I believe because they saw he was going to do it anyway.

The next day, under his personal direction, in the midst of an interested crowd in which attorneys of the old company figured conspicuously, a Forest City car was derailed at "Injunction Point," as Secretary Colver humorously dubbed the place where the low-fare cars were forced to stop. By the use of horses, jacks, a gang of men, and the Municipal's own current (for duPont was careful not to use any of the Cleveland Electric's power), the car was pushed, bumped, lifted, carried along somehow, and at last landed on the tracks of the viaduct. Other cars soon followed.

RESORT TO THE FREE OMNIBUS

It will be remembered that I said in the beginning of this story that it was the city's ownership of those tracks on the viaduct that gave the community its chief strength in the struggle which was to come years later. Once low-fare cars were on those tracks they could not be enjoined.

That ancient expedient, a free omnibus, was at hand to transfer passengers from the terminal of the Forest City's right of way on Detroit Avenue to the waiting cars at the west end of the viaduct, but it was not really needed. Passengers were more than willing to walk that six hundred feet.

From 2:30 P.M. until midnight the cars were operated over the viaduct at intervals of five or six minutes. Within a few days the three-cent cars would have been operating to the Public Square, but the day after they were gotten onto the viaduct they were met with the most outrageously unjust injunction which they had so far encountered.

The restraining order affecting the strip on Detroit Avenue which had just been "jumped" was now made to include the territory on Superior Street between the east end of the viaduct and the Public Square. This portion of Superior Street had been free

territory—that is, territory not tied up by a franchise—since 1850.

A free territory clause was contained in the first franchise ever granted by the city, and the question had been fought out twice in the supreme court. Both times that court had declared the territory free. For any man or set of men to claim the exclusive right to this portion of the street was certainly the height of arrogant disregard of the city's right to control its own streets.

Be that as it may, the low-fare cars were now stopped at the east terminal of the viaduct. At one of the hearings on this injunction, one of the "Concon's" (as the street car monopoly was called) eminent attorneys made those present gasp when he gave voice to the remarkable statement that "if the right which we claim is well founded, it is our contention that no one has the right to interfere with us in the operation of cars even to the extent of running a bus line."

The court granted the restraining order on the ground that "the ordinance of the city council fixing the compensation for the joint use of the track was invalid because of the admitted financial interest of Mayor Johnson in the defendant company." This decision came just at Christmas time in 1906.

The night of December 26th the Forest City Company attempted to lay temporary tracks on Superior Street, N. W., by laying them on top of the pavement. If it had succeeded, the three-cent cars would have been running to the Square by seven o'clock the next morning. The low-fare people believed the "Concon" could not enjoin them from laying these tracks, but at 3 A.M. an injunction was served at the instigation of a property owner, who was also a "Concon" stockholder. There was nothing to do but stop the work.

A day or two later by permission of the court, the Forest City removed its wagons, tools and equipment from the street awaiting the action of the court on the temporary restraining order.

On January 2, 1907, Judge Beacon ruled that the Forest City Company had no right to construct separate tracks on Superior Avenue. The company promised to remove the temporary tracks immediately, and at once put that promise into execution.

On that same day Judge Ford issued injunction No. 32 against the low-fare com-

pany, stopping the laying of tracks at Sumner Avenue, S. E. The low-fare company had a franchise for tracks on Sumner Avenue, and on New Year's day put a force of a hundred laborers to work at laying tracks on Sumner Avenue from East Fourteenth to East Ninth streets. The company already had tracks on these streets which it wished to connect by the Sumner Avenue route. Six hundred feet of track had been laid when the work was stopped. This is the way the holiday season was being celebrated by the contending forces in Cleveland.

But the people were getting the benefit of the contest, for on December 31, 1906, the "Concon" commenced to sell seven tickets for twenty-five cents. It was now fighting desperately to have all the low-fare grants declared void on the ground that I was financially interested in them.

During the organization of the Forest

City Company, E. W. Scripps, principal owner of the *Cleveland Press*, visited Cleveland and suggested to me that since my faith in the low-fare enterprise was so great, it would facilitate stock sales if I were to guarantee the purchases. I told him I was perfectly willing to do this to the extent of my ability to make good financially. He said he would join me in this and we jointly guaranteed four hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock. It was this guarantee which constituted my "financial interest" in the Forest City Company and furnished



Cleveland's Lawbiding Mayor—By Homer Davenport.

By permission Cleveland "Leader."

JOHNSON'S FIGHT DESPITE COURT INJUNCTIONS RAISED THE OLD CRY OF
DISRESPECT FOR THE LAW.

the ground for injunctions invalidating all the company's franchises.

✓ After a full hearing, it was shown beyond a doubt that neither Mr. Scripps nor I could profit so much as a penny by the enterprise, and that in case of its failure we stood to lose four hundred thousand dollars.

Still, when the Forest City Company found itself confronted with the probability of having all its grants declared invalid because of the personal interest claim, it was forced to decide quickly what move to make next in order to retain the advantage the city had so far gained over the old monopoly company.

At this juncture, the Low Fare Company came into being. Incorporated by W. B. Colver and others and financed by a man who believed in our movement but was not a resident of Cleveland, it started free from the claim of personal interest, and bore the same relation to the Municipal Traction Company that the Forest City Company did. Both acknowledged the Municipal Traction Company as the holding company.

At about this time a United States Supreme Court decision put the low-fare people in position to prevent the old company from operating on Central Avenue, and this opened the way for the operation of the three-cent-fare cars to the Public Square. Immediately after this court decision the Municipal Traction Company and the Cleveland Electric entered into a thirty-day truce by the terms of which the "Con-con" was to be permitted to run without interruption on Central and Quincy streets and the "Threefer" (as our line was called) to be unmolested in its operation from its western terminal up to and around the Public Square.

So, January 12, 1907, the first three-cent-fare car ran to the Public Square and the city was in a stronger position than it had been at any time since the beginning of the fight.

It had taken two and a half years to get the grant for that car to run to the Square, and nearly four and a half years from the time the grant was made for it to wade its way through injunctions to that point. This shows Privilege's power to delay anything which is against its interest, and illustrates the persistence of our movement to hold on under all difficulties.

The agreement permitting the opening of the line to the Square was carried out

as soon as it was made, and before the public had a chance to be informed of it. The appearance of three-cent cars on the east side of the viaduct was a signal for enthusiastic demonstrations by pedestrians and car riders.

FIRST STEPS TAKEN TOWARD A SETTLEMENT

Enough has been told to show how the fight was waged. It is not necessary to follow each of the low-fare companies in the matter of the grants made to them, nor into the courts to trace the trail of each injunction. The people of Cleveland had been patient, law-abiding and long-suffering to a remarkable degree, and when the old company and the Municipal Traction Company, pursuant to the request of the former and a resolution of the city council, commenced to negotiate a settlement there was general satisfaction.

It was hoped that settlement would come by means of the holding company plan—that the Cleveland Electric would lease its lines to the Municipal Traction Company, which was in a position to take them over at a just rental value and to continue the operation of all cars in the interest of the community.

These negotiations were conducted by Presidents Andrews and duPont. They continued through January, through February, and on until late in March. Every few days the newspapers would announce that a final settlement was about to be reached, and then again that negotiations had been broken off. At last, on March 25th, each side presented a statement to the city council. They had been unable to agree upon the valuation of the Cleveland Electric property. The figures presented were as follows:

ANDREWS'S VALUATION

Total physical and franchise values	\$30,500,000.00
Added one ninth, per agreement . . .	3,388,888.88
Grand Total	\$33,888,888.88
Funded and unfunded debt deducted	9,341,000.00
Net Valuation	\$24,547,888.88
Stock value, per share, this valuation	105.00

DUPONT'S VALUATION

Total physical and franchise value .	\$17,908,314.24
Added one ninth, per agreement . . .	1,989,812.69
Grand Total	\$19,898,126.93
Outstanding stock, per share	45.10
Redeemable on suggested plan	49.61

Far apart as these figures were, I did not feel that they precluded a settlement. One of the daily newspapers asked me to sum up the situation, and this is what I said:

"You ask me to sum up for you the street railway situation as it exists to-day.

"To begin with, let us eliminate one or two things that may be in the public mind through apprehension.

"Mr. Andrews has not offered to lease his road on a basis of \$105 per share.

"Mr. duPont has not offered to lease on a basis of \$49.61.

"Mr. Andrews has said that he can figure out a value of \$105 per share, but we are not informed what are the factors or processes in his calculation.

"Mr. duPont says he can figure out \$49.61 per share, and that that figure is a cold, hard trading figure, containing only about twenty-one per cent. good-will or bonus-for-peace factor. DuPont tells how he arrived at his figures.

"The situation to-day, then, is: How far ought Andrews to come down, and how far ought duPont to come up?

"Now, let us proceed carefully, without undue

delay, and also without undue haste. The public interest—for the first time in years—is not suffering by reasonable delay. We have lowered fares all over the city, and each of the two companies, one a public one and one a private one, is vying with the other to earn and keep public favor. So there is no public clamor for a settlement to be marred by haste, though we all agree that not a minute of unnecessary delay should be tolerated. The sooner the three-cent rate comes to everybody the better.

"There is one danger just now. It will be to the advantage of certain interests to start a hullabaloo over some side issue so that the main point may be obscured. This is the old method and we can expect it again.



By permission of Cleveland "Leader."

A CHARACTERISTIC CARTOON OF JOHNSON, "THE CIRCUS MAYOR."

This time the side issue will be as to rates of fares in the suburbs. Let us meet that, settle it, and dispose of it so that we can give our undivided attention to the main question.

"First, ninety people ride in the city to every ten outside.

"Second, the Cleveland people and their council are not the guardians of the suburbs.

"Third, the suburbs, in times past, nearly all of them, against advice and protest, have through their councils made long-time grants to the Cleveland Electric Railway.

"Fourth, each dollar of revenue cut off from a long-time suburban grant must be made up in added generosity in grants by the city of Cleveland.

"Now, then, this is what I propose: That three-cent fare in Cleveland for the benefit of the ninety must not be imperiled for the sake of the ten who have bargained and granted away their chances to make contracts for themselves.

"Let us have three-cent fare and universal transfers in the city, and, with open books, agree to serve each suburb at exact cost of service.

"The council is now sitting as a board of arbitration, seeking to learn what the exact differences are between Mr. duPont and Mr. Andrews. If each of these men will be frank and free to explain his figures and processes, their differences will be brought out so plainly that adjustment will not be difficult. I think the arbitration now in progress will meet all needs."

THE PUBLIC FOLLOWS THE RAILROAD SITUATION CLOSELY

The special street railway committee of the council presented a report recommending the holding company plan on a basis of \$60 a share for "Concon" stock, which report was adopted by the council, April 2d, by a vote of 29 to 1. On April 4th the *Plain Dealer* announced in large head lines—"Directors of Cleveland Electric Will Accept Offer of Council if Three-Cent Fare is Assured," and said:

The directors of the Cleveland Electric Railway Company, at a meeting at the Union Club yesterday afternoon, adopted a resolution covering all the points to be made in the reply of the company to the council offer of \$60 per share for Cleveland Electric stock on the holding company basis.

The communication is to be drawn up to-day and submitted to the board for final approval at another meeting. . . . The communication will then be

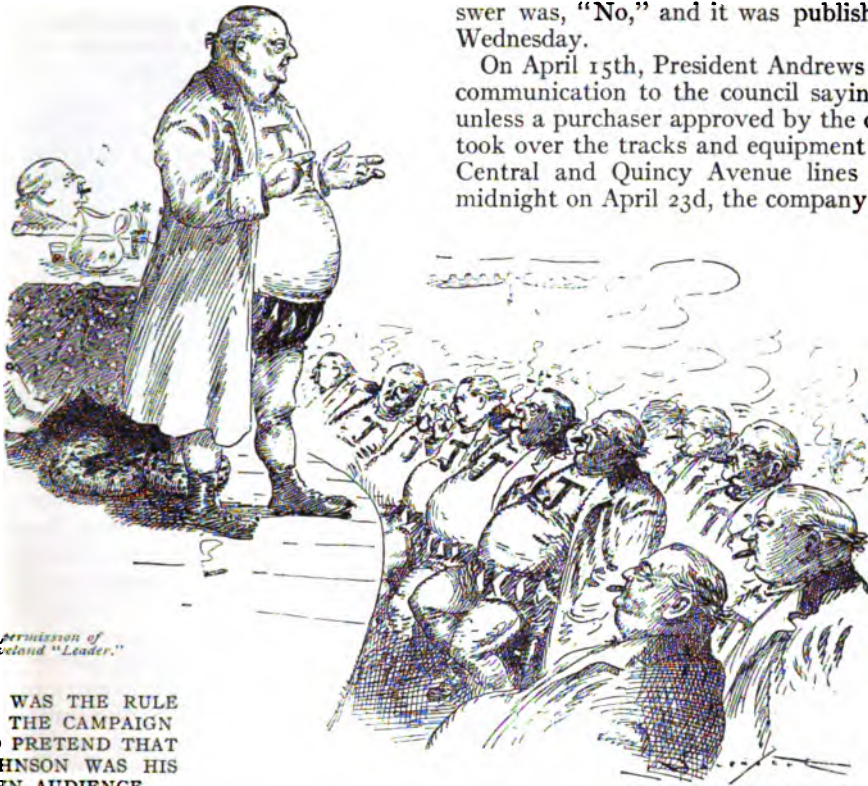
ready for the council and it is expected that a special meeting will be called for Friday, when the reply of the company will be formally submitted. President Andrews refused to discuss the nature of the resolution . . . but on authority of a leading interest in the company it is stated that the reply will be an acceptance of the holding plan at the figure offered by the council committee. The acceptance will be in the form of a challenge to the mayor, and in such form that if the city accepts, it must either make good on the proposal to operate for three-cent fare within the city limits and five-cent fare outside, or the property will revert to the Cleveland Electric shareholders under a seven-for-a-quarter twenty-five-year franchise.

The council met on Friday morning to receive the company's reply. In the meantime, on April 2d, Mayor Dunne had been defeated for reelection in Chicago and his municipal ownership program turned down. How much influence this had on the action of the directors of the Cleveland Electric we do not know, but it is certain that it gave them hope that what had been accomplished in Chicago might be accomplished in Cleveland.

The Cleveland Electric's communication was handed to City Clerk Witt to read. A hasty glance over the document showed him its character. If, actuated by the bitterest hatred, he had drawn up that statement himself, he could scarcely have read it more effectively. It was not only a flat refusal of the city's proposition, and notice that the seven tickets for a quarter were to be immediately withdrawn and the old five-cent fare reestablished, but a most insulting attack on the mayor, the city council, and the friends and promoters of the low-fare movement.

At the close of the reading Peter Witt was given the floor by unanimous vote, and as he rose, he turned to me and said: "Tom, I have deferred to your wish and to your judgment on many occasions, but this morning I'm going to have my say. They are all here and I'm going to give it to them."

And then—and then—well, I suppose it is a safe assertion that no similar body of distinguished gentlemen and leading business men was ever treated to such a scoring as those men got that day. Witt not only denounced the policy and methods of the railway company, charging that in the past it had bribed councilmen, corrupted legislators, used dishonest judges, and for months had the city hall watched by a private detective, but one by one he called the men present by name and, shaking his



By permission of
Cleveland "Leader."

IT WAS THE RULE
IN THE CAMPAIGN
TO PRETEND THAT
JOHNSON WAS HIS
OWN AUDIENCE.

The "People who own the streets," as Cartoonist Dave Noyt sees them.

finger at them, declared the responsibility of each for the particular things of which he held that man to be guilty. By this time the lobby was ready to roar its approval of Witt's speech but was restrained by the desire to hear every word he uttered.

Directly after the close of the meeting the "Concon" stopped selling seven tickets for a quarter and went back to the five-cent cash fare, or eleven tickets for fifty cents.

This was on Friday. Almost immediately the Cleveland Press addressed a letter to President Andrews and to me, asking us each to answer a question. The question put to me was whether I would recommend to the council that a guarantee of a three-cent fare inside the city be included in the lease of the Cleveland Electric Railway, as proposed by Mr. Andrews. My answer was, "Yes," and it was published on Monday. The question put to Mr. Andrews was whether, if the city followed his suggestion and incorporated the three-cent fare guarantee, he would lease his company on the holding plan at \$60 per share. His an-

swer was, "No," and it was published on Wednesday.

On April 15th, President Andrews sent a communication to the council saying that unless a purchaser approved by the council took over the tracks and equipment of the Central and Quincy Avenue lines before midnight on April 23d, the company would

proceed to tear up the tracks. This was a complete surprise and a week's time was, of course, very short in which to handle so important a matter, but a council meeting was immediately called for 10 A.M., April 16th, and the Cleveland Electric Railway Company requested to attend by an accredited delegate who should inform the council what the property it desired to sell consisted of, and what it considered a fair value for same. President Andrews's astounding reply to the council's communication sent in response to his own letter was as follows:

Replying to your request that we inform you as to what the property is that we are willing to dispose of in Central and Quincy avenues and what we consider its fair value, we beg to say that which we are willing to sell is the investment of this company in these streets. The question of its fair value we will take up with a proposed purchaser who makes a *bona fide* application and gives reasonable assurance of his ability to purchase. As the city can, in no event, be a purchaser, we cannot see the propriety of taking up the negotiation for a sale of this property with the city council.

Could anything better illustrate the company's total disregard of the public interest than this communication? Were the people who daily used the lines in question, who were dependent upon them for service, not to be considered at all? Was it no part of the province of a city government to assist in maintaining car service on streets which had not been without it for forty years? Was this, then, a simple matter of buying and selling between private individuals, or between corporations which were unmindful of the patrons who made their very existence possible?

The old company directly served notice on the Forest City that its operations from Fulton Road, N.W., to and around the Public Square must cease, while the Low Fare Company was enjoined from operating cars on Euclid Avenue between East Fourteenth and East Ninth streets. The Forest City cars continued their operations twenty-four hours after notice had been served, the peace pact having provided for a twenty-four-hour notice to quit. At the end of the twenty-four hours the Forest City cars stopped running but the service was not interrupted, the privilege of operating having been transferred to the Low Fare Company, which had not yet been enjoined on this route, and which proceeded to operate its cars here.

PRIVILEGE SHOWS ITS HAND

At midnight on April 23d, the Cleveland Electric discontinued its operations on Central and Quincy avenues, and both low-fare companies were enjoined from operating on the abandoned lines. This dog-in-the-manger policy could have but one effect in any enlightened community, and I used to marvel at the shortsightedness of Privilege in so flagrantly violating all democratic traditions.

At about this time I appealed to the people of the community to support the low-fare movement by subscribing to its stock. The banks of the city were far from friendly toward the enterprise and it was becoming increasingly difficult to get any help from them. It was evident that if this people's project was to succeed *it must be financed by men and women of moderate means who believed in the movement and wanted it to win.* The moneyed people were against it, particularly those who owned stock in the old company.

Public subscriptions were opened for low-

fare stock, making it more attractive than savings-bank deposits by reason of the purchaser having the privilege of surrendering his stock at will and getting back his money plus six per cent. for the time it was invested. This novel plan of raising money had many advantages, but the savings banks were the losers, and they fought desperately to discredit it.

On May 1st the "Concon" commenced to tear up its tracks on Central Avenue and continued, with more or less interruption, until that work was completed. The Low Fare Company, which now had a grant on this street, was enjoined from proceeding with the laying of its tracks. And so it went on day after day.

Injunction followed injunction. Property owners' consents continued to complicate matters. The courts held that it was not bribery to buy consents, and some property owners signed for and against as many as five times.

This decision really amounted to putting up legislation to the highest bidder, for the party who could pay the most to property owners for consents was the only one to whom the council could make a valid grant.

New lawsuits raising new points of law followed one another so quickly that for a while I spent more time in the court house than I did in the city hall.

During that summer the exposure of the Concon's "yellow dog" fund was made. From the company's own books and vouchers it was shown that hundreds of thousands of dollars which had been spent in fighting the three-cent fare had been charged to operating expenses—that is, to the cost of carrying passengers. Real-estate purchases made to control consents, exorbitant legal fees, useless newspaper advertisements and other expenditures which would, perhaps, have borne scrutiny even less well were charged to operation.

When public-service corporations spend money to defeat the people's interests the cost must eventually come out of the people themselves in added cost of service. Just as the people's money in savings banks is so frequently used in the perpetuation of Privilege, so too is it used by the public-service monopolies. It is the people—who use the commodities that public-service corporations have to sell—who furnish the money for "jack pots," for "yellow dog" funds, for the funds, under whatever name,



By permission Cleveland "News."

IT WAS A FAVORITE DEVICE TO REPRESENT JOHNSON AS PROFITING FROM HIS PLANS THROUGH THE USE OF HIS PATENTED FARE-BOX ON THE THREE-CENT CARS.

that are used to preserve and safeguard the power of Privilege.

The fight was now so intense that many people who had never been active before began to take sides. The banks, the Chamber of Commerce, the leading business men, all the privileged crowd were a unit against me and were exerting themselves to find a Republican candidate who could defeat me. They selected Honorable Theodore Burton, now Senator, then member of Congress from the Cleveland district. Mr. Burton was serving his seventh term in Congress and had been twice returned without opposition.

Never perhaps was there a campaign anywhere in which the community as a whole took such an interest and in which such intense personal feeling was manifested. Privilege was fighting with its back to the wall now and stopped at nothing in the way of abuse or persecution not of me only, but of the men associated with me.

Everywhere the campaign was the town talk. In banks and factories, in offices and stores, on the cars, in the homes, in the

schools. Women talked of it to their domestics, to the clerks in the stores, to their dressmakers and their milliners. Even little children in the public schools engaged in the controversy. While the issues were being thus fought out among the people in personal ways, public meetings were being held nightly attended by vast throngs.

Mr. Burton very early exhibited a surprising ignorance of local affairs. None of us had suspected that he was really so little informed on the question at issue. The electorate of Cleveland had had a lot of education on many civic questions and on the street railway problem in particular. They commenced to ask Burton questions which he could not answer. They heckled him so mercilessly that we were in daily dread of the reaction which would probably result from this.

The Cleveland *Leader* sent for Homer Davenport, the celebrated cartoonist, and for weeks his cartoons appeared daily in that paper. Davenport's wonderful drawings had been a large factor in defeating the Cox

crowd in Cincinnati at a previous election, and in other cities his services had been found invaluable in similar contests.

Davenport had not much heart for his task. He came to see me and explained the nature of his connection with the *Leader*—as I remember it, his time was sold to the *Leader* by an Eastern paper to which he was under contract. At any rate, he appeared greatly relieved when I told him that I appreciated his position and would not bear him any personal grudge.

And so the fight went on. The Republicans were sure they were going to win. They had all the money they wanted, and they brought out brass bands and worked all the old-fashioned mechanical effects for all they were worth.

There had been fifty-five injunctions against the low-fare companies now.

Three times I had been elected on the same platform. The people had shown clearly by their votes that they wanted what we were standing for and the fifty-five injunctions indicated how hard the Cleveland Electric and its allied interests had tried to thwart their will. Would the people give up the fight now? Would they be fooled by Privilege?

THE RICH VOTE AGAINST HIM

I was elected by a majority of 9,000, while the City Solicitor and the members of the Board of Public Service were returned by majorities of several thousand more. It was a tremendous vindication, coming as it did at the close of such a campaign. The east end, the rich and aristocratic section of the city, voted solidly against me, but contributed somewhat no doubt to the majorities of the candidates who ran ahead of me.

On election night, when the returns began to show beyond doubt that Burton was defeated, the "Concon" issued orders to stop selling seven tickets for a quarter (this rate of fare having been in operation since October 2d), and to go back to the old rate of five cents cash fare or eleven tickets for fifty cents.

After the election President Andrews announced that his company would bring a proposition to the council to make a six months' trial of three-cent fare *after a twenty-five-year franchise had been granted*. It did and the council rejected this proposal, and tried in vain at that and future meetings to have Mr. Andrews name a price at

which his company would lease its property on the holding company plan.

During the election "Concon" stock had dropped to 42, later to 37, and by the middle of November to 33. Yet the company, instead of meeting the council in a conciliatory spirit, at first exhibited all its old-time obstinacy and a good deal of its old-time arrogance. Realizing at last that the city had no intention of giving up, the "Concon" selected F. M. Goff, a prominent attorney as well as a good business man, a gentleman of sterling qualities and one who inspired confidence, as its representative, to arrange details of a settlement. Mr. Goff began by refusing all compensation for his work. A lawyer of his standing would have charged a private client a fortune for such service.

The council appointed me to act in a similar capacity for the city. So the administration and the council were finally and for the first time put in the position of dealing with a single individual with power to act, whose decisions the Cleveland Electric was bound to accept.

Lawyers representing both sides of the contest were appointed to determine the exact date of the expiration of all unexpired franchises, engineers to appraise trackage and pavement claims, operating managers to get at the valuation of cars, rolling stock and miscellaneous equipment, and so on through the various classifications of the property. All valuations were made by a committee of two persons, and when they failed to agree, Mr. Goff and myself were the arbitrators.

The principal points to be agreed upon were physical and franchise values of the property and that the management should be in the hands of a holding company which should manage the street railroad for the benefit of the car rider.

SCHMIDT BILL AIDS GRANTS

For four months the negotiations between Mr. Goff and the mayor were carried on in public meetings held almost daily in the council chamber. At the end of that time Mr. Goff recommended a valuation of \$65 per share on Cleveland Electric stock and I recommended a valuation of \$50 per share.

At about the close of these negotiations the state legislature passed the Schmidt Bill which provided that property owners' consents should be needed no longer for a



By permission Cleveland "Leader."

BURTON COULD NOT ANSWER QUESTIONS, BUT HIS SUPPORTERS ALWAYS REPRESENTED JOHNSON AS BEING IN THE SAME FLIGHT.

new street railway franchise on a street where there is already a street car line; that new franchises might be given on such streets within one year after street car service had been abandoned or within two years prior to the expiration of a franchise; that if fifteen per cent. of the voters should petition for an election within thirty days after the passage of a franchise ordinance, there must be an election, and the ordinance becomes invalid if a majority of the votes cast are against it.

Under the Schmidt law the council was enabled to grant to the Forest City Company certain franchises without property owners' consents, and it also made a grant to the Neutral Street Railway for lines on Central and Quincy avenues.

Mr. Goff agreed to the holding company plan, and he and I soon got together on a price of \$55 a share. The council made a security grant to the old company which was

to become operative as a grant only in case the holding company failed to pay the stockholders six per cent. on the agreed value, and which gave the city the option of buying the stock at \$110 at any time. That the fare was to be three cents on the whole united system goes without saying.

On April 27, 1908, the Municipal Traction Company, the holding company, took charge of the lines and inaugurated its operations by running the cars free for that one day. This free day was meant to serve as an object lesson of their victory to the people. It was like a holiday. Men and women and children rode, and in spite of the crowds not a single accident happened to mar the happiness of the day.

The low-fare employees were getting a cent an hour more than "Concon" employees, so the wages of the latter were immediately raised one cent per hour, and all the men were provided with free uniforms.

This made the maximum pay twenty-five cents an hour.

Some of the old company's men showed a spirit of disloyalty and insubordination immediately the Municipal Traction Company commenced its operations, and on May 16th a strike was called. It affected the members of the old company's labor union only. The questions raised were:

1. Whether the agreement between the Municipal and the old Forest City union had any bearing on the agreement between the Cleveland Electric and the striking union.

2. Whether the international association had the right to revoke the charter of a local which had an agreement with the railway company without the association's consent.

3. Was the two-cent-an-hour agreement between the Cleveland Electric and the union binding on the Municipal as lessees of the Cleveland Electric?

Violence broke out at the very outset of the strike, cars were stoned, wires cut and dynamite placed on the tracks. The strike with its accompanying necessity of operating the cars with inexperienced men, and the expense occasioned by the destruction of property, was just one of the things resorted to to make the operations of the holding company fail.

Unfriendly newspapers abused the service and political organizations were formed to refuse to pay fares by giving conductors more work than they could do. The scheme was to tender large bills in payment of fares in order to exhaust the conductor's change.

The strike finally died by reason of the weakness of its own case. It did not have the support of the labor unions of the city, and strikes instigated and aided by Privilege are never very useful to the strikers themselves nor to the cause of labor.

Of course I was blamed for everything. If the cars were too cold it was my fault, if they were too hot it was my fault. If the rails were slippery or a trolley pole broke it was my fault. If the cars were late, if they stopped on the wrong corners, if they were held up at railroad crossings, if a conductor couldn't change a twenty-dollar bill—it was my fault.

Finally a referendum petition was circulated just in time to become operative before the end of the thirty-day period following the making of the grant. Republican organizations, business men's organizations

and all the combinations that Privilege could bring to bear were enlisted against this grant, and flushed with seven years of victory we failed to recognize our danger.

We did not begin our active campaign until a few days before the election and then we realized that it was too late to meet the lies.

At the referendum election, October 22, 1908, the grant was defeated by 605 votes out of the 75,893 votes cast. The people, in my opinion, made their biggest blunder in defeating this franchise. The defects in the service of which they complained, and often justly, would have been remedied. But, as I have already pointed out, the people insist on a higher degree of efficiency in a public company than they do in a private one.

There was a touch of the irony of fate in the defeat of the franchise. That the referendum should be invoked by the very interests which had always opposed it, and that the result of the first election under the law should be inimical to the people's movement was something of a blow. But people learn by their mistakes, and the good effects that have come and will come from the referendum will largely outweigh any temporary disadvantages.

One stipulation of the agreement between Mr. Goff and myself was that, should our plans fail, the property which had passed into the hands of the Cleveland Railway Company should be restored to the original owners; that is, that the old company should take back the Cleveland Electric property, and that the original three-cent lines should be returned to the Forest City.

The old company refused to comply with this agreement. Instead, it sought every means to embarrass the Municipal Traction Company, urging creditors to press claims, tying up the funds of the Municipal in court and finally succeeding in having receivers appointed, though the money tied up was more than sufficient to meet all obligations that were due.

The receivers took over all the street railroads in the city, and under the direction of Judge Taylor who appointed them they operated the property from November, 1909, to March, 1910.

COURTS TAKE A HAND

On February 1, 1909, the fare on some of the old lines had been raised to five cents. Such a raise could not be made on the low-

fare lines since their franchises provided for three-cent fare. I advised charging a penny for transfers rather than raising the fare, but Judge Taylor thought the additional revenue thus provided would not be sufficient to meet immediate needs.

On February 27th the Federal court at Cleveland, Judge Knappen, of Michigan, sitting in place of Judge Taylor, decided that the franchise of the old company on the Woodland Avenue and West Side lines had expired February 10, 1908. This had been the city's contention and on the strength of it a three-cent-fare franchise had been granted a year before. The old interest insisted that the five-cent-fare franchise had been extended to July 1, 1914, or at least to January 26, 1910.

Judge Taylor, Attorney John G. White and the mayor were a committee endeavoring to find a way to solve the whole problem. Frequent conferences were being held. On March 26th, Judge Taylor addressed the city council, making suggestions for a possible settlement.

On the mayor's suggestion, the City Solicitor was then instructed by the council to prepare three ordinances as follows:

1. The Judge Taylor plan providing for a sliding scale of fares so as to limit profits to six per cent.

2. A three-cent-fare grant to the Cleveland City Railway, subject to its acceptance.

3. A three-cent-fare grant to the Forest City Company, subject to its acceptance.

The City Solicitor prepared the ordinances as directed, John G. White preparing a counter ordinance which was proposed to the council by President Andrews of the "Concon." The differences in the two ordinances were, as was to be expected, largely in the quantity and quality of the control by the city over the street railway company.

COUNCILMEN GET BUSY

While the public conferences over the settlement proposition were being carried on, the council had passed thirteen new street railway ordinances covering all the territory over which old franchises had expired or would expire by January, 1910.

On May 18th, bids for new franchises on four routes were received by the council from two parties. The Cleveland Railway Company bid on all the routes at five-cent cash fare and free transfers with six tickets for twenty-five cents, but no deposit accom-

panied the bid. Herman Schmidt, a prosperous business man and a devoted friend of our movement, bid on one route, the Payne Avenue, offering three-cent fare and making a deposit of \$18,000.

The question of a revaluation of the railway property having come up, President Andrews insisted that all stock should be treated alike, while the mayor and the council were just as insistent that the Forest City stockholders must neither profit nor lose by such a revaluation.

The people who purchased Forest City stock had rendered the community a truly patriotic service. There was nothing speculative about this enterprise, and I was determined to fight to the last ditch rather than to see their interests placed in jeopardy. It is the greatest possible satisfaction to me that when the receivership was terminated they received their back dividends in full and have been receiving them regularly ever since.

The warring between the council and the old interests went on. The Chamber of Commerce, business men, the newspapers and the Republican organization were against the Schmidt grant and it was defeated by 3,763 votes at a referendum election August 3, 1909. Only 68,807 votes were cast out of 80,000 expected. The people were getting tired of being humbugged by special interests. And the newspapers—every last one of them—were joining the hue and cry of, "settle, settle," which was raised by the representatives of Privilege.

The traction question being practically settled before the fall election, taxation was the paramount issue in that campaign. We directed our principal energies towards securing the election of our candidates for the board of quadrennial appraisers. This was the first election for such appraisers since the enactment of the law providing for them, and although I was defeated for mayor by 3,733 votes out of a total of 80,409, four out of five of our candidates for appraisers were elected, and Newton D. Baker was returned as City Solicitor.

On December 18, 1909, after election, but before I left the mayor's chair, the council passed and I signed the ordinance known as the Taylor grant, with the understanding that the same was to be submitted to referendum vote. I felt most strongly that the responsibility for the settlement must rest upon the people.

At the referendum election held in February, 1910, only 46,504 votes were cast—27,307 for the ordinance and 19,197 against it. The ordinance provided for:

1. A franchise for twenty-five years with a maximum rate of fare of four cents with one cent for transfers, of seven tickets for a quarter with one cent for transfers, and an immediate or initial rate of fare of three cents with one cent for transfers;
2. Profits limited to six per cent. on actual capital (including \$22,923,749.53 for all existing property);
3. Rates of fare to be increased within the maximum if necessary to realize this profit, and to be reduced if not necessary;
4. The city to have complete and continuous supervisory control of operation;
5. After eight years, the city may name a purchaser to take over the system at \$110 per share, or it may itself purchase the property at this price at any time that the state laws permit;
6. Questions of rates of fare under the six per cent. proviso to be arbitrated.

The ordinance contains a safety clause which was fixed by an arbitration committee of lawyers of which City Solicitor Baker was one, providing that in the event that the section of the ordinance dealing with rates of fare shall fail in the courts, including the submission of the rates to arbitration, then the council shall have power from time to time to fix the rates, not exceeding the maximum. If the company refuses to turn its property over to a purchaser, when the city so decides, then the council is given power to forfeit the franchise.

After the Taylor grant was approved at the referendum election, the receivers turned the property over to the old company and since March, 1910, it has been operated by them under the supervision of a street railway commissioner appointed by the mayor.

The cars are still operating at the initial rate of fare provided in the Taylor grant—three cents with a penny for transfers.*

WHAT WE ACCOMPLISHED BY OUR LONG FIGHT

To some who have followed this story, it may seem that we achieved a comparatively small measure of success. I do not share this view. To have taken more than ten millions of dollars of fictitious values out of a capitalization of thirty

millions, as we did in the street railway fight, to have established three-cent fare in the sixth city in size in the United States and to see that rate of fare paying after two years of trial—this alone is worth all the fight has cost. Municipal ownership is not yet possible under the state laws, it is true, but the sentiment in favor of it is stronger than ever, and an effort is being made constantly to have the legislature authorize cities on their own votes to own and operate their street railways.

Add to these things the by-products of our fight, if we may so characterize the beneficent state legislation which has resulted from our agitation, the development and training for practical service of men interested in economic justice, and the influence of our movement on other states and other cities.

But the biggest thing and the most far reaching in its effects is the example we have given of how to fight Privilege. The same kind of a fight carried on in any other city under similar conditions will bring equally encouraging results.

I would sound a note of warning here. There is very great danger of having the best of movements sidetracked by the calling of hard names and the personal abuse of individuals. Tactics of that kind will never get anywhere. Throughout the whole of our fight we adhered to our first plan which was to attack institutions—Privilege, and not men. This is the first thing to be kept in mind—that the battle is not a battle against persons, but against unnatural conditions, against a wrong social order.

The most important thing is that the fighters be armed with much patience. It is inevitable that those engaged in the struggle should sometimes become discouraged. But with the object of the fight well defined, the line of action faithfully adhered to, and plenty of patience there is no reason for despair.

Temporary losses assume an aspect entirely out of proportion to their real importance. The defeats of the moment loom large and so obscure the visions of the workers sometimes that they are not always able to see that the direction of the general movement is invariably forward.

But it is a forward movement, and this is the word of cheer that I would send to those taking part in it. It is in the nature of Truth never to fail.

* Less than two months after Mr. Johnson's death, that is, on June 1, 1911, the Cleveland Railway Company was forced to discontinue the penny charge for transfers, the company's earnings having reached the limit at which such charge is permissible by the terms of the so-called Taylor grant.



"'My dear,' said I, 'every man has to have a little corner of his soul which he can possess alone.'"

THY LOVERS SHALL DESPISE THEE

By Constance Smedley Armfield

Illustrations by John Newton Howitt

WHEN Mrs. Darrell opened the telegram and cried, "Oh, aren't we honored! The Blythes are motoring over and want to know if we can put them up to-night," I had a premonition which was confirmed by Lydia Siddons's gasp and Susie's excited, "Oh, but mother, we've nothing in the house and the butcher doesn't call to-day."

"I can bike over to Hamilton," said Roy, obviously sharing in the general elation.

"Though she's so wonderful you feel you could ask her to sit down to anything," gushed Lydia.

"Still, we must give them something," said Mrs. Darrell in a flutter, and turned to me and said, "She really is the most amaz-

ing person. I am so glad she's coming while you're here."

Abnormally inflated personalities are to me as uninteresting as prize vegetables. I rebel against the claim their egotism makes on popular attention. It merely amounts to a colossal imposition of one person's tastes and ideas on the community.

When Mrs. Darrell proceeded to explain that she had been to school with Aurelia, and she had never dropped her though she had married a wealthy man and become a social star of the first order, I rebelled still more. Lydia, the school-teacher niece, was sensitive of my unresponsiveness and interpolated a description of the idol's lonely childhood. She had been brought up by an invalid aunt, and had met Calvert Blythe at some foreign health resort.

"Just like the fairy prince one reads about," said Lydia, who has a strong vein of childishness in spite of her thirty years. "He is like a Greek statue, and so cultured. They married almost at once and he lifted her out of a dreary, dragging-round existence into ideal happiness."

"And yet it's wonderful how she remembers everyone," said Mrs. Darrell. "She's so big-hearted, all her success hasn't spoiled her. You'll see how she'll be one of us."

"I'd better start," said Roy, fidgeting about with fifteen-year-old awkwardness.

I listened with about as pleasant anticipation as that with which I should await an earthquake. We had been a comfortably humdrum party, the Darrells and their gawky healthy youngsters, Lydia Siddons, who was possessed of nice intelligence, and myself. The cottage sheltered us adequately, and Darrell and I fished steadily through the long, drowsy days. We had music in the evenings and read to ourselves or strolled through the woods. I like vacations to be uneventful.

When Darrell and I came up from the water in the afternoon we heard a flutter and chatter from afar, and as we stepped on to the lawn, I met a flashing gaze challenging attention as though by divine right.

The Blythes had come.

Mrs. Blythe was a large and youngish woman, who would have been heavy if it had not been for her unusual lissomeness. She was not particularly beautiful; one really did not see her "points," one was only conscious of her inexhaustible vitality.

She bent forward in her chair, levying

tribute as naturally as she breathed in the air. Immensely interested in everything and everyone, like a child, Darrell's stereotyped salutation was greeted with a wholesale illumination and her eyes explored my elderly visage as if rejoicing in a prospect of undreamed-of revelation.

The sensation was akin to receiving a full charge of spring water in one's face when one raised one's glass for a mild sip.

The curious thing was that everyone was clustered round with an air of delighted expectation. She was not the ordinary siren who says, "Look at me!" She was a far more dangerous variety, the one who says, "Let me look at you."

I recognized the influence at once as mesmerism, no less potent for the fact that it had become second nature to her. If a dog looked another way, she'd know it and send out a thought-wave in its direction. Consequently, all the humdrum little house-party was sitting tranced, thinking of nothing but Aurelia Blythe, and hungering for her attention. She dispensed personal questions and remarks to each and all, like sweetmeats, and they almost had the appearance of yapping as they gulped them down.

I cannot describe the mental strain of such an atmosphere. It was like living in the suction of a vacuum cleaner. Not a bad analogy; what she drew from people was not of much use to them, or her.

Some minutes after the shock of new adjustment, when I was eating cake and drinking in Aurelia Blythe, I caught sight of the husband, sitting in the shade trying to talk to Lydia—a difficult process, as her eyes were constantly straying to the one pole.

He was good looking, but you know the squeezed look husbands of stars usually have? He had that, only he seemed to have been squeezed hard, not pulpy. I encountered the blankest eyes I had ever met; and as I looked again, I saw they were cold and dead, behind their weariness. For all his good looks and distinction, he had not the look of life.

Then I saw his wife glance across at him, in a comprehensive ardent way, and I saw she still insisted on her right of way in, plumb in and through, her husband's soul. And I saw, too, that his return smile was polite and thin; and that he did not let her in.

I went on studying Mrs. Blythe from



"I SAW SHE WAS DRUGGING HERSELF WITH ALL OF US AND BLUFFING HERSELF
THAT SHE WAS REIGNING."

under the cover of my insignificance, and I saw she was drugging herself with all of us, and bluffing herself into a belief that she was reigning. There was just the one corner of the universe that was denied her—the one ewe lamb—the one green field—the one shell that would not open.

That the shell had once opened and let her in, and then closed up and ejected her because no single shell could stand the drain of so devouring an intruder, I was inclined to believe. There is no condition of mind so unresponsive as the mind that lives in the shadow of an overpowering personality. A quarter of an hour on the outside edge of a tea party graced by Mrs. Blythe had wearied me. Imagine living with her! Imagine oneself the recipient of her concentrated, undivided interest! And her husband had it even now. As I sipped my tea and crumbed my cake, a sort of sixth sense told me that however Mrs. Blythe might tunnel into those around her, back of her thoughts was one big overmastering desire—the right of entry to her husband's soul. I suppose she called her feeling love.

And yet I did not dislike her.

She did not worry one with false gestures or forced notes; her dramatic instinct was that of an artist. The performance of a child could not be improved upon; one forgot her mature years and matronly proportions, and smiled in spite of oneself when one met the infectious twinkle of those hazel eyes. She was intuitive, too; she said what you wanted her to say, and she knew just what pleased.

Some egotists keep the footlights between them and their audience, but Mrs. Blythe was with us, close among us; at any minute, her keen bright eyes might be searching our soul secrets.

As we went up to the house to dress for dinner, the curtain pulled aside for a moment and I caught sight of the ugly, dreary "behind scenes." I had gone back to collect my fishing tackle and came upon the Blythes at the entrance to the apple walk. As I did so, I heard that fretful, angry intonation which sounds *baffled*; heard also the stubborn ring which a woman's strong will wakes in most men. There was no child note in Mrs. Blythe's demand; she was asking him in a hurt, bad-tempered, powerless sort of way, why he wanted to go down to the telegraph office before dinner, and he was inflexibly refusing information.

I judged it best to come on quickly. As she saw me, she slipped into the childlike manner with miraculous adroitness.

"Oh, here's a minister of light!" said she. "Now you can tell Calvert the best way to the village. I'm so afraid he'll be late for dinner. Jennie is so strict."

There could not be a less punctilious woman than Mrs. Darrell. Mrs. Blythe was resorting to one of those quick little lies clever people use to screen an awkward turn.

While I spoke, Calvert Blythe moved off and we were forced to walk up to the house together. Her ripple of talk was rather feverish.

And yet while I raged at her, I pitied her. She was facing a proposition that I fancied would break even her indomitable spirit.

You can destroy yourself if you spend your life in trying to master vacuity. She could not anger her husband, nor please him. He had detached himself, become demagnetized. You cannot close your hand about a vacuum.

She came down to dinner in a snowdrift of a gown, and played the child to a spell-bound audience wherein sat one deadhead. I joined Mr. Blythe after dinner and found him a gentleman well-read and well-traveled, though he spoke with the restlessness that most travelers have. I remembered having been told he had a good deal of money and felt inclined to ask him if Aurelia was a satisfying substitute for a life-purpose.

When I got up to my room, I saw Aurelia's appealing eyes, insisting on affection from everyone in her vicinity, and I wondered if Sisyphus had had a worse time rolling up his stone than she mustering up her force before a closed-up shell.

The curious thing was that the rest of the house party accepted the Blythes as an ideally happy couple. She imposed such an impression of her charm upon her circle that no one dreamed of her husband not appreciating her. And she adopted the pose of a successful wife. She exacted publicly just what he would give—politeness. Politeness was ingrained in him and she traded it off as devotion.

I do not know why I sensed the hollow ring. Perhaps because I was not mesmerized. I saw those two among the unhappiest souls I had ever known, and I was sorry. Very sorry.

When they left us, it was not only the

emptiness that followed that made me depressed, though it was exactly as if the sun had dropped out of the sky. Positively, the very leaves looked gray.

It was five years after when we met again.

The Blythes had flown down from an utterly different stratum of society into the Darrells' halfway hospitality. I had not forgotten them. I do not see enough people to forget the few striking ones I have met. So when I encountered Mrs. Blythe in a boarding house at Florence, I knew her in spite of the great change.

The child had gone, and behind that mask of childhood there turned out to have been a middle-aged woman with pouches under her eyes and a mouth that drooped into heavy muscles at the corners. Her cheeks sagged, too. She looked as if her whole face had loosed suddenly from the unnatural tension which had screwed it up firm and young and sparkling.

Yet Mrs. Blythe's eyes looked out of that worn face, though their appeal was gone—that is, the appeal to the outsiders. The drug had lost its taste; only the hunger inside stayed and that was lively now. I have seen hurt people, but I have never seen a woman ravened on by a consuming fire; and that is what I saw.

She did not know me. The look that met mine was as blank as that her husband used to show to her. I did not introduce myself at first. Then I noticed that she sat alone at table and that she was dressed in black, unbecomingly dressed, as if she did not care.

I watched her quietly for the next day or so, wondering how she had been driven to this board-

ing house, for I found she had still her maid, and costly rings glittered on her fingers. I wondered, because the people who frequented the Pension Smythe did not bring maids. We came because it was English, and cheap, though run with the usual *pension* pretensions of long-course dinners and coffee essence after. Everything was essence, or pretense. The owner lived at a fear-stricken pace, striving to keep up with what she felt the guests might be accustomed to; consequently we never sat down to an honest dish. She had become inured to the complaints. She knew she gave the most that could be given for the money; and when clients are reduced to the twenty-five-francs-weekly pension level, the most well-merited complaints have no authori-



"YOU SAID, 'DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY ELSE,'" SAID SHE. "SO I STAYED HERE."

tative ring. I have spent my life in boarding houses, and take little notice of anything as long as the bill stays within my means. But Mrs. Blythe, with her silk stockings and French shoes and diamonds, seemed more cryingly anomalous here than in the Darrells' modest cottage.

I did not bestow my presence on the company that assembled nightly in the stuffy, over-ornamented parlor, and even curiosity could not keep me in to see if she did. I left the table for my evening stroll before the company dispersed. I am a man of habits.

But a higher power than habit had arranged our meeting. I was leaning on the low stone wall at San Miniato, gazing down on the olives and the bewildering array of spires and towers and lights, a shimmer of silver in the moonlight, when I perceived a veiled figure hurrying through the inky gateway. Then the sound of men's voices caused me to look round, and I saw Mrs. Blythe. I stepped up, therefore, from no volition of my own, and raised my hat, using the Darrells' name as introduction. The flash of relief was mixed with recognition. We turned and walked at a dignified pace along the terrace, leaving the young officers to retreat as best they could.

It seemed obvious to remark her husband was not with her; she hesitated before she disclosed the news that he was in the Rockies. I knew by her voice that I had cut her on the raw. But she had not gained reticence. An hour after, we were still leaning on the wall.

She could not stay anywhere; she was traveling from place to place, choosing the quietest *pensions* in big cities because there was less chance of meeting people who knew them both.

I apologized for my presence, unnecessarily. She said she did not mean people like me—I did not talk! Dear, dear, how she had been hit! Yet I felt it was healthier for her to be writhing with her vanity cast down in a sort of flood, than keeping the fountain playing, knowing there was no real current feeding it. She was ravaged now, but she was honest in her wretchedness.

Of course she saw herself as one of the world's martyrs. There she had given her great woman's love, all of it, to some one who did not care. He did not seem able to

care. He could not love. There was no one else she had to fear, because he was incapable of feeling anything for anyone. What little he did feel, had been given to her. But he was a classic image and so the hunger and the longing to help him and mother him and love him had to turn within herself, to devour—

She was undeniably suffering. I do not think I have ever met anybody so wholly sorry for herself. And all the time she spoke, I thought of Calvert Blythe, and I wondered that he considered the Rockies sufficiently remote. I should not have felt comfortable myself at the extreme tip of the North Pole. The whole force of woman seemed to reach out from her and clutch at that unfortunate man.

Then I found she was crying to me to help her; because if something did not happen soon—soon—she could not live:

I trust I have quoted enough of what passed to show we had left the conventional trammels of a casual conversation far behind. The fright she had received before I came up, added to the dissolving influence of Italian moonlight, had burst the never very substantial bonds of her first silence. After three months' wanderings with no one but her maid to talk to, she was, so to speak, pent up.

I think I have said before that through all my accurate diagnosis of the quality of her trouble I had kept a distinct liking for Mrs. Blythe. As she trembled and panted and let herself go to the full limit of superlative emotionalism, I could not help feeling there was a faint spark of something real in what she called her LOVE.

She *would* have gone to the stake for him; she would have done anything, if it had been sufficiently colossal and dramatic. What she could not do for anyone was to leave him alone. She had made a mistake common to many large-hearted, wide-sympathized women—she confused her province with the Deity's.

A man wants a human being beside him, who is there when he wants some one, but who will let him alone when he wants to be alone. Aurelia wanted to be omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent. Hence her impositions and pretensions had come toppling down with a proportionate exposure of their impotence.

It seemed a plain if hateful duty to give Mrs. Blythe an unbiased point of view.

Squirm as she might, she had not really let go one shred of all the vanity. She had only changed its color of success into self-pity.

"My dear," said I (I am a gray-haired old professor), "you smothered him."

"Mothered him," said Mrs. Blythe, wide-eyed. "Oh, perhaps I did! Yes, I do feel like a mother to him. I feel every possible sort of love that can be——"

"Smothered," said I, very clearly. "It's not unlike the other feeling, pushed to a conclusion. Every man has to have a little corner of his soul which he can possess alone; he has an hourly reckoning which he alone can make to his Creator; he has an inward light or voice which guides him, which he alone can see and hear. You could not get in between your husband and his Maker, Mrs. Blythe, and you never will."

"Don't you believe in love, then?" gasped Mrs. Blythe.

"Yes, I do," said I, for though I do not go in for creeds, I have some sort of a faith tucked behind the knowledge of this world. "But where do you think love comes from?"

"Mine comes from me!" said Aurelia Blythe, with the fountain spurting up miles high.

"And where do you come from?" said I.

"Calvert," said Mrs. Blythe in a sort of gasp. "And I want to get back to him."

All very well in supreme moments to rise to a supreme consciousness of unity; all very well to live in the happy quiet knowledge of being of one mind in most things, all the important ones, at all events; but when Mrs. Blythe threw out her arms and cried, it was as if some overmastering parasite exclaimed, "Mine! Mine!"

It is one person's work to live his life. Calvert had not the responsibility of supplying life for her. She had been in the world for some twenty odd years before she had known of him. How, then, could she claim him as her reason for existence?

The more one studied the claim she was making, the more clearly one saw she was asserting her right of feeding on a stubbornly-resisting victim. She complained of his lack of mental sympathy as if she received her ideas from him, instead of from the source of her existence.

If Calvert would not let her into all his ideas, apparently she had to starve. She

had no thoughts of her own. She was cut off from her rightful supply of thoughts. She was cruelly denied the right of thinking.

She drew an ideal picture of a sort of tap root, plunged deep into Calvert's heart and mind and soul, forever gormandizing spiritually, intellectually; and then talked of her attitude as one of sublime self-effacement. She said she only wanted to live for him, but she confused the preposition "for" with "on"—a trivial mistake but a profound one.

I laid my view of the proposition before Aurelia. At first she fought, refusing to admit initial premise or deductions. But I stuck to it. She had come up against a stronger force than magnetism, that of truth. She wriggled and cried but, in the end, she saw. Then I looked on a poor battered thing from which no glittering rush of anything proceeded; and oddly enough, the child looked up at me, a real child this time, who held on to the wall, and asked what it was to do. She was scared, looking as if her world had toppled into fragments and she did not know what to hold to lest it should give way.

"Oh, poor Calvert!" said she. "I didn't know. Oh, am I like that to everyone?"

The wonderful herself had gone, and her world was void and she had lost her bearings.

I talked the usual moralities. She quoted, rather unexpectedly, a verse which showed she understood what I was driving at.

"Every wise woman buildeth her own house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands," said she. "That's what I've done. Plucked it down."

She could not get away from "I."

I gave her some more plain speaking, rather desperately. How could one hope to change a nature which had been turned inward from babyhood, worshipping itself.

From fragments she let drop, I visualized the lonely childhood, starved of natural activity and fed with dreams in which she (of course) played heroine, then the romantic marriage and unlimited audiences and materials for romances.

I was sorry for the child that stood there asking what it was to do. How should I know? One does not learn how to heal lives in universities.

The particular one I taught at could not defer the opening of its classes until I had

settled Mrs. Blythe's affairs; I had to go on the morrow.

We had not exchanged addresses. At breakfast, we both sat stiff in our respective places, and were mutually relieved, I fancy, not to say good-by. She was out when I drove off. Funnily enough, she went out of my mind from this time; it was as if a problem that had bothered had been solved. Anyhow, my part in the solution had been done.

When, two or three years later, I returned again to Italy, this time on a brief Easter trip, I approached the Pension Smythe without a thought of her.

I noticed the place was painted up; the hall was white and cool; the stairs fresh laid with matting. I glanced into the stuffy English-seaside parlor and beheld a restful room with big hospitable chairs, and new reviews, and pleasant decorations which included flowers and barred the usual ornaments.

When Miss Smythe trotted down the passage, I saw she was spring-cleaned, too. She received me with the repose of one who is successful. I commented upon the changes, which she dismissed, I thought, a little cursorily, merely saying she had now a partner but the business was still hers. It seemed to me she was slightly insistent on the latter fact.

The meals were up to the new standard; even a different type of boarder seemed to have appeared. The atmosphere was not congenial to genteel grasping. The people were more homely; perhaps the surroundings brought out their pleasant qualities.

I diagnosed the partner to be the shrewd-faced woman who sat opposite Miss Smythe and said good morning with extra geniality. Two days after, the early sun awoke me so persistently that I had to leave my bed and sally forth. Florence was awake and full of flowers. I found myself close to the market square. As I paused to feast my eye upon the blaze of color set jewelwise midst the houses still in shadow, I ran against some one with a basket, and found I was apologizing to Mrs. Blythe.

Was it sunshine, or the unexpected nature of our meeting that had sent the light into her eyes and rounded out her cheeks again? I looked once more and found Mrs. Blythe was smiling in a friendly way and knew me. Dear me! How that third picture stays! A pleasant picture of a woman in a simple

gown, short-skirted and white collared, and yet oddly graceful.

I held the basket while she marketed, in proficient Italian and with a knowledge of values that suppressed miscalculations. When we turned up the narrow street I had realized that the surging force had turned into a deep channel and was being utilized. Inquiries followed.

Mrs. Blythe's eyes opened rather wide. Did I not remember this had been my plan?

As I stared, mute with astonishment, she reminded me of that far-off evening at San Miniato.

"You said, 'do something for somebody else,'" said she. "And when I said who, you said, 'Begin where you are. Think of the wretched little woman who runs your boarding house. She's got far bigger worries than you!' I saw her the first thing the next morning and found she was on the verge of bankruptcy. Some angel must have guided us. I stayed on from day to day. There was so much to do when one began. And there was no reason why I should go. Besides, in a little while, when I'd wakened up a little more, I saw more things that needed setting right. By that time, she was glad to take me into partnership. I'm the working member of the firm and do not appear."

Mrs. Blythe glanced for a second at her sunbrowned hands—bereft of rings.

"And Mr. Blythe?" said I irresistibly.

"I haven't heard from him for a long time," said Mrs. Blythe in a steady voice. And I saw her eyes sought a passing fruit-tiere's with no ulterior motive than to scan a mound of lemons.

"You see, I'm self-supporting now," she added. "It's a sensation that is still fresh enough to be consciously enjoyable. How long are you staying?"

Longer than I intended. An epidemic kept the college closed, and extended my leave in convenient fashion. Thus I was still at the Pension Smythe when Aurelia heard. She accosted me in the hall one morning after breakfast, looking a little like her old self; that is, her eyes shone humbly and her lip trembled.

"Calvert's coming, to-night," said she. "I saw his writing on Miss Smythe's desk. She does not know; nor does he. I mean, he doesn't know I'm here. Funny that he should come here—he is the

last person to meet at a *pension* of this kind."

"Now, I should have said he was a man of refined taste," said I. I had discovered she liked me to say things about him.

"Exactly," said she. "He used to be foolishly exclusive."

"And the fame of the *pension* has reached him," said I. "Don't you realize what you've done?"

"It's simple and clean . . . and cheap, that's all," said she, with a faint shrug of her shoulders. "I can't see Calvert sitting down to dinner with them all; still, I shan't have to."

She smiled faintly as she went upstairs.

I went off for the day. I seemed to need big spaces, and the hills around Florence give one that. Sullen clouds were hanging on the mountains; when I returned the town was gray and the Arno, swollen muddy yellow, foamed and churned beneath the bridges.

I was glad to get inside the *pension* even though its quiet atmosphere was troubled by the prescience of something coming. We were all seated when the new arrival came. He sat some way down the table, opposite, just as blank as ever. His vacation did not seem to have rested him. I did not want to speak but he recognized me, and after dinner contact was inevitable.

He was passing through for one night only.

His eyes traveled round the harmony of gray and white and fawn which comprised the background of the bowls and pots of flowers, and he added that he rather wished he had known of this *pension* sooner.

"I feel I could almost live here," he volunteered.

His gray eyes were set deep beneath level brows; I realized a face was evidence of certain qualities. It occurred to me that a very simple, straightforward, honest soul would feel blank beside the old Aurelia. If truth was a matter of course in daily living and thinking, one would not understand perpetual drama.

To this day I cannot explain why I persuaded him to visit the market in the early morning. I heard myself as in a dream singing the praises of the flower stalls and the market women and the exquisite surroundings. He seemed surprised at my enthusiasm. Eventually I felt a spark was

wakened. I went to bed early, but could not sleep. I knew I was a fool. Mrs. Blythe had not looked unhappy—I should have known if she had been. And yet here I was lying awake like a green girl, nervous, fevered, even while I told myself their fate was not in my hands.

There was something unusually wistful about him, though. I had always liked him, I remembered.

How it was I overslept I cannot say; just before I had intended getting up I must have fallen into a sound sleep for I woke to hear a muffled sound which resolved itself into the gong. Brilliant sun; the scent of coffee; breakfast!

When I got down, the room was empty save for—the Blythes, both of them, sitting at the end of the long table with an indescribable air of intimacy. I was just edging out when Calvert saw me. Then she turned. It seemed they had met at market.

I ate my roll as quickly as possible.

Later, Mrs. Blythe met me on the landing, her arms round a big pile of clean sheets.

"Has your husband gone," said I.

She shook her head with a faint blush.

"I thought he was going this morning," said I purposely, grim as ever.

"We're both going, when we go," said Aurelia, rather incoherently as far as words went. I asked no explanation, so she had to give it.

"He's tired of traveling. He used to be a sculptor before his uncle left him all his money. It's gone, most of it; been mis-handled. Fortunately, he's paid in my allowance to my bankers all this time and that's been accumulating. We're going back to buy a home with it." She paused a minute.

"He said, directly he came in, he felt this was like a home," she murmured.

Oh, dear me! She was as much in love as ever.

"Well," said I. "You may have learned your lesson."

She took a deep breath.

"I think— Oh, I do think—the *pension* has taught me how to let people go away from me," said she, and then turned to me with the smile that was steady now, no flashlight imitation.

"I couldn't bear to let the people go at first," she said. "I talked to everyone and

got interested and wanted to help and advise, and then—oh, the wrench, as one after another moved on. Then, of course, they didn't write. And I saw I couldn't keep up with all the people's problems. So I made myself content with giving them what they'd come here for, food and shelter, just a resting place."

"And that's what he wants, is it?" said I.

She looked over the banister. He came up, two steps at a time, not seeing me.

"I've got a carriage," said he, and his voice was that of a man who has full charge of his responsibilities. "You must take a

holiday to-day. Put on your hat and bring a wrap."

I caught the faintest gleam of light along her face, as if for a fraction of a second the heavens had opened.

Then she put down the sheets upon the chest.

"Very well. I'll go tell Miss Smythe," said she, and moved away, with her composed swift tread, the keys at her side jingling slightly.

It was his turn to stand still, looking after her, as if he, too, saw a rift where he had only known a gray expanse of mystery.

UNAWARE

By Marie Conway Oemler

I FLED before its shrouded face,
That specter grief of mine:
Which made me eat of bitter bread,
And drink of gall for wine.

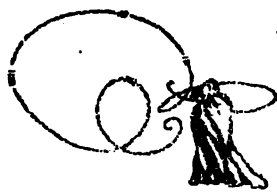
Which watched my pillow as I slept,
Walked by me in the street,
And into strange and woeful ways,
Whipt my unwilling feet.

I learned to pause for other feet,
Upon that Way I trod,
And lo, the heavy hand of Grief
Was as the hand of God.

Ah, Lord! My tears that washed me clean
Revealed thy tender care,
And in that Grief I entertained
Thine Angel unaware!



Plays and Players



I DOUBT if there will be much of an attempt to uplift the drama this season. The uplifters were pretty busy last season and the season before—and it must be distinctly recorded that they are all of them far from being in the same class with Atlas. The main result of their endeavors was to lose considerable money for several managers, and to lose considerable prestige for themselves.

The trouble with the uplifter of the theater is that he is primarily of the "reformer" attitude of mind and is, therefore, cursed by all the blights that curse reformers. A reformer is an intense person who wants to bend the masses to his way of thinking. If, for instance, he is Wilberforce Wildflower, a dramatic poet, his idea of reforming the stage is to force a public which hitherto could not stomach his dactylic or pterodactylic flights into bolting his stuff for three hours in some New Theater or Ultra Opera House.

In other words, Wilberforce does not want to reform the theater for the people who attend the theater; he wants to reform it for Wilberforce, his verses, his attitude of mind, and all that fol-de-rol. So it often happens that Wilberforce is his own refutation of his own reform.

If a hissing, gripping man stopped you on the street and told you he was not satisfied with things as they are, you, not being a common person with a wooden head, would undoubtedly ask him what he objected to in things. The chances are he would answer that they are not Pure enough or not Intellectual enough or not Beautiful enough or not Good enough. (For a reformer generally talks in the abstract,

using more capital letters than George Ade and Æsop in their palmy days.)

Then you would ask him what kind of Purity he wanted to exchange for the present brand. And he would answer: "My kind."

Well, that has been the trouble with the uplifter of the stage in the last two years. The managers have been rather generous to the uplifter, have "dropped" some money on him and have spent some time on him. At last about a dray-load of dray-ma In-

tellectual, Poetic, Æsthetic and the like came on. This dray-load was not very long in passing a given point—the point given being Oblivion.

And the reason why these reformers failed is the same reason why most other reformers have failed. Most reformers. Not all.

I am going to ask you to forget the theater for just one brief paragraph—not a difficult thing to do—and consider the history of the world. This history is peppered, as Justin Huntly McCarthy says, with "the ambitions of princes." Almost all the great dates of history have to do with the success or failure of an ambition of a prince of men. Now, a prince cannot gratify his ambition unless he gratifies it at the expense of the mass of people. So that history shows us, with plenty of brass-band effect, a long series of events in which the prince exploited the people for his own ambition.

If you are of a substituting turn of mind you might, in that last sentence, substitute "reformer" for "prince." The ambition of too many reformers has been to make themselves princes.

Now, to return to the theater, this



"prince" attitude of mind is what ails the dray-ma reformer. He wants to establish a New School or some other abominable thing. He wants people to function intellectually the way Cap I functions intellectually. He wants people to adore his poetry the way Cap I adores his poetry. He wants people to chuckle neatly at his humor, his sarcasm, in the same neat fashion in which Cap I chuckles at it.

Fortunately for the people, however, in this parallel between the history of war and the history of the theater, the theater is a thing you can stay away from. As a mass you can be exploited on a Boer battlefield by a banker prince. But as a mass you can stay home from the theater and let the New Intellect go soak its Bean, to speak abstractly of an abstract thing.

NONE BUT THE AUTHOR KNOWS THE "PURPOSE"

Of course the uplifter always writes with a Purpose. A Purpose is a large piece of Tanglefoot on which the characters of the play, the playwright and the audience generally get stuck. Sometimes the Purpose is an *Æsthetic Purpose*—as in Percy Mackaye's "The Scarecrow," or George Sylvester Viereck's "House of the Vampire." And sometimes it is a *Social Purpose*—as in Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse." Mark at once that in neither type of play can the audience ascertain the purpose. Only the author knows. Technically, this is known as bum play-writing—and bum play-writing is a characteristic of most uplifters of the stage.

As to having a purpose at all in plays, the best writers say, "Do not." However—and this is a hint to managers even more than it is to magazine readers—if the uplifter must write with a purpose, let him not write as an ambitious prince willing to exploit the people for his own individual desire.

Tell him to take the part of the people against all princes.

The time is almost here when the people will use the prince—instead of the prince using the people. This time is nearer in politics than it is in dramatics. In dramatics those wonderful double-browed writers are still hypnotized by the man-and-woman situation. For dramatists there seems to be no situation outside of He-She-and-It. But in politics the ambitions of

princes are slowly being choked by the ambitions of the masses. Initiative, referendum and recall. Menacing, dolorous words to princes. Words of light to the masses who have been so long exploited.

I see a play in those three words. Act I—*Initiative*. John Smith elected to do something for the Real Folks. Act II—*Referendum*. John Smith, beset by the Interests, proposes legislation in their behalf. The Referendum to the Real Folks knocks it out. Act III—*Recall*. Sockdolager Bitter Dose. Interests Knocked Out. John Smith to the waste basket. Real Folks triumphant.

Why not, if you are trying to uplift the drama, uplift it for the people instead of for the uplifter? If there must be drama with a purpose, why isn't the purpose to electrify the people, to inform the masses of the truth about their politics (which is only their social hope) and their economics (which is only their housekeeping)? I suppose the drama can actually help in great spiritual movements. I do not know, but I suppose the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" helped probably as much as the book.

If we are now—as many good thinkers seem to think—upon the threshold of a bloodless revolution in which the masses shall get the better of the princes, why is not the movement stimulated by some of the drama uplifters in a few stirring plays? For myself, I would rather see an audience stirred by its first actual knowledge of its voting conditions and its tariff conditions than see it stirred by the orful, sentimental biff which Sarah gets when she sees her former husband winning the friendship of her only son.

I would rather hear a man hiss when he sees how a United States Senator is selling him out (on the stage) than hear him hiss when a villain says, "I will abduct this gyull e'en though I be shot in the bread-basket for my dastardly deed."

I would even rather see a man get tired of a dramatization of Senator LaFollette than see him get tired of a poetic drama entitled "Salmon and Cyrrhosis, a Tragedy in Odes" by Goldenrod Applehead.

If the uplifters are going to get another chance, let them lift up something the people want to see. One thing the people do *not* want to see is introspective egotism. The uplifters lift this oftenest because it is light. In fact, it is a soap bubble.



MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN TELLING JACK (MAC MACOMBER) AND DOROTHY (AILEEN MORRISON) THE FAIRY TALE IN "THE REAL THING."

MISS MINNIE DUPREE, MISS CROSMAN.

FRANK MILLS.



MISS VALESKA SURATT IN "THE RED ROSE." (IN THE OVAL) MISS SURATT AND ALEXANDER CLARK



RUTH SHEPLEY, LINDSAY J. HALL AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE."

Personally, I hope we are through with the uplifters of the stage. Every uplifter whose work I have seen has turned out piffle. He was a theorist who had no practical sense. Such a man could always take lessons from Tom L. Johnson—who was a practical man first, a theorist afterwards, and who got what he went after every time. If there be dramatists who can qualify likewise, let them write.

There is no use of our trying to fool ourselves over these people. There is no use saying they are "injecting a new note into the drama." They are injecting sand into the gear box of the drama. There is no use telling me Percy Pillfiddle is great and new, because I know that after the second night Percy cannot keep one tenth of his audience awake. There is neither novelty nor magnitude in that performance.

Briefly, I hope the managers this season are going to stick to the plain ordinary kind of playwright whose plays are simply a delineation of life as he sees it; a criticism of

the current life of his time. If there must be plays-with-a-purpose, make the purpose be to turn the attention of the masses of people toward the impositions of their princes.

"THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS"

That is the good thing about the "summer show." It tries to save neither your culture nor your country. The bad thing about it is that it lures you into a very hot theater with your folks from out of town. In the case of "The Girl of My Dreams," a Chicago production by Wilbur D. Nesbit and Otto Hauerbach (writers of the "book"), and Karl Hoschna (writer of the music), all that is attempted is to give you youth again. It doesn't do this completely, but it does it so well that all the New York critics said the show was no good. It therefore ought to go out in the world and make a great deal of fame and a great deal of money. For what Broadway does not know about youth equals what youth does not know about Broadway.



John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, formerly of vaudeville, take the *Romeo and Juliet* parts. It is all the story of a Quaker maid who loves a man who seems to be in difficulties with another woman who is in still other difficulties of her own. It turns out right for the Quaker girl (Leila McIntyre), but only after she has sung a very pretty song. It seems her heart is breaking and she wonders if the same *Dr. Tinkle Tinker* who used to mend her broken toys can mend her heart. So we get the delightful "Doctor Tinkle Tinker" song. There are also kissing games and other adolescent reminiscent things. There is not a line of indecency in the play. Try it when it comes to your town. You'll like it.

"THE REAL THING"

Is Shakespeare the only playwright who can write a play for Henrietta Crosman?

It seems her *Rosalind* will remain her high mark. Every

time I read of her in a play, the kindly critic always says the play was bad but the actress was excellent. This is what happened in "The Real Thing," by Catherine C. Cushing.

The consensus of opinion is that there is no use calling such a play by such a name.

If it had not been for Miss Crosman, the chances are the play would have received scant notice. Why do not some of the younger comic writers, such as A. E. Thomas or Winchell Smith or that man who fails at melodramatics, Forrest Halsey, try their hand at a vehicle for Miss Crosman? Say a "School for Liars" to equal the "School for Scandal"? For lying is one of the neatest of modern comic traits.

Thespians know we have few enough good actresses. It is a pity they cannot all be provided with adequate material. To show you how real a thing "The Real Thing" is, I will mention that the pull-lot runs thus: A man says he will not enjoy the society of

MISS HAZEL DAWN IN
"THE PINK LADY."



MISS LEILA MCINTYRE IN "THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS," AND ONE OF THE NOVEL DANCES IN THAT MUSICAL COMEDY.

his wife if she continues to be a drudge to her children; he will sneak joy elsewhere. Miss Crosman, as "the widow," comes along at this joint and tells him never of the rough stuff, Richard. Tableau, joy. "The widow," also straightens up her own matrimonial chances. Again tableau, joy.

I don't believe this sort of play will get anybody anywhere. Not even Miss Crosman, but, such as the play is, it does point out a wholesome moral to women — a moral which we find reflected in the fashion and women's pages of the newspapers. The moral is that just because you are married to a man is no sign you should dress like a cook and act like a bottle-washer when he is around. Up to the "I thee wed" you have always appeared on dress parade before him. The gold band does not necessarily entitle you to wear a mother-hubbard robe of office and carry a mop as a scepter. If you think it does, "ask the man."

THE RED ROSE

Another summer show, in which Valeska Suratt does her usual valesking. The plot deals with



MISS GERTRUDE HOFFMAN AS CLEOPATRA
IN THE BALLET OF THAT NAME.

studio life in Paris. It seems odd that some playwright has not used this material before. The idea is interesting: a young American painter falls in love with a heated proposition in the model line (that's Valeska); but his father, appearing on the scene, hastily chalks the nix sign on the idea. Then the model starts in to win the old codger's approbation, does so and gets the boy.

There are several reasons why this plot is good. One is that, being laid in Paris, it gives the costumer a chance to design some of those costumes which are worn on Mars. It gives the song writer a chance to crib some music from Paris, where they have real music. It gives the star a chance to say "Oo-lah-lah" on occasion. And so on. I wonder why nobody has thought of this before.

"The Red Rose" really has some funny lines. It is sprightly and gets along without crutches or smelling salts. Miss Suratt is at her best, which is not bad for all concerned. Here is one of the jests:

"Every bone in my body hurts."

"My, what a headache you must have."

MILLES, BALDINA AND LOPOUKOWA
AND M. VOLININE IN THE BALLET
"LES SYPHIDES," AT THE WINTER
GARDEN.



A SCENE FROM THE WONDERFUL BALLET "SHEHERAZADE."



JULIAN ELTINGE AS HE IS IN REAL LIFE AND AS HE APPEARS IN "THE FASCINATING WIDOW."

WINTER GARDEN—RUSSIAN BALLETS

This is a chorographic display. It is beautiful. One of the greatest beauties about being chorographic is that you do not employ the human voice. You make the chorus-graph instead of voke. This saves wear and tear on the vocal chords as well as on the audience. Anybody who has ever had the sawmill sensation of hearing a chorus girl speak will agree that the chorographic method is by far the best.

The Winter Garden is modeled after the Continental type of entertainment hall. These dances are really most excellent, the chorus dancing in the last ballet especially. The color effects are good. As a chorographic display it is a satisfying evening's entertainment.

THE PINK LADY

"The Pink Lady" is an excellent musical show founded upon a French play called "The Satyr." It is so good that—rare occurrence for an American-made play—it is to be sent abroad. It has one of the best plots the musical comedy stage has seen recently, and moreover the music and the specialties are smart, clean and snappy. For the first time in years, there is a second act that is genuinely cleanly funny all the way through, thanks to the excellent work of Alice Hegeman and Frank Lalor. Like "The Merry Widow" and other musical shows in their time, it remained for "The Pink Lady" to furnish the season's popular waltz song, "Beautiful Lady." This song the star, Hazel Dawn, accompanies on the violin as a part of the action of the comedy.



The CARPET from BAGDAD

By **Harold MacGrath**

Author of "The Man on the Box," etc.

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

George Percival Algernon Jones, son of a prosaic father and romantic mother, goes abroad to represent a rug house. In December, 1909, at a Cairo hotel he meets a dilapidated stranger who calls himself "Ryanne" who has stolen the "Holy Yhoirdes," a sacred rug from the Pasha of Bagdad, to whose care it was entrusted by the Turkish Sultan. Jones buys the rug. Meanwhile, Mahomed, an Arabian custodian of the rug, whom Ryanne nearly killed, trails Ryanne to Cairo. Fortune Chedsaye, her mother and uncle, the major, arrive at the hotel. Ryanne has been identified with the mother and major in some past mysterious doings, but he loves Fortune, a pure girl. Discovering that Fortune cares for Jones, Ryanne meets Mahomed and companions in the street and tells them Jones has the rug and arranges with Mahomed to kidnap Jones and get the rug back. Mahomed, a trickster, arranges to kidnap Ryanne, Jones and Fortune. Jones discovers the rug is stolen and later goes to meet Ryanne at the English bar, whither Fortune has also been lured. After a fight with Mahomed and his kidnapers, Ryanne and Jones find themselves bound out on the Arabian desert. Fortune is with them. They are headed for Bagdad on camels. Mahomed offers their freedom for the return of the rug. Fortune surprises her companion captives by telling them that she stole the rug to prevent trouble and that it is hidden in her steamer roll. They send a messenger to Fortune's mother to return the rug, but it is too late. She and the major have sailed for New York. Fortune overhears a conversation between Jones and Ryanne in which Ryanne tells that Fortune's mother is a smuggler and the major a card sharp. The first installments of "The Carpet from Bagdad" appeared in the *Columbian Magazine*, and the final chapters will be published in the *HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE*.

CHAPTER XV

MAHOMED RIDES ALONE

IT was as if the stillness of the desert itself had encompassed the two men. In their ears the slither of the brittle palm leaves against one another and the crackle of the fire were no longer sounds. They stared at Fortune with that speechless wonder of men who had come unexpectedly upon a wraith. What with the faint glow of the fire upon one side of her and the pallor of moonshine upon the other, she did indeed resemble man's conception of the spiritual.

Ryanne was first to pull himself together.

"Fortune, I am sorry; God knows I am. I'd have cut out my tongue rather than

have hurt you. I thought you were asleep in the tent."

"Is it true?"

"Yes." Ryanne looked away.

"I had not quite expected this—the daughter of a thief!"

"Oh, come now, don't look at it that way. Smuggling is altogether a different thing," protested Ryanne. (Women were uncertain; here she was, apparently the least agitated of the three.) "Why, hundreds of men and women, who regularly go to church, think nothing of beating Uncle Sam out of a few dollars. Here's Jones, for instance; he would have tried to smuggle in that rug. Isn't that right, Jones?"

"Of course!" cried George eagerly,

though scarcely knowing what he said. "I'd have done it."

"And you wouldn't call Percival a thief," with a forced laugh. "It's like this, Fortune. Uncle Sam wants altogether too much rake-off. He doesn't give us a square deal; and so we even up the matter by trying to beat him. Scruples? Rot!"

"It is stealing," with quiet conviction.

"It isn't, either. Listen to me. Suppose I purchase a pearl necklace in Rome, and pay five thousand for it. Uncle Sam will boost up the value more than one half. And what for? To protect infant industries? Bally rot! We don't make pearls in the States; our oysters aren't educated up to it." His flippancy found no response in her. "Well, suppose I get that necklace through the customs without paying the duty. I make twenty-five hundred or so. And nobody is hurt. That's all your mother does."

"It is stealing," she reiterated.

How wan she looked! thought George.

"How can you make that stealing?"

Ryanne was provoked.

"The law puts a duty upon such things; if you do not pay it, you steal. Oh, Horace, don't waste your time in specious arguments." She made a gesture, weariness personified. "It is stealing; all the arguments in the world cannot change it into anything else. And how about my uncle who fleeces the lambs at cards, and how about my mother who knows and permits it?"

Ryanne had no plausible argument to offer against these queries.

"Is not my uncle a thief, and is not my mother an abettor? I do not know of anything so vile." Her figure grew less erect. To George's eyes, dimmed by the reflecting misery in hers, she drooped, as a flower exposed to sudden cold. "I think the thief in the night much honester than one who cheats at cards. A card-sharp; did you not call it that? Don't lie, Horace; it will only make me sad."

"I shan't lie any more, Fortune. All that you believe is true; and I would to God that it were otherwise. And I've been a partner in many of their exploits. But not at cards, Fortune; not at cards. I'm not that kind of a cheat."

"Thank you. I should have known some time, and perhaps only half a truth. Now I know all there is to know." She held her

hands out before her and studied them. "I shall never go back."

"Good Lord! Fortune, you must. You'd be as helpless as a babe. What could you do without money and comfort?"

"I can become a clerk in a shop. It will be honest. Bread at Mentone would choke me," and she choked a little then as she spoke.

"My dear Fortune," said Ryanne, calling into life that persuasive sweetness which upon occasions he could put into his tones, "have you ever thought how beautiful you are? No, I don't believe you have. Some ancestor of your father's has been reincarnated in you. You are without vanity and dishonesty; and I have found that these usually go together. Well, at Mentone you had a little experience with men. You were under protection then; protection it was of a sort. If you go out into the world alone, there will be no protection; and you will find that men are wolves generally, and that the sport of the chase is a woman. Must I make it plainer?"

"I understand," her chin once more resolute. "I shall become a clerk in a shop. Perhaps I can teach, or become a nurse. Whatever I do, I shall never go back to Mentone. And all men are not bad. You're not all bad yourself, Horace; and so far as I am concerned, I believe I might trust you anywhere."

"And God knows you could!" genuinely. "But I can't help you. If I had a sister or a woman relative, I could send you to her. But I have no one but my brother, and he's a worse scoundrel than I am. I at least work out in the open. He transacts his villainies behind closed doors."

George listened, sitting as motionless as a Buddhist idol. Why couldn't *he* think of something? Why couldn't *he* come to the aid of the woman he loved in this her hour of trial? A fine lover, forsooth! Could he offer to lend her money? A thousand times no! And he could not ask her to marry him; it would not have been fair to either. She would have misunderstood; she would have seen not love but pity, and refused him. Neither she nor Ryanne suffered more in spirit than he did at that moment.

"Jones, for God's sake, wake up and suggest something! You know lots of decent people. Can't you think of some one?"

But for this call George might have con-



"OH, HORACE, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME," SHE EXCLAIMED. "IT IS STEALING."

tinued to grope in darkness. Instantly he saw a way. He jumped to his feet and seized her by the hands, boyishly.

"Fortune, Ryanne is right. I've found a way. Mr. Mortimer, the president of my firm, is an old man, kindly and lovable. He and his wife are childless. They'll take you. Why, it's as easy as talking."

She leaned back against the drawing of his hands. She was afraid that in his eag-

erness he was going to take her in his arms. She wondered why, of a sudden, she had become so weak. Slowly she withdrew her hands from his.

"I'll cable the moment we reach port," he said, as if reaching port under the existing conditions was a thing quite possible. "Will you go to them? Why, they will give you every care in the world. And they will love you as—as you ought to be loved!"

Ryanne turned away his head.

Fortune was too deeply absorbed by her misery to note how near George had come to committing himself. "Thank you, Mr. Jones; thank you. I am going to the tent. I am tired. And I am not so brave as you think I am."

"But will you?"

"I shall tell you when we reach port." And with that she fled to the tent.

George sat down and aimlessly hunted for the stub of the cigar he had dropped; a kind of reflex action.

The two men were all alone. The camel boys were asleep. Mahomed had now ceased to bother about a guard.

"I can't see where she gets this ridiculous sense of honesty," said Ryanne gloomily.

George leaned over and laid his hand upon Ryanne's knee. "She gets it the same way I do, Ryanne—from here," touching his heart. "And she is right."

"I believe I've missed everything worth while, Percival. Till I met you I always had a sneaking idea that money made a man evil. The boot seems to be upon the other foot."

"Ryanne, you spoke about becoming honest, once you get out of this. Did you mean it?"

"I did, and still do."

"It may be that I can give you a lift. You worked in your father's bank. You know something about figures. I own two large fruit farms in California. What do you say to a hundred and fifty a month to start with, and begin life over again?"

Ryanne got up and restlessly paced. Nonchalance had been beaten out of him; the mercurial humor which had once been so pleasant to excite, which had once given him foothold in such moments, was gone. He had only one feeling, a keen, biting, bitter shame. At length he stopped in front of George, who looked up expectantly.

"Jones, when you stick your finger into water and withdraw it, what happens? Nothing. Well, the man who gives me a benefit is sticking his finger into water. I'm just as unstable. How many promises have I made and broken! I mean, promises to myself. I don't know. This moment I swear to be good, and along comes a pack of cards or a bottle of wine, and back I slip. Would it be worth while to trust a man so damned weak as that? Look at

me. I am six-foot two, normally a hundred and eighty pounds, no fat. I am as sound as a cocoanut. There isn't a boxer in the States I'm afraid of. I can ride, shoot, fence, fight; there isn't a game I can't take a creditable hand in. So much for that. There's the other side. Morally, I'm putty. When it's soft you can mold it any which way; when it's hard, it crumbles. Will you trust a man like that?"

"Yes. Out there you'll be away from temptation."

"Perhaps. Well, I accept. And if one day I'm missing, think kindly of the poor devil of an outcast who wanted to be good and couldn't be. I'm fagged. I'm going to turn in. Good night."

He picked up his blanket and saddlebags and made his bed a dozen yards away.

George set his gaze at the fire, now falling in places and showing incandescent holes. A month ago, in the rut of commonplace, moving round in the oiled grooves of mediocrity. Bang! like a rocket. Why, never had those liars in the smoke rooms recounted anything half so wild and strange as this adventure. Smugglers, card sharps, an ancient rug, a caravan in the desert! He turned his head and looked long and earnestly at the little tent. Love, too; love that had put into his diffident heart the thrill and courage of a Bayard. Love!

He saw her again as she stepped down from the carriage; in the dining room at his side, leaning over the parapet; ineffably sweet, hauntingly sad. Would she accept the refuge he had offered? He knew that old Mortimer would take her without question. Would she accept the shelter of that kindly roof? She must! If she refused and went her own way into the world, he would lose her. She must accept!

He would plead with all the eloquence of his soul, for his own happiness, and mayhap hers. He rose, faced the tent, and, with a gesture not unlike that of the pagan in prayer, registered a vow that never should she want for protection, never should she want for the comforts of life. How he was going to keep such a vow was a question that did not enter his head. Somehow he was going to accomplish the feat.

What mattered the ragged beard upon his face, the ragged clothes upon his body, the tattered cloths upon his feet, the grotesque attitude and ensemble? The Lord of Life saw into his heart and understood.

And who might say with what joy Pandora gazed upon this her work, knowing as she did what still remained within her casket?

From these heights, good occasionally for any man's soul, George came down abruptly and humanly to the prosaic question of where would he make his bed that night? To lie down at the north side of the fire meant a chill in the morning; the south

side, the intermittent, acrid breath of the fire itself; so he threw down his blanket and bags east of the fire, wrapped himself up, and sank into slumber, light but dreamless.

What was that? He sat up alert, straining his ears. How long had he been asleep? An hour by his watch. What had awakened him? Not a sound anywhere, yet something had startled him out of his sleep. He glanced over the camp. That bundle



"'NO, NO!' CRIED FORTUNE. 'LET HIM GO!'"

was Ryanne. He waited. Not a movement there. No sign of life among the camel boys; and the flaps of the two tents were closed. Bah! Nerves, probably; and he would have lain down again had his gaze not roved out toward the desert. Something moved out there, upon the misty, moonlit space. He shaded his eyes from the fire, now but a heap of glowing embers. He got up, and shiver after shiver wrinkled his spine. Oh, no, it could not be a dream; he was awake. It was a living thing, that long, bobbing camel train, coming directly toward the oasis, no doubt attracted by the firelight. Fascinated, incapable of movement, he watched the approach. Three white dots; and these grew and grew and at length became—pith helmets! Pith helmets! Who but white men wore pith helmets in the desert? White men! The temporary paralysis left him. Crouching, he ran over to Ryanne and shook him.

"What——"

But George smothered the question with his hand. "Hush! For God's sake, make no noise! Get up and stand guard over Fortune's tent. There's a caravan outside, and I'm going out to meet it. Ryanne, Ryanne, there's a white man out there!"

George ran as fast as he could toward the incoming caravan. He met it two or three hundred yards away.

"Are you white men?" he called.

"Yes," said a deep, resonant voice. "And stop where you are; there's no hurry."

"Thank God!" cried George, at the verge of a breakdown.

"What the devil — Flanagan, here's a white man in a dress-suit! God save us!" The speaker laughed.

"Yes, a white man; and there's a white woman in the camp back there, a white woman! Great God, don't you understand? A white woman!" George clutched the man by the foot desperately. "A white woman!"

The man kicked George's hand away and slashed at his camel. "Flanagan, and you, Williams, get your guns in shape. This doesn't look good to me, twenty miles from the main *gamelieh*. I told you it was odd, that fire. Lively, now!"

George ran after them, staggering. Twice he fell headlong. But he laughed as he got up; and it wasn't exactly human laughter, either. When he reached camp he saw

Mahomed and the three strangers, the latter with their rifles held menacingly. Fortune stood before the flap of her tent, bewildered at the turn in their affairs. Behind the leader of the newcomers was Ryanne, and he was talking rapidly.

"Well," the leader demanded of Mahomed, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing!"

"Take care! It wouldn't come hard to put a bullet into your ugly hide. You can't abduct white women these days, you beggar! Well?"

Mahomed folded his arms; his expression was calm and unafraid. But down in his heart the fires of hell were raging. If only he had brought his rifle from the tent; even a knife; and one mad moment if he died for it! And he had been gentle to the girl; he had withheld the lash from the men; he had not put into action a single plan arranged for their misery and humiliation! Truly his blood had turned into water, and he was worthy of death. The white man, always and ever the white man won in the end. To have come this far, and then to be cheated out of his revenge by chance! *Kismet!* There was but one thing left for him to do, and he did it. He spoke hurriedly to his head boy. The boy without hesitation obeyed him. He ran to the racing camel, applied a kick, flung on the saddlebags, stuffed dates and dried fish and two water bottles into them, and waited. Mahomed walked over to the animal and mounted.

"Stop!" The white man leveled his rifle. "Get down from there!"

Mahomed, as if he had not heard, kicked the camel with his heels. The beast lurched to its feet resentfully. Mahomed picked up the guiding rope which served as a bridle, and struck the camel across the neck.

Click! went the hammer of the rifle, and Mahomed was very near death. He gave no heed.

"No, no!" cried Fortune, pushing up the barrel. "Let him go. He was kind to me, after his fashion."

Mahomed smiled. He had expected this, and that was why he had gone about the business unconcernedly.

"What do you say?" demanded the stranger of Ryanne.

Ryanne, having no love whatever for Mahomed, shrugged.



HER FANCY REFORMED THE PRETTY GARDEN AT MENTONE.

"Humph! And you?" to George.

"Oh, let him go."

"All right. Two to one. Off with you, then," to Mahomed. "But wait! What about these beggars of yours? What are you going to do with them?"

"They have been paid. They can go back."

The moment the camel felt the sand under

his pads, he struck his gait eastward. And when the mists and shadows crept in behind him and his rider, that was the last any of them ever saw of Mahomed-El-Gebel, keeper of the Holy Yhiordes in the Pasha's palace at Bagdad.

"Now then," said the leader of the strange caravan, "my name is Ackermann, and mine is a carpet caravan, in from

Khuzistan, bound for Smyrna. How may I help you?"

"Take us as far as Damascus," answered Ryanne. "We can get on from there well enough."

"What's your name?" directly.

"Ryanne."

"And yours?"

"Fortune Chedsoye."

"Next?"

"Jones."

The humorous brusqueness put a kind of spirit into them all, and they answered smilingly.

"Ryanne and Jones are familiar enough, but Chedsoye is a new one. Here, you!" whirling suddenly upon the boys who were pressing about. He volleyed some Arabic at them, and they dropped back. "Well, I've heard some strange yarns myself in my time, but this one beats them all. Shanghaied from Cairo! Humph! If some one had told me this, anywhere else but here, I'd have called him a liar. And you, Mr. Ryanne, went into Bagdad alone and got away with that Yhiordes! It must have been the devil's own of a job."

"It was," replied Ryanne laconically. He did not know this man Ackermann; he had never heard of him; but he recognized a born leader of men when he saw him. Gray-haired, lean, bearded, sharp of word, quick of action, rude; he saw in this carpet hunter the same indomitable qualities of the ivory seeker.

"You did not stop at Bagdad?" he asked, after the swift inventory.

"No. I came direct. I always do," grimly. "Better turn in and sleep; we'll be on the way at dawn, sharp."

"Sleep?" Ryanne laughed.

"Sleep?" echoed George.

Fortune shook her head.

"Well, an hour to let the reaction wear away," said Ackermann. "But you've got to sleep. I'm boss now, and you won't find me an easy one," with a humorous glance at the girl.

"We are all very happy to be bossed by you," she said.

"Twenty days," Ackermann mused. "You're a plucky young woman. No hysterics?"

"Not even a sigh of discontent," put in George. "If it hadn't been for her pluck, we'd have gone to pieces just from worry. Are you Henry Ackermann of the Oriental Company in Smyrna?"

"Yes, why?"

"I'm George P. A. Jones, of Mortimer & Jones, New York. I've heard of you; and God bless you for this night's work!"

"Mortimer & Jones? You don't say! Well, if this doesn't beat the Dutch! Why, if you're Robert E. Jones's boy, I'll sell you every carpet in the pack at cost." He laughed, and it was laughter good to hear, dry and harsh though it was. "Your dad was a fine gentleman, and one of the best judges of his time. You couldn't fool him a knot. He wrote me when you came into this world of sin and tribulation. Didn't they call you Percival Algernon, or something like that?"

"They did!" And George laughed, too.

"You're a sight. Any one sick? Got a medicine chest aboard?"

"No, only banged up and discouraged. I say, Mr. Ackermann, got an extra pipe or two and some 'baccy'?"

"Flanagan, see what's in the chest."

Shortly Flanagan returned. He had half a dozen fresh corncob pipes and a thick bag of tobacco. George and Ryanne lighted up, about as near contentment as two men in their condition could possibly be.

Said Flanagan to Fortune: "Do you chew?"

Fortune looked horrified.

"Oh, I mean gum!" roared Flanagan.

No, Fortune did not possess that dubious accomplishment.

"Mighty handy when you're thirsty," Flanagan advised.

They built up the fire and sat round it cozily. They were all more or less happy, all except Fortune. So long as she had been a captive of Mahomed, she had forced the thought from her mind; but now it came back with a full measure of misery. Never, never would she return to Mentone, not even for the things that were rightfully hers. Where would she go and what would she do? She was without money, and the only thing she possessed of value was the Soudanese trinket Ryanne had forced upon her that day in the bazaars. She heard the men talking and laughing, but without sensing. No, she could not accept charity. She must fight out her battle all alone. . . . The child of a thief: for never would her clear mind accept smuggling as other than thieving. . . . Neither could she accept pity; and she stole a glance at George, as he blew clouds of smoke luxuriantly from

his mouth and nose, his eyes half closed in ecstasy. How little it took to comfort a man!

Ryanne suddenly lowered his pipe and smote his thigh. "Hell!" he muttered.

"What's up?" asked George.

"I want you to look at me, Percival; I want you to take a good look at this thing I've been carrying round as a head."

"It looks all right," observed George, puzzled.

"Empty as a dried cocoanut! I never thought of it till this moment. I wondered why he was in such a hurry to get out. I've let that copper-hided devil get away with that nine hundred pounds!"

CHAPTER XVI

MRS. CHEDSOYE HAS HER DOUBTS

MRS. CHEDSOYE retired to her room early that memorable December night. Her brother could await the return of Horace. She hadn't the least doubt as to the result; a green young man pitted against a seasoned veteran's duplicity. She wished Jones no harm physically; in fact, she had put down the law against it. Still, much depended upon chance. But for all her confidence of the outcome, a quality of restlessness pervaded her. She tried to analyze it, ineffectually at first. Perhaps she did not look deep enough; perhaps she did not care thoroughly to examine the source of it. Insistently, however, it recurred; and by repeated assaults it at length conquered her. It was the child.

Did she possess, after all, a latent sense of motherhood, and was it stirring to establish itself? She really did not know. Was it not fear and doubt rather than motherly instinct? She paused in front of the mirror, but the glass solved only externals. She could not see her soul there in the reflection; she saw only the abundant gifts of nature, splendid, double-handed, prodigal. And in contemplating that reflection, she forgot for a space what she was seeking. But that child! From whom did she inherit her peculiar ideas of life? From some Puritan ancestor of her father's; certainly not from her side.

She had never bothered her head about Fortune, save to house and clothe her, till the past forty-eight hours. And now it was

too late to pick up the thread she had cast aside as not worth considering. To no one is given perfect wisdom; and she recognized the flaw in hers that had led her to ignore the mental attitude of the girl. She had not even made a friend of her; a mistake, a bit of stupidity absolutely foreign to her usual keenness.

The child lacked little of being beautiful, and in three or four years she would be. Mrs. Chedsoye was without jealousy; she accepted beauty in all things unreservedly. Possessing as she did an incomparable beauty of her own, she could well afford to be generous. Perhaps the true cause of this disturbance lay in the knowledge that there was one thing her daughter had inherited from her directly, almost identically; indeed, of this pattern the younger possessed the wider margin of the two; courage.

Mrs. Chedsoye was afraid of nothing except wrinkles, and Fortune was too young to know this fear. So then, the mother slowly began to comprehend the spirit which had given life to this singular perturbation. Fortune had declared that she would run away; and she had the courage to carry out the threat.

Resolutely Mrs. Chedsoye rang for her maid Celeste. Thoughts like these only served to disturb the marble smoothness of her forehead.

The two began to pack. That is to say, Celeste began; Mrs. Chedsoye generally took charge of these maneuvers from the heights, as became the officer in command. Bending was likely to enlarge the vein in the neck; and all those beautiful gowns would not be worth a *soldi* without the added perfection of her lineless throat and neck. She was getting along in years, too, a fact which was assuming the proportions of a cross; and more and more she must husband these lingering (not to say beguiling) evidences of youthfulness.

"We might as well get Fortune's things out of the way, too, Celeste."

"Yes, Madame."

"And bring my chocolate at half after eight in the morning. It is quite possible that we shall sail to-morrow night from Port Said. If not from there, from Alexandria. It all depends upon the booking, which cannot be very heavy going west this time of year."

"As madame knows!" came from the depth of the cavernous trunk. Celeste was

no longer surprised; at least she never evinced this emotion. For twelve years now she had gone from one end of the globe to the other, upon the shortest notice. While surprise was lost to her or under such control as to render it negligible, she still shivered with pleasurable excitement at the thought of entering a port. Madame was so clever, so transcendently clever! If she, Celeste, had not been loyal, she might have retired long ago, and owned a shop of her own in the busy Rue de Rivoli. But that would have meant a humdrum existence; and besides, she would have grown fat, which of the seven horrors confronting woman, so madame said, was first in number.

"Be very careful how you handle that blue ball gown."

"Oh, Madame!" reproachfully.

"It is the silver braid. Do not press the rosettes too harshly."

Celeste looked up. Mrs. Chedsoye answered her inquiring gaze with a thin smile.

"You are wonderful, Madame!"

"And so are you, Celeste, in your way."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Chedsoye was ready for her pillow. She slept fitfully; awoke at eleven, and again at twelve. After that she knew nothing more till the maid roused her with the cup of chocolate. She sat up and sipped slowly. Celeste waited at the bedside with the tray. Her admiration for her mistress never waned. Mrs. Chedsoye was just as beautiful in dishabille as in a ball gown. She drained the cup, and as she turned to replace it upon the tray, dropped it with a clatter, a startled cry coming from her lips.

"Madame?"

"Fortune's bed!"

It had not been slept in. The steamer cloak lay across the counterpane exactly where Celeste herself had laid it the night before. Mrs. Chedsoye sprang out of her bed and ran barefoot to the other. Fortune had not been in the room since dinner time.

"Celeste, dress me as quickly as possible. Hurry! Something has happened to Fortune."

Never, in all her years of service, could she recollect such a toilet as madame made that morning. And never before had she shown such concern over her daughter. It was amazing!

"The little fool! The little fool!" Mrs. Chedsoye repeatedly murmured as the

nimble fingers of the maid flew over her. "The silly little fool; and at a time like this!" Not that remorse of any kind stirred Mrs. Chedsoye's conscience; she was simply extremely annoyed.

She hastened out into the corridor and knocked at the door of her brother's room. No answer. She flew downstairs, and there she saw him coming in from the street. He greeted her cheerily.

"It's all right, Kate; plenty of room on the *Ludwig*. We shall take the afternoon train for Port Said. She sails at dawn tomorrow instead of to-night. . . . What's up?" suddenly noting his sister's face.

"Fortune did not return to her room last night."

"What? Where do you suppose the little fool went, then?"

They both seemed to look upon Fortune as a little fool.

"Yesterday she threatened to run away."

"Run away? Kate, be sensible. How the deuce could she run away? She hasn't a penny. It takes money to go anywhere, over here. She has probably found some girl friend, and has spent the night with her. We'll soon find out where she is." The Major wasn't worried.

"Have you seen Horace?" with discernible anxiety.

"No. I didn't wait up for him. He's sleeping off a night of it. You know his failing."

"Find out if he is in his room. Go to the porter's bureau and inquire for both him and Jones."

The Major, perceiving that his sister was genuinely alarmed, rushed over to the bureau. No, neither Mr. Ryanne nor Mr. Jones had been in the hotel since yesterday. Would the porter send some one up to the rooms of those gentlemen to make sure? Certainly. No; there was no one in the rooms. The Major was now himself perturbed. He went back to Mrs. Chedsoye.

"Kate, neither has been in his room since yesterday. If you want my opinion, it is this: Hoddy has sequestered Jones all right, and is somewhere in town, sleeping off the effects of a night of it."

"He has run away with Fortune!" she cried. Her expression was tragic. She couldn't have told whether it was due to her daughter's disappearance or to Horace's defection. "Did he not threaten?"

"Sh! not so loud, Kate."

"The little simpleton defied me yesterday, and declared she would leave me."

"Oho!" The Major fingered his imperial. "That puts a new face to the subject. But Jones! He has not turned up. We cannot move till we find out what has become of him. I know. I'll jump into a carriage and see if he got as far as the English Bar."

Mrs. Chedsoye did not go upstairs, but paced the lounging room, lithe and pantherish. Frequently she paused, as if examining the patterns in the huge carpets. She entered the reception room, came back, wandered off into the ballroom, stopped to inspect the announcement hanging upon the bulletin board, returned to the windows and watched the feluccas sail past as the great bridge opened; and during all these aimless occupations but a single thought busied her mind: what could a man like Horace see in a chit like Fortune?

It was an hour and a half before the Major put in an appearance. He was out of breath and temper.

"Come up to the room." Once there, he sat down and bade her do likewise. "There's the devil to pay. You heard Hoddy speak of the nigger who guarded the Holy Yhiordes, and that he wanted to get out of Cairo before he turned up? Well, he turned up. He fooled Hoddy to the top of his bent. So far as I could learn, Fortune and Hoddy and Jones are all in the same boat, kidnaped by this Mahomed, and carried out into the desert, headed, God knows where!

"Now, don't get excited. Take it easy. Luck is with us, for Hoddy left all the diagrams with me. We need him, but not so much that we can't go on without him. You see, these Arabs are like the Hindus; touch anything that concerns their religion, and they'll have your hair off. How Fortune got into it I can't imagine, unless Mahomed saw her with Hoddy and jumped to the conclusion that they were lovers. All this Mahomed wants is the rug; and he is going to hold them till he gets it. No use notifying the police. No one would know where to find him. None of them will come to actual harm. Anyhow, the coast is clear."

"Kate, there's a big thing in front. No nerves. We've got to go to-day. Time is everything. Our butler and first man cabled this morning that they had just started in,

and that everything was running like clock-work. We'll get into New York in time for the *coup*. Remember, I was against the whole business at the start, but now I'm going to see it off."

Feverishly Mrs. Chedsoye prepared for the journey. She was irritable to Celeste, she was unbearable to her brother, who took a seat in a forward compartment to be rid of her. It was only when they went aboard the steamer that night that she became reconciled to the inevitable. At any rate, the presence of Jones would counteract any influence Horace might have gained over Fortune. That the three of them might suffer unheard-of miseries never formed thought in her mind. It appealed to her in the sense of a comedy which annoyed rather than amused her.

They were greeted effusively by Wallace, he of the bulbous nose; and his first inquiry was of Ryanne. Briefly the Major told him what had happened and added his fears. Wallace was greatly cast down. Hoddy had so set his heart upon this venture that it was a shame to proceed without him. He had warned him at the beginning about that infernal rug; but Hoddy was always set in his daredevil schemes. So long as the Major had the plans, he supposed that they could turn the trick without Hoddy's assistance; only, it seemed hard for him not to be in the sport.

"He told me that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to stick his fist into the first bag of yellow-boys. There was something mysterious in the way he used to chuckle over the thing when I first sprung it on him. He saw a joke somewhere. Let's go into the smoke room for a peg. It won't hurt either of us. And that poor little girl! It's a hell of a world; eh?"

The Major admitted that it was; but he did not add that Fortune's welfare or ill-fare was of little or no concern of his. The little spitfire had always openly despised him.

They were drinking silently and morosely, when Mrs. Chedsoye, pale and anxious, appeared in the companionway. She beckoned them to follow her down to her cabin. Had Fortune arrived? Had Ryanne? She did not answer. Arriving at her cabin she pushed the two wondering men inside, and pointed at the floor. A large steamer roll lay unstrapped, spread out.

"I only just opened it," she said. "I

never thought of looking into it at Cairo. Here, it looked so bulky that I was curious."

"Why, it's that damned Yhiordes!" exclaimed the Major wrathfully. "What the devil is it doing in Fortune's steamer roll?"

"That is what I should like to know. If they have been kidnaped in order to recover the rug, whatever will become of them?" And Mrs. Chedsoye touched the rug with her foot, absently. She was repeating in her mind that childish appeal: "You don't know how loyal I should have been!"

They took the first sailing out of Naples. Twelve days later they landed at the foot of Fourteenth street. There was some trifling difficulty over the rug. It had been declared; but as Mrs. Chedsoye and her brother always declared foreign residence, there was a question as to whether it was dutiable or not. Being a copy, it was not an original work of art, therefore not exempt, and so forth and so on. It was finally decided that Mrs. Chedsoye must pay a duty. The Major paid grumblingly, very cleverly assuming an irritability well known to the inspectors. The way the United States Government mulcted her citizens for the benefit of the few was a scandal of the nations.

A smooth-faced young man approached them from out the crowd.

"Is this Major Callahan?"

"Yes. This must be Mr. Reynolds, the agent?"

"Yes. Everything is ready for your occupancy. Your butler and first man have everything shipshape. I could have turned over to you Mr. Jones's."

"Not at all, not at all," said the Major. "They would have been strangers to us and we to them. Our own servants are best."

"You must be very good friends of my client?"

"I have known him for years," said Mrs. Chedsoye sweetly. "It was at his own suggestion that we take the house over for the month. He really insisted that we should pay him nothing; but, of course, such an arrangement could not be thought of. Oh, good-by, Mr. Wallace," tolerantly, "we hope to see you again some day."

Wallace, taking up his rôle once more, tipped his hat and rushed away for one of his favorite haunts.

"Bounder!" growled the Major. "Well, well; a ship's deck is always Liberty-Hall."

"You have turned your belongings over to an expressman?" asked the agent. These were charming people; and any doubts he might have entertained were dissipated. And why should he have any doubts? Jones was an eccentric young chap, anyhow. An explanatory letter (written by the Major in Jones's careless hand), backed up by a cable, was enough authority for any reasonable man.

"Everything is out of the way," said the Major.

"Then, if you wish, I can take you right up to the house in my car. Your butler said that he would have lunch ready when you arrived."

"Very kind of you. How noisy New York is! You can take our hand luggage?" Mrs. Chedsoye would have made St. Anthony uneasy of mind; Reynolds, young, alive, metaphorically fell at her feet.

"Plenty of room for it."

"I am glad that. You see, Mr. Jones intrusted a fine old rug to us to bring home for him; and I shouldn't want anything to happen to it."

The Major looked up at the roof of the dingy shed. He did not care to have Reynolds note the flicker of admiration in his eyes. The cleverest woman of them all! The positive touch to the whole daredevil affair! And he would not have thought of it had he lived to be a thousand. "One might as well disembark in a stable," he said aloud. "Ah! We are ready to go, then?"

They entered the limousine and went off buzzing and zigzagging among the lumbering trucks. The agent drove the car himself.

"Where is Jones now?" he asked of the Major, who sat at his left. "Haven't had a line from him for a month."

"Just before we sailed," said Mrs. Chedsoye through the window, over the Major's shoulder, "he went into the desert for a fortnight or so with a caravan. He had heard of some fabulous carpet."

Touch number two. The Major grinned. "Jones is one of the best judges I have ever met. He was off at a bound. I only hope he will get back before we leave for California." The Major drew up his collar. It was a cold, blustery day.

The agent was delighted. What luck a fellow like Jones had! To wander all over creation and to meet charming people. And

when they invited him to remain for lunch, the victory was complete.

Mrs. Chedsoye strolled in and out of the beautifully appointed rooms. Never had she seen more excellent taste. Not too much; everything perfectly placed, one object nicely balanced against another. Here was a rare bit of Capo di Monte, there a piece of Sevres or Canton. Some houses, with their treasures, look like museums, but this one did not. The owner had not gone mad over one subject; here was a sane and prudent collector. The great yellow Chinese carpet represented a fortune; she knew enough about carpets to realize this fact. Ivories, jades, lapis-lazuli, the precious woods, priceless French and Japanese tapestries, some fine paintings and bronzes; the rooms were full of unspoken romance and adventure; echoed with war and tragedy, too. And Fortune might have married a man like this one. A possibility occurred to her, and the ghost of a smile moderated the interest in her face. They might be upon the desert for weeks. Who knew what might not happen to two such romantic simpletons?

The butler and the first man (who was also the cook) were impeccable types of servants; so thought Reynolds. They moved silently and anticipated each want. Reynolds determined that very afternoon to drop a line to Jones and compliment him upon his good taste in the selection of his friends. A subsequent press of office work, however, drove the determination out of his mind.

The instant his car carried him out of sight a strange scene was enacted. The butler and the first man seized the Major by the arms, and the three executed a kind of *pas-seul*. Mrs. Chedsoye eyed these manifestations of joy stonily.

"Now then, what's been done?" asked the Major, pulling down his cuffs and shaking the wrinkles from his sleeves.

"Half done!" cried the butler.

"Fine! What do you do with the refuse?"

"Cart it away in an automobile every night, after the gun starts down the other end of the street."

"Gun?" The Major did not quite understand.

"Gun or bull; that's the argot for policeman."

"Thieves' argot," said Mrs. Chedsoye contemptuously.

The butler laughed. He knew Gioconda of old.

"Where's that wall safe?" the Major wanted to know.

"Behind that sketch by Detaille." And the butler, strange to say, pronounced it Det-i.

"Can you open it?"

"Tried, but failed. Wallace is the man for that."

"He'll be along in an hour or so."

"Where's Ryanne?"

"Don't know; don't care." The Major sketched the predicament of their fellow conspirator.

The butler whistled, but callously. One more or less didn't matter in such an enterprise.

When Wallace arrived he applied his talent and acquired science to the wall safe and finally swung outward the little steel door. The Major pushed him aside and thrust a hand into the metaled cavity, drawing out an exquisite Indian casket of rosewood and mother-of-pearl. He opened the lid and dipped a hand within. Emeralds, deep and light and shaded, cut and uncut and engraved, flawed and almost perfect. He raised a handful and let them tinkle back into the casket. One hundred in all, beauties, every one of them, and many famous.

And while he toyed with them, pleased as a child would have been over a handful of marbles, Mrs. Chedsoye spread out the ancient Yhiordes in the library. She stood upon the central pattern, musing. Her mood was not one which she had called into being; not often did she become retrospective; the past to her was always like a page in a book, once finished, turned down. Her elbow in one palm, her chin in the other, she stared without seeing. It was this house, this home, it was each sign of riches without luxury or ostentation, where money expressed itself by taste and simplicity; a home such as she had always wanted. And why, with all her beauty and intellect, why had she not come into possession? She knew. Love that gives had never been hers; hers had been the love that receives, self-love. She had bartered her body once for riches and had been fooled, and she never could do it again. . . . And the child was overflowing with the love that gives. She couldn't understand. The child was the essence of it; and she, her mother, had always laughed at her.

The flurry of snow outside in the court she saw not. Her fancy re-formed the pretty garden at Mentone, inclosed by pink-washed walls. Many a morning from her window she had watched Fortune among the flowers, going from one to the other, like a bee or a butterfly. She had watched her grow, too, with that same detachment a machinist feels as he puts together the invention of another man. Would she ever see her again? Her shoulders moved ever so little. Probably not. She had blundered willfully. She should have waited, thrown the two together,

maneuvered. And she had permitted this adventure to obsess her! She might have stood within this house by right of law, motherhood, marriage. Ryanne was in love with Fortune, and Jones by this time might be. The desert was a terribly lonely place.

She wished it might be Jones. And immediately retrospection died away from her gaze and actualities resumed their functions. The wish was not without a phase of humor, formed as it was upon this magic carpet; but it nowise disturbed the gravity of her expression.

To be continued in the HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for November.

EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

By Gordon Johnstone

'Tis every Sunday mornin'
 Oi tumble out ov bed,
 The hat that was me father's
 Sits jauntly on me head,
 An' o'er the hills ov heather
 An' down where waters croon,
 Oi wake the lazy songsters
 Wid me little bit of tune.

'Tis every Sunday mornin'
 She's waitin' be the stoile
 An' all our friendly neighbors
 Jist nod their heads an' smoile.
 Ah, sure, we know their meanin',
 'Tis plain as if 'twere sung,
 They're livin' in their ould hearts
 Those days whin they were young.

'Tis every Sunday mornin'
 We hurry off to mass
 An' oh, the wayside roses,
 Are whisp'rin whin we pass.
 For 'tis no hidden secret,
 They know as well as we
 Some foine bright Sunday mornin'
 She'll be walkin' home wid me.



PERSONALITIES

MELVIN G. OVERLOCK is a physician, a factory inspector and a Movement, but first and foremost he's a man—a big man, big physically, mentally and spiritually, but the biggest thing about him is his faith in human nature. This faith in human nature has made him the incarnation of the most unique, the most practical and the most effective campaign against the Great White Plague which this country or any other has ever known, the Overlock Tuberculosis Agreement, sometimes known as the Worcester Movement.

In 1907, Governor Guild of Massachusetts appointed Dr. Overlock State Inspector of Health for the Eleventh District. This is what the governor knew about his appointee: He knew he came from Maine and was forty-three years old. He knew that he had worked his way through the Normal School of Castine, Maine; had been a nurse for four years in a hospital; had come to Worcester and worked by day and studied by night. He knew that with money thus earned he had taken the course at the Baltimore Medical College and won his medical degree in 1896.

Within the next few years Dr. Overlock had reached a position of

prominence among the physicians of Worcester, particularly as an expert on tuberculosis. For ten years he had been medical examiner for a leading life insurance company and had been an effective and aggressive leader in the state campaign against infected meat. It began to be known that Overlock's object in life was to give as much as possible to other people rather than to grab as much as possible for himself.

When the Massachusetts State Board of Health was established in 1869, it had found that half of the deaths among the employees in the textile industry were due to consumption; in the years that had elapsed comparatively little had been done to stay this death harvest, at least among the poorer operatives, although it was known that the disease in its first stages is curable in over sixty per cent. of the cases.

Dr. Overlock planned a series of noonday talks to the employees of the factories and stores of Worcester. The first he gave at a prominent manufacturing concern's factory. When he had finished, there came up to him a frail young girl who was in the first stages of the disease, which she had been told was incurable. Dr. Over-



DR. MELVIN G. OVERLOCK, WHO ORIGINATED THE OVERLOCK TUBERCULOSIS AGREEMENT.

lock's talk had given her a gleam of hope; she might not die after all if only she could have treatment. But, of course, she couldn't because that meant leaving and losing her job.

Dr. Overlock went straight to the office of the president of the company and told him about this girl—about the sure and painful death which awaited her if she stayed where she was—about her chance of a long and healthy life if she would go at once to a sanitarium, even if only for a few months. The president listened intently and said he would consider the matter. The result was that the president, David H. Fanning, announced that any employee found to be suffering from tuberculosis would be taken care of by the company in a proper sanitarium for a period of three months or longer. This was the beginning of the Worcester Movement.

Dr. Overlock went to other employers. He told them what had been done and he urged them to do likewise. He pointed out to them that quite aside from the humanity of saving the employees, it was economically wasteful to let skilled workers sink into consumptives' graves in such large numbers. But not a single employer, so says Dr. Overlock, has signed the agreement for purely business reasons.

Within six months sixty-five Worcester manufacturers had signed the Overlock Agreement—this number rose within a year

to one hundred—and then the movement began to burst its purely local bounds, and Dr. Overlock with it. He has traveled all over the country advocating the Worcester Movement.

Over twelve hundred establishments—stores and factories—have already entered into this life-saving compact. By these agreements over two million people are now protected against tuberculosis.

The terms of the so-called agreement are very simple. The employers bind themselves to be responsible for the expense of boarding at some hospital suitable for the cure of tuberculosis any employee in whom the disease has developed. Furthermore, the employers agree to undertake to make conditions more sanitary in workshops, factories and stores, and to begin a system of education which will protect employees while at work, and teach them how to care for themselves at home and when away from their occupation.

In New England alone, between four and five hundred operatives are under treatment at sanatoria, or recuperating in the country at the expense of their employers. Many have already been cured and these have returned to their communities as teachers of personal hygiene, sanitation and right living. The entire number of workers throughout the country who have been benefited by the work initiated by Dr. Overlock cannot be estimated.

THE SOCIAL LEADER OF CHICAGO

WHEN men have it they are called diplomats; when women have it they are called tactful. Occasionally there is a woman who possesses it in such superlative degree and quality that she is admitted to the ranks of the diplomats. All who know her admit ungrudgingly that Bertha Honoré Palmer (Mrs. Potter Palmer) is a diplomat.

For nineteen years she has been in absolute command of the social kingdom of Chicago, holding her position apparently without effort. This despite the rapid growth of the city, the fact that new families have entered "society" by the dozen accompanied with the power of more millions than she possesses. In spite of new forces that have arisen to bring about social revolutions—as is always the case in new and growing cities

—her leadership has never been seriously threatened, though there have been times when it has been questioned, during her long and periodical absences in London and Paris.

Always upon her return, however, she has taken up the reins and has driven on, serenely conscious of her ability to meet the incipient revolt or the threatened invasion.

Mrs. Palmer looks upon "society" as a business—one of the necessary branches of our complex business civilization. She considers it a duty for a woman—or a man—to take an active interest in society. Yet she does not look upon it as the whole of woman's world. In the last nineteen years she has found time to maintain her supremacy in Chicago, to establish a firm social posi-

tion in London and in Paris, to encourage and take an active part in many charitable and philanthropic movements, and to manage her rich estate with all the acumen of a well-trained business man.

"Diplomacy is the explanation of her success," says one who knows her well. "If Mrs. Palmer were a man she would make an ideal ambassador. The same qualities that have made her so successful as a mother, as a wife, as a social queen and as a business woman, would make her a successful ambassador. She is democratic, cordial, frank, yet never says a thing she does not want to say and seldom a thing she should not say. Her mental vision extends beyond the present moment, and her keen insight into human nature enables her to tell far in advance what effect a certain speech or a certain act will have. Her poise is perfect. It is said that none of her servants has ever heard her raise her voice in anger, impatience or protest."

Mrs. Palmer arrived as the social leader of Chicago when she was chosen president of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition in 1892. Mrs. Palmer threw herself into this work with vim, visited Europe and interested foreign governments in the fair, and its successful woman features were largely due to her untiring efforts.

Prior to that time she had been rather fully occupied in being a good mother and a good wife while her husband was making a fortune first as a merchant and then in Chicago real estate.

Almost immediately, Mrs. Palmer was thrown into a campaign that would have severely taxed the abilities of an older com-

mander. Those who were watching her thought her triumph would be brief, and many thought its end had come when she was rebuffed by the Infanta Eulalia, the official woman representative from the Spanish court to the World's Fair. The Spanish princess refused absolutely to meet on a plane of social equality a woman whom

she described as "an innkeeper's wife." The slur had its basis in the fact that Potter Palmer had built and was the owner of the Palmer House, at that time one of the best hotels in Chicago.

Nomatter what Mrs. Palmer's thoughts may have been, her words and actions proved her to be much more a gentlewoman than her critic. Unruffled, calm, she continued on her way, and though the Infanta stuck to her guns, when the Spaniard had gone Mrs. Palmer was still the social queen of Chicago.

Her success as president of the board led to her appointment in 1900 as the only woman member of the United States National Commission for the Paris exposition, and for her work in connection with that exposition the French government awarded her the Legion of Honor.

Since the Chicago fair the only occasion when her leadership has been seriously threatened was shortly after the second marriage of Marshall Field. His bride, who had been Mrs. Arthur Caton, had social ambitions, and as the wife of Field she sought to wrest the crown from Mrs. Palmer. The latter was away at the time, and for a brief period the second Mrs. Field seemed to be making serious inroads. But promptly upon her return Mrs. Palmer stepped into her former position, and the opposition died away rapidly.



MRS. POTTER PALMER, SHREWD BUSINESS WOMAN AND SOCIAL LEADER IN CHICAGO.

In recent years Mrs. Harold McCormick, daughter of John D. Rockefeller, wife of one of the grandsons of the founder of the McCormick fortune, has looked with longing eyes upon Mrs. Palmer's crown. While Mrs. Palmer is absent, Mrs. McCormick may be said to have the largest share of her kingdom. But Mrs. Palmer does not stay away long enough. Periodically she returns, dons the crown, wields the scepter, sets her kingdom in order, and flits away again.

As a business woman in control of a large estate, she is shrewd and daring. About a year ago she became interested in some land in Florida. It was good land, but quite a distance from rail transportation. She asked the nearest railway to build a line to her property, which she expected to

divide into small fruit farms and colonize. The railroad men ignored her request.

When convinced of their intention Mrs. Palmer promptly organized a railroad company of her own and started work to build her own line. In former times, when the railroads had absolute power to fix their rates, they would have laughed at her, but remembering that the states and the Federal government have taken quite an interest in fixing railroad rates, they compromised and arranged to build the line to Mrs. Palmer's colony.

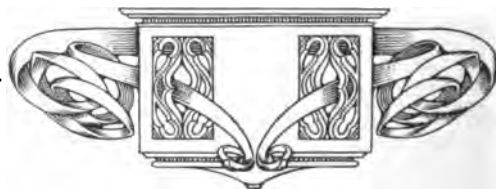
Mrs. Palmer comes of a Southern family, the Honores, and possesses the soft voice, quiet ways and personal charm that are the supposed characteristics of women of that part of the land.

DISSONANCE

By Ralph M. Thomson

WE curse the cross—we shun the strife—
Against the bitter we inveigh;
To mourn what fate allots to life
Has ever been the human way.

We hymn of harps, a crown of gold,
Of rest and a celestial morn;
Yet Eden, where Contentment strolled,
Contained the thistle and the thorn!





"MRS. STRYKER WAS LOOKING DOWN AT HIM WITH EVERY DRAWING STRING PULLED OUT FROM AROUND HER MOUTH."

NEIGHBOR

By Grace Torrey

Author of "The Gold Gown," etc.

Illustrations by P. Rosenmeyer

LOUISE surveyed her little dinner table thoughtfully. The cloth looked very well, and she would remember not to let the darn show that was just under her water glass. The one napkin that did not match was at her place, too. She would whisk it into her lap before anyone noticed. It was too bad about the butter knives—or else it was too bad they had asked two people.

That fourth knife must have gone into the garbage can. The dreadful Bridget had melted the other two, using them about the hot stove. Through her preoccupation over the table, Louise felt a little pang of thankfulness that Bridget had gone from their kitchen. Mary cost more but, as Tommy said, was more than worth it in peace of mind. She must remind Mary

again to turn the melted edge of the pewter vegetable dish away from people. That had been another Bridgetism. She had set the pewter on the gas flame to keep it warm.

The candle shades were charming. Louise, who had made them that morning, felt justifiably proud of them. The roses, too, could not be finer. She had been nursing the bushes for two weeks. The—oh! The wineglass! Louise picked up her chiffon skirts and fled to the stairway.

"Tommy!" she called, "oh, Tommy!"

Tommy was shaving she knew, because she could hear him whistle. He always whistled as he shaved.

"Tommy!" she called again, without response. Then she sank on her knees on the lowest step, braced herself and yodeled. Her yodeling could carry above any whistle. She postponed it only because it always made the neighbors in the next block come to their front doors. The bathroom responded.

"Ay, ay, sir!" called Tommy in that voice which meant that he was feeling the shaved side of his face and finding it acceptable.

"Tommy, dear!" came his wife's voice from the stair foot. "What about the wineglass?"

"What's the matter with the wineglass?"

Louise explained patiently. "Why, dear, you know there isn't one."

"No wineglass!" cried Tommy in dismay, ceasing to double-shuffle, and coming to look down at her over the stair rail. "Why! What has become of that dozen we had when we were married?"

"But, dear, don't you remember the time I was sick, and that awful Finn broke seven, one right after the other?"

"Ought to be hung, that woman!" commented Tommy. "But that leaves five, doesn't it? Why won't they do? We'll have only four winebibbers."

"But, dear, you know we've had only three for more than a year, now. Ever since Bridget."

"Three!" echoed Tommy over the railing. "Why, we've had four people here repeatedly!"

"Oh, Tommy!" His wife's face was upturned in distressed appeal. "Please remember! Don't you know we've always borrowed the Bibbs' wineglass, and when we've dined there, we've always taken our three, and we called it *The* wineglass, and drank toasts to it, and everything?"

Tommy was beginning softly to shuffle again.

"Sure, I remember now! Why can't we borrow the Bibbs' glass again? Louise, I must go. This lather's as dry as cotton!"

Louise's voice pursued him into the bathroom.

"But, dearest Tommy! you know the Bibbs, have moved away!"

There was a great silence, broken only by a swift stropping from above and a gentle sizzling from the kitchen. Mary was putting in the ducks.

"Well, Louise, I can't go out now and buy a wineglass. Strike the new neighbors," said Tommy. "And next time, let's get these things attended to sooner."

How unjust he was! He did not mean it, of course, but if he had only thought, he must know why Louise did not attend to these things sooner. She sent out the last quaver above.

"Tommy, dear!"

"Yes!" resounded the voice of the shaver, this time to an accompaniment of practiced scraping.

"We could do without wine."

"Nonsense!" boomed Tommy with cheerful finality. "Of course we couldn't." Then he turned on the water and began a splashing that precluded all wifely intercourse.

Louise went out into the night reluctantly. Borrowing of the Bibbs' had been very well as they were poor young things living on the somewhat less than nothing of a university salary. There were so many things one could lend them that Louise had borrowed generously. A call, however, had lured Professor Bibbs away to another university town; the Strykers had bought their little estate. And the Strykers, Louise reflected, as she picked her way around their path in the dark, were different.

To begin with, they had mended the fence as soon as they moved in. That hole had been there since before Sally Bibbs' first baby was born, and had been the track of commerce between the two households, employed alike by the Dennan dog, the baby Bibbs, and the two women. To see it neatly mended on the first day of the Strykers' ownership had given Louise a cold sense of rebuff. Nothing remained, now, but a front door approach, with all its formalities. Louise and Sally Bibbs had in-



"“EVERYTHING WAS READY, WASHED, IRONED AND PUT AWAY, IN MARCH, JUST AS YOU SEE,” SAID MRS. STRYKER.”

vaded each other's castles by way of the kitchen, stopping to sniff at what might be cooking, to compare recipes and menus, and to get close to the real, throbbing heart of home before going on to lesser business.

As Louise rang the Stryker front door bell, she was shivering a little with the night cold, perhaps, but chiefly with nervousness. Mr. Stryker, large, florid, prosperous, opened to her. Her little face, white under its framing of fuzzy red hair, gleamed out at him from the dark. She refused his invitation to come in.

"No," she said, with a faint attempt to be gay. "I'm a beggar, Mr. Stryker. I don't dare come in. I—we—there are people coming to dinner, and I—I've just broken a wineglass, and we—I—could you lend us one?"

"Dozens," said Mr. Stryker, in what he meant to be a reassuring voice. Then Louise, her unintended lie choking her, shivered without, while he explained matters. Mrs. Stryker's emphatic voice reached her.

"A wineglass, Humphrey! She can't want a wineglass. It wouldn't match the others. I'll see her." She was putting aside the large form of her husband as she habitually put aside everybody. Mrs. Stryker had what was known as executive ability. Louise heard the armchair creak under Mr. Stryker's weight, and the evening paper rustle. Then the executive member confronted her.

"Come in, my dear. You mustn't stand there taking cold. You're shivering. Humphrey says you need some wineglasses. We can let you have a dozen and a half. Will that do?"

Louise, miserably shivering in the hall, murmured something about "only one."

"But how many of you are there?" Dives pinned her down. Lazarus confessed to four, and the rich neighbor was visibly shocked.

"You oughtn't to let your stock get so low," she admonished. "I always keep at least two dozen on hand. I'll give you half a dozen. Come in and sit down. You'll wear yourself out standing there."

Louise found herself in a chair facing Mr. Stryker, who made affable remarks about the weather, while a certain tinkling in the next room showed that Mrs. Stryker's hand was wiping imaginary dust from her speckless crystal. She came in with a loaded

tray, explaining that she had just made it an even dozen, to make sure. Louise faintly demurred. Mr. Stryker, who looked competent to move stars from their courses, said with futility that a dozen might be in the way if the lady wished but one. The executive member had the tray in her neighbor's hands and a fur cape about her shoulders while their protests yet vibrated in the air.

"There!" she said efficiently. "Now you are properly dressed for this cold night. Can I lend you anything else? Have you doilies enough? Or dessert spoons? Let me——"

"Oh, no!" cried Louise desperately, making her escape. "No! No, dear neighbor! You are too kind. Nothing more, thank you ever so much."

Her voice trailed back through the dark like the fluting of a lost dryad borne on the night winds to despair. Mrs. Stryker, a solid silhouette in the light of her front door, watched Louise flitting.

"Child!" she called. "Pick up your skirts. You will ruin your dress on that damp grass!" She shut the door and turned to Humphrey. "Don't sit down to your paper, dear. The soup is going right on. I cannot understand such people."

What Mrs. Stryker could not understand, Humphrey well knew she never approved.

"They seem pleasant enough," he said with a large feebleness.

Mrs. Stryker hovered over the table, straightening forks, rearranging napkins and shaking her head.

"In their circumstances! Yes, Annie, put it right on. To give a dinner in the first place. And then to serve wine! And that dress! The other spoon, Annie! It must have cost seventy-five dollars. That was real lace and hand embroidery. And then to have only three wineglasses! No, Annie, serve to the left side. Humphrey, if you eat so fast, you must expect to have indigestion."

While the Strykers' pleasant little dinner thus launched itself, Louise fled silently around to her own back door. She could hear the shouting and laughter of arriving guests.

"You old scoundrel!" she heard Tommy remark. Then the door shut, and Louise scuttled guiltily back to the odors of duck in the rear. She had never been more unhappy. The unwanted cloak, the unwanted

eleven glasses, the blaze of the Strykers' abundance, white against the black of her own pauperism, seemed, for the moment, more than she could bear. Mutiny was in her eyes as she came in the kitchen way. She was sick of it all; of putting up with things; of contriving; of brilliantly evading doom; of being in debt; of concocting costumes out of rags and remnants; of borrowing from one's neighbors! Then she burst into the dining room, tray in hand, Mrs. Stryker's black fur slipping from her white shoulders, her cheeks pink, her eyes like stars, little wisps of red curls escaping about her forehead and neck, to find everybody in the room watching Tommy make a cocktail. He greeted her hilariously.

"Halloo, dear! What have you looted? Dick, behold the model wife! Sent out into the night for a wineglass, she comes back with a jewelry store and a fur emporium."

Then Louise began to laugh. She was at home with dear foolish Tommy and the Dick Fosters. The Stryker episode began to seem a farce. She told the Dick Fosters all about it, doing Mrs. Stryker to perfection. Everybody laughed. When Tommy's cocktail was finished, they drank his toast to "Neighbor! May she always be rich, that we may have need of nothing." They put all twelve glasses on the table, the fur cape in the armchair, and dined foolishly but with intense satisfaction, until long after the last Stryker coffee spoon had been meticulously polished and laid away in chamois skin. Mrs. Stryker heard them laughing, and she shook her head. When she gave a dinner no one thought of carrying on that way. The matter of the wineglass preyed upon her. It was not seemly that people should laugh in their circumstances. The Strykers, now, who had wineglasses, hardly ever laughed. Mrs. Stryker shook her head. She said once more:

"I cannot understand them." She had almost said "it."

The number of things that she could not understand multiplied with the succeeding days. When Louise brought back the wineglasses and the fur, she was in too much of a hurry to stop for those amenities that Mrs. Stryker would have expected of a borrower. Louise explained, as she ran, that she and Tommy were going to the *matinée*, and to dine somewhere afterwards with Alizimova and the Fosters. Mrs. Stryker looked grimly upon her. *Matinées* and wineglasses

and actresses and letting your stock of household supplies get low and going out on cold nights in a black chiffon dress without a wrap were all of one quality.

"I can't understand such people," Mrs. Stryker said again, as she put on her hat preparatory to going to the Italian Art circle. She was taking courses in Art of various sorts, winter by winter, to which the reproductions on her walls bore mute witness. Her notebooks were neatness itself, and she knew a Correggio from a Fra Angelico in the dark, with dates. When she and Humphrey Stryker should go abroad, she felt that the Old World could not possibly take either of them by surprise. She could not understand people who did not prepare for Europe but made a mere pleasure trip or shopping excursion of it.

Notebook in hand, she expected to stand efficiently before the Old Masters, rating them with justice, according to Miss Carberry, whose classes in Art she had attended for some years. Next year, Modern Art and Architecture were to be handled. That done, Mrs. Stryker felt that nothing post- or pre-Raphaelite, sub- or super-Impressionistic, Renaissance, Gothic or Grecian could be too much for her. This afternoon she set away the glasses, first rubbing each to make sure, looked about her neat abode, and went down the steps, a neat little figure, under a hard little hat—of the best materials. She gave the Dennans' porch a glance. The door mat was crooked, of course, and there was a weed by the walk. She held her notebook firmly and shook her head.

It did not help at all to learn from Louise that they had been the Fosters' guests at the *matinée* and dinner. Dick Foster, it appeared, was The Foster, the one who had really, at last, created an adequate *Hamlet*. He had been a classmate of Tommy's at Harvard, and they had lived abroad together for a year or so before Tommy married. Mrs. Stryker, who kept Shakespeare and the Bible together on the same shelf, felt that her ideas of actors could soften a little toward the creator of an adequate *Hamlet*. Alizimova, as a purveyor of Ibsen—in whom Mrs. Stryker had taken courses—she could countenance as well, although it did seem strange to think of her as eating and drinking with people one knew.

"What did you have?" she asked, curious to know how far the artistic temperament would go when gastronomically unfettered.



"'OH, NEIGHBOR!' CRIED LOUISE. 'WON'T YOU COME AND SEE MY BABY!'"

They had had a beefsteak and beer, which seemed to her highly unworthy. People who created *Hamlet* and purveyed *Hedda* ought to eat more temperamentally. She and Humphrey Stryker might have had just that in their own house. To go out and have it at a restaurant did not seem worth while. Neither did the talk over the beefsteak sound improving. As Louise repeated the jokes, Mrs. Stryker tightened the little drawing-string wrinkles about her mouth over an inner decision that she could not understand how, in a great, serious world, full of books and art, five people, some of them supposed to be artists, could lose sight of better things and talk so gayly together about nothing of importance. She tried not to say so, but the feeling would out. Louise looked at her in childlike innocence.

"But, my dear neighbor," she said, dimpling in a way not consistent with matronliness, "it was of the greatest importance to us. Something or other was said that gave Tommy an idea that he sat up all night to

write out in a story that he sold for three hundred dollars. Now to us that sum is distressingly important."

Mrs. Stryker could see that. She was impressed, indeed, until the story came out, a month later, and she found herself unable to think well of it. It had no seriousness, and though it read brightly she felt in the end that it had taught her nothing.

"And they really paid your husband three hundred dollars for that story?" she asked after a week or two of thought. Louise said they really had, and that they would like more of the same sort. Her neighbor told Humphrey Stryker about it that evening.

"I can't understand why any magazine should want stories of that sort. But if they are willing to pay that well for them, the Dennans ought to be very comfortable. Perhaps," she said, without malice, "they can afford that wineglass now."

Humphrey Stryker thought the story pretty good. It had made him laugh. He had, moreover, a great respect for people

who could write anything, good or bad. His own composition, always brief, was always laborious. He would hate, he told Jennie, to have to write that story or any other for three hundred dollars.

"Of course," he added generously, "you understand these things and I don't, so you know just how little the thing is worth."

This accorded with the Strykers' household tradition that Jennie was the real thing in sweetness and light, leading Humphrey Stryker through the mereness of his manhood to those regions of culture inhabited naturally by women. If she had not her art to concern her, Jennie suspected she could have written a better story than that, and could turn out the desired others at the rate of about one a week.

"The funny thing is," she told Humphrey, "that she says perhaps he won't have another idea for days, or even weeks. I asked her why he couldn't get them out of the morning paper. In a course I took once in fiction, Miss Carberry told us that noted authors usually take their themes from real

life, newspapers especially. I hope she suggested it to him."

Either Louise did not share Mrs. Stryker's notion of inspiration as a thistle to be grasped firmly and thus borne away root and all; or else she was a faithless wife for a struggling young author. For Neighbor learned later that the suggestion had not been passed on to Tommy. Tommy was busy writing a play, and could not stop for potboilers, now. The play had to be worth while. Dick Foster had asked him to try it, and would take it if it was good. It would be a great thing for Tommy. He was working out an idea that had been in his mind for a good while. It dealt with heredity. He was reading a great deal and slaving terribly. Meanwhile stories, even three-hundred-dollar ones, would only bother, and were not to be thought of.

"Although," her Neighbor told Humphrey Stryker, "I cannot understand what they are thinking of. In her condition, and with the baby coming in March, and all, he's simply got to bring in some money. Think of the things one always has to have!"



"MRS. STRYKER WAS ROOTING NONEXISTING WEEDS OUT OF HER FLOWER BED."

Life to Jennie Stryker consisted of Always or of Never having to do or to have certain things. To mix one's columns and get an Always-have-to in the column of the Never-have-to's made a misspent existence. There was no middle region of Sometimes or If-you-could in between the columns. If you lived in the wrong column, you lived there. There could be no half way about it. And if you lived there, Jennie Stryker could not understand you nor approve of you. It looked very much as if the Dennans had lived there so long that they were likely to become permanent tenants. In regard to this particular delinquency of theirs, Humphrey thought Dennon probably had something in the bank. Privately, he wished there were some way of easing up things for his literary neighbors. Five hundred dollars, now, if he could offer it in some decent way, might make all the difference in the play, or, for that matter, in the baby.

"Dennon's a fine chap," he said. "I hope he's not worried."

"Worried!" Jennie's forehead was a map of efficient concern. "Humphrey Stryker, I only wish something would worry them. She has simply no conception. Instead of worrying about something important they are lying awake nights, over whether to call it Richard Foster Dennon, or"—she stopped, her face very red.

"Or what?" asked Humphrey Stryker.

"Or Sara Bancroft Dennon," said Jennie. "The indelicacy of it! She hasn't bought a thing. I asked her the other day what style of crib she would get, and she said she hadn't thought about it yet."

It came of this dinner-table talk that Mrs. Stryker should, weeks later, when the incompetence of Louise had kept her awake for several nights, offer to show Mrs. Dennon something that might stir her a little. To do it meant to tear open again the old, old wound that Italian Art and Gothic Architecture had not yet healed. It meant a forehead uncommonly knitted and a drawing string uncommonly tight about her mouth. Mrs. Stryker, however, decided that Louise must be given some conception. She took her into the room that even Humphrey never entered, the room where, shrouded in cloths and folded in lavender, and locked in cedar chests, she kept the belongings of her only little baby. He had just breathed and gone. He had never used any of the hand work and diaphanous

linens that Mrs. Stryker showed Louise's widened eyes.

"I didn't expect him until July. But everything was ready, washed, ironed and put away in March, just as you see it."

She looked meaningly at Louise, who gave little gasps of wonder at the beauty of her neighbor's work, who looked about the shrouded little room with growing pity in her gaze, but who gave no further sign. She left Mrs. Stryker vocal with amazement. If once, then surely twenty times that night she told Humphrey Stryker that she could not understand.

Louise trailed listlessly across the grass, away from Dives' palace, too weary to care. The play had just gone. Tommy was in that state of edges and prickles in which he must not be worried. He could not write nor sleep nor think. He went off for long walks with the dog, and wore away the days until he could hear. He had not sold a story for weeks. They owed everybody. The play might come back. Dick Foster might say Tommy hadn't just hit it this time. Meanwhile, that funny, that dreadful woman, with her chests spilling their useless abundance, must turn again the iron in her neighbor's soul. Suspense, poverty, physical distress, had brought a kind of numbness upon Louise's senses.

She looked dully out of her blue-shadowed eyes, scarcely seeing the sunshine. She had just enough force left for the smile that Tommy needed, must have, at night, when he should come in, or through the hard days when he raged about the house needing her to talk to him, listen while he read, laugh, spin fairy tales with him, forbid him to write potboilers for anything or anybody. This drama Louise could play out. She had tried to sew for the poor little new person, of whom she hardly dared to think so much she loved him. But it worried Tommy when she seemed not to be listening. When she sewed, too, her head ached, and that worried him. Buy she could not.

As Louise trailed across the grass, the only thing, it seemed to her, that lived about her was hope. She hoped that the play might be taken in time, or that the blow might fall in time for Tommy to pluck himself together with her help. If she should be ill, and he should have to take it alone—if— Louise trailed up the steps, too weary, had it not been for the hope that was not dead within her, to have reached the shelter

of her room. There, away from Mrs. Stryker's just, uncomprehending eyes, she lay and hoped for strength to smile when Tommy should come in.

Her neighbor could not know with what heroism she found the smile, nor how little strength she had left for next day's finding. With complete justice, Neighbor conned the situation all night and settled it rationally. In the morning, more wrinkled than ever, she found herself sure of one thing. She could not understand Mrs. Dennon. By every test the woman showed herself unworthy of the great responsibility and privilege that was to be hers. Mrs. Stryker had no patience with unworthy people. Little babies, however, deserved a chance. It seemed strange that it should be a little baby's lot to fall into Louise Dennon's hands. Mrs. Stryker, believing these matters to be the concern of the Deity, could almost wonder what the Deity was about. Almost, she could not understand God. To understand Him or, not understanding, to disapprove of Him, were alike blasphemous. At this, Mrs. Stryker threw up her hands. Of Louise she could and did disapprove. For the practically orphaned baby she could hold the Deity responsible. Meanwhile, she rang the Dennon bell.

Louise was lying on the couch, while Tommy, smoking heavily, produced a waltz from the piano. The litter of books and papers on the table, the undeniable dust on the mantel and cigar ash on the hearth, confirmed Mrs. Stryker's disapproval. There was no warmth in her manner toward either unworthy person. Tommy removed himself from the justice of her gaze and left Louise to take it alone.

"I just came in to let you know," said Mrs. Stryker coldly, "that I have begun a dozen flannel nightgowns for your baby."

Louise, in a tired voice that showed no interest, murmured her gratitude and her protests. Mrs. Stryker rose to go.

"How do you know that will be too many?" she turned with logical frenzy on Louise. "You have perhaps heard of twins. There have been such—such occurrences."

As she went down the steps, she was almost sure she heard Louise laugh—or cry. It sounded like one or the other. Mrs. Stryker could not understand any occasion for either.

Because she could not understand and did not approve, and, indeed, referred

mentally to Louise as That Woman, she did not ring the Dennon bell again for weeks. The dozen nightgowns she sent over by Humphrey Stryker, one evening. Then, one morning, the postman brought Louise a note from her neighbor, offering the baby the shrouded crib from the dark room upstairs. The note ended:

"I am writing to you because this is something I cannot speak of to anyone. I hope you will never speak of it to me."

"Poor thing!" said Louise softly, looking at Tommy with shining eyes. "Poor thing! She hates me so! And she thinks there is no one to care unless she does. And she doesn't know about our play."

"Jiminy!" said Tommy. He was jingling real money in his pockets. Dick Foster had taken the play. Rehearsals were beginning. It promised to be *the* play of the decade, Dick wrote. There had been a payment, and there would, he was assured, be royalties!

"I'd better let the Strykers know," said Tommy. But Louise forbade him. She insisted, too, on taking the crib.

With its sending, Neighbor's sense of ownership was complete. She went to and fro, to Art Circles and Milk Committees, Boards and Classes, with a new light in her eyes. If it should be Richard Foster Dennon, she would give him all his silver. Maternity, she comforted herself, could never be defeated. If the poor child came to unloving, incompetent hands, there would be other hands, both loving and competent, ready to do what must be done. If people would be parents, and footless, their children need not therefore suffer.

Because she thus took comfort, did not ring the Dennon bell and did not concern herself with notices of ephemeral plays of the decadent modern stage, there was much that Mrs. Stryker did not know that winter. When the baby came, and was a boy, she sent not only the silver, but such jellies and soups as Louise should have. She drew the drawing string tighter about her mouth and was more sure than ever that she could not understand. She suffered acutely over the thought that Richard Foster Dennon would be fed wrong, taught wrong, covered up wrong, or worse, not fed, not taught, not covered up at all. He would sneeze and not be noticed; cry and be wrongly diagnosed. After the nurse went away, Mrs. Stryker could hardly endure the thought of Richard

Foster Dennon in the hands of those two People, as she called them explosively, and redoubled the jellies.

Then, one sunny morning, when Richard Foster had lived for five weeks without the nurse, Louise put her head out of the window and called down to Mrs. Stryker, rooting nonexistent weeds out of a perfect flower bed.

"Oh, Neighbor!" she said. "If you don't come and see me bathe my baby I shall think you dislike him. You're the only person on the block who doesn't even ask to look at him."

And, "Poor thing!" she whispered, as Mrs. Stryker came slowly around the path.

The slipperiness of a nine weeks' old baby when soaped and tubbed was a revelation to Jennie Stryker. She, whose life stood in neat columns of Nevers and Always, found herself lost among the Nevers. She had never seen a slippery, soaped, little baby. She watched with horrified fascination the manipulations of Louise. Suppose he really slid out and broke! Suppose he really swallowed all the water he seemed to threaten to swallow! Suppose the soap got into his eyes! When Richard Foster Dennon, finally dried, put into one of the dozen gowns, brushed with one of the silver-backed, soft little brushes, fed luxuriously and almost sunk into sleep, was ready to be laid in the Strykers' crib, Louise turned suddenly to her neighbor watching it all with a drawing-string mouth that held in the long chant of Never, Never, Nevers she might have uttered.

"Oh, dear," said Louise. "His little hot-water bottle! I must go down for it. Do hold him for me!"

Then Neighbor, still chanting Never, Never, Never behind her drawing-string mouth, found herself, rigid with fear, holding a soft, squirming bundle in her lap. The bundle had eyes that wandered vaguely over the ceiling, down the walls, turned in toward each other, and then, uncertainly, up toward Mrs. Stryker's face. Then the bundle gave a slight quiver of astonishment, sucked its mouth, widened it, blew it out suddenly, and said:

"Arrrrp!"

Then, because the eyelids dropped without warning over the bundle's eyes, the bundle went completely off to sleep.

Louise, who stayed a long time downstairs,

came back at last, and found Mrs. Stryker looking down at him with every drawing string pulled out from around her lips. Louise could have sworn she was smiling.

"Isn't he sweet?" she whispered. "But you ought to see him at night! Do come over at six, when I rub him—and stay to dinner. That's a nice neighbor!"

Mrs. Stryker watched Richard Foster Dennon being laid away in her crib. Then she turned away, then back. Louise meanwhile, busily patting covers and pulling shades, did not look at her. At last Neighbor spoke.

"Why, thank you," she said. "I've done my ordering for dinner."

A dinner ordered was to the Jennie Stryker mind, Louise knew, a dinner that demanded to be eaten. Then Neighbor looked at the crib where the bundle lay motionless.

"But I believe I'll do it. Yes, I will. We'll come." Her face was quite red with excitement. It was not, however, until she was going down the front steps that the full tide of abandon carried her away.

"Shall I—shan't I—don't you want me to bring you a wineglass?"

When the door was shut, Tommy who had been helping to speed her, protested.

"Why, dear, we've dozens of wineglasses. What did you do that for?"

"Oh, Tommy!" Louise's eyes reproached him, "Can't you understand?"


And Jennie Stryker, brushing her hair one hundred times that night before the mirror, after the rubbing and the dinner—during which she had laughed aloud three times—listened to Humphrey Stryker in silence.

Humphrey had spent a beautiful evening. He liked the Dennans. They laughed at all his anecdotes. They made him feel that he was as cultivated as anyone. They made him feel comfortable.


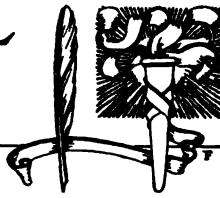
"But why," he finished, "did you take over that wineglass? I saw crowds of them out in the butler's pantry when Dennon made the cocktail."

Jennie Stryker went on brushing. She had heard about the play that night and the royalties. And she had watched Louise rub Richard Foster Dennon before he went to sleep.

"I know," she said. "They didn't need it. But she said for me to bring it and," the phrase came with a new and not unpleasant hesitation, "I think I understand."



EDITORIAL NOTES



ACHIEVEMENTS OF CONGRESS

THE recently adjourned Congress would have established a record for legislative achievement if President Taft had been willing. His vetoes prevented the nation from getting the benefits of immediate revision downward of at least some of the tariff schedules.

In questions where he had no veto power, the Congress did more than any in a generation. It achieved reforms in its rules and methods of parliamentary procedure that, in many ways, are more important than any legislation, because they are direct steps toward giving the people a little say in this government of ours.

The House reorganized its rules and restored control to the membership, dethroned the Speaker from his czardom and decreed that a committee on committees should name its committees. The Senate, much to the surprise of many folks, unhorsed the old Aldrich-Hale machine.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, Senator Aldrich and quite a few others have contended that the two Houses of Congress were incompetent to produce results save under the whip of bossism, but the two branches of Congress proceeded blithely to do business at the same old stand and to do it with an alacrity and willingness that has not been equaled in many a day.

All these changes were made in opposition to the influence of President Taft who, from his induction into the Presidency, leaned on the old bossism in the Houses and assumed that he could get nothing without it; that therefore he must accept thankfully whatever it would give him.

Even this is not all that was accomplished in the direction of parliamentary reform. For the first time in history the coöperation of Democrats and Insurgents made it possible to open the doors of a conference committee room where a great piece of legislation was being perfected. For generations the conference chamber has been sacred;

prying eyes and itching ears must not profane it. It was consecrated to secrecy, jobbery, snakes, fakes and plundering.

Representative Underwood and Senator LaFollette, controlling the conference on the wool bill, decreed that the business should be done in daylight. It was ruinous to jobsters, tipsters and boosters, but good for honest people.

Following this, the Democratic caucus decided that only open sessions should be the rule hereafter; and the next step, agitated already with an earnestness which promises well, will be to open all sessions of standing committees and compel ALL the public's business to be done in daylight.

That will finish the real business of parliamentary reform which we all had in our minds when we were conducting the fight against Cannonism and Aldrichism, and it was accomplished despite the devotion of our President to the old methods of darkness and deviousness.

The Senate ordered an investigation of the election of Isaac Stephenson as Senator from Wisconsin. It is very likely to result in driving him from his seat. How did Mr. Taft stand on that? Well, Mr. Taft permitted Stephenson, already under charges of corruption, to present a famous cow to the White House menage, and the exchanges of felicitations and assurances in that connection brought to Stephenson the first faint whiffs of the grateful notoriety he had expected to acquire along with his seat in the forum.

Such is the really great work of the session just closed. Add to it the passage of the campaign publicity act which limits political expenditures, provides for publicity of receipts and disbursements both before and after election, and prohibits corporations making campaign contributions, and you will conceive how fast we are progressing toward getting the instrumentalities of government back into the hands of the people, to be used only in the sight of all men.

Because they are really the most important achievements of the session lately ended, and the ones least considered in current appraisals, these things have been enumerated first.

Mr. Taft called the special session to act on his Canadian reciprocity measure. Negotiated in secret, it was ordered to be ratified without amendment and without thought of getting any illumination of its provisions from the tariff board. In due time the reciprocity pact was approved, and that approval marked the end of Mr. Taft's plans for tariff reform. True, he had been elected pledged to tariff reform and had betrayed the pledge by signing the Payne-Aldrich measure. True, the country in the 1910 election had underscored its demand for honest revision.

That made no difference. President Taft wanted his reciprocity agreement and nothing more. He had needed no assistance of the tariff board in preparing THAT pact; but when Congress proposed to go farther, to deliver some of the tariff revision for which the consuming public clamored, he announced that **he would refuse to approve any tariff measure passed before the tariff board approved the schedules involved.**

The schedules containing the exorbitant tariffs on wool, cotton and steel must not be revised until the tariff board could find time to write its "O. K." The country must wait on the pleasure of a tariff board which had no real powers of investigation and which might cease to exist if a Congressional committee should drop out the appropriation for its maintenance!

That was Mr. Taft's tariff logic; and it was good enough logic to justify him in vetoing the "farmers'" free list, wool, cotton and steel schedules which Congress insisted on passing. Those bills would have been hostile to the interests of the trusts.

In vetoing the tariff bills, the President charged that they had been hastily prepared and ill considered. That would have been ample reason—if it had been true.

The amendments which made up the wool, cotton and steel bills represented the crystallization of three years of study of the tariff. They stood for a larger study and more serious consideration than Congress has ever given to any tariff legislation.

Beginning with the campaign of 1908, the

country has had tariff constantly on its mind. Congress has been eating it, drinking it, sleeping with it; and Congress knows tariff better than Congress ever did before.

The fact is that the measures which Congress passed by a combination of Democratic and Republican votes were carefully considered, accurately weighed, and would have benefited the consuming public to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars. President Taft says he vetoed them because they had not been viséed by his tariff board. Why, then, did he not veto the reciprocity bill?

The fact has been made as plain as a pikestaff: The President did not want to indorse any revision, although he was pledged to it.

Mr. Taft's record throughout this session has been that of opposing every effort of the newly aroused spirit of popular government to break the leash in which it so long has been held. No better illustration is to be found than in the veto of the original bill admitting Arizona and New Mexico. At the very time when he was preparing vetoes of the cotton and wool bills which would have taken away some of the indecent profits of the cotton and wool trusts, he was also preparing a veto of the statehood bill because it contained approval of one of the recall features of the Arizona constitution.

Mr. Taft declared that to permit recall of the judiciary would menace the very foundations of our institutions. That is exactly what the old-line statesmen said in Massachusetts when there was debate over the election of judges. They insisted that if judges were to be elected, they would be liable to defeat because of unpopular decisions; they would be the victims of every gust of popular passion, and our judiciary, the last bulwark of liberty, would be broken down.

What nonsense! Most of the judges in this country to-day are elected, and it is universal testimony that the judiciary is more satisfactory in states where it is elective than where it is appointive; it satisfies the people better where terms are short than where they are long.

Mr. Taft simply displayed once more in this matter of the recall that innate, ingrained fear of the people, that hesitation to accept the modern developments of popular government, which is most characteristic

of all his consideration of social and political questions.

Arizona and New Mexico will come into the Union, because Congress promptly re-passed the bill, with a provision that the recall of judges must be taken out of Arizona's constitution. In due time Arizona will restore the recall. Nobody can say her nay, once she is in the family of states. The cause of real popular rule will go marching on despite the efforts of Mr. Taft or anyone else.

DOES IT PAY TO LIE?

THE news that the leading railroad systems of the country had decided to discharge great numbers of their employees must have come like a cold douche upon most observers.

Questioned as to the reasons for a policy that would mean so much distress and hardship to so many persons, the managements of these railroads gave an identical answer. They said that for months business had been so bad as to compel retrenchment and strict economy.

Very few of us outside of the railroad offices had known that business was bad. Not a word to that effect had we read in our daily newspapers. On the contrary, day after day, our eyes had fallen with gladness upon the most exhilarating reports about business conditions. Enthusiastic headlines proclaimed the great tidings of advancing prosperity and abundant crops. If here and there we met an individual pessimist, we had daily columns of optimism with which to overwhelm him.

And now, of a sudden, the railroads, sometimes called the business pulse of the country, announce that business is so bad and the outlook so gloomy, they must reduce their staffs by fifty thousand men.

We do not know how this can be true, but assuming that it is, one question at once occurs to the average mind.

Why has the daily press dealt in this respect so unfairly with us?

Either it is an accurate mirror of the times or it is worthless. If what the railroad managers say is true the press has been far worse than an inaccurate reflector; it has willfully and designedly deceived us concerning a matter of the utmost importance to the daily life of the people.

We understand well enough that to print the bald facts about business conditions

when these are unfavorable is regarded as poor policy, likely to discourage advertising and therefore injurious to the profits for the sake of which newspapers are printed.

But that is the very point about which we are raising the doubt. Is it poor policy?

If the newspapers may methodically and purposely deceive us day in and day out upon one matter, they may similarly deceive us about any matter or about all matters; and there remains nothing for the judicious reader but to view with distrust everything he reads in the press.

But the confidence of the public is the most valuable asset of any periodical, and how can any policy be good that tends to destroy that asset?

The general distrust of the news columns cannot exist very long without inducing some distrust of the advertising columns, so that the policy must in the end react upon itself and, we should think, with deadly effect.

We should not wonder if exactly this change were at present at work among the daily newspaper press and for exactly this reason.

After all, nothing pays in the long run but the truth. If misrepresentation, concealment and uncandor could possibly be good policy for a newspaper or a man, the moral foundations of society would collapse. Tell the truth, and if that be unpleasant, let us face it, prepare for it, and make the best of it. Nothing is ever gained by dodging it.

If trade falls off, we think the newspapers ought to print the fact. If the crops are injured, let them print that. If the railroads are drifting into bad ways, let them print that. They never do print such things, but we are arguing that they ought to print them. No more hugger-mugger. Let us have the facts. Anything that is true, important and moral ought to be good enough to print in any newspaper exactly as it occurs. Otherwise, to take but the simplest and most obvious view of the case, if the present policy of the press continues a few years longer it will be quite useless to publish anything relating to conditions for no one will believe it.

If we are to have a period of business depression we had better admit the prospect and steer accordingly. In that case, when it comes no one need undergo the shock that fell upon us all when the railroad managements reduced their staffs.

All this is on the supposition that the

railroads have any basis for their assertion. We do not know why the transportation business should be bad. It looks all right. But we do know this, that any period of depression or distress in a country overflowing with wealth and resources is a strange and monstrous anomaly that ought never to be.

We observe that some authorities commenting on the new policy of railroad retrenchment declare that there has been overproduction and to this cause ascribe the auguries of evil.

Before this suggestion any thoughtful person may well stand aghast.

How can it be right that because there has been overproduction great numbers of men must be reduced to want?

Or how can we justify a condition in which thousands of families must have too little because they have produced too much?

Or how can we really excuse unemployment so long as so many millions do not have enough?

If this is the best we can do with this world of ours, that men must starve because there is too much wealth in it, you might think we had better call the whole thing off and go back and start over again.

You might also think that our perspective of things important needs readjustment. For surely nothing else can be of any real importance except this absurd and most pernicious condition. So long as millions of human beings are at the mercy of such blind and crazy forces it would seem foolish to write books or study problems or acquire wisdom on any subject not connected with this.

So long as overproduction causes starvation the world must necessarily be far askew and civilization largely nominal.

And yet we are not aware that the suggestion is any more preposterous than that there should be at any time a threat of scarcity or a depression in business in the United States, where, year after year, we produce vastly more than we consume.

VINDICATING MR. RUSSELL

IN HAMPTON'S for March, 1910, was published an article by Charles Edward Russell entitled "Chaos and Bomb Throwing in Chicago." It described the re-

markable conditions that had grown up because the Chicago police protected or tolerated certain gambling houses, and it reflected severely upon the existing city administration.

One of the results of protected gambling, it may be remembered, was the explosion of thirty-four dynamite bombs in different parts of the city, usually with damage to property and sometimes with injury to persons.

The Chicago *Tribune* was good enough to take up Mr. Russell's article and attack it with varied and explicit denial, denunciation and some cheap wit.

On August 28, 1911, the *Tribune* on its first page recounted all the essential facts printed in Mr. Russell's article and gave thereto its emphasized indorsement.

In other words, it now declares to be true the statements it had previously described as preposterous and impossible.

In calling attention to this performance we have another purpose than merely to publish such an unequivocal testimonial to the accuracy of this magazine. We knew all the time that the article was absolutely correct, and the *Tribune's* admissions of no more importance than its previous denial.

That a newspaper should discover news seventeen months after a magazine had printed it might be taken as a striking illustration of the extent to which the magazine has occupied the field once the newspaper's own; but neither does this suggestion appeal much to us.

The fact is, we must regard the incident as quite otherwise than exhilarating. We have good reason to think that the *Tribune* knew Mr. Russell's statements to be correct at the time it denied them, and the revelation, therefore, of its methods and ideals is not inspiring.

In March, 1910, the city administration of Chicago was one that the *Tribune* supported and helped to put into office.

In August, 1911, the city administration of Chicago was one that the *Tribune* opposed and had labored to keep out of office.

It denied Mr. Russell's statements when they reflected upon its political friends and indorsed them when they reflected upon its political enemies.



THREE of PROG- RESS

MONTHS

By
Frank Orff

*President and General
Manager of the Colum-
bian-Sterling Publishing
Company, publishers
of the HAMPTON-CO-
LUMBIA MAGAZINE,
Orff's Farm Re-
view, American
Woman's Review
and the Sterling
Magazine*



BUILDING AND BUSINESS OFFICE OF THE COLUMBIAN-STERLING PRESS.

IN my talk in the August number of this magazine, I said that one of the fundamental reasons for bringing several magazines together in one organization was to secure for the reader, the advertiser and the stockholder every possible advantage in increased efficiency, improved quality and elimination of waste. Within the last month we have made some very important progress.

First: We have purchased a large, modern printing and publishing plant in New York City.

Second: We have consolidated the COLUMBIAN and HAMPTON'S MAGAZINES.

Third: We are consolidating the AMERICAN WOMAN'S REVIEW and

HOME, and will produce a new type of woman's magazine.

Fourth: We have remodelled ORFF'S FARM REVIEW and have made it a national farm journal of the highest quality.

I am sure you will agree with me when I say that the



MONOTYPE KEY BOARDS AND
A CORNER OF LINOTYPE ROOM,
COLUMBIAN-STERLING PRESS

record of our first three months is convincing evidence that we are "making good."

OUR NEW MANUFACTURING PLANT

The Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company, besides publishing the HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, is also

publisher of the AMERICAN WOMAN'S REVIEW, ORFF'S FARM REVIEW and the STERLING MAGAZINE. As present conditions exist in the publishing business, the actual expenses of these periodicals are enormous. This is not only caused by the cost of printing the magazines, but by the tremendous amount of other printed matter they must use in addition. So a search was made for the best printing plant in New York, and after casting an eye over the field, the plant of the Winthrop Press was purchased. The photographs published herewith show the extent of our new plant.

We are also illustrating with one or two photographs the main office and plant at St. Louis, Missouri. This plant, from the amount of magazine work which it does for the Company, is the main printing establishment. Three of our publications are printed and published in our plant at St. Louis; but for our work in the East and for the production of the magazines necessarily published in the East, the New



PART OF THE PRESS ROOM
AND A VIEW OF THE
BINDERY.

make it the most modern and best equipped plant in New York City, and we have arranged for magazine rotary presses as well as two-color cylinders and speedy automatics. Competent men in the printing industry in New York City have been selected as heads of the various departments.

The purchase of this plant means an enormous saving to the stockholders of the HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE and is a forerunner of the spirit of our work in promoting our business.

CONSOLIDATION OF COLUMBIAN AND HAMPTON'S

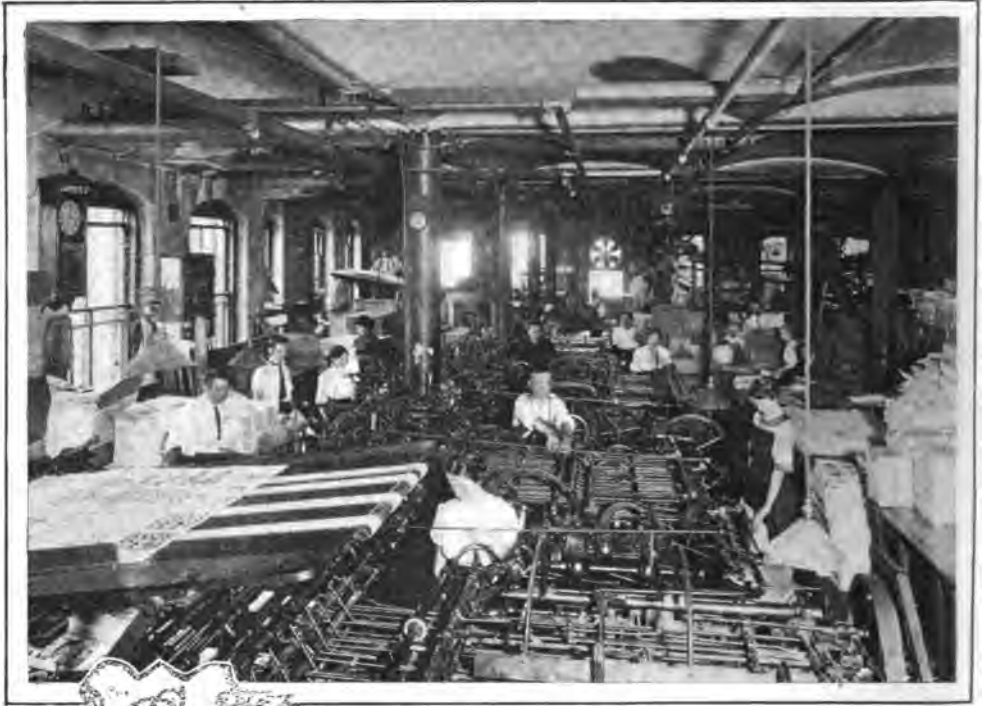
By the consolidation of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE and the COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE we, of course, make a tremendous saving in cost of production and at the same time a gain in circulation and a gain in efficiency. We have now the material of both* these big magazines and the staffs of writers of both to draw from. We have also the advantage of the advertising good-will which both magazines carried.

One good friend, after reading my article in the August magazine, said that it gave him the impression that I was putting too much thought on the advertiser. I am glad to have the point brought up, for it furnishes

York plant must supplement the St. Louis plant in order to have the maximum of economy in our general business activities.

It is our intention to double the capacity of the plant both in equipment and efficiency in the endeavor to





A VIEW OF OUR PRESS—
SUPERIOR

an opportunity to make clear to our readers some of the fundamental principles of magazine publishing.

OUR EDITORIAL POLICY

First of all, the magazine must be *built for the reader*. By this I mean that the editorial staff of our magazines has absolutely no connection, no contact even, with our advertising departments. Our editorial departments are absolutely free and independent. Our editors use their honest, earnest, sincere judgment as to what ought to go into our publications, and at no time does a hint ever reach them that any advantage may be gained by looking at things from the business office side.

The only people on earth whom our editors strive to serve are our readers. And this is the reason why our publications bring good results to advertisers. The independence, courage, good sense and high literary qualities of our editorial departments bring us large audiences of readers, who not only *read* our magazines but *believe* in them. This confidence extends to the advertising pages and our advertisers get the benefit of it.

Therefore, our editorial policy is not only wise and sound *editorially*, but it is wise and sound from a *business* standpoint.

A magazine of such quality as HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN, or the AMERICAN WOMAN'S REVIEW, or ORFF'S FARM REVIEW, could not be produced at its present price without the patronage of the advertisers. Besides, magazine



ROOM SHOWING OUR
EQUIPMENT.

readers have been educated to look to the advertising pages for information regarding their wants.

We think it not unreasonable, therefore, to assert that every reader of the magazine should regard the advertisers as his friends, for without them the modern magazine could not be sold at such a low price.

The advertisers in the Columbian-Sterling group of publications are worthy of your confidence and friendship. We exercise the most rigid scrutiny of every advertisement admitted to our pages. No advertiser of doubtful standing is admitted. Consequently, whenever you read an advertisement in any Columbian-Sterling magazine you can know that you are safe in dealing with that advertiser.

THE PRESENT NUMBER

Let me ask you to spend a few moments analyzing the magazine which you are now reading. If you will do this you will heartily agree with me in saying that no such periodical was ever produced before.

Look at its mere physical size. No standard magazine gives you so many pages of reading matter. No other furnishes so much quantity.

Then examine the *quality*. In no other publication can you find *quality* in such *quantity*. Every article, every story, every department in the HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE is of the very highest quality which the best editorial organization can procure.

Read this issue of the magazine carefully. Compare it with other great magazines this month. If you agree with me, you will admire all the magazines published in this country. I feel that all of them are splendid. But I think that our own



OFFICE BUILDING AND MAN-
AGER'S OFFICE IN OUR ST.
LOUIS PLANT.

HAMPTON - COLUMBIAN
MAGAZINE is several
degrees brighter, livelier,
more interesting and
more forceful than any
of the others.

OUR FUTURE EDITORIAL PLANS

Just now we would
rather not go into detail
regarding our editorial

plans for the future. Various of our magazine friends have formed the habit of watching our announcements with the close enthusiasm born of earnest jealousy, and of trying to imitate us. Imitations never equal originals, and we are sure that our progress has never been impeded by our neighbors who flatter us by appropriating our ideas; but there is an element of human nature which prompts us to guard our plans for the future.

We can make one important—almost sensational—announcement this month, as follows:

The HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE will publish two serial stories in 1912—one by Sir Gilbert Parker and the other by Rex Beach.

I believe I am conservative in saying that no periodical ever has made an announcement of such importance as this. Sir Gilbert Parker beyond question is one of the greatest writers of the day. His novel "The Right of Way" was conceded to be one of the greatest pieces of fiction ever written.



Thousands of readers in the United States know "Pretty Pierre," and love to follow him through his adventures. Seldom has there been a more beautifully whimsical story written than "The Lane that Had No Turning."

ONE OF THE EDITORIAL ROOMS
AND A CORNER OF A PRESS-
ROOM IN OUR ST. LOUIS PLANT.

When he writes of Canada Sir Gilbert writes as no other can write. Canada herself has recognized this by honoring him. Some years ago he said he had written his last novel about Canada; that hereafter he would devote himself to other fields. This caused genuine sorrow among the

readers of his books. This magazine organization has been working with Sir Gilbert for more than a year, and has convinced him that it is a duty he owes to his tremendous audience to give them at least one more novel of Canada. That has resulted in his starting on a story which is now under way.

In the United States, Rex Beach stands shoulder to shoulder with Sir Gilbert Parker. Most people concede that he is the greatest of our American writers. In "The Spoilers," "The Silver Horde" and "The Barrier" he has written three of the greatest of American novels. "The Ne'er Do Well" has told the story of Panama. The first three told the story of Alaska. Now Mr. Beach turns his attention to that tremendously important American problem, the immigrant. In a story dealing with the Italian Camorra and eventually finding its way to New Orleans, he brings in all the romance of the Italian, all the fire of his hatred and all the mystery of the vendetta. A girl of beauty and charm is the central figure in the story and the element



of love that unfolds with the pages of the novel is all handled in Mr. Beach's own inimitable style.

Mr. Beach himself believes that this is his greatest effort. From what we know of the story we agree with him. Even if we knew nothing of the story, we would be inclined to agree with him, because each book he has produced has been better than its predecessor. This is proved amply by the steady increase in the sale of his books. That a million copies of them have been sold is putting it mildly. Mr. Beach has an audience of at least six million readers. His books have been translated into several tongues, and they are as popular abroad as here.

To accompany these two serials, the HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE has arranged to obtain the product of some of the best short story writers in the country. Arthur Stringer is going to begin a new series, better and more alluring than the "Insomniac" series. It will be built around a beautiful woman who earns the title "The Cleverest Woman in the World."

Edwin Balmer and William B. MacHarg are starting on another series of adventures of "Luther Trant." To the old readers of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE nothing more need be said regarding this series. To the new readers it need only be said that "Luther Trant" is the original psychological detective.

Richard Washburn Child is working on a series of West Indian stories. Josephine Daskam Bacon, Harris Merton Lyon and Jack London are to give us their best future work. Virginia Terhune Vander Water has just given us her latest work and is now engaged in developing a new series for us. Gouverneur Morris, Cleveland Moffett, in fact wherever there is a writer of note we have made, or are making, arrangements with him to get the best of his product.

Then as to special articles. These are the features of a magazine that determine its real character. They were primarily responsible for the tremendous growth of HAMPTON'S. There will be no let-up in their virility; in fact, it will increase as time goes on.

Charles Edward Russell is starting on an important series, Frederick Palmer on another, Rheta Childe Dorr on still another. We are making arrangements for one of the foremost writers on economic questions to take a trip through Europe for us. When we are able to tell you his name you will be surprised, because it has been felt for years that it would be impossible for him to get away from the work that is now engaging him. The only way we were able to do it was by making it worth his while, and we made it worth his while because he is by far the best man in the world to handle the subject. This will be the spirit of our endeavors in procuring special articles.

We have made arrangements to get the bulk of the product of Irvin Cobb and Roy McCardell, two of the best humorists of the day. Mr. Cobb's "Who's Who at the Zoo" in the present number assures our readers of the amusement he will afford them during the coming year. Other humorists are to compete with these men for place in our pages.

Taken all in all, we are feeling good over the outlook. We cannot tell all our plans, but we have told you enough here, we think, to make you join us in that feeling.

The
SCARECROW'S
HUNT for
POLAR BEAR

By Fred Stone

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Fred Stone sprang into fame a few years ago as the *Scarecrow* in the musical comedy "The Wizard of Oz" and since then, with his partner, Dave Montgomery, has appeared in several very popular entertainments. His achievement as the *Scarecrow*—in which his extraordinary make up, his ability as a contortionist and his abounding humor had full vent—still remain unrivalled. The following article is a narrative of unique Arctic adventure.

EVER since I learned to throw a lariat I have wanted to rope a polar bear. But the idea of going to the Arctic for that purpose never took real shape until two years ago, when somebody sent me an illustrated circular, printed in Danish, of a fellow named De Gisbert who took out parties of hunters from Norway west to Greenland.

I could not read the circular, nor could anybody else that I could find, but the pictures were great. I knew that if I could get as near to a polar bear as the men in those photographs, I could rope him as easily as I could a broncho.

So I got in correspondence with De Gisbert, who lived in Hamburg. He agreed, for \$5,000, to take me and four others in a special ship from Tromso, Norway, for forty days' polar-bear hunting along the east coast of Greenland. He was to go as guide.

During the winter I made up the party, which included Arthur Houghton, manager of "The Old Town" company; Edward Farmer, of Arlington, Massachusetts, who had hunted and fished all over the United States; Robert Burnes, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a well-known trap shooter and moose killer, and myself.

We were all old hunters except Houghton. He had never shot a humming bird; so he got busy with rifle and target. At night, after the show, Houghton and I would talk about the trophies we expected to get, bearskins, walrus heads, sealskins and the like.

I could not figure on bringing home a polar-bear cub, a pup walrus or a musk-ox calf as a plaything for my little girl, Dorothy, because, by the terms of my contract with De Gisbert, any of these Arctic youngsters we captured alive were to belong to him. And thereby hangs a tale.

In looking forward to this trip, what interested me most—even more than shooting and roping things—was the chance to get moving pictures. When I got my picture outfit, three years ago, it was with the idea of taking, once a year, moving pictures of my little girl and keeping them to show to her as she grew up. I began it with Dorothy at the age of three, washing her doll's clothes. Last year I took pictures of her fishing for trout in Colorado; and this year I "took" her birthday party on Long Island. And incidentally I became a "moving-picture fiend."

During the first week in June our party of four sailed from New York for Christiansand, Norway, where our guide met us. De Gisbert proved to be a fleshy, dark-bearded Spaniard. He looked like a Svengali who had eaten too much. He spoke English, but with such a peculiar accent—half German, half Cockney—that it mixed his words up like a goulash. He also spoke Norwegian, and ninety-nine and a half other languages, including the bear dialect.

He had with him Dr. Hentschel from the Natural History Museum at Hamburg—whom we had not invited. But we were glad enough to have him along, for a doctor may come in handy. If a polar bear hugs your ribs, the doctor can tell your family—and the life-insurance company—what you died of.

He was a tall, gentle-looking doctor, and we nicknamed him "Pinkwhiskers," because of the light-colored fuzz which fogged his blond complexion. He was in quest of the minute creatures which swarm in Arctic waters, and

had with him a mass of nets of all shapes and sizes.

With our guide and "Pinkwhiskers" we journeyed north in a steamer for six days along the Norwegian coast to Tromsø, where our ship awaited us. The *Fonix* was her name, and De Gisbert told us how Prince Heinrich of Prussia, brother of the German Emperor, traveled in her along the Spitzbergen coast the year before. We began to feel quite princely.

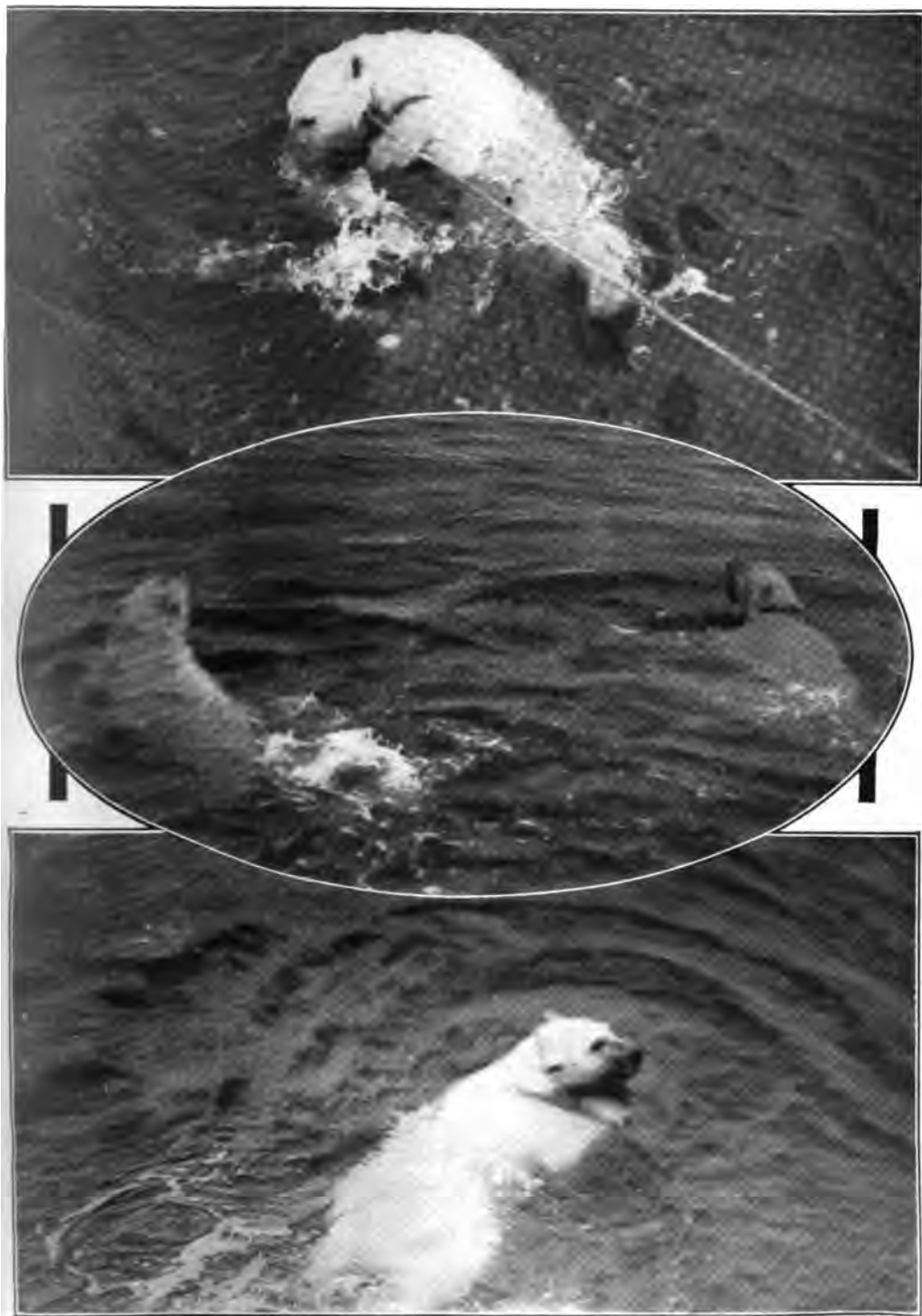
He had an imaginative brain, that guide. His tales of the Arctic outrivaled Dr. Cook's. Among other things, De Gisbert told us how a member of one of his former expeditions eluded a pursuing bear by throwing back at the ferocious animal, as he ran, his hat and then his mittens. The bear stopped to sniff each one, thus giving the hunter time to reach the boat. Wouldn't F. Stone look great beating it along the ice as advance agent for a bear, all the while shedding coats and trousers and such to entertain the animal?

THE GOOD SHIP "FONIX"

The *Fonix* was lying at anchor in the stream, all nicely done up in white paint, "to be less easily seen by bears and seals," our guide explained. Personally, I believe the paint was put on only to hide her age. (I don't say this merely because everybody called the ship "she.") The *Fonix* may have had the remains of great beauty—only I could not see it. Ninety feet on the water line and one hundred and twenty feet over all, built of wood in 1865, she looked to me a pretty small craft for a sixteen-hundred-mile ocean trip. When we spoke to the guide about her size, or lack of it, he said we



1. Fred Stone. 2. Edward Farmer. 3. Robert Burnes. 4. Dr. Hentschel. 5. De Gisbert. 6. Arthur Houghton.



POLAR CUBS LASSED BY FRED STONE FROM A WHALE BOAT

These photographs are enlargements of moving pictures made of the chase.

were lucky to get a boat so small that "she could go miles farther into the ice than the other boats." Then he trotted out again that story of the German Emperor's brother having traveled in her, and pointed out the iron bands that reinforced her bow so she could ram the ice—and we believed him. Couldn't we see those iron bands?

We steamed out of Tromsø July 1st. In the afternoon we bumped into a strong head wind, and our white-painted old lady began a dance. For ground and lofty tumbling, plain and fancy, a vaudeville specialist would have taken off his hat to the *Fonix*. She would roll over on one side, stick her nose straight down in the water, jump up again, shake the water off her back, then roll over on the other side.

Houghton, the Tenderfoot, was chipper as a chorus girl who had just drawn her salary. I wasn't. Neither were the others. The Tenderfoot, with that superior smile of people who have not imagination enough to be seasick, asked us if we were feeling ill. Of course we were not. But we thought we had better lie down, so as to prevent it. We were in our bunks preventing it for the next four days.

I have read somewhere that seasickness is caused by a disturbance of the center of equilibrium, located behind the left—or maybe it was the right—ear. But my trouble wasn't anywhere near my ears.

During those four days I got well acquainted with my cabin. I should have rolled out of bed every ten seconds if there had not been a high board along the front of my bunk. I tried, by bracing my



MOVING-PICTURE FILMS
OF THE CUBS RESIST-
ING THE LARIAT.

back against the wall and my knees against the board, to steady the ship. My back was not strong enough.

My guns, which were hung on the wall, would swing out with the motion of the ship and hang right over my face, then bang against the wall as they swung back. When we came aboard I had put my eight thousand feet—a little over a mile and a half—of moving-picture films under the bunk, all rolled up neatly in round flat tin cans. As soon as the gale started, those tin cans began to waltz. Their rattling increased my headache; but I had not the courage to get up and put them anywhere—even if I had had anywhere to put them. Sometimes I was afraid the ship would sink and sometimes I was afraid she wouldn't.

Things were at their worst on the fourth of July. Every little while Houghton would come into my cabin to tell me what was going on outside.

"What do you think has happened now?" he would say. "Six sailors have lassoed a long pole to a pump, and they are out there now on the deck, pumping the water out of the hold."

He told me he had asked the only one of the sailors who could speak English what was the matter, and the man had replied, "She leaks."

I got into my clothes somehow and staggered up to the captain's bridge. The captain was a pleasant-faced young Norwegian, with big blue honest eyes. He was quite willing to tell me the whole truth, and part of it was that we had no sails, and if the old engine broke down we were done for. Oh, we were having a perfectly delightful time!



ARTHUR HOUGHTON, WINNING THE TITLE OF THE "ARCTIC LADY KILLER."—DRAGGING HIS "LADY" BACK TO THE SHIP.

Finally the wind went down and the sick ones recovered enough to join the Tender-foot in the saloon at meal time. We agreed not to reproach De Gisbert about the ship. There wasn't even any revenge left in us.

On July 6th we ran into a thick fog and went at slow speed. The ship had already been stopped three times while the engineers tightened up the screws in the machinery. Our guide insisted on hanging around in the fog until we found Jan Mayen Island, then going northward until we met the open

water, which, he said, would be along the Greenland coast and inside the pack ice.

The captain looked dubious. Already there was floating ice ahead of us, and it had been reported in Tromso that the pack ice was farther south than for many years. He wanted to let Jan Mayen go and steam straight north about a hundred miles, then cut into the ice by the lanes of open water through the floes. But De Gisbert, being the stage director of this show, had his way, and thus we lost a whole week of the time we should have had for hunting.

On the morning of July 7th the sun burned through the fog, and we saw Jan Mayen Island and the famous Berensberg Peak, 8,350 feet high and covered with snow, about fifteen miles ahead of us. We landed on the west coast and stayed five hours, shooting birds. De Gisbert told us a pleasant story about the ship *Frithjof*, wrecked in the ice and last heard of at this place. She carried twenty-three men all told, the same as we did, the real "skidoo" number. The guide looked blank when we reminded him of this coincidence. Perhaps there is no number twenty-three in Hamburg.

We steamed away from Jan Mayen Island with a strong southeast wind behind us. Suddenly the captain noticed on the horizon ahead of us a peculiar light known as the "ice gleam"—the reflection of the big ice fields. This surprised us and changed our plans completely. De Gisbert straddled about the deck, exclaiming in Spanish, German, English, Norwegian, Danish and Polar Bear. He had not expected to find the big field so far south as this. The captain had, though. He had said so the day before, when the guide overruled him.



THE GOOD SHIP FONIX.

We could not go into the pack ice now, with the strong wind and the high seas pounding the smaller floes along its edges. There was nothing to do but turn around and buck up against a strong head wind till the sea quieted down with a change of weather. The gale increased every minute.

One by one we crept back to our bunks, to nurse that spot behind our ears until the wind went down next day. Then a fog came up. The floes were so tightly packed ahead that the captain advised going back to the eastward until we were outside the ice field, then working north until we found more open water where we would cut into the ice again. So we turned back and steamed northeast.

FOUR PLEASANT DAYS

We steamed for four days, while the fog hung on, and we could take no observations. We twisted right and left, back and forth, north, south, east and west, to avoid the moving ice. It seemed to me that we had gone so far we must be in danger of hitting the North Pole in the fog. The captain himself did not know where we were; and let me tell you, buried in these Arctic fogs for days is a great chance to take up the study of "Monotony." It was a pleasant situation—twenty-three men of us lost in the fog-bound, ice-jammed Arctic seas, under us a groaning and weary old engine that might fall dead at any moment! But Fate now had a little surprise in store for us—something cozy and homelike.

Suddenly, out of the light fog ahead, loomed again the jagged and black outlines of Jan Mayen Island! We were back in the same place we had left nearly a week before!

The loose ice ran tight down to Jan Mayen. So we did now what our captain had wanted to do one week earlier—steamed northeast to latitude 73°, then west at full speed for the Greenland coast. We could not make up the lost seven days nor could we extend the forty-days' trip, at the rate the engine was chewing up coal.

The strong northwest wind



LANDING A LIVE POLAR ON THE FONIX.

was blowing the ice out to sea now, and opening it up in great shape. We put two hundred and twenty miles of ice behind us in forty-eight hours' steaming. This brought us within eighty miles of Greenland, and into the hunting grounds. The weather was beautiful, clear sky and sunshine day and night, no fog, and the temperature about 30°. We were now glad of our warm leather automobile coats and trousers.

Our first trophy was a seal, which fell to Houghton. We got many seals between whiles, but this is a bear story.

THE FIRST BEAR

At noon on July 16th our lookout shouted "Bjourn" (pronounced *buren* and meaning bear). My blood began pounding in my arteries. I realized that I was alive. More surprising still, I was glad of it.

De Gisbert told us so much about the moving pictures he had taken on other expeditions, that I decided he had better run the machine this first time, taking no chance of Houghton getting bear fever and throwing the apparatus at the animal's head.

We launched the whaleboat. There were in it four sailors: De Gisbert, Houghton, Burnes and myself. We rowed toward the

big floe where the bear was. He was a huge fellow, and he came walking slowly down to the edge of the floe to look us over, swinging his head from side to side, and now and then stopping to sniff the air.

I was in the bow of the dancing whaleboat, rifle in hand, ready to jump onto the ice. We were about fifteen yards from the floe and fifty from the bear, when De Gisbert called out: "Shoot him! Shoot him!" in his funny Spanish-German-Cockney accent. He was standing up in the boat—straddling it as if it were a horse, and falling all over everybody.

It seemed impossible to get in any kind of a shot with the boat bobbing around like a cork, and the water splashing over the bow and wetting the telescope of the rifle. I got my handkerchief and was wiping the scope, when De Gisbert shouted again:

"I say, old fellow, give him a shot. Now's your chance!"

"Wait till we get on the ice," I said, "I want to get moving pictures."

"My word!" he screamed. "Shoot now, I tell you—shoot now."

I put the gun to my shoulder. The bear would go right through the scope, up and



LOWERING THE BEAR ON DECK.



lungs: "Set up the machine! Set up the machine!"

He paid no attention to me, but continued yelling, "Shoot him!" and stumbling about with the tripod between his legs.

You see I was playing two parts. I wanted to shoot the bear and I wanted to get the moving pictures. But I couldn't make De Gisbert understand that, so I shot once more. The scope was all covered with mist from the water—a perfect blur. I had never used a telescope sight before. The shot missed the bear.

"My word!" said De Gisbert. "What's the matter with our crack shot?"

Then I used the rifle sight, under the scope, hit the bear in the fore leg, and he turned a complete somersault. He got up, biting

down, the boat rocked so. I pulled the trigger.

"My word, you've missed him!" screamed the guide.

The bear never moved. It was indeed true—I had missed him.

"Give him another one!" yelled De Gisbert.

I up with the gun, and hit the bear in the same spot I hit him before.

"Let me on the ice," I said, very cool and stern like.

As soon as we struck the floe I was out of the boat, Houghton behind me and De Gisbert behind him with the moving-picture machine. The guide was doing a song and dance, shouting, "Shoot him, shoot him!" and dragging my picture machine all over the ice.

I ran out, ready for a shot, calling to De Gisbert at the top of my

"He was a huge fellow."



When the first shot hit.



Moving the enemy.

THE FIRST COMPLETE MOVING PICTURE OF A POLAR BEAR HUNT FROM THE THREE SHOTS TO KILL

angrily at the wound, and limped away.

I called again to De Gisbert to set up the machine, but he only yelled back his usual stage directions. I ran toward the bear and was just going to fire—when I went into soft snow up to my neck. The bear had gone over this same spot a minute before. It must have been my desire for pictures that made me so much heavier than he was. I scrambled out, still calling to the guide to get the machine ready. When he did not, I grabbed it myself and set it up somehow. The finder was all bent from his yanking it over the ice. I set it up within twenty-five feet of the bear, and I said to De Gisbert:

"Turn that crank, or I'll know the reason why."



Basking in victory.



Rolled over, stone dead.



The finishing touches.

"You're too close, I say. My word, young man, you're too close!" he cried, crazy with fear of the bear. He did not touch the crank.

Very slowly and quietly this time, so that he got the idea that I meant it, I said: "I want pictures. You

turn that crank."

He took the crank with the tips of his fingers, standing as far off as possible, his legs straddled apart and his eyes on the bear instead of on the finder. There he danced and turned the crank at intervals while I got into the picture—what there was of it—and finished the bear with two shots, one on the side and another in the neck.

When it was all over, and the harpooners were getting their ropes on the bear, I turned

LANDING ON THE ICE TO THE DEATH OF THE BEAR. IT TOOK FRED STONE THIS BIG FELLOW.

to De Gisbert: "I will take all these moving pictures myself after this—of *other* people killing bears. If I do any killing, Mr. Houghton will run the machine."

That bear measured eight feet, four inches from tip to tip, and weighed eight hundred and eleven pounds. The next was to be Houghton's. He hoped it would be a little one—just a Teddy. We stationed a lookout, and went to bed around midnight with all our clothes on. I had the moving-picture camera ready all the time, set for whatever sort of light there happened to be. We got our best pictures at two o'clock in the morning.

About half past one that same night the captain called us. We got on deck in less time than firemen take to answer the alarm. The bear was a mile away when she was first sighted, and half a mile in on the ice. Only the trained eye of our Norwegian ice-pilot captain could have seen her at all—for he said it was a she. Houghton had a regular ice gleam in his eye.

When we got into the boat, De Gisbert put out his hand for the moving-picture machine; but I said, "Nay, nay, little brother, I'll turn this crank myself."

As soon as the whaleboat hit the floe, the bear got up and stood on her hind legs—then hiked away. Houghton said afterwards that she must have smelt the old fox heads that our naturalist doctor, "Pinkwhiskers," had drying on top of the chart house—and wanted to get away from them. None of us blamed the bear.

It was a wild chase. The footing was abominable. Sometimes we sank in the snow and slush up to our waists. I had just climbed on a great hummock of ice when I saw the bear right in front of me. I knew we were affinities. I could have killed her with one shot, but she belonged to the Tenderfoot. The bear turned and made for the water, but the sailors jumped into the small boat and headed her off, back onto the floe. There was an ice foot on the edge of the floe, and the bear stood on this, peeping at us over the top.

She started off at a right angle, and I set up the moving-picture machine and began to take pictures. It was great. Houghton threw up his gun (he told me afterwards that the bear looked like a cathedral) and hit her the first shot. It brought her down forward, and she was going so fast she turned a complete somersault. She got up and started off again. I screamed to Hough-

ton to get into the picture—that is, between me and the bear, but he did not hear me. He did not even know I was taking pictures.

So I grabbed up the camera and ran toward him, and when I got within twenty-five feet, and had set up the camera again he ran into the picture and finished the bear with two more shots, one in the lungs and another in the jugular.

When she rolled over, stone dead, he just stood over her and waved his gun in the air—violently insane. I had got moving pictures of the whole thing; but they do not show the color of Houghton's face. Our Tenderfoot had left the novice class. His bear measured seven feet, four and one half inches and weighed six hundred and forty-four pounds.

Then we went back to our bunks. It was hard to sleep on board the *Fonix*. Old as she was, she was noisier than a colicky baby. The sailors all wore wooden shoes, and they kept up a clamp, clamp, clamp up and down the deck over our heads.

After killing his bear, Houghton gave the sailor who acted as lookout a bottle of brandy, to use as a hair tonic, if he would sit down and stay sitting down while he watched for bear. The sailor carried out instructions. He did not walk; he just fell through the skylight into Houghton's room about 6 A.M., with the bottle only half empty. His hair was dry.

A CHANCE FOR THE LARIAT

We saw no more bear for two days. But on the morning of the 19th our ice pilot discovered three bears swimming between two floes a mile and a half ahead.

It was Mr. Farmer's turn now, and we were glad the bears were in the water. The old man was like the Prince of Denmark, fat and scant of breath; and though a good sport, he was sixty-two years old and was not yearning for one of those fast chases over the ice floes. We ran the steamer within forty yards of the bears. Now the *Fonix* had one virtue, and adversity—in the shape of ice floes—brought it out. She could turn on a dime and have three cents left over for change.

De Gisbert was in the bow of the ship, and he said to Mr. Farmer, who had his rifle ready:

"I say, old man, be careful. It's a mother with two cubs."

"I don't see any cubs," said Farmer.

"If you hit one of the cubs," said De Gisbert excitedly, "it will cost you a hundred dollars. All the cubs are mine, and I get one hundred dollars apiece for them."

"Tell me which is the mother," said Mr. Farmer, in his quiet way. "They look all the same size to me."

"The one in the middle is the mother," screamed De Gisbert. "Oh, I say, be careful; she's on the outside now."

"This puzzle is too much for me," said Mr. Farmer, lowering his rifle, and somebody suggested that we take the small boat. I got out my lariats. I meant to rope those "cubs." De Gisbert, Farmer and I got into the boat with three sailors, and followed about twenty yards behind the bears. The mother, as she swam, would look back at us over her shoulder, growling. She kept between us and the cubs.

Houghton was back on the bow of the ship with the moving-picture machine, and I knew he was getting it all, the bears in the water, their every movement—everything but their growls.

Farmer now got a good shot at the mother, and she doubled up dead in the water—just floated with the arch of her back showing above the waves. The cubs kept on swimming; but as soon as they noticed that the mother was not with them, they turned back to where she was.

Now was my time to use the lariats, for if those cubs, or young bears, or whatever they were, once got on the ice floes, I might throw ropes at them until doomsday. But here in the water I knew they were mine, and I felt repaid for all the trouble of growing up, and cutting my teeth, and learning the multiplication table. The cubs were swimming so close together that I was afraid of getting both of them in one loop, for then I could not have got the rope off. I would have had too many bears on the string.

I missed the first throw through trying to get the inside one. De Gisbert bothered me with his prancing around in the boat. This man never seemed to sit down—except in the photograph we finally took of the party.

I coiled my rope a second time, and measuring with my eye the distance between me and the cub I wanted, I whirled the rope round and round over my head to get the necessary impetus—then let it fly—done! I had lariatied a polar bear. But

there was another one out there in the water, and I could not wait to gloat.

Whenever I pulled at the rope, the bear bit at it. He dived and turned somersaults and did all manner of stunts there in the water; but the worse he behaved, the better pleased I was, because I knew that Houghton was there on the top of the chart house with the moving-picture machine.

A TEAM OF BEARS

I gave the rope to De Gisbert to hold, and took up the second lariat. I made a dandy throw of some fifty feet, and had bear number two hitched up in a team with his little brother. What a row they made! When they were not biting at the rope, they were snapping at each other. We fastened the ropes to a ring in the boat, and began to pull them in. The sailors rowed with all their might toward the ship, but the bears were stronger than the sailors, and they swam away as hard as they could, towing us after them. The bears were swimming against the sailors, and the sailors were rowing against the bears. It was the greatest sport I ever knew. I felt like What's-His-Name, the party who drove the chariot of the sun.

They must have towed us two or three miles, but the ship followed. I told De Gisbert they were *bearing* us away at a great rate, but he did not see the joke. We were pulling in on the ropes all the time, and gradually reducing the distance between us and the bears. Finally I took a long pole and guided them around till their heads were turned toward the ship. They would snap at the pole, and by moving it gradually all the time, I changed their direction.

De Gisbert was smiling all over at the two hundred dollars' worth of cub we had in tow; but when we got them around to the ship, the captain refused to take them on board. He said they were not cubs at all, but full-grown bears, and he would not have them on his ship. He said they would tear the cage to pieces and chew up the ship.

There was only one cage on the ship, anyway, and the captain said it would be so full of bear that they would have to take turns in breathing. It was a great row. The sailors agreed with the captain that these animals were not cubs, but large young bears, sixteen or seventeen months old. De Gisbert was mad clear through. He looked more than ever like a fat Svengali.

It was Burnes' turn to shoot a bear. He had not had one yet; and he said now, "I claim one of those cubs."

Finally the captain said he would take one bear on the ship, though we still held out that even that one belonged to us under the terms of our agreement with De Gisbert. But I was more than willing to have this frisky polar put in the cage on the deck, because I wanted moving pictures of him being put in.

One of the bears was towed to an ice floe with the lariat still round his neck; then he was let loose and Burnes shot him. I got moving pictures of that, too. However they should decide their conundrum of when is a cub not a cub, I was winning out with the lariats and the picture machine. And we each had a pelt now.

LANDING THE "CUB" IN THE SHIP

The other "cub" was hauled aboard the ship. It was better than a circus to see that great bear lifted over the side by the steam winch, with a rope round his stomach. He was kicking and snapping at the sailors, and when they finally let him down on the deck, there was not room for anything else.

The cage was about four by six feet. It was made of planks, two by six inches, and it took nearly the whole crew and ourselves to get that bear into it. First we put the lariat that was round his neck through the back of the cage and tried to drag him in. You might as well have tried to drag the Brooklyn Bridge by one of its trolley wires. Then we got behind the bear and pushed. We pushed and sweated and swore, and then pushed some more. Also cursed some more. Finally we got him in and were just going to nail him up, when—slam bang! he was out on the deck once more, and we had to begin it all over again.

When we got him nailed in at last, we all sat down to a breakfast of bear steak. We could have fed a regiment on fresh meat.

The bear in the cage out there was already justifying the captain's opinion of him. He began to claw his way out as soon as he was fastened in. Before he had been there twenty-four hours he had got his claws into a knot-hole in one of the boards, had yanked it off, and was halfway out before the sailors saw him. It took ten minutes and all the oaths in the Norwegian language to get him in again. The floor of the cage

stood on legs which raised it about six inches from the deck, and when he could not get out through the side, he actually clawed a big hole through the floor, although it was two inches thick. Whenever we heard a hammering in the night, we knew that somebody was nailing another cleat on that cage.

I suppose each bear chase is more or less like all the others—except to the fellow who does the chasing. That day, between seven in the morning and midnight, we simply wallowed in bear. By bedtime we had killed or taken alive eight bears, and our deck was running with blood from the polars which had been skinned and cut up there. The *Fonix* looked like a pirate ship and smelled like a slaughterhouse. The turn of each man for the shooting had come round so fast that he had hardly time to get anxious for it. Every bear which Houghton had killed was a female, including his first one on July 17th, and we called him "the Arctic lady-killer," a title which still clings to him on Broadway.

One bear which fell to me was a giant. It weighed nine hundred and thirty pounds—about six times as much as I. I shot him from the small boat, as he was swimming in the water. As the sailors hoisted him on board, and I saw yard after yard of him appear above the rail, I was glad that he was really dead.

Houghton had the record for proving the amount of lead a bear can carry in her system. He put six bullets into one of his Arctic ladies before the curtain was rung down. After the fifth, I said to him, "You'll have to speak louder, old man, they're walking out on you."

One bear got away from us in the fog which was coming up, but I am not sure it was altogether the fault of the fog. No matter how fast the bears came, De Gisbert never failed to remind us that it was "customary to open a bottle," and the little pink eyes of the last polar I shot that day looked like the headlights of an automobile.

The fog held us now for twenty-four hours, and we had time to sleep a little and to talk things over. I was more friendly with our guide than the other men were. I had no serious objection to his claiming the cub, if he hankered for it. All I had wanted was to rope bears and get moving pictures, and I had roped bears and got moving pictures. De Gisbert had been very much in-

terested in my lariat, and asked how I learned to do it. So I told him.

I had wanted to have a cowboy number in a piece I was going to play some years ago, and when I saw a lanky half-breed Indian boy doing a rope-spinning turn in a melodrama in Louisville, Kentucky, I got him to teach me. I had the fellow with me two months on the road and six weeks in the country during vacation, and by the end of that time I had learned about all he knew. Then I learned the Mexican style of roping from Will Rogers, and I roped with the Wild West show when they were in Brooklyn. The rest was a mere matter of practice. I carry a broncho with me on the road all the time, and amuse myself by roping him.

De Gisbert thought he would like to learn; but I told him he would have to begin by taking a diet of sawdust and tea. As he was, it would take a pretty long rope even to go round him. He did not insist.

When the fog lifted, the fun began again. No two of these bears behaved in exactly the same way. One female, on being hit by a shot from Mr. Farmer's rifle as she was swimming across our bow, made a dive straight down twenty or thirty feet, and when she came up she swam off on her back, kicking out exactly like a human being until she was stopped by a bullet in the head.

That same night Houghton and I, with three sailors, came near being lost in the fog on an ice floe so large that it seemed to extend all the way to Greenland. The captain had sighted a bear far off to the west about eight o'clock, and I had taken my rifle and Houghton had taken the picture machine. The traveling on that floe was harder than a season of one-night stands. It was all hummocks and soft snow. After only half a mile of it Houghton was puffing like an automobile at midnight when people are trying to go to sleep. I got one shot into the bear at about two hundred and fifty yards; but owing to the snow hummocks I could not get another aim, so we followed his bloody trail as far as from Oklahoma to Broadway before we finally found him—stone dead.

We had not noticed the fog until we heard the steamer whistling for us. We had been too busy stumbling and picking ourselves up again. The fog was so thick we could not even see the sailors who were behind us dragging the bear. We could not see the ship, we could only hear her whistling.

Houghton said we were in for a bad night adrift on an ice floe in the Arctic, with no food, and with the possibility that the moving ice might drive our ship away from us, or that the fog might last for days.

When the three sailors overtook us, I kept my heart up by helping them drag six hundred and eighty-two pounds of bear over the rough ice and snow hummocks. Houghton was carrying the picture machine on his back when he wasn't falling down with it.

Finally, after some four hours, we reached the ship, wet to our hips from the snow drifts we had stumbled through, soaked with the fog and thoroughly tired.

HOMeward BOUND

The captain now turned east, away from the coast pack, and I had a hunch that our bear-killing was ended. Next day the wind blew a snowstorm down on us. The gale continued for five days without a let up. The *Fonix* and her captain were kept busy. When the ice floes were not trying to climb on our backs, we were climbing on theirs. More than once we were stuck fast on a projecting ice fort, with our bow raised several feet above the usual water line. Whenever we stood still for a while, "Pinkwhiskers" got out his little nets and fished for wigglers. He was sublime.

Finally, on July 27th, the captain suggested that we start to get out of the ice and head for home. The engines, which were supposed to burn four tons of coal a day, were burning five, and it behooved us to get busy.

The engines behaved fairly well until we had put two hundred miles of ice between us and the hunting grounds. We had been about two hours outside the ice fields, and were still five hundred and ninety miles from Tromsø, when they stopped. We supposed the engineers were tightening up the nuts again, but after half an hour or so we began to get nervous. We were all in the saloon, and we sent Houghton to investigate. He soon returned with news. The whip on the shaft had broken in two! Houghton said that the engineer *hoped* they could fix up a piece of iron on a small forge and clamp the broken parts together so they would stand the strain of running at half speed. The repairs would probably take four hours. Five hundred and ninety miles at three miles an hour! All the time we were tossing about like a cork and wondering if the engine

would get started before we drifted down to the ice fields south of us.

If the thing had happened the day before, when we were still in the ice, somebody else would have had to do fancy roping in "The Old Town" this season, and Houghton would not have managed the show. Even a comedian can be serious on occasion.

After six hours we started at half speed. We steamed sadly on for two hours, then the engines stopped again. The clamp had broken off! We had no extra parts of any kind on board, and no more pieces of iron that anybody knew of. We thought the game was up, but we did not know the genius of our captain. He sawed two heavy pieces of iron from one of the davits, melted them into the proper shape on the dinky forge, and bolted them on the side of the whip and through the center of it—six inches of solid steel. An eight-year-old boy, with a mechanical turn, would have scoffed had anybody given him the tools of the *Fonix* for playthings.

It took thirty-three hours to do this work. It was during these hours that we learned that the *Fonix* had been offered for sale in the spring for \$8,000, only \$3,000 more than we paid to hire and provision her for forty days. We also learned the truth about Prince Heinrich's travel on her the year before. He had actually traveled on her for little trips into the ice, but he kept his own big yacht within hailing distance; and when it came time to turn south, the yacht towed the old tub for a while, then cut her adrift. We also learned that our assistant engineer on the *Fonix* had never been in the engine room of a steamer before.

Moral: Don't believe everything that is written in Danish circulars that you can't read.

At last we started again. The morning of the 30th our compasses began to disagree with each other. They pointed several degrees apart. The captain had no way of knowing which was right. We supposed we were steering E. S. E. for Malangen Fjord on the Norwegian coast. The engines stopped again. One of our pieces of iron had cracked, and the captain broke up more of the davits.

About noon on August 4th we saw suddenly the outline of the rocky coast of Norway. We slowed down. To run on the hidden rocks would have been a fitting climax to our crazy trip.

We saw a fishing schooner and hailed it. They told us we were seventy miles north of the point we were headed for.

We actually landed at Tromso at seven the next morning. I thought I must be dreaming, but there before us was the little town, and on our deck, nicely done up in eleven barrels, were the decorative parts of ten big polar bears and forty seals. The eleventh bear still clawed and snarled in his cage. Three men of experience in Tromso declared that he belonged to us, but even then De Gisbert would not give him up. Houghton made him look so cheap before these men that he finally agreed to toss coppers with him for the bear. De Gisbert won. So we took our other trophies and came home.

How did we like it all?

Simply great, but I was so "NER-R-ROUS."



The BLACK and the WHITE of IT

By
**Beatrice
Grimshaw**

Illustrations
by
**Charles
Sarka**

"MARAITE, I like do anything you like," said Liliku, the chief.

Mrs. Harvey Jamieson tilted back her pink parasol and from under its becoming brim looked at the chief almost as she would have looked at a white man—almost, but not quite. She was thinking that all men, black or white, were amazingly alike in their methods of expressing the early stages of admiration. Had not Harvey himself, whom she had successfully and gloriously married, and all the other men who had "paid attentions" and finally slipped away—had not every one of them begun with the simple statement that "he would do anything for her"?

And here was a—well, a nigger! Certainly a handsome man, clear brown of skin, with six feet three of height, and a pair of shoulders that no white in the Maroro Islands could match, but still . . . a nigger. Here was this . . . nigger . . . saying exactly the same sort of thing in his turn.

It was piquant, Mrs. Harvey Jamieson thought. She was a good Australian and believed from the bottom of her heart (not a very long way down, it is true) in the ideal of a white Australia—that ideal to which the young Australian nation has nailed its colors, and which it is ready to die defending, if need be. But the general feeling against the incursion of niggers, black, brown and yellow, into business, agriculture or society in Australia seemed somehow wanting in particular application here in the Maroro Islands, a very long way from Sydney, with the geranium-colored tropic sunset burning itself out beneath the black-silhouetted fronds of the palms, and the chief Liliku standing on the foam-white coral sand beside her.

The parasol was scarcely needed now. She shut it with a coquettish snap and looked up under her eyelashes at Liliku. She was sitting on the sand, with her white muslin after-

noon dress becomingly spread out round her. Mrs. Harvey Jamieson always wore ready-made white muslins trimmed with cheap embroidery in the afternoons, and she always tied blue ribbons about her waist. Her name was Gladys. It might have been Doris or Ruby or Muriel, but it happened to be Gladys. It could not have been anything but one of the four. She wore immense pads under her hair, which was quite yellow and quite natural. She used white rose on her handkerchief, and she said "Go on!" when she wished to be sarcastic. Otherwise there was nothing serious to object to in Mrs. Harvey Jamieson.

You would not have minded her bush-girl accent much if you had known her, because her eyes were really very blue indeed, and her upper lip was as short and her eyebrows as close to her hair as if she had been an illustration in a popular magazine. And you would never have been unkind to her, or blamed her overmuch for anything she did or left undone, because you would have felt she was one of the small honey-birds of life, meant only for sweet things and sun, like the little gayly painted creatures that were fitting and twittering about the gold bells of the beach hibiscus behind the yellow head of Gladys and the black, frizzed curls of the chief Liliku.

She said, "Go on!" now, because it was the appropriate reply to what Liliku had said. She did not really mean to flirt with a nigger, but there was no harm to the best of white Australians in talking to one, talking in the magic red and amber sunset, with the warm sea murmuring on the white, white sand.

"My grycious, but it brykes on the shore just like people sying something you can't understand!" said Gladys of the yellow hair.

Liliku did not listen to her. He was looking at her, with all the fire of the burning sunset in his great brown eyes. This was not the first time that the "Maraite" (chief-tainess) had come down accidentally to meet him on the shore in the quiet hour before sunset, and if the chief—who was a highly educated Maroran with a certain thin veneer of Christianity and a hesitating, occasional belief in his complete equality with the whites—if Liliku, lord of a dozen villages and inheritor of an ancestral thatched palace in the hills, misunderstood the Maraite's motives, he only thought as any

other man of his race would have thought under similar conditions.

The truth was that Mrs. Harvey Jamieson found her life in the capital town of Maroro dull at times, and her small social triumphs lacking in savor. Life had gone almost too well with Gladys Munt, orphan, brought up by an "institution" and trained to state-school teaching, since those days in the little bush town of Westralia where she had met, flirted with and finally married Harvey Jamieson, the hemp-estate manager, home on a holiday, whom all the girls of Woollaringa had wanted quite as badly as she did herself.

The absence of a "pretty wedding" had been the only drop of bitter in her cup, for Harvey had proposed to and wedded her after a very brief engagement, during a holiday visit to Perth, where she knew no one, and the registry-office marriage had seemed to her a degradation that almost destroyed the pleasure of her triumph. She had no interesting newspaper reports to frame and hang on the drawing-room wall, no bridal photograph, and worst, no wedding presents.

Here in Maroro, where Harvey had brought her almost immediately after the marriage, that mattered very little after all. She was pretty, stylish Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, with the completest set of cane and plush furniture, and the largest number of silver bonbon dishes, and the greatest variety of shop-made muslins in the whole group. And she had been to Government House, once to write her name in the book, and once to a garden party that included the whole island, from the Colonial Secretary down to Liliku himself. The other women were all more or less jealous of her, and thought she flirted with their husbands—which she didn't, anything to speak of, being really rather fond of her own sandy-mustached Harvey. She had no children; they would have been an unspeakable trouble.

So, at the end of a year of perfect happiness, Mrs. Harvey Jamieson found the world so flatly perfect, that—in short, that she was sitting on the beach in the sunset with the extremely amorous Liliku standing beside her, staring at her with sparkling brown-diamond eyes, and putting a construction on her presence that would have horrified Gladys down to the very soles of her cheap, smart shoes if she had divined it.

She did not. There were a great many

things in the world—especially in this tropic, far-away world of the Maroro Islands—that Gladys banned conclusively under one universal anathema—"not nice." When she had called them not nice, they had nothing to do with her. She was nice. Her husband was nice. Her position was nice. These things were like the color of your skin, or your height strictly measured without shoes or extra hair. They were you.

There were women in the islands who were not at all nice. Gladys knew that some of those women even admired and flirted with the handsome brown Maroran men, who were, when all was said and done, a good deal better-looking than most whites. But the cheap, wholesome little soul that had been served out to Gladys at the beginning of all things clung instinctively to the orthodox and normal.

The splendid beauty of Liliku, who might have been placed on a pedestal for succeeding ages to wonder at, just as he stood there in his thin silk shirt and tunic, leaning against the curving bole of a young palm that was not more graceful in its new-sprung strength than he—this had no power to make her heart beat faster by a single throb.

What did attract and interest her was



"MRS. HARVEY JAMIESON, AFLAME WITH INDIGNATION, SLAPPED LILIKU'S BROWN FACE."

Liliku's undoubted admiration for her. This was, of course, perfectly natural—"the desire of the moth for the star" as some one had said in a novel she had once read. Of course the star didn't take any account of moths; that was not in the nature of stars.

"Maraite, I like do anything you like," said Liliku again, with a tremendous sigh.

It was very gratifying—and he looked quite as Harvey had looked the day he proposed to her, allowing for the difference in color.

"You can bring me flowers if you choose," said Gladys, with another glance.



Liliku tore the scarlet hibiscus blooms out of his hair (like a true Maroran, he went crowned with flowers night and day) and laid them on the sand beside her.

"I give you all the flowers in Maroro. You all same one flower, you-self," he murmured, suddenly dropping to the ground and seating himself near her.

Mrs. Jamieson jumped up; the native must be kept in his place.

"You can send me flowers to the house, I like them there," she said. "I'm going in now, Liliku, it's getting dark."

Liliku jumped up, too, and stood towering over the little bunch of blond prettiness, dark, immense and splendid. He was between her and the roadway.

"I think more better," he breathed, "I think more better—you not never going home any more!"

"Liliku, what do you mean—who do you tyke me for?" demanded Mrs. Harvey. "Go awye at once!" She was flushed with indignation. Had the moth actually dared to ask the star to— Oh, was the horrid nigger making love to her?

"You coming awye, I think!" persisted Liliku, in unconscious mimicry of her accent. "You coming awye to my town—I great chief—you all same queen there—

"'MARAITE, I LIKE DO ANYTHING YOU LIKE,' SAID LILIKU, THE CHIEF."

you too much beauty girl—Liliku he love!”

Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, aflame with indignation, answered never a word, but stood on tiptoe, slapped Liliku's brown face as hard as she could, kilted her muslins about her ankles, and ran for the house.

It was only a hundred yards away, but she was completely out of breath when she reached it, for she was sobbing with rage all the way as she ran. Liliku did not follow. She mounted the veranda steps unseen in the dusk, ran along the planking with steps that resounded through the whole house, burst into her room, and dropped into a basket chair, storming and crying to herself.

“The nass-ty nigger!” she said. “The ungryteful pig! Just because I talked to him a little to pass away the time—only three times I was down on the shore—and I never said a word, so help me, that Harvey mightn't have been listening to any dye! If he knew, he'd—he'd half kill the brute—only I daren't tell him.”

She was up by now, still sobbing gustily, but making haste to get ready her evening tea gown, to smooth her hair, to pour water into the bath. Harvey would be back soon from the plantation, and she always liked to look nice for him. Harvey was very fond of her, though they had been married a whole year. He was a good husband, and she had a nice house and a nice position, and perhaps she had been a wicked girl to go down and talk to native chiefs on the shore in the evening. Though, indeed, she “never meant a gryne of harm by it; she was as pure in her mind as an yngel, whatever nass-ty niggers might think.”

Harvey Jamieson, when he came home that evening, was inclined to think his wife had a touch of malaria, she was so feverishly restless and excited. She looked smaller than usual, too, and very pale, though her eyes were bright. Harvey gave her a stiff whisky and soda, which was his idea of tender attention, and they sat long together on the veranda after dinner, watching the stars dance among the shifting palms. Gladys felt that things were settling down to normal again. It was like coming to sound, safe earth after tossing on a windy sea for half a day. There are souls who love the stormy sea more

than the kind green land: there are those who

Live more free
In mighty anguish, than in trivial ease.

Gladys Jamieson was not of such.

Next morning, when Harvey's horse was brought to the veranda steps at seven o'clock, Mrs. Harvey was there to see him off to the hemp-fields, after his cup of early coffee. She shared it with him, and made herself companionable in the way that Harvey liked—joking, chaffing, jovial. It was something of a strain to her to-day, for she was still a trifle depressed by the events of the day before and by the impossibility of telling them to her husband. Gladys hated secrets, especially between married people, and often had been heard to boast that she and Harvey had “every thought the syme.”

He was off at last, however—off on his big bay horse, cantering down the brown road toward the distant streak of clear, glaucous green that showed where the sisal hemp began. Gladys looked at him admiringly as he went. He had the true Australian seat on a horse, and his head was well set on his shoulders. She could not imagine how women who had men of Harvey's race to admire them could ever look twice at—I am afraid Mrs. Harvey called them “black caows of natives.” Those three afternoons on the shore spent in drinking cocoanuts and making “revareva” plumes with Liliku loomed up like a positive crime in her mind. She was the best of White Australians to-day.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, clothed in a white muslin eaten up with insertions and infested with baby ribbon, settled herself on the front veranda, with her real porcelain tea set and solid silver teapot in perspective, and waited for callers, although, as the monthly steamer was in to-day, visitors were scarcely to be expected. On steamer days everyone was so busy with mails and parcels that idle visiting was not needed to pass the time. Mrs. Harvey had no mails. She seldom did have any, being almost devoid of near relations; a friendless little soul enough but for the all-sufficing Harvey.

In the intervals of her fancywork—the constructing of a very heavy and clumsy bead hand bag, crude turquoise in color—she looked up and down the long road that

led to the bungalow, where the swinging shadows of the great green banana flags were already growing long and thin, and the noble tower of the breadfruit shut out a wide space of westering gold. Certainly, there would be no callers to-day.

It was just as she was beginning to regret the wearing of that lacy muslin without due cause that she saw a rickshaw padding up the road, bearing a cloud of pale blue under a bobbing parasol. She preened herself and felt her hair. She did not know that dress. It must be a steamer passenger—some friend of Harvey's people.

The rickshaw rattled up, paused, dismissed its burden, and trotted on again, the Indian coolie wearing a face of dissatisfaction that seemed somehow connected with the coin he had just pouched.

Gladys, standing up to receive the visitor, saw in the first glance that her dress was hand-painted muslin and that the flowers in her hat were the kind she herself only bought singly and sparingly for a best evening frock. In the second, she saw that the hair under the hat was dark-red and dyed. This somewhat counteracted the feeling of depression naturally excited by the smart dress, and she fixed her eyes firmly on the visitor's face. It was large, handsome, brown-eyed, fresh-cheeked and coarse. She did not like it, but she was none the less pleased to have a new and "stylish" acquaintance.

"You are looking for Mr. Jamieson?" she asked, by way of opening conversation.

The visitor, in reply, walked across the veranda, picked out the best basket chair at a glance, sat down in it and crossed her legs.

"Yes, I am," she said.

Gladys thought her rather rude, and sat very upright in her own chair, with her hands formally crossed on her lap.

"You have come from the steamer, I suppose? Did you have a good passage?"

"Yes." The visitor was looking at her, scanning her from topknot to French heel, with a scrutiny that Gladys felt to be very ungentle.

"I don't expect Mr. Jamieson in till six. I am Mrs. Jamieson."

The visitor got up, and began strolling up and down the veranda, with her hands behind her back.

"Yes, I heard Harvey had some one

living with him here. That's why I came," she said.

Gladys jumped to her feet with a stamp that shook the boards.

"Are you mad?" she cried.

The other took a pearl cardcase out of her hand bag, and handed it to Gladys. Opening it, the girl drew out a sheaf of cards. "Mrs. Harvey Jamieson," "Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jamieson."

"My cards! Where in the nyme of goodness—" she began, white and choking.

"Your cards!" said the visitor, walking over to the tea tray and pouring herself out a cup. "Your cards? Your teapot, I suppose—your china—your house! Why, confound you, any other woman would have been pulling the hair off your head by now but me—I always was a good-natured fool. Wait till my husband comes home, and I'll give it to him! If I did go off with the Royston-Barrett Company for a couple of years to see a bit more of life than you can see in dead-and-alive Australia, I never thought he'd have the impudence to set up another establishment in the Maroros, right in the face of everyone. One doesn't always want to know everything the men are up to when your back's turned—but this is just a bit too—cool!"

She helped herself to a piece of cake, unasked, and began eating.

Gladys felt as if she were going mad. The situation with which she was faced was one she had met a hundred times in her favorite novels. The other woman struck a tragic attitude, and said, "I am his wife!" and the wronged one cried out, "Then what am I?" and there was an imposing scene, and later on, some one died, and things were made comfortable all round. . . . Bits of these reminiscences floated through her mind like wreckage on a tossing sea. But she could not think. She was cold in all the burning heat—her breast was throbbing hysterically—she wanted to scream—to tear— Was it *her* tea service that the creature was handling—*her* silver basket that she was pulling about?

The cloud that was darkening her faculties broke, spread, shredded away. She snatched the silver ornament from the kid-gloved hands that held it.

"Let go my kike basket, you—you—you wicked woman!" she cried.

The stranger actually laughed. She

walked to the rear of the house, and called a native. Gladys heard her say:

"Here, you! I don't know your lingo—but you go to where Mr. Jamieson is, and bring him here—quick!—or I'll have the hide cut off your back!"

"Will you go!" screamed Gladys, following round to the cook-house side, her face scarlet with rage. She did not believe a word the wicked thing said. But she felt almost as sick as she had felt the day Harvey took her out turtle-fishing in a dinghy, and her knees seemed to be made of melting jelly.



"Not much!" said the creature, walking into Gladys's bedroom and proceeding to take off her hat at the glass. "You go, if you like, you little— Married? Oh, you don't come that over me—Harvey's no angel, but he isn't quite up to

"WHETHER YOU DID OR DIDN'T," SHE WENT ON, "YOU AREN'T MARRIED TO HER."

bigamy. I dare say you've told the people here that yarn. You needn't tell me."

"I'm married—you wicked, wicked thing! Married in Perth at the registrar's a year ago last Saturday! I—I wonder God don't strike you dead for standing there sying——"

Gladys was sobbing now so that she could hardly speak. Oh, why did not her man come to defend her?

"Got your certificate, of course?" said the other, laying down her hat and selecting a few hairpins from Gladys's box.

The girl turned yellow white. She had not. She had not asked Harvey anything about a certificate; she thought it was vulgar to bother about your "marriage lines"—only charwomen and dock laborers' wives did that, and she wanted to be "refined" above everything. Besides, the registry marriage—hasty and unpremeditated like so many Australian weddings—had not seemed to have anything to do with such things as certificates. They had had a train to catch, and a boat immediately after—there had been such a rush—and no witnesses except the two clerks—One could get a copy of the register by post—in about four months' time——

She stared open-mouthed before her tormentor like the Lost Soul in Michelangelo's "Last Judgment."

"Got a newspaper report of the wedding, photos, or such?" went on the woman, dabbing powder—Gladys's powder—on her nose.

Gladys dropped down on her bed and went into hysterics.

The woman walked out onto the veranda again quite composedly, and poured herself out more tea. She gave the cockatoo in its cage a piece of cake.

"Talk, pretty cocky? Why don't you talk?" she said.

"Ow, ow, ow! hup! ha, ha, ha!" went Gladys from the bedroom.

When Harvey Jamieson's horse pulled up, scrambling and sliding, before the house, the stranger was ready to receive him at the front veranda steps.

"How do, Harvey?" was her greeting. "I've got several crows to pluck with you, my boy."

From within the bedroom came a subdued wailing. Gladys had not heard the arrival. The master of the house made no more noise than he could help mounting the

steps. He was a big, burly, sandy man with effective gray eyes, and, on ordinary occasions, an equally effective swagger; but he looked small and mean as he crept across the echoing boards to a quiet corner and motioned the woman to follow him.

"My oath, Bell," he faltered, taking off his helmet and dabbing his wet forehead confusedly. "My oath, I thought you were——"

"No, my lad, you didn't," said Bell composedly. "Oh, no, you didn't think I was dead."

"Well, I like that," he blustered weakly. "Didn't I read your death notice in the papers? Name and place and all?"

"Oh, I don't mind allowing I was wrong there," confessed Bell cheerfully. "You see, I knew you were so set on me you might have followed me up, after I gave you the slip to go on the stage. That's why I did that—it seemed safe enough, in England, and I was angry enough with you not to want to see you again—you know why——"

"I swear she——"

"Oh, she's ancient history now. You always were the same. But somehow you suited me, Harvey, and I'm not sorry to see your sandy old head again. But to go back, you know, don't tell me you thought I was dead, because——"

"What?"

"I saw you at the theater that night in Colombo—when everyone thought you were on the road in the Northern Territory. I won't ask what you were doing there. But I saw you—and I rather fancy you didn't make any mistakes about who I was. Yes, I know that death notice would save you from prosecution for bigamy, if you really were fool enough—which I don't believe——"

"I did!" said the man, raising his voice in his excitement. "Don't you think anything else, Bell! I married her in a registry office. She's a good little kid and wouldn't have looked at me without—I did marry her."

"Oh, no, you didn't," said Bell calmly. "You went through a form—or you say you did—that you know meant nothing. Whether you did or didn't, you weren't and aren't married to her for a single minute—and you knew it."

"Harvey! Harvey!" croaked a hoarse little voice at his elbow. Gladys had heard and had risen. "Harvey! tell me she's

syng lies—send her away—she says— Oh, my goodness grycious!" She beat her hands together and began jumping up and down on the boards. "Oh, my grycious, what am I going to do? O Lord, let me die strite awye! It's true!"

"O Lord!" echoed the man, looking at her disheveled little form with a dawning disgust. "Look here, Gladys, I didn't know——"

"You did," corrected Bell.

"I never meant——"

"You did mean— Leave her to me, Harvey; you're not half a man—you can take your fun, but you can't face the music when it comes to paying for it. Here, you— I don't know your name, but my husband has made a fool of you. He's made a fool of lots of others and you'd best make up your mind to clear back to where you came from and forget all about him—you feathered your nest well enough, I dare say, but I'll let him give you your passage money home. He and I will settle matters between us about all this by and by. I've left the stage for good, Harvey; it didn't appreciate me the way it ought to have, and you can get your company to transfer you to Queensland or somewhere civilized. You needn't think I'd stop up here! And after this, my boy, you run on a string for the rest of your days, don't you forget it. Oh, I've scores to settle with you, but that can wait. In the meantime, fork out her passage home, and let's get rid of her—she——"

"Harvey! Harvey!"



"ONLY THE STREAMING GOLDEN HAIR TOLD, IN THE MOONLIGHT,
THAT THE WOMAN WAS WHITE."

cried Gladys despairingly. A clatter of hoofs answered her. During Bell's long speech he had edged back to the steps, seized the bridle of his still waiting horse, and sprung into the saddle, shouting: "Must go back to the fields till knock-off time—back by and by—arrange everything when I—" The hoof beats died away down the road.

Bell burst into unrestrained laughter.

"Harvey all over!" she said. "One thing's clear enough, whether you knew it or not he's evidently tired of you. I was the only one he never did tire of. Well, what are you going to do?"

No creature so feeble but owns a reserve of strength somewhere. Under the shifty, scared glances of her natural protector, Gladys had still remained weak. Under the cool stare of her woman enemy, she grew strong.

"I'm going—you bad, wicked woman!" she said. "I wouldn't spend a dye nor a night in the house again. I hope God'll punish you and him!"

Upheld by that suddenly won strength, she went into the house, washed her face, put up her hair, put on her hat. She passed her rival without a look, and went out on to the road. The lengthening shadows of the evening fell low among the palms, and absorbed the small white figure in their dance of light and shade.

In Karela, the chief town of the Maroro Islands, talk about the Jamieson affair ran high as a river in flood time of the rains. It lasted but a little while, however, for on the return call of the steamer, some few days later, Jamieson and his wife packed up their goods, took their passages to Brisbane, and were seen no more. Before he went, Jamieson sent Gladys a check; she tore it into little pieces and threw them at the messenger—and Jamieson did not send again.

Gladys went first of all to the hotel for a night, and afterwards to a little tin shanty near the native quarter of the town. She was sure that everybody would see her side of the case, and pity her, and for a few days she was nobly upborne by her determination to begin life over again and show "those two" that she did not suffer and would not care. She gave out that she would take in washing; she bought soap and starch and a few tubs on credit from the

store, and living no one knew how, waited for custom.

It did not come. Nothing came; no one came. Gladys was "dropped."

Mrs. Jamieson's statements had been believed. Nobody credited Gladys's marriage. A girl who had such very yellow hair and overdressed so terribly and gave herself such "airs" in the days of her prosperity—a girl who never produced her marriage certificate when the truth was questioned, who hadn't a wedding photograph or present to show, who seemed to be nothing and nobody, so far as anyone knew—how was one to credit the impossible story of such a girl? Karela did not credit it. The little tin house on the hot main road was avoided as if it had harbored small-pox.

Gladys stood it with the innate pluck that is the salt of the Australian character, set her small teeth and determined to worry through. She went to the native lines and took home jobs of dressmaking for the Indian and half-caste women. She lived on mealie porridge and stopped "doing" her hair and there were no stockings inside her canvas shoes. But she was sure things would come right. She was "nice" whatever people might think—she was good and they would find it out.

One afternoon a white woman came to her door at last. Gladys almost burst out crying as she saw the parasol bobbing up the walk. She ran to open a tin of cake that she had hoarded through hungry days; she lit the broken-down oil stove and put on the kettle for tea. Then she brushed her hair up above her forehead into a becoming wave and came out to the veranda, her cheeks red with excitement.

The visitor inspected her keenly, then, seemingly pleased with what she saw, smiled and stretched out an expensively gloved hand. Gladys did not know who she was. Maroro was a small place, and she had thought she knew every woman in it, but this one she had never seen. She did not remember the worn but handsome face, the extremely pink complexion half concealed by a white lace veil, the tall, smartly dressed figure. Who in Karela owned such silk, such lace, such feathers, who had such jewelry? And who, of all the women in this uncharitable, un-Christian place, was now sitting on her veranda, holding out the hand of friendship?

The visitor flung back her veil and smiled, with handsome, painted lips. Then she spoke.

Of what happened next, Gladys never had any clear remembrance. She could only recall the crash of the rickety front door, seldom closed, as it banged behind her skirts—the echo of loud, mocking, indescribably wicked laughter sounding on the veranda outside and then away down the road. She was conscious of herself, a long time afterwards, sitting on the edge of her makeshift bed, curiously cold in spite of the burning sun that was crisping the leaves of the mango trees outside; curiously calm also. She was saying one thing over and over: "The limit—that's the limit."

That small, untrained, uncultured soul had no knowledge of its own processes of thought. Gladys of the yellow hair did not know that she struggled with a racial tragedy all the burning afternoon; nor that, when the dusk and the dew came down together, and the locusts lifted up their sunset song in the frangipani trees, she had laid down her arms and turned her back on her race. For her a thousand eons of evolution were wiped out between the waning and the setting of that day's sun; back across the ages swung the tormented little soul, by so much nearer now to the eft and the dragon of the primeval slime, as Liliku of the splendid figure and apelike, prognathous jaw was nearer to them than she.

She only knew that she had done with the white as the white had done with her, and that, when the moon came up, she was going to take horse and ride—for Liliku's town.

The Maroran native missionary who lived down the road was not well pleased to be wakened up by the insignificant white woman of whom no one took account—nor was his fat godly wife gratified to see the dress she had ordered from Gladys for next Sunday's wear, hanging on the slight limbs of Gladys herself. What was the white woman doing in a native smock, with all her hair over her shoulders and no shoes on her feet, like a Maroran? What did she want with the teacher's horse that she was come in the middle of the night to hire him?

Gladys had little to say, and nothing at all to tell. She wanted the horse. She was keeping the dress. They would be paid

for both, and they need ask her nothing more.

Grumbling and sleepy, they gave in, and the horse thudded away down the road, bearing on its back a small, slight figure in a native dress, riding native fashion, astride. Only the streaming golden hair told, in the moonlight, that the woman was white.

Two days after, at sunset, a mounted messenger from the inland ranges rode by the teacher's door, and flung a packet of green banana leaf over the threshold as he passed. The teacher's wife opened it, and gasped with wonder when she saw a roll of good "government" gold inside. Wrapped about the gold was a fragment of native tappa cloth, with a few words written on it in the Maroran tongue:

"For the price of the horse and the price of the dress. Liliku."

Two years after, a party of distinguished tourists, journeying through the islands, halted at a mountain town where a dance was to be held in their honor. Pigs were killed, yams and bananas piled in mighty heaps for the travelers, dainty native sweets of cocoanut and taro and sugar cane brought by the armful. On the green, before the huge, beehive houses that cast pyramidal shadows in the moonlight, the travelers sat upon piles of fine mats and watched the youths and maidens of the village swaying their flower-garlanded limbs to the intoxicating throb of the island drum, while a chorus of trained singers, somewhat apart, gave voice to all the savagery and romance of the wild South Seas in booming, brazen-throated war choruses of the cannibal days.

The distinguished tourists were pleased.

"It's worth coming half round the world to see," pronounced the most distinguished of all, who owned a title and had a yacht and had enjoyed most of the pleasant things available to the rich and well born in all quarters of the civilized world. "Well worth it. The ancestral savage in us calling, I suppose—that's what makes one enjoy this bit of 'looking backward.'"

"The South Seas are the place for romance, after all," agreed his neighbor. "Did you hear of the Forbidden Town? We are only a few miles from it, up here."

"What is it? And why is it forbidden?"

"It's the town of the greatest chief in

Maroro, who married a white woman some years ago——"

"A white woman! Was she mad, or bad, or what?"

"Oh, I don't know—both, perhaps—anyhow, she was very pretty and she had some quarrel with the whites, so she married this Liliku—married by a black Wesleyan pastor, with all the island ceremonies—and she dresses native fashion and eats on the floor and never goes beyond the town. And neither he nor she will let a white person in; they set a guard at every entrance when there are any whites heard to be about."

"A curious story! Nothing like the islands for strange tales. If we hadn't to catch that boat to-morrow—but we have. Anyhow it would be playing it rather low down to try and get in. Some time, if we make another trip to Maroro, one might approach judiciously. Got a light?"

It was scarcely a year later when the distinguished traveler, back in Maroro on a honeymoon journey with an equally distinguished bride, found himself once more at the village that had given the dance. His bride, who was anxious to see the heroine of the Forbidden Town and little used to brook any crossing of her wishes, ordered the guides to be ready to take them on next day to the place where the white woman lived.

"No good," said the man, squatting down on the ground in sign of humility. "No white woman he stop. Long time he go finish."

"What does he mean?" asked the bride.

"He means that the white woman is dead. She does not seem to have stood it very long. I suppose one can't wonder," said the distinguished traveler.

"You like go see grave belong to him—very good grave?" asked the guide. "No stop along town that grave, stop along bush—Liliku he no see, suppose you go."

"Yes, we'll go," said the bride.

It was late in the afternoon when they came to the place of the tomb. Liliku had built an immense cairn of white coral concrete over the place where the yellow-haired woman rested; but there was no European inscription on it, nor was there any cross, or rail, or wreath of immortelle. On the face of the great white pyramid, "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold" by struggling sunset rays enlaced among the palms, was one word only:

MARAITE.

The white wife laid her hand upon her white husband's arm.

"Take me away from here," she said. "There is too much shadow. . . . I feel cold."

THE LOST GENIE

By Thomas Grant Springer

Is there no way that we can hold our laughter
Against gray days that have no hint of blue?
Why is it sighs so often follow after
The gayest moods our leisure moments knew?

I would I had some vessel to imprison
The careless laughter that would mock our grief,
So when a melancholy mood had risen
We could unloosen it and find relief.

The TARIFF PRINCE and PAUPER

A STUDY WHICH EXPLODES THE ANCIENT FICTION OF
"HIGH WAGES" TO WORKERS IN THE COTTON MILLS

By Judson C. Welliver

Author of "Our Mercerized Aristocracy," "The Story of Sugar," etc.

FOR many decades the cotton manufacturers and their political and journalistic allies have been educating us to believe that the business of manufacturing cotton is conducted on a very close margin of profit. Also that the cotton-factory owners pay high wages. And that unless the industry is protected by a very high tariff the manufacturers would be compelled to reduce wages to the basis of the "pauper" labor of England, and that even then the cotton industry would probably perish, bringing calamities of many kinds.

This educational work has been conducted so skillfully and effectively that for years we have believed the statements of the cotton manufacturers with a fervor that would do credit to religious fanatics.

Since the great *exposé* of actual conditions in the textile industry that was made by the progressive Senators during the 1909 tariff discussion, that sort of thing has not been so freely accepted. Yet there are still people—altogether too many of them—who doubt if our cotton textile industry would survive if its protection were removed. For the benefit of these, and for the edification of others, let me recount right here some details about the huge profits that representative New England cotton mills have made in recent time.

Following the bank panic of 1907, 1908 was a year of reduced dividends or passed dividends in almost all industries. Yet I have before me a sheet issued by the Boston Stock Exchange firm of Hawes, Tewksbury & Co., dated October, 1910, showing the

dividends paid by the cotton mills of New Bedford and Fall River, annually, from 1901 to 1909 inclusive. *Including stock dividends and cash dividends, it actually shows that in that year of depression (1908) cotton-mill shares paid more than in any other year of the entire period except 1907.*

Here are a few of the dividends paid in 1908:

Acushnet	16%	Laurel Lake	13%
Dartmouth	66%	Rich Borden	13%
Hathaway	10%	Sagamore	12%
Pierce	16%	Tecumseh	9½%
Cornell	11%	Troy	21%

Almost without exception the mills paid their customary dividends in 1908, despite the fact that many of them had issued big stock dividends in 1907; while in 1909 another long list of companies, by the issuance of big stock dividends, proved that in paying their regular dividends in 1908 they had in nowise cramped themselves financially.

You must remember, also, that in practically all cases these dividends were paid on a capitalization which had been generously "watered" by stock dividends and other methods, so that the actual profits on the original investment were in excess of the figures indicated by the dividends.

A stock dividend is a neat method for covering up excessive dividends which has been much in vogue among cotton manufacturers. For instance, a mill paying fifty per cent. cash dividends can declare a stock dividend of fifty per cent. and thus make each stockholder a present of half as much stock as he owns. Then the amount of the cash



dividend can be decreased, but the amount of cash the stockholder receives remains the same. There no longer remains an excuse for any citizen to continue to believe in

the ancient fiction of "small profits" and "close margins" in cotton manufacturing. The tariff has made the cotton aristocracy immensely wealthy.

THE PAUPER LABOR CRY

What of the other half of the cotton story? The old, old story of England's "pauper" labor which is always ready to flood our shores with its product, and drive our American citizenry into the almshouse? Well, investigation shows this to be a fabrication woven of the same materials as that regarding "small profits."

A comparison of wages paid in the textile industries in this country and in England shows that American textile workers have only a slight nominal advantage in wages, and that when the higher cost of living in this country is taken into consideration the average textile worker is better off in England than here. This is the conclusion of many

people who have studied labor and wage conditions here and abroad.

Frederick D. Shipley, one of the largest cotton-goods merchants in New York, told the Ways and Means Committee of Congress during the tariff investigation of 1908-09 that he had studied closely this very problem and had reached the conclusion that the wage cost per yard of cotton goods is actually less in the United States than in Europe.

The last official statistical report which I have at hand on the operations of the Fall River, Massachusetts, mills shows that the average annual wage of operatives was \$447.40. The average wage at the New Bedford mills is slightly higher because New Bedford makes a higher class of goods. At Lawrence, Massachusetts, the annual average wage of cotton workers is given as \$437.54.

It is shown that 47.67 per cent. of all cotton-mill workers in Massachusetts are paid less than \$8 per week. Only 11.7 per cent. are credited with \$12 per week or over. In the Maine cotton mills the average weekly wage is shown by the state's own bureau of statistics to be \$6.27.

In the New Hampshire cotton mills the average weekly wage is officially stated as \$7.55. In Rhode Island the average weekly wage of cotton workers is \$7.61, and that of



"When a man starts with wages just above the starvation line, and his wages increase only 3.7 per cent. while the cost of living increases fourteen times as much, it is easy to figure what is happening to his method of living."

the woolen and worsted operatives averages \$7.82.

These are the princely wages which the generous multimillionaire cotton-mill owners of New England pay their employees. The manufacturers get tariff protection from Congress—for which all of us pay every time we buy clothing—on the plea that they are paying high wages.

I have been at some pains to learn wage conditions in the textile industries in the United States and Great Britain and to compare them. Mr. George H. Webb, Commissioner of the Rhode Island Bureau of Industrial Statistics, in his report for 1908 shows that the average wage of men in the cotton industry of Rhode Island in 1904 was \$4.09, an increase of 3.7 per cent. since 1889. Note that figure: *an increase of 3.7 per cent. in the fifteen years from 1889 to 1904.* That does not seem quite to justify all the lamentations we have been hearing about the constant increase of the wage cost of production in the United States, does it?

Now, keeping that 3.7 per cent. in mind, turn with me to the "Report of an Inquiry into the Earnings and Hours of Labor of Work People in the United Kingdom," recently published by the British Board of Trade. This report shows that from 1886 to 1906, the average earnings of men in the British cotton manufacturing industry increased 22 per cent.

From the same au-

thorities I find that in the period indicated the annual average wage of women in the British cotton manufacturing industry increased 24 per cent. *In the same industry in Rhode Island it increased 14 per cent.*

As these figures are compiled, it has not been possible to make these comparisons for absolutely identical periods, but the

American period, 1889-1904, is entirely included within the British period, 1886-1906; and the conditions in this industry in both countries have been such that this method of comparison is found to give a very fair view of actual conditions. *It appears that the increase in men's wages in Great Britain was just about six times as great as in Rhode Island, and the increase in women's wages was almost twice as great in Great Britain as in Rhode Island.*

Do you begin to get a little light on the reasoning processes of Great Britain's industrial workers, who, especially in the great textile districts, steadfastly affirm and reaffirm at every opportunity their objections to the adoption of a protective policy by Great Britain?

The British Board of Trade inquiry, in the effort to determine the actual earnings of people in the cotton industry, ascertained the wages earned throughout Great Britain in the last week of September, 1906. It found that for this particular week the average full-time earnings of men were \$7.18. From Mr.



"Of the 50 per cent. of mill-town children who struggle past their fifth birthday the majority grow up undersized, underfed, undisciplined. As early as eight or ten, you see little girls slipping into the mills to learn to weave or spin."

Webb's Rhode Island statistics I find that the average wage of men in the same industry in Rhode Island for the year 1907—the best year the industry has ever known—was \$8.86.

Somewhere between the \$7.18 average for Great Britain and the \$8.86 average for Rhode Island must be drawn the line between the "pauper" wages of Great Britain and the "princely" earnings that American sovereigns are able to gain in the greatest industry in Rhode Island. Somewhere between \$7.18 a week and \$8.86 a week is the line between pauper and prince.

The zone is much narrower when you get to New Hampshire and Maine, for we have already shown from the industrial statistics of those states that their wages in the cotton industry are considerably lower than those of Rhode Island.

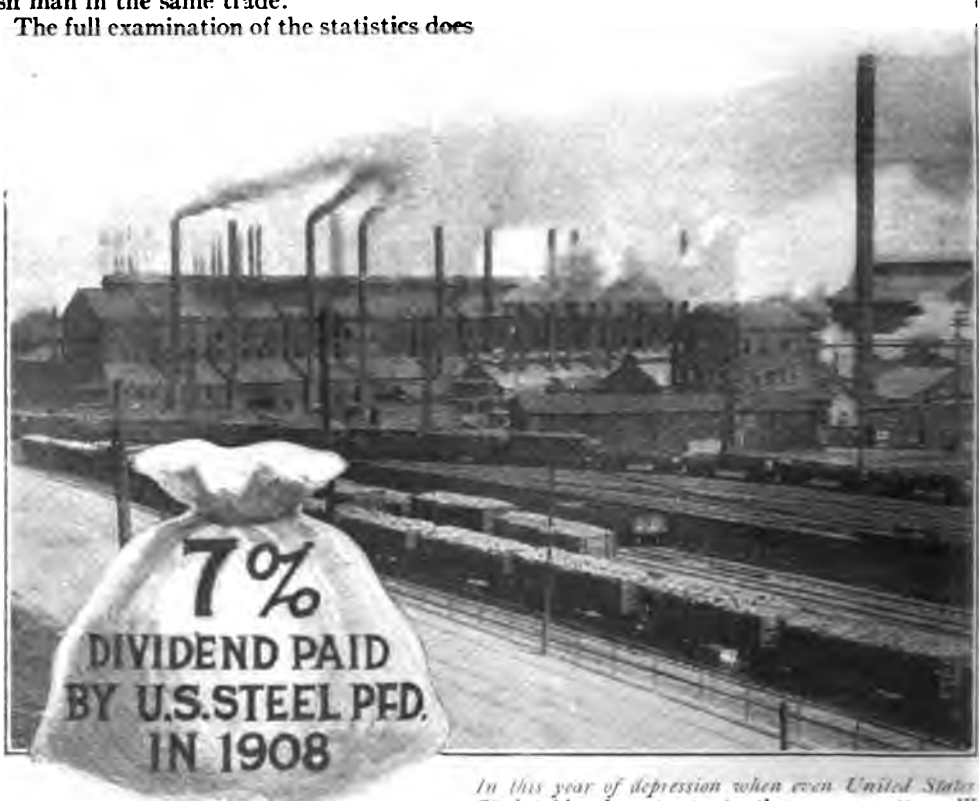
In Maine the average weekly wage was shown to be \$6.27. This however, is an average for all operatives, men and women, boys and girls. It cannot fairly be compared to the \$7.18 wage of the average British man in the same trade.

The full examination of the statistics does

show that the difference between British and American wages is really very small: that British wages have for a long period been increasing rapidly, while American wages have been almost at a standstill; and finally, that the higher cost of living in the United States probably leaves the American worker distinctly worse off than his British competitors.

The comparative purchasing power of wages here and in Great Britain is a subject for separate treatment. To discuss it in detail here is quite impossible. Four years ago I wandered through market streets in London, taking prices of meats and vegetables, which, on returning home, I compared with my own household bills. The bloomin' Britishers had considerably the better of it, compared to my own household bills in Washington, District of Columbia.

I bought a custom-made suit in London for \$6.87 and amused myself getting estimates from friends at home as to its cost. They figured it all the way from \$22 to \$40.



In this year of depression when even United States Steel paid only 7 per cent., the average cotton-mill dividend exceeded 12 per cent.

Without assuming detailed knowledge, and having made no statistical compilation, I feel competent to say from my own observations that for the purposes of a workman's family, a wage of \$7.18 in London, Leeds, Liverpool, or Manchester, is princely compared to a wage of \$8.86 in comparable American cities.

The purchasing power of the \$7.18 in the British city is absolutely and distinctly larger than that of the \$8.86 in the American city. Denials of this general conclusion will come only from people who are ignorant or uncandid, and will be believed only by those who are ignorant.

HOURS OF LABOR LONGER IN AMERICA THAN IN ENGLAND

Our comparison of cotton wages of this country and Great Britain becomes additionally interesting when we proceed to study the hours of work which are exacted from American workmen in comparison with those required of the British. From the same statistical authorities heretofore quoted, I learn that the cotton-mill workers of Rhode Island all work fifty-eight hours a week. That is equivalent to ten hours a day for five days, and eight hours on Saturday.

In the British cotton industry the "average number of hours constituting a full week's work" is fifty-five and five tenths hours. That difference of two and a half hours per week in favor of the British workers does not fairly state the case because working hours are longer in the cotton mills than in any other textile establishment in Great Britain. For British textile workers

as a whole—cotton, worsted, woolen, silk, jute, lace and all the rest—working hours average about fifty-five per week; that is, three hours less than in the textile establishments of New England.

That difference of three hours per week is almost revolutionary in its relation to the living conditions and social opportunities of the British worker. He can work ten hours per day for five days, and on Saturday a five-hour shift in the forenoon finishes his week's work, allowing him a Saturday half holiday. In most cases he devotes his half holiday to recreation. His Rhode Island competitor does not get it.

Somehow, in spite of being a "pauper" laborer, the British workman has a little surplus cash to spare celebrating his Saturday half holiday. One reason why he has it is that he does not buy his meat from a tariff-protected beef trust, his sugar from a grafting and outrageously protected sugar trust, or his woolen clothing from a woolen trust and his cotton clothing from the protected manufacturers for whom the mill hand works in America. He does not pay royalties to the United Shoe Machinery Company in the price of his shoes, or dividends to ex-Senator Nelson W. Aldrich's protected rubber trust in the price of his gum boots. No tariff compels him to pay dividends on six hundred million dollars of watered stock of a protected steel trust.



"Following the bank panic of 1907, 1908 was a year of reduced dividends or passed dividends in almost all industries, yet cotton mill shares paid high dividends."

In this matter of wages and working hours I have no doubt some of my statements will surprise many people. The American people need to be surprised by discovering the fact about a good many features of tariff graft. If we could get all the facts collected, say by a competent, unbiased, nonpolitical tariff commission, I strongly suspect they would shock the country into doing something to correct the evils in present conditions.

WORKING HOURS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

In this matter of working hours in England and the United States, most of our people seem to have the impression that working hours in factories are longer in England than in this country, when the rule is quite the contrary.

I recollect hearing an unctuous standpat Senator pleading for the increased duty which the Payne-Aldrich bill contemplated, and pointing out that the American textile workers not only got much higher wages than those of Europe, but worked much shorter hours. When Senator LaFollette replied he expressed surprise that there should be any misconception on this point, saying that he had supposed that all people well enough informed to venture upon a discussion of the subject knew that working hours in these factory trades were generally shorter in England than here.

There was considerable scurrying around in the standpat camp in the effort to demonstrate that the Wisconsin Senator was in error; the inquiry proved that he was correct, and thereafter the standpatters sedulously avoided that particular branch of the discussion.

ADVANCE IN WAGES IN INDUSTRIES NOT PROTECTED BY TARIFF

We pointed out a few moments ago that in the period from 1889 to 1904 the wages of Rhode Island textile operatives had advanced on an average of 3.7 per cent. This is what labor got as its share of the benefits of the highest protection. Now let us see how labor fares in unprotected industries in Rhode Island.

For the figures I shall give I am again indebted to Mr. Webb's highly illuminating report on industrial statistics.

In the same report he shows that barkeepers' wages advanced from \$12 per

week in 1892 to \$15 in 1907. That is an advance of 25 per cent., as against the textile workers' advance of 3.7 per cent., and places the barkeeper's wage very much higher than the most skilled textile worker's.

I have carefully studied the tariff laws of the last generation and give you my word that the barkeeper's industry is not even mentioned. He has to compete with the pauper drink mixers of the Old World without a thing to help him.

Again, Mr. Webb shows that Rhode Island farm laborers got from \$6 to \$7 per week in 1892, and \$9 to \$10 in 1907, an increase of 50 per cent. in the minimum and 42.8 per cent. in the maximum wage. Women laborers on the farm got \$5 per week in 1892, and \$7.50 in 1907, an increase of 50 per cent.

Carpenters in Rhode Island, according to Mr. Webb, got \$12 to \$15 per week in 1892, and \$14 to \$16.50 in 1907. At both ends of the period they earned about twice the average wage of textile workers.

The Rhode Island stone masons averaged \$17.20 to \$18.90 per week in 1892. In 1907 they drew \$22 to \$24.50 and yet there is no protection to prevent you or me importing a stone fence, a brick house, a Gothic cathedral or a mediæval castle. The stone mason seems to have "got his" without the advantage of being protected.

Rhode Island paper hangers earned \$10 to \$15 per week in 1892, and \$12 to \$22 in 1907; an increase of 20 per cent. in the minimum, and 40 per cent. in the maximum. Plasterers earned from \$15 to \$18 per week in 1892, and \$18 to \$20.56 in 1907. Plumbers earned from \$12 to \$14.75 in 1902, and from \$15 to \$17.60 in 1907. Coachmen in the same period received an increase of 50 per cent. in their minimum and 25 per cent. in their maximum wage. Possibly this may be attributed to the immense demand for the services of coachmen in the sumptuous establishments maintained by the Rhode Island cotton workers on their \$8.86 per week.

COST OF LIVING OF TEXTILE OPERATIVES

Unfortunately the British report from which I have cited figures does not deal with the cost of living in such manner as to make possible a statistical comparison of conditions in Great Britain and Rhode Island. However, Mr. Webb's Rhode Island figures demonstrate conclusively that the cost of

living in Rhode Island has been advancing much faster than wages. The Webb figures tell only about half the truth about the increasing cost of living.

Mr. Webb compares retail prices for the years 1890-91 with retail prices for 1907-8.

statistics and got that bureau's reports on the same subject. My suspicion that Mr. Webb had minimized the advance in the cost of living was promptly verified.

I do not assume that Mr. Webb had any ulterior motive in doing this. It is true



"While protection (against the 'pauper labor' of Europe) keeps out foreign-made goods, it does not keep out foreign laborers who come to this country at the rate of more than a million a year."

In studying his tabulation of changes of prices during this period I was impressed that in many cases Mr. Webb had discovered that the increases were remarkably small. My own experience as a buyer of household necessities made me believe that Mr. Webb has generally understated the price advances.

So, after digesting the Webb figures, I got the United States Bureau of Labor

that Mr. Webb has for years been a prominent figure in the Republican political organization of Rhode Island, and it is just possible that that astute organization might have thought it worth while to make the increase in the cost of living look as small as possible. I am attributing no motives, but here are some facts:

Mr. Webb reports that for the period indicated the price of bacon advanced 37

per cent. The Bureau of Labor statistics show that it advanced in the same period $56\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

Mr. Webb found that roast beef cuts had advanced 7.1 per cent. The Bureau of Labor found that they had advanced 33.6 per cent.

Mr. Webb found that pure leaf lard advanced 10 per cent.; the Bureau of Labor found that it had advanced 58.85 per cent.

Mr. Webb found that eggs advanced 11.6 per cent.; the Bureau of Labor found that they advanced 65 per cent.

Mr. Webb finds that fresh milk advanced 30 per cent.; the Bureau of Labor made almost exactly the same finding.

Mr. Webb found that ham increased 12 per cent; the Bureau of Labor found that it increased over 23 per cent.

These are random illustrations. From a long list of items I am forced to the conclusion that the Webb figures are too conservative by about half, or else that the great Federal statistical bureau which has been reporting upon this subject for many years, and whose figures have been widely accepted as conservative, must be hopelessly in error.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that in the recent era of universally advancing prices and generally advancing wages, the workers in the textile industry have received less increase in wages than almost any other class; that prices of necessities have advanced many times faster than textile wages, and that textile wages in England have advanced very much more rapidly than in this country.

When a man starts with wages just above the starvation line, and has his wages increased 3.7 per cent. in fifteen years, while his living costs are increased, at the lowest estimate 25 per cent. to 35 per cent., it is not difficult to figure what is happening to his method of living.

For myself, after studying the high protection, the huge profits and the low wages of the cotton industry, I have been forced to the conclusion that protection has not helped labor at all, but that it has added immensely and almost exclusively to the huge profits of the mill owners.

The actual living conditions of textile employees is the real demonstration. Go into a typical boarding house in one of the big textile centers and be prepared to shed tears of sympathy for the young girls who

work in the noisy mills all day and return at night to what they call home. In innumerable instances it is an attic room with little light, bare floors and walls, sagging and leaking roof.

Go to the home of a typical family of textile workers in Fall River or New Bedford and learn how the protected American workman lives. A family can rent rooms from \$7 per month upward according to the size of the family and the number of children old enough to contribute to the family fund. Thousands of families are thus crowded into old buildings, out of repair, unpainted, patches of plastering missing from the walls. A bath tub is a rare luxury.

Cleanliness in these circumstances is at a premium. When a tired mill hand has to carry water up several flights of stairs and then carry it down again, a bath is a luxury not often to be indulged in.

In the room which serves as kitchen, living room and dining room, the family assembles at six o'clock in the morning for breakfast. The meal is served on a table covered with oilcloth, from ancient dishes of iron-stone china. The most important course is coffee served without milk, because milk is too expensive. The bread is the leftover kind, because bakers sell bread that has grown stale much cheaper than the fresh article. Butter is generally unknown. Occasionally there are venerable eggs, which tell of tribute to the cold-storage warehouses.

In many families even this poor breakfast is dispensed with. The workers carry the meal with them to the mill and eat it in the pauses of the morning's work. The children at home eat what they find in the cupboard.

The larger the number of small children in the family the more meager is the food. Among the very poor bread and strong tea form at least two meals.

Defenders of conditions among the textile wage workers will tell you that while the workers receive small wages, their families as a whole fare very well, because so many members of each family are able to work in the mills. That depends, of course, on how you look at the proposition of putting your wife at work alongside you in a mill and of taking your children along just as soon as they are old enough to "tend machines."

If you prefer that your wife should re-



main at home attending to those duties which old-fashioned people esteem most becoming to women, and if you have ambition to give your children a common-school education, you will perchance not entirely agree with this defense of textile-mill conditions.

WHEN THEY "MARRY INTO THE MILL"

Among the English-speaking workers the prospect of "marrying into the mill," as they phrase it, is regarded with a sort of horror. Yet hearts are hearts, and young blood is as warm in a mill town as elsewhere. Young people working side by side in a mill fall in love and marry. There is no possibility of living on the husband's wages, and so the bride keeps on at her looms or spinning frames.

When the first baby comes the family fund is, for a time, cut in half and expenses are more than doubled. The small savings are eaten up, and as soon as the mother is able to stand on her feet she hastens back to the mill. The baby is allowed to play in the streets or is given over to the care of some woman too old and broken down to work. The kind of care the unfortunate infant gets I leave to your imagination.

I visited one nursery where a decrepit old woman, half blind and shaking with ma-

laria, boarded ten babies of mothers who were working in the mills. A year later, I learned, every one of those babies was dead.

In some of the mill towns day nurseries have been established, but not by the manufacturers. Charity and private philanthropy alone have attempted to stem the awful tide of infant mortality. For the most part, however, the nurseries are open only to the children of widows and deserted wives. The babies who, nominally, at least, have two parents, are outside the protection of philanthropy.

What are the social, the community results of such conditions as these? Let us see.

In the bulletin on mortality statistics for 1909, published by the Bureau of the Census, the death-rate of the city of Fall River was given as 19.1 per 1,000, being higher than that of any other large city in the United States except New Orleans. And Fall River has special advantages which should lead to a low death-rate.

The excessive mortality is due mainly to the great number of deaths of infants and children during the early years of life. The proportion of deaths of infants under one year to total deaths for Fall River was 39 per cent. and under 5 years of age was 50 per cent. That is to say, half of the deaths

returned are of children under 5 years of age. The relative proportions in all cities of the registration states taken together are 20 per cent. and 29 per cent., respectively. The proportion of deaths of children under five years (50 per cent.) in Fall River is far greater than that of any other large city in the United States.

Of the 50 per cent. of children who struggle past their fifth birthday the majority grow up undersized, underfed, undisciplined. They grow up in homes which no stretch of the imagination could call homes. Father and mother leave in the early morning. In winter they leave before daylight. And they do not return until evening.

The effect on women of alternating child-bearing and mill work is inevitable. The strongest woman is old at thirty-five.

VIOLATION OF CHILD LABOR LAWS

The children learn the melancholy fact that if the family is to live it is by their aid; they are face to face with their destiny while they are still young. As early as eight and ten you see little girls slipping into the mills after school to learn to spin or to weave. Father or mother train the young hands, and by the time the children are old enough to look fourteen they have their trade, and they go to work.

There are child labor laws, it is true; and here is what Commissioner Webb says about the child labor of Rhode Island.

"The impression seems to be prevalent in Warwick and several other towns largely given to textile manufacturing that the child labor laws are, as a rule, violated by the factory employers. . . . It should be understood that having no authority to hold up a mill and order out a child under the lawful age, if such an one were found, it was deemed best to accept the manager's statement regarding the ages of children and not to insist on their proving the truth."

You may calculate for yourself the efficacy of child labor laws under which the official charged with their enforcement has "no authority to hold up a mill and order out a child under the lawful age," with the result that the official reports to the legislature that "it was deemed best to accept the manager's statement . . . and not to insist on their proving the truth." Do you wonder, when the law is made such a farce as this, that there is a prevalent impression that in "towns largely given to textile

manufacturing the laws are, as a rule, violated?"

Do you wonder that a certain proportion of the girl children, shrinking from the toil which has blasted the lives of their mothers, choose prostitution instead? *Every social worker who has studied the question agrees that a frightful amount of white-slave traffic is carried on in textile communities.* The youth of the girls recruited has often been commented on. Any destiny must seem preferable to these unhappy children who see before them only the noisy, reeking mill.

AMERICAN LABOR FORCED OUT BY IMMIGRANTS

Now let us dispose of another fiction which the tariff-fattened mill owners have made us believe. This relates to the necessity of high tariff to protect the American worker against "alien pauper labor."

Let us see now how many "American" workingmen are employed in this industry. I resort again to the Rhode Island statistics of Mr. Webb. Here is his distribution by nationalities of the cotton-mill operatives in Rhode Island in 1908:

NATIVES OF	MEN	WOMEN
United States.....	1,371	1,651
Canada, English.....	108	164
Canada, French.....	3,571	4,121
English.....	1,552	1,908
Germans.....	182	120
Irish.....	1,274	2,784
Italians.....	486	312
Portuguese.....	54	42
Russians.....	30	8
Scotch and Welch.....	233	333
Swedes.....	266	165
Other countries.....	973	641
Totals.....	10,100	12,249

Americans have taken themselves out of this "protected" industry just as fast as possible. The mill owners have filled their places with foreigners. They have preferred to do this rather than to divide up their huge profits with their working people and make it possible for self-respecting Americans to continue in the trade.

While protection keeps out foreign-made goods, it does not keep out foreign laborers, who come to this country at the rate of more than a million a year.

The New England textile manufacturer amasses his millions in greater and ever

greater piles year by year because he is privileged to buy his labor in the cheapest labor market and to sell his product in the dearest market.

It is notorious that there are more strikes, more lockouts, more difficulties between employers and employees in the cotton-manufacturing industry than in any other. Nobody who reads the newspapers, and will take the trouble to recall how frequently he has read of strikes and lockouts in the great cotton centers of New England, will need statistics to bear out this statement. It is simply a chronic condition of the industry.

It seems to result from a general policy of mill owners to make the least possible concessions to their labor, to keep labor organizations as weak as possible, to keep the employees as near the starvation line as possible and thereby to deprive them of opportunity to save enough money to finance an effective and determined stand for better treatment, higher wages and shorter hours.

The contrast between the conditions of labor organization in this industry in this country and in England is most striking. A few months ago the news cables brought the information that a strike of some hundred and thirty-five thousand workers in British cotton mills had suddenly been precipitated because the employees in one small mill had been instructed by their union not to do certain work of cleaning machinery, which it was contended should be performed by expert machinists rather than by the mill hands. One employee in one mill made the test case. He refused to clean his machines. He was told that he must yield or consider himself discharged. Whereupon all the employees in that mill walked out.

The next day or two saw all the employees in several cotton districts leave their work.

It was a matter of principle. The union had determined that it was worth while to make a stand in favor of what it considered fair working conditions, and accordingly the case of a single operative was taken up by a hundred and thirty-five thousand. The strike was shortlived. The owners conceded the substances of the employees' contentions and work was resumed.

Such a manifestation of the strength of organized labor and its ability to stand together and force satisfactory conditions

would be utterly impossible in this industry in America.

Some foreign workers who enter the New England cotton mills are not much slower than Americans in learning that they cannot live on the wages paid to them. They soon learn also that strikes are useless. After vainly struggling for a while they leave.

The Irish are getting out of cotton work as fast as they can, and so are the French Canadians, the English, the Scandinavians and the Germans. To take their places, there is a constantly increasing tendency to bring in the less desirable people of eastern and southeastern Europe, and even Asiatics, so that these days you will find a colony of Turks, or Syrians, and of various other nationalities whose desirability may at least be doubted, growing up in the textile centers.

In absolute contempt of contract-labor laws agents of the cotton mills visit obscure villages and ship workers over to these shores as hands are needed.

GREAT INCREASE IN ILLITERACY

The constant shifting of the factory population of New England has resulted in a vast increase in illiteracy. Commissioner Webb tells us that in Rhode Island in 1865 there were 10,181 illiterates; in 1875, 16,277; in 1885, 18,412; in 1895, 24,101; and in 1905, 26,326.

• The proportion of increase is almost twice as great as the proportion of increase in population in the same time. And this despite the fact that educational facilities have improved greatly.

These are the social results of protection as it is applied for the exclusive benefit of New England textile barons. Mr. Webb shows that 5.53 per cent. of Rhode Island children of school age were workers in 1885. By 1907 this had actually increased to 6.18 per cent. Similarly, he shows us that 13.47 per cent. of children of school age did not attend school in 1897. By 1907 this percentage had been raised to 16.18 per cent.

While the actual numbers of women in the textile industries is slowly decreasing because of the influx of unmarried male emigrants, there is in every mill town a greater number of girls and young women than boys. The reason is that boys, more energetic and ambitious than girls, refuse to stay in the mills. Rather than face an existence so devoid of either profit or enjoyment,

they run away. The women and children remain to compete with the next importation of immigrants.

The attitude of the manufacturers toward their employees is usually consistently unsocial. You will find towns where so-called welfare work has been instituted. These are usually towns of which Hopedale, Massachusetts, is a type. There, a single corporation controls the mills, owns the houses the workers live in, the hospitals they go to when they are hurt in the mills, the churches where they pray and the amusement parks where they take their recreation. Yet, the welfare work seems to bring small joy into the lives of the workers. The people of Hopedale call their town "Hopelessdale."

PREVALENCE OF TUBERCULOSIS

Perhaps one of the reasons why the welfare work is so little appreciated is that no amount of it serves to reduce the amount of tuberculosis, that curse of the cotton industry.

Most of the New England mills are huge stone buildings erected many years ago. They are badly ventilated and are without any modern provisions by which the air can be kept moist. Because of the absence of humidifiers, the windows are kept tightly closed.

The mill hands work all day in high temperature. They breathe an air filled with minute flakes of cotton, known as "the fly," and contract "weaver's sore throat." The old mills reek with tuberculosis germs, and the sore throat furnishes the finest kind of breeding ground for the germs. At the end of the day the workers go out into the chill air of a New England winter in clothing wet from perspiration.

The weavers have still another danger to face. Throughout New England you will find old-fashioned shuttles in which the bobbin is placed. The thread is drawn through with the breath. The shuttle which the weaver holds to his lips may have been used yesterday by a man or a woman in an advanced stage of tuberculosis.

With all this tuberculosis constantly affecting the workers you might think that every mill town would have its sanitarium, supported by the manufacturers; but you would think wrong. Nobody in a mill town ever mentions tuberculosis. The workers

themselves allude to the disease as the "failing sickness." A weaver works at his looms; the spinning woman tramps her weary miles up and down the frames. Both stick as long as they have any energy left. When they finally give up it is to die within a few weeks.

Whichever way we turn, the statistics confront us with their story of increasing poverty and misery among the workers, and of increasing profits and prosperity among the capitalists. These are concrete results of the outworkings of protection when protection's benefits are absorbed entirely by the capitalists. And that is what is happening in the New England textile industry.

These are the results of a protective policy which has been applied for many years without intelligent appreciation of its purposes or the conditions it must meet. It had come to be a superstition, not a system; a graft, not a legitimate economic device. The superstitious ignorant voted for it because they *were* superstitious; the grafters cashed it in, in the swollen profits that we have exhibited. They controlled legislatures and Senators, contributed fortunes to campaign funds, in order that they might continue the graft. They tried to make us believe all this was economically necessary. And for a good many years we believed it.

We? Who are "we"? We are the ninety-odd millions who have been paying the freight. We have been contributing to add to the millions of our millionaires, fondly dreaming in our ignorance that we were adding a few pennies a day to the wages of the laborers in American mills. I have tried to show in this article how idle and foolish has been the fallacy.

The profits have been going to the millionaires, not to the mill workers. You and I and the rest of the American victims of the system which has made these conditions possible have paid the bills.

For all this superstition and ignorance we have a small class of excessively rich and a large class of pathetically poor. But beyond that we have rotten politics, debauched legislatures, "interest" statesmen and a nation-wide feeling of misgiving as to whether our very experiment in government of, for and by the people is a success.

Is our textile aristocracy worth so high a price?

SUSANNE'S BIG NIGHT

By Arthur Henry

Author of "The Unwritten Law," "Lodgings in Town," etc.

Illustrations by John Edwin Jackson

MISS SUSANNE SIMPKINS'S face was set in an expression of hardness that would have amazed anyone familiar with its faded but unfailing charm. She was alone, however, and no one saw the smiling wrinkles grow straight and sinister, nor the soft light vanish from her eyes. She clutched her sewing to her breast and stared at an open letter in her lap; the letter was from her married sister in Kansas City, asking for a little help.

DEAR ANNE:

I must ask you for a small loan, fifty dollars, if you can spare it and of course I know you can, for you always have money in the bank.

It was a long letter detailing the various ailments and misfortunes of a large family and making very clear to Miss Susanne her own good fortune in that she had no one but herself to look after, and was able to save money.

Suddenly she flung her sewing from her, and seizing pen and paper, wrote:

DEAR MARTHA:

It is true that I have seven hundred dollars in the bank; this and the money I have given you—over a thousand dollars, I should say—in the past eight years, and the two thousand I gave brother Edwin to get expelled from college with, represents everything I have saved and gone without during fifteen years of hard work, making things for other people that I could not afford to wear myself. During the past fifteen years you have had a husband who has given you all that he could make. That it has not been enough and that you don't love him and are unhappy with him and have borne him six children

does not make you a martyr, but proves you a shameless woman—too lazy to look after herself.

I live alone because I have no one to live with. You would not let me adopt one of the children in spite of the trial they are to you. I have never been fortunate enough to meet—that is, to know—any of the men in the world I might have loved and married.

I pay too much for my apartment because I cannot live in a dingy hole in an ill-smelling neighborhood. Aside from this, I have lived like a mole for fifteen years, and I might as well be as blind as one for all I ever see that I care to. I have been to the opera only twice in my life; I have been to the country but once in four years; it was so lovely that I have not had the heart to go again.

I have made my living—and that of our poor father and mother until they died—working without a rest since I was twenty; now I am thirty-five and I look to be fifty. If I had the few thousands I gave to you and Edwin, I would live for a year of real pleasure and then end it all, but I don't want to go without one good free breath of life. I will not send you another cent.

SUSANNE.

The last line was writ large and fast and heavily underscored. She put the letter in an envelope, sealed it, addressed it so vigorously that the point of the pen broke. She stamped it and slapped it smartly with her hand.

Then through Susanne's excited mind tramped a pageant of the pleasures of life. All the bright fancies and the eager hopes of youth that she had dreamed over, as her capable, nervous fingers were running the seams through the lonely years! And there she was, in the midst of every scene, clothed in one or another of the most fascinating gowns she had made, seated at a

table on a Paris boulevard—touring Switzerland in a motor car—bending over a wheel at Monte Carlo—serving tea in a sunny apartment at the St. Regis—snuggled in her corner of the box at the opera, two nights a week of the season, if in town!

And her companions—whether always the same or changing, it is impossible to say, for they were rather indistinct in the picture—were the most absolutely delightful people in the world. They were always very merry at the tables of the Paris boulevards and German beer gardens, but not a whisper was heard from one of them at the opera, and afterwards, scarcely a murmur. They all just drifted out and apart and home. At weekends in the country, after long drives through pleasant scenery, nothing was ever said that anyone need listen to and their voices were all nice voices—friendly, musical and sincere.

For a moment after Susanne had hit the letter to her sister such a slap, rage filled her startled soul, and a most unfamiliar passion of regret swept through it—regret for the empty years and longing for the money she had given away.

Now the letter, all stamped and addressed, caught her eye as though seen for the first time; it loomed large and startling; it was as if a stranger had entered the room—filling it with a malevolent threat. The contents of the letter shocked her; without opening it she tore it up and threw it on the coals of a grate fire burning cozily beside her. A little shudder of horror rid her of all the resentment and self-pity that had prompted it.

There was a moment of repose in which the whole room seemed to purr; then Susanne wrote a second letter to her sister enclosing a check for seventy-five dollars.

To describe Susanne as patient would be to miss the wonder of her. She was a wistful soul, too sensitive to reveal to any gaze the poverty of her existence, too loyal to her own vision of the radiance of Life to permit anyone to see that it had slighted her.

The outburst of this evening, however, had a singular after effect; she grew restless; the desire to go out upon brightly lighted streets stirred within her. She put on her hat of two seasons freshened by new ribbons and a bunch of grapes, her broadcloth coat still perfectly good after five

years' wear, her ancient muff and tippet, a pair of black kid gloves new in the early fall, and reticule in hand sallied out upon the street, an eager spirit.

Susanne seldom went abroad at night, but when she did she was, in spite of her dovelike appearance, ardently expecting adventure. She knew the streets were promenades of pleasure-seeking throngs, that all the blazing lights were part of the mighty show, and that every door one passed invited entrance at a price. Few open portals really tempted her, but if one did, she would enter with the serene assurance of all great natures, wrapped in their own intent.

Susanne had a natural interest for what might be called the sportsmanship of mankind. She had always loved horses and unconsciously possessed a shrewd eye for them. Had she owned a yacht, it would not have been a plethoric floating palace propelled by steam, but a racing sloop. Her interest in automobiles had been a passing one. She accepted them for traveling purposes. One could see the country best from a touring car. No one read the aviation news more attentively than Susanne. The sudden leap of man into the air in machines he was learning to perfect and control gave her an immense satisfaction. "At last," she would say, "we have done it!"

On her walk on this particular evening, Susanne came to Docket's celebrated riding academy. From within came the sound of many voices; the odor of tan bark caused her nostrils to dilate and her eyes to brighten. Before the door, large signs announced an auction sale of hacks, polo ponies and saddle horses. Suddenly a band began to play and the loud crack of a whip was heard. Susanne had never been in the place, in fact it would surprise you to know how few were the places in which she really had been. Now, without hesitation, she walked up the steps, opened her reticule and asked a man at the door how much the tickets were.

"Come right in," said the man. "It won't cost you anything."

"Oh, thank you!" said Susanne with a smile that changed the gray day of her face into something more resembling a spring dawn.

The man was Mr. Howley, who owned a livery and sales stable in the neighborhood; he happened to be standing by the door and



"THE CROWD ABOUT SCATTERED, BUT SUSANNE REMAINED CALM, COMPASSIONATE AND INTERESTED."

Susanne's mistake in thinking him a ticket taker and in offering to pay to attend a horse sale struck him as an incident of rare humor.

The odor of the tan bark; the sound of a worldly multitude, rustling, chattering, laughing; the genial, shrewd and friendly voices, common to sporting occasions; the clarion call of the brass band in a far corner of the gallery to a night of excitement; the hoof-beats of a horse rushing up the wooden gangway from the stalls to the arena; the shouts of riders and whip men—all these swept around and over Miss Susanne as she pushed her way into the throng. But they did not submerge her. She rose to it all instantly, as a strong

swimmer to a turbulent sea. That is, her spirit rose, but outwardly she remained a circumspect, sweet little maiden lady with a reticule, to all appearances lost and out of place.

Edging her way adroitly through the shifting crowd, she presently stood on the edge of the platform overlooking the tan-bark ring, her hat a little askew and one of the grapes knocked off. There before her was the open ring where the horses were being shown, and opposite was the stand of the auctioneer, surrounded by a crowd of active bidders.

As she came into sudden full view of the proceedings, a golden-sorrel gelding was swinging around the immense arena, with

free gait under the saddle, and some three thousand smiling people were observing him. Once around the ring, he had banished from the vast audience all critical interest. The power of every true artist with a great soul was his to possess his audience instantly, though it embraced all mankind. Every one of those spellbound mortals following his rhythmic, winged movements, were lifted gently from their seats and given a journey such as poets ere they try to write enjoy upon Pegasus. He sped twice around, with an unbroken trot, his fore legs lifting at the knee, reaching out and tucking the earth under him lightly, his hind legs saluting all the world behind him with quick and graceful adieus.

Two small round red spots glowed in Susanne's cheeks at the sight of this splendid creature in action; and when the crowd jostled from his path and he was brought to a quick turn and stopped before the auctioneer's stand, and some one bid a hundred dollars for him, she clutched her reticule and whispered to herself alertly, "I have seven hundred dollars in the bank."

Her slight form became rigid; she stared at the horse, at the people crowding around it, at the auctioneer, all in one swift instant. And then, quite unconsciously, she said, "Why! I would give more than that for him myself."

She spoke indignantly. There was a ripple of laughter and the people close enough to hear, turned to look for a moment. But she did not notice them. Susanne was among those viewing the auction from the inclosed platform, raised a few feet above the tan-bark covered arena. As it happened, Mr. Howley was standing just beneath where she stood, his arm resting on the railing. As she spoke, he looked up and smiled.

"Oh! he'll fetch a good price," he said, and she looked down, meeting his eyes.

A wonderful thing had transpired of which they were both unconscious. He had answered not so much what she said but what she felt. Instantly her anxious excitement of spirit was allayed. She did not know Mr. Howley's name, but as she saw him walk across the ring and join the crowd around the auctioneer he might have been the man who occupied the chair by the fireplace opposite to hers for twenty years.

She felt that with him there to look after

them, the horses would all bring prices worthy of them and find good homes. Mr. Howley really had no hand in the fate of the glossy golden sorrel, but the fact that he brought seven hundred and fifty dollars and went to a benevolent looking if elderly sporting gentleman, who slapped his sleek buttock affectionately as a groom led him off, was associated in her mind with the shrewd and kindly face of Mr. Howley. As he walked toward her, they exchanged a smile and glance of knowing satisfaction. He handed her a program.

"That was Red Eno," he said. "Good horse, but a little too fancy for me. I came to bid on Blackbird."

He reached up and she bent down, offering her program. He held it with her and checked the name with his thumb nail. "That's him, number fourteen."

She noticed that his nails were badly cut, as with a jackknife, but clean. She thought that if his chin whiskers were properly trimmed he would have quite a military appearance. He dressed in fairly good if careless taste. Susanne noticed a loose coat button, and as he walked from her to again join the active bidders, her fingers itched to fix it.

One after another, horses and ponies came scrambling up the gangway and were put through their paces around the ring and sold to lively bidding. At each new entrance the band hailed the conquering hero and a pleasant excitement filled the place. Once again Mr. Howley came to her and said, "They are going well."

"A good horse," she answered, "is worth anything you can afford to pay."

"Do you ride much?" he asked.

Then Susanne realized that this man was not the intimate companion of her days after all and she felt lonely—probably for the first time in her life she felt as lonely as she really was. The fact is that Mr. Howley had addressed his remark to that inner personality of Susanne's that not even her best friends knew anything about. If, thirty years earlier, little Tim Howley had said to little Susie Simpkins, "Do you ride much?" she would have answered sweetly, "Oh, yes! Every day my father's groom, in plum-colored velvet breeches and a coat of cloth of gold, brings my white Arab Alcamar to the door and I ride until night-fall along the sand of the seashore or through the enchanted forest to the crystal



"‘THAT WAS RED ENO,’ HE SAID. ‘GOOD HORSE BUT A LITTLE TOO FANCY FOR ME.’”

grotto and return." Now she said nothing—but stared into space, silent and sad.

Mr. Howley, looking up, wondered why he had asked her such a question. He noticed that her reticule was open. He closed it, covering at the same time the little hands that clutched it with one of his.

"Excuse me," he said, "something might have dropped out."

They were both very much disturbed.

"Oh!" exclaimed Susanne. "That must be Blackbird!"

Although it was plainly a dappled-gray hack and "No. 12" Mr. Howley seemed to think it might be "Blackbird, No. 14," for he fairly bolted across the ring and lost himself in the crowd around the auctioneer's stand.

Susanne saw no more of him, while horse after horse was sold. Blackbird flew into the arena and seemed to light before the auctioneer, as near like a bird as a horse could be. A little smaller and more alert than the golden sorrel, he possessed the same finish of action with a bit more of self-conscious pride in it.

There was a burst of applause as he completed the second circle of the ring, which he seemed to recognize by an airy toss of his head. His slender limbs quivered and his restless ears were always moving, as he stood to be sold.

The price rose quickly to seven hundred and then crept up by tens and fives. The hammer fell at seven seventy and still Susanne had not seen Mr. Howley.

"It was beyond his means," she thought, and the sad, careworn anxiety that sometimes fell like a shadow over her face, making it old, settled there.

"Now," called the auctioneer, "we have three Western ponies to sell. They were left over from the sale last week—not fit at the time because of sickness and injuries received on the trip from Montana. But they are in good condition now. Two of them are broken to ride, perfect for ladies and the children. One of them never had a saddle on before to-night, but her natural disposition is so sweet that Mr. Swansen, the groom who has had the care of her and says he can tell by her kind eyes that she is gentle as a kitten, will ride her in. Here she comes."

There was a scramble and a rush—a flash of a leaping object in the air, and Mr. Swansen hit the auctioneer's stand and fell upon

the heads of the surprised crowd. The pony, her fore legs planted stiffly on the ground, was thrashing the heavens above with both hind feet and swinging in rapid circles in order to miss no one who might come near.

A series of bucking leaps took her near to Susanne. The crowd about scattered, but Susanne remained calm, compassionate and interested. Suddenly one of the pony's hind feet flew over the rail and caught there. Susanne, dropping her reticule, took the leg in both hands and released it. The pony fell to the ground, the girth broke and as she scrambled to her feet again, the saddle toppled off. She stood still and trembled, her head hanging, her eyes rolling in anger and affright.

Susanne yearned over her and, catching one of her swift glances, tried to comfort her.

"You have seen what this horse can do," said the auctioneer—and everybody roared. "Now, what am I bid?"

A ripple of laughter was the only answer.

"Come—as promising a pony as ever came off the range—just give her time—I can't sell her if you won't offer anything!"

And then Susanne spoke and her soft, clear voice was heard even by the bandmaster in the far corner of the gallery—much sweeter, too, than any instrument of his.

"I will give you one hundred dollars for her." The auctioneer was a hardened and alert old weazel. He gave no one time to laugh and showed not the slightest surprise. "That's right," he said genially, "she'll be a perfect lady's horse in a week." More laughter. Everybody was enjoying this bit of comedy except Susanne. She was unusually calm but very intent, on this the most sensational *real* occasion of her life.

"I'm bid one hundred!" sang the auctioneer returning to his most businesslike manner. "Who will make it fifty? Did I hear fifty?" Looking into the crowd. "Twenty-five?" He nodded, straightened up and pointed his gavel at Susanne, shouting, "One hundred and twenty-five! Will you make it fifty?" Susanne nodded and the auctioneer, with joyous gusto, waved his arm at the crowd beneath him, calling briskly, "A hundred and fifty! A hundred and fifty! Who'll make it two hundred? It's a crime to let a pony like that go for two hundred!"

He wheeled toward Susanne again and

almost throwing his gavel at her, cried: "Will you make it two fifty?"

At that moment an arm shot up from the crowd and a hand caught the coat tail of the auctioneer. He bent over and encountered the wrathful countenance of Mr. Howley.

"That will do," said the stableman curtly. "She's a friend of mine." The auctioneer shrugged his shoulders, laughed and bringing his gavel down with a sharp whack, cried, "Sold!" Then he asked Mr. Howley for the lady's name.

Susanne, standing stiffly by the rail, gazed at the auctioneer and wondered what had happened. She saw Mr. Swansen come forth grinning and lead the pony away. Was the pony hers, or had some one else bought it for two hundred and fifty, and why had she not been asked to bid again? She saw Mr. Howley approaching.

"What happened?" she asked.

And he answered, smiling, "The pony is yours, for a hundred."

"A hundred and fifty," she corrected, "and I thought some one else bid two hundred."

"Nobody bid anything but you."

"But——"

"He was getting you to bid against yourself. I must give the clerk your name and address. I told 'em I was a friend of yours."

"My name is Miss Susanne Simpkins." She took a card from her reticule and gave it to him.

"Why didn't they bid on her?" she asked.

"She is as good as any of them. That man wore spurs. It's no way to treat a pony, bringing it wild right off the plains and riding it in a place like this!"

"There's the making of a good one in her—if she's not scared to death to begin with. Where do you want her sent?"

"I don't know. I'll have to arrange something. Would they keep her here? I can't have her in my flat—" and then the wistful, anxious expression was banished by a smile so full of youth and light, that Mr. Howley gazed in wonder as she added, "although I'd like to!"

"My stable is right near you—just two blocks up and half a block over. Why don't you let me keep her for you? It won't cost you half what they'd charge you here."

"That would be very nice."

"We'll have to break her for you. You couldn't ride her anyway for a month."

"I want to be the first one to ride her."

Mr. Howley's face beamed. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, "we'll give her the run of a little yard behind my stable and you can come every day and get acquainted with her. Spend as much time as you can. You're a dressmaker, I see," looking at the card, then up at her. "You might bring your sewing."

They laughed and Mr. Howley walked over to the clerk. When he returned he said, "I told him to send the pony to me."

"Who do I pay?" asked Susanne.

"Just leave a check at the office. The pony's name is Kitten. They called her Wildcat out West I understand, but she's registered here as 'Kitten.' Perhaps you haven't got your check book, not exactly expecting to buy?"

Mr. Howley was loath to go and, besides, he was puzzled. It was something more than curiosity, or he would not have questioned her nor stood there wondering. He was impelled by an almost tearful desire to look after her, and yet, no one could seem nor be, for that matter, more sanely self-supporting than Susanne.

"Oh, yes," she said brightly, beginning to chirp, as a bird does that on a dull day is aroused from its drooping by the sudden warmth of the sun, "I always carry my check book."

She opened her reticule, then closed it and held out her hand.

"Good-by, you're very kind."

He just held her hand in one of his and then put the other over it.

"You will be around to see her to-morrow. Glad you got her."

He let her hand go with the manner of one intrusting to a child a precious heirloom, with a caution to take good care of it. Susanne looked at it curiously; it seemed strange to her; possessing a new personality; no longer just a common little hand, faithful in service, but something apart and mysterious, capable of—even suspected of—romance.

"I am sorry," she said, "that you did not get Blackbird."

"I did," answered Mr. Howley.

"I didn't see you."

"No, I was right behind the auctioneer, where I wouldn't have to bid too loud."

He laughed shrewdly and looking into her eyes, beamed frankly, like a boy.

Confusion seized upon Susanne. What

mad thing had she done in buying this pony, and why was she standing there now, talking so freely to this strange man? Her adventures in fancy had always left her undisturbed, passing like curious visions in the clouds, with no consequences. Now the incident of the night was over and she ought to wake up and find herself sewing in her apartment, with nothing more to do about it than to put her work away and go peacefully to bed. Instead of that she possessed a pony, a real one, and there was Mr. Howley, still alive and well, with something in his eyes to be reckoned with.

"Oh," she exclaimed in a manner so like to panic that Mr. Howley was startled, "I really must be going!"

"Hold on," he said impulsively, climbing up over the rail. "I'll go to the office with you."

She did not wait for him but he followed, stumbling over a chair.

At the office window he stood over her, letting all men see that she was under his protection whatever she did, and when the business was finished, he said with an anxious good will:

"There, it's all as tidy as a new kid glove."

Susanne looked into his face and on an impulse reached out—not with her hand this time but with the more appealing needs of the spirit.

"Do you think," she almost whispered, "I did wrong to buy her? I don't know as I should take the time to ride."

"Wrong!" exploded Mr. Howley, so loud that they both were startled.

"Sh!" warned Susanne, and they laughed. She moved to the door and he accompanied her, continuing in a milder tone:

"You couldn't have done a wiser thing."

"Do you think so?" She looked up at him, comforted. Then, smiling, added, "But you don't know anything about it."

"Yes I do. My mother's about the only other woman I know, and she's like you in a way—and I know you deserve something you'd like to have." He laughed and continued: "You had money enough to pay for the pony and it don't cost so much to keep one. It'll do you a world of good to ride every day." They were on the steps. "Wait a minute," he said, "I'll just tell my men to take your pony along with mine, and then I'll walk a ways with you."

"Oh," said Susanne, "I feel better. It will be lovely—and, of course, I can manage somehow." She held out her hand again, a soft light in her eyes. "But don't come back. Look after the pony. I don't live far, I'll be at the stable in the morning, and thank you, Mr. Howley, ever so much."

He stood on the steps until she turned the corner, then went inside. There were hundreds of people still loitering there, but it affected Mr. Howley as if deserted. It seemed strange to him. His moorings had been tampered with and he felt adrift in a familiar harbor.

"I won't have her riding that wild mustang," he muttered. "I'll get her to sell it and buy something gentle."

It seemed to him that this was about the most important thing in life he had to do.

With an unusual lightness of heart, Susanne hurried along the street, conscious neither of the stars nor the electric lights emblazoning the signs on the tall buildings, nor the people she passed. She took no journey as the lady of her dreams but was occupied as Susanne Simpkins with things as they were.

When she reached her apartment she bustled about, made herself some tea and worked until nearly morning, finishing the dress for the rich and fussy Mrs. Bernstein, and through all the cutting, folding and stitching she felt a tender gratitude toward the small right hand, which, in spite of what had happened, was still faithful to the trying task.

Mr. Howley's hearty approval of her act was continually repeating itself in her mind like a song. He was, she told herself, a practical, level-headed man. She had, of course, done a very sensible thing, and in the morning she would go around and kiss her pony's nose.

When she slipped into bed and the events of the night grew vague, she found herself clinging to them anxiously, fearing that they too would fade away into the world of shadows, rousing herself to realize that it all was true. At last she slept and dreamed that Mr. Howley in plum-colored breeches and a coat of cloth of gold, mounted on Blackbird, brought Kitten to the door and they rode away along the sands of the sea and into the enchanted forest to the crystal grotto and return.



The DRAW-BACK to the FARM

By

Harris Merton Lyon

*Author of "A Night at the Folies Bergère,"
"Sardonics," etc.*

Illustrations by E. E. Lowry

IT is the purpose of modern writing to deny the ancient shams; and to show up one ancient sham I will direct you to a comparison of Fourth Readers:

Said the old Fourth Reader:

George. Will you have the kindness, Mr. Maynard, to give us a familiar example of the Wickedness of City Life?

Mr. M. With the greatest pleasure. I will relate to you the story of Randolph, the Country Boy, who went to Boston; and the Moral is, The Wages of Sin is Death.

On the other hand, says the new Fourth Reader (which has not been compiled yet):

George. Will you have the kindness, Mr. Gilbert Chester Keith, to jam your gaff into some ancient sham?

Mr. Keith. With the greatest pleasure. Probably the most ancient sham is that all country boys are good and all city people wicked. It is the careful conclusion of modern thinkers that the countryside is a place of petty passions, narrow heads and dadburned old skin-flints both male and female; while the city is filled with generous, broadminded people of the best sort.

(People with judicious minds will see at once that much might be said on both sides of this question. My business here is merely

to chronicle certain phases of the Great Back-to-the-Farm Movement which began about the time when Theodore Roosevelt told the farmers to sleep with their windows open, and to indicate the possible Draw-Back-to-the-Farm.)

The Great Back-to-the-Farm Movement was started by people who did not know how to use their hands. Therefore they chose the one job in the universe where this knowledge was absolutely necessary. Men who thought a horse's collar was some kind of a soft drink rushed madly for abandoned farms and tried to force a crupper to act as a martingale.

Women who had studied the Blah-Hah system of raising poultry, in two volumes (edited by Prof. Bloke Blah-Hah who obtained his knowledge of poultry from the Ancient Egyptians), hastily figured that the thing to do was to buy a run-down New England farm and stock it with S. C. White Leghorns. Their figures ignored the fact that sometimes hens do not lay and that many and many a baby chick ups and dies, neither for pleasure nor profit—though Blah-Hah said there was both in poultry.

These people were persuaded into this



"WHAT YOU NEED IS A HORSE AND A COOK-STOVE."

exodus by a most extraordinary lot of printed matter on "Health-and-Wealth." Old men of a hundred years or so who had so far been overlooked by a malt whisky concern were engaged in writing articles attributing their longevity to the fact that they had walked barefoot in a New Jersey cranberry swamp for eighty years. Young neurasthenic novelists who had long subsisted on intestinal antiseptic tablets, lithia water and codeine told the rest of the neurasthenic world that the only way to regain health was to get a garden *and* a hoe and then vigorously and continuously insert the hoe into the garden. A great chemist advised people to "follow the plow barefoot as a process calculated to give you new emotions"—emotions due, no doubt, to the stone bruise and hence quite naturally novel to a city man.

"Back-to-the-land" became a slogan for all sorts of city people—the wealthy, healthy man; the wealthy-unhealthy; the broke; the broken down; summering actors; writers. Everything except farmers.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington, District of Columbia, suddenly took on new life. Long accustomed to being merely a sower of congressional seeds and

a sewer of congressional clerks, it found itself deluged with requests for pamphlet information on soil inoculation, rotation of crops, onion culture, how to tell the garden from the weeds, and the like. For the first time in their lives thousands of American citizens wrote to Washington to find out something.

The most amazing conversations occurred in business men's restaurants. Instead of talking about the rubber boom, the motor-car salesman (who had just bought his farm) celebrated the virtues of Golden Bantam as being the earliest and sweetest of corn. The advertising agent (who had no farm) told how he had an acre of cantaloupes to which he was giving different flavors—wintergreen, peppermint, etc. You see, you split the stem just before it enters the cantaloupe, swathe the split in absorbent gauze and thrice daily drop ten drops of the essence desired upon the said gauze. Yes, indeed.

A billiard-hall proprietor who had never talked anything but baseball in his life was heard to remark:

"First break your sod up to potatoes; then follow that with corn and your land will be in shape for almost anything. *I know.*"

All this agitation had its effect. You began hunting for a farm.

WHAT YOU DON'T EXPECT

For the purpose of this narrative, we will assume that you were a generous, kindly disposed, open-minded city man when you first got the farm idea. You may have been a nervous wreck from either of those two great American attractions, Booze or Business, and desired to get out in the country where there was neither (unless you imported it); but your general intent toward the world was one of affability, honesty and faith in your fellow man.

Then a low-voiced, three-fingered man (rural touch—the other fingers lost in a threshing-machine) came along and gave you the first feeling of suspicion that had ever sullied your noble nature. He told you he was a farm agent and that he had just

what you wanted. It was a place forty minutes' walk from the railroad station.

He then put you into a thirty horsepower motor car and drove you at top speed for an hour until he got to his farm, at the same time pointing out objects of interest on the way so as to divert your attention from your watch. You had distinctly told him you wanted a hundred-acre farm.

"How many acres in this place? It looks small."

He looked pleasant about it and you noticed for the first time what a peculiar expression real estate agents have in the eyes.

"Ten acres arable land and two acres of timber," he said softly. "I just wanted you to see this place as we went along. Thought you might like it. I've got plenty of other places to show you."

He then proceeded to "go along" by returning whence he came, and faring some ten miles beyond that. He took up one whole day of your time and showed you five-acre farms, five-hundred-acre farms, one-quarter-acre farms and everything except what you asked for.

When you left him, you felt hurt. But he had justification for what he did. He knew you couldn't at that time tell an acre from a rood, perch, or pole.

The second jolt you got in your fratramcability—to use a portmanteau word for brotherly good feeling—was when you put on your poor old nearsighted spectacles and with your coffee-shaken hand turned to the catalogue of farms, where on page 20 you read:

Bosphorus, Mass.

175 acres \$2,300
Machinery and Tools
Included.

45 acres in level fields cut 40 tons hay; brook and spring - watered pasture for 25 cows; 500 cords of wood, 250 apple trees, largely winter fruit, in good bearing condition; land fenced by wall and wire; near neighbors, schools, mail delivered, 2 miles to village, 4 miles to railroad; 9-room cottage, painted, blinds; will

include a mowing machine, horseshoe, plow, harrow, hayrake, dairy utensils, sleds, all small tools for only \$2,300, part cash.

Alluring words! Drawing you on to dream-pictures of rural delights! You dreaming acutely of cutting the 40 tons of sweet-smelling hay:

"No sweeter smell was ever known

Than the sweet, sweet smell of hay new-mown,"

sings Fannie Dorothy Medbrook in the *Farmers' Aid*.

You "out" driving the 25 cows to water at the brook. You "out" picking the "largely winter fruit" from the 250 apple trees. And only \$2,300, part cash.

You now know, however, what that description means. "Cut 40 tons of hay" means that Melchizedek Putnam in 1774 cut forty tons of hay; but owing to the fact that no New Englander who has since occupied that farm has had the gumption to take a bath, let alone top-dress that "45 acres in level fields," the hay now cut amounts to four tons.

The brook-watered pasture is very full of brook—in April, when the snows are melting and the rains are pelting and you are keeping your cows in the barn and feeding them gluten. But in early June, when you turn your cows out, the brook is so small it generally runs down the throat of a six-inch trout, thereby putting both itself and the

trout in the non-est division of the has-been class.

The two hundred and fifty apple trees grow a small hickory-nut variety of apple, the trees being about one hundred years old and having been bitten annually by seventeen-year locusts, ring-worms, San José scale, thoroughpin and plain old blight. The land "fenced by wall and wire" means that an old stone fence—built by the late but industrious Melchizedek Putnam



THE LATE BUT INDUSTRIOUS
MELCHIZEDEK PUTNAM.

in 1762—has fallen all over itself along the road side of the farm, while the "wire" is a lonely strand lost in a clump of alders half a mile away and used only by chick-a-dee-dees as a Gay White Streak.

"Two miles" from a village means almost any distance within human comprehension, a "mile" in the country depending altogether upon who happens to be the liar that tells you, "Well, I sh'd say it'll be about a mile farther on." Likewise, when it says the cottage is painted, it probably means that the deceased Melchizedek painted it.

You see, farm description employs a certain technical language. As when old Pate Dipford used to call people "dadburned, axlegrease-fingered pickpockets" after they had skinned him on a deal in which he expected to skin them, people said he "didn't mean nawthin' by it; 'twuz only his way o' description." It is the same with farm description. It doesn't mean anything; it just happens to be the jargon of the trade.

A good farm agent could take a ten-acre stone quarry that would jump up and bite a goat in the face and describe that land so you would think you were getting something better than the Havemeyer estate on Long Island. Until you saw it. And when you had seen it, that agent would slap on argument after argument to show you he hadn't misrepresented the place until you would admit he could talk seventeen angels off the point of a needle with any metaphysician of the Middle Ages. But he could not sell you a farm.

No. You bought your farm from one of those time-honored old men who "had lived on the place all his life but was now no longer able to care for it."

WHAT'S SURE TO COME TRUE

Recall that I imagine you to be an honest city man, who can tell a hawk from a hand-saw only because the one carries off your chickens and the other carries off your fingers. Upon your doctor's advice you have bought the farm of the old incapacitated owner who has just strength enough left to charge you twice what the farm is worth and clamp a mortgage around your neck, then toddles off to Wall Street to play the stock market with your money.

The old incapacitated native has taken the precaution to sell off everything not nailed down on the place. So you begin to stock up. Here enter neighbors. (Gener-

ally spoken of in farm catalogues as "good neighbors.") Here also enters your third disappointment in your fellow man.

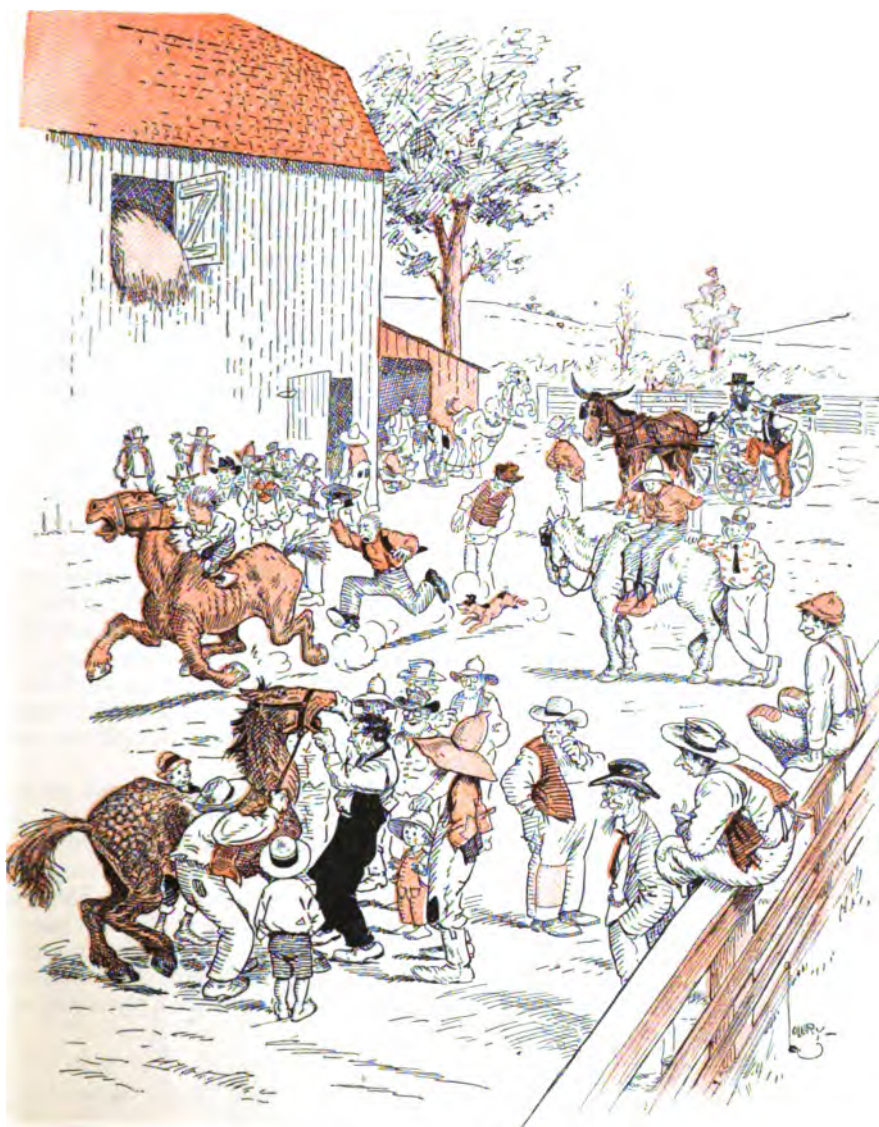
They all seem so honest, so blue-eyed, so eager to help you get settled. One of them—who, you ascertain later, drives nine miles to church and when "het up" can pray for twenty minutes straight hand running—allows that the two things a person needs the mostest on a farm air a horse and a cook stove. This combination at first startles you, but on thinking it over you allow he allows about right. Fortunately, he happens to have an extra specimen of each of these articles. He is willing to let you have them cheap for cash because he hain't no use for them. (When a farmer tells you he has no use for a horse, he has good reason for meaning every word of it.)

However, you buy only the cook stove at six dollars more than it was worth. You are afraid to buy a horse just yet because you don't know anything about horses except that there is always something the matter with them—some kind of mysterious disease with a haunting name. Such as sweeney, bots. You have heard that an innocent man is always at a disadvantage in a horse deal.

As you are thinking these thoughts, suddenly a phenomenon occurs. The whole countryside of dear, good neighbors arouses to the fact that you must have a horse. Men stop working in the field miles away to drive over and show you some especial steed which they "hadn't thought of selling at all" until they heard you needed one. (They had not thought of selling because not even by the wildest flight of imagination could they conceive of any neighbor crazy enough in the head to want to buy.)

All day long a procession of horses and were-horses, nags, plugs, skates, elephant-footed old behemoths, one-eyed skeletons that skitter up the road on the bias, chewers, kickers, coughers, wheezers—aged anywhere from twelve to thirty—the equine dregs of that entire section are poured at your feet.

You feel bumpy legs without knowing why you feel them; you look into all sorts of ghastly mouths without the remotest notion of what to look for there; you hear old gentlemen with Irish-terrier whiskers and with voices such as come from ancient rams on distant hilltops say over and over the empty phrases: "Sound ez a dollar";



"ALL DAY LONG THE EQUINE DREGS OF THAT SECTION ARE POURED AT YOUR FEET."

"right ez a trivet" (you wonder what on earth a trivet is); "guaranteed"; jest what you need—an all-around farm worker"; "jest what you need—a light drivin' hoss"—until finally you send them all away and argue to yourself that you had better buy your horse from the neighbor on the next farm because you will be seeing him every day and he would not have the effrontery to sell you a bad animal. He just would not have the audacity to face you day after day.

So you talk it over with him. You say:

"Now, I don't want to buy a horse unless I am absolutely sure he is sound."

"He's sound," interrupts that blue-eyed cheerful man.

You continue, rather vaguely: "Sound in the—er—stomach, you know; and in the—er—er wind; and in the—er—head—and all that."

"Oh, he's sound! Guaranteed."

"Sound in the legs—and back—and feet?"

"Oh, he's sound! Guaranteed."

"How long have you had him?"

"Two years."

"Where did you get him?"

"From a feller in town name of Snooker."

Not having lost all your intelligence, you put off the purchase a few days and hunt up the oddly distinctive name of Snooker in the telephone book. There is but one Snooker. You get him on the wire. You introduce yourself and explain that you are interested in the horse he sold to your neighbor two years ago. You would like to know how he came to part with such an excellent animal.

Over the line comes the rasping peevish answer: "Why, I jest couldn't cure them dod gasted spavins o' his'n."

Something in you gives a jump. "Why—why—ain't he sound?"

Rasp: "Sound? What d'ye mean by sound?"

"Why, sound in the stomach and the wind and so on."

Rasp: "Well, if that's what you call sound, maybe he is sound. But I wouldn't call a hoss sound that's got spavins on all four legs."

You ring off. You fall into a reverie. What could that honest, blue-eyed neighbor mean by trying to do you a trick like that? And even now, a year later, you are still trying to figure out what is this man's philosophy. He must have known, had you bought the horse, you would later have found out about the spavins. And "guaranteed"? Why, gosh all fish hooks, the only way to get along with these good neighbors was evidently to be a good neighbor yourself and trim the eyelashes off them every time you got a chance. *And here another snake in the country grass entered the heart of the good city man.*

MESSENGERS TO YOUR HOUSE

As I said, you made the fatal mistake of moving onto a farm that was not stocked, and in stocking it you had to pay your good neighbors two prices for everything. Even a loaf of bread cost you fifteen cents; and one honest old country squire offered to sell you for fifty dollars a cow which, two weeks after your refusal to buy her, died of some horrible lingering cow malady. You were a city man; you knew nothing about farming; you knew nothing about live stock; you knew nothing about prices; you knew nothing about how to use your hands. You

were a stranger in a strange land among a strange people doing strange things.

The strangest thing they did to you was to leave you any money at all. But they did. They tore down your Don't Trespass signs; pastured their cows on your land; picked berries on your land; set rabbit traps on your land; fished in your brook; stole the water out of your brook to turn their mills; stole your wood; stole your tools; stole your apples—but they did leave you a little money.

And with this money you went forth and engaged what is technically known as a Hired Hand, or, where he does not use the hand, a Hired Man.

Let us philosophize a bit. The city man who does not know how to use his hands can farm it only at the speed of his hired labor. In the city, every man is accustomed to give a fair day's labor in exchange for his wages. In the country, the city man in nonplussed. It seems to him he gets nothing out of his hired hand except "sass," procrastination and loud wails for more fruit cake and ice cream. The honest city man is already silently contemptuous of his good neighbors; he now begins to be contemptuous of his own farm.

You hired an upstanding lad with the beautiful name of Llewellyn Jones. "Lou" for short. Lou was a professional hired hand who had hired out all his life, never ridden on a trolley car and bucked like a horse when he saw an automobile. He was an omnivorous body intended to act as a complete refutation of the theory of perpetual motion. In fact, outside of meal times, he almost never moved.

As Riley says:

"... the old town fur away, crost the hazy pasture land,
Dozed-like in the heat o' day, peaceful as a hired hand."

That was Lou. Reclining heavily upon a hoe in the midst of the potato patch, his nether lip dropped to receive the afternoon breeze and his mind ruminating over a motor cycle in Montgomery-Ward's catalogue (a motor cycle because that would not require Lou to propel it), he presented a perfect piece of purely American statuary—the Hired Hand Defying the Officers of the Imbecile Asylum.

Lou was a great conversationalist—on his side of the fence. When *you* talked to *him* all you could determine was an idiotic suck-

ing sound which resolved itself at length into:

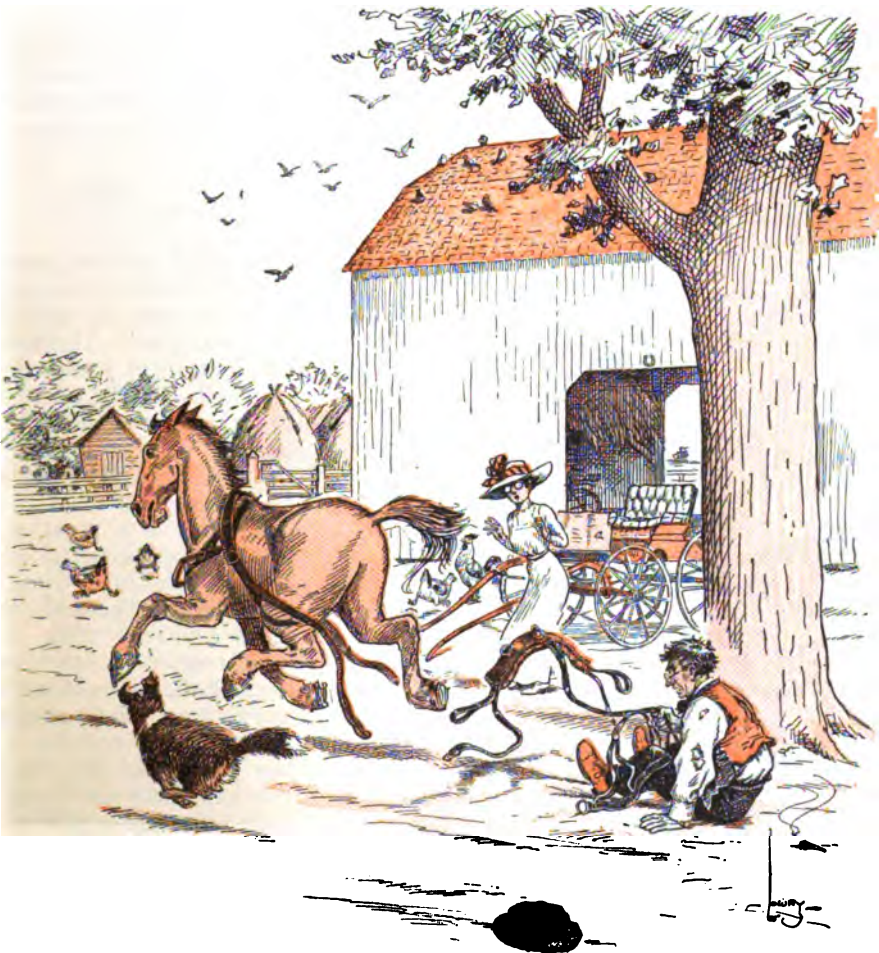
"Wha-a-a-a-at?"

But when *he* talked to *you* he began at the far end of the twenty-acre patch as he moved toward the house, and, though he was not sure of his feet and occasionally stepped upon one of them and threw himself face downward into the plowed land, he nevertheless kept right on talking, got up, brushed himself, got to the well, drew some water, watered the stock, came back to the house, began eating, ate, continued eating, pursued the continuation of eating, added a little eating, appropriated, filled, stuffed, and gorged himself with eating, even finally

concluded and put a stop to his eating—but still talked and talked.

Though his conversation was a bit jumbled, due to the fact that he had occasionally fallen over his feet or been drowned out by the chickens or had disappeared now and then behind an ear of corn at the table, you gathered the general trend:

Which was, that he laid he could get hold of a couple of horses for himself by the end of the year if he saved all the money you were going to pay him and then he could go to teaming it for himself, or maybe he might go into cahoots with another feller he knew and get a small piece of land from Sammy Taylor who wanted to sell because he heard



"YOUR HORSE'S HOOFS NEED TO BE KEPT SOFTENED."

he was drunk in town one day last week and said, Gol, he'd sell his whole farm for a hundred dollar.

But maybe he'd better get married and he knew a girl, and in town he could work in the factory, he was tired of hiring out to a lot of doggoned people didn't know what they wanted from a side of sole leather; still, he was young yet and liked a good time and instead of planning for the future, Gol, maybe he'd buy that motor cycle for \$27.50, not the one in the catalogue, Gol, hain't you seen that one? But the second hand or third hand he reckoned one that Jule Smith had to sell down in town next to the candy store on the right hand side of the street, Gol, ain't it funny some people never have pie for supper, rich people, too, he supposed they'd say 'cause sugar cost too much, but that was the way with rich folks; he knew an old woman named Mrs. Crabb died and left \$83,000 and all her life she wouldn't give any pie to her hired hands.

And so on and so on until you fired Lou

and hired another; and fired and hired until you decided to do the work yourself.

For a while you exulted in your ability to chambermaid the noble horse and the pleasant cow; for a while you prided yourself on your strength in lifting sacks of potatoes, barrels of cider and stone fences; for a while you were charmed with your swelling biceps as you dragged the pail of swill to the swallowing swine; for a while you caroled as you chopped the summer wood and let the chips fall where they might, e'en though generally they might in your eye, ear, nose or throat.

Then suddenly you awoke to the fact that instead of you running the farm, the farm was running you. It got to be tedious. Just when you wanted to sit on the front porch and chat with the guests from the city, the cow executed a low tremolo announcing that she would like to be milked.

You then tried hiring a "man and wife, steady, sober industrious." But the wife while at work in the kitchen insisted upon screeching at the top of her voice:

"Just to be a child once more at mother's knee."

In which position she could scarcely have made more noise than she now did among her pots and pans. The man was all right. But you had to let them go. Of the next couple, the woman was the exemplary character, being lately landed from Sweden and having an impediment in her voice; but the husband was a great admirer and constant importer of hard cider, Uncle John Gin, Hardhack Throat Pectoral and the like. And so it went.

It seemed a fatality that each of these people whom you wafted gently off the place got a job in the vicinity. From them the good neighbors began to get handsome testimonials of your character. You made your money by playing the races in the summer time and running a gambling house in the Tenderloin during the winter. It was thought you had served a term in prison



LOU, THE HIRED HAND.



"FOR A WHILE YOU WERE CHARMED WITH YOUR SWELLING BICEPS FROM FEEDING THE SWALLOWING SWINE."

and were hiding from the authorities, else why would you have been chump enough to buy old Bemis Feist's farm? You had hundreds of thousands, yet you were so stingy you wouldn't eat white bread and refused to buy a seventy-five-dollar shotgun for the hired man to shoot hawks with. You went barefoot to save shoe leather. You drank like a fish and seemed to be crazy somehow. All the folks that came out to see you from the city were queer. (One of them in a motor car happened to bump the town criddle.)

At the time these rumors perturbed you a great deal. Later you learned that a certain type of the lonely and crabbed farm wife feeds on this poisonous gossip as a pitiful drug fiend on his favorite drug. She knows possibly ten other families besides her own. Her general communication with the outer world extends all the way to town and back. You may have noticed from the newspapers that there is never any news in anything good. All the news is in the bad things. And that is the way this type of farm wife also argues. She deliberately plans conversations which will excite malice, greed, contempt. (And, as a postscript, there are plenty of He Farm Wives.)

"Wall, you can't be much good because you ain't," say some of the good dear neighbors.

"Oh, ain't I?" you answer. "Well, the woman that told you that lives a mile down

the road and she falls in the brook once a week regularly because she's full of stock ale."

So you see, you've got the gossip habit.

Another snake in the country grass has crept into the heart of the good city man.

Then the telephone. The party line telephone. If anything more was needed to rub cussedness into your soul like salt into a raw wound it is the neighborly party line. Your call is three rings. Old man Fiddock's call is two long and one short. Aunt Matilda Swansey's is one long and two short. Hen Sabbetts' is six.

When central rings one of these folks up, the bell in every farmhouse along that line also titters, stops, titters, stops. Just because the bell rings three times you are lunatic enough to think central is calling you.

So you leave off chasing the pig in a circle—a pig always runs away from you in a circle because in running it closes its off eye and this has the same effect on a pig that lashing down the tiller of a motor boat would have—and you dust into the house lickety split without stopping to wipe the barnyard off your feet. Then, as you stand on your best rug, you take down the receiver and ask:

"Did you ring three?"

"Is this you, Hen?"

"No; this ain't Hen. Did you ring three?"

"I can't git you a Chester White, but I

can git a Berkshire for you thet's crossed with Chester White: Hank——"

"This ain't Hen, I told you. If you'd close up long enough to listen to me——"

"Ain't this eight nine ring six?"

"It ain't."

"Then git off the wire. Can't you see I'm a-using it? Consarn some folks, always hanging onto a telephone wire."

You put down the receiver and wait a moment. Again come three distinct rings—your call. This time you gently take down the receiver and listen.

"Ye-e-es, this is the Swansey place," shrieks Aunt Matilda into the 'phone. Aunt Matilda is just the least bit hard of hearing; also she has a head somewhat resembling in content and appearance that of an old mule.

"Is Hen there?" queries that distant purveyor of a Berkshire crossed with Chester White.

Aunt Matilda thinks it is the butcher inquiring if she has any old hens for sale: "How many do you want?"

"Hen! doggoned-doggoned-doggoned telephone. Hen! Hen! There ain't but one Hen." This is a solemn truth, for which let us be grateful. "Hen Sabbetts is what I want."

"Whyn't you say so then in the first place," yells Aunt Matilda. And she bangs down the receiver.

The next time three rings. Old man Fidbock, who has been melting some lead to sort of solder his gatepost into a rock and has already purposely neglected the telephone in order to keep the lead hot, sets down the pot and pegs his hickory way into the house. He barks into the receiver:

"Wall, now, what in grit do *you* want?"

"I want Hen Sabbetts," wails the voice.

"Well, why the Sam Hill did you ring two long and one short if you want Sabbetts? Hey?"

"I didn't ring two long and one short."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"Don't tell me you didn't, you dadburned ijit. This is Fidbock a-talking—Fidbock—FIDBOCK! Two long and one short is my number; always was my number and nobody can't call me up and tell me contrary. I ain't so deaf. I—" and the old man raves on and on. When he gets back to his lead it is cold. Then he says things, because he is not a sweet old man and his temper is completely destroyed.

That is the party line sowing seeds of discord wherever it listeth and is listed to. The city man, used to his own private telephone, gets vague thoughts of murder and sudden death to dear good neighbors when he goes to the country and subscribes to the party line. Each one of the other dear good neighbors gnashes his or her teeth; viciously they gossip and say mean things.

This love of one another, you will recall, culminated in a great display the time old Miss Cheatham was knocked galley west by a bolt of lightning. How they tittered and how they chaffed! How the brothers and the sisters laughed!

Old Miss Cheatham lived all by herself down the road; she never depended upon the *Clarion Bugle* for her news. She eaves-dropped on the party line. No matter who called up whom, old Miss Cheatham was right there with the hirsute ear, overhearing the neighborhood chat. Every now and then some dear neighbor would pause in the midst of his talk to say harshly:

"I wish that old cat would get off the line, Ben. She kindo dims the sound of your voice whilst her receiver is down." But for the most part they didn't exactly know how to get back at old Miss Cheatham.

Finally Providence took a hand. Inasmuch as she was always on the wire, listening, she was there when Providence arrived. The bolt of lightning struck the wire just in front of her house, knocked her into a china closet, closed one eye, cauliflowered one ear, broke her ankle and removed her shoes. It also beat her over the head with the receiver, and put her to bed for two weeks. Since then lightning has been regarded with warm affection by the dear good neighbors.

AND THE LAST

This is the fantastical sketch of the helpless city man in the country. It is meant to be a back-action revelation of the degeneration possible in the pure, clean countryside.

Now, I could just as easily have written you an article telling you about the glories of farm life: how merely to sock your bare feet into the ground is one of the blessings of being alive; how merely to be early to bed will strengthen your muscles as they never were strengthened before; how merely to sweat in a field clarifies your mind, your windpipe and your stomach; how the mere æsthetic sensation of seeing the scenery

around your farm is alone worth the price of the farm.

I could have done that, but it has already been done to death. I have had a good time on my farm and I got health there such as could never be poured out of a bottle into a spoon and taken internally thrice daily after meals.

But—"it ain't all honey and it ain't all jam."

People can write about the contentment of the farm; but there is very little contentment for the city man his first year on the farm. Even if you had a ten-foot wall around your place and ordered all your supplies by telepathy, your very farm itself would arise and puzzle you, bewilder you, perhaps overcome you.

One little tiny fact. Every animal and every vegetable that breathes (yes, they do) has its own pet enemy. The lowly hen has a natural near neighbor; the Early Flat Dutch cabbage has his; the blithe lambkin; the tomato plant; each is pursued by his favorite phantom. Your horses's hoofs need to be kept softened. And the cows are in the corn. All of which spells a huge, heavy, sickening word of four letters: CARE.

The city man is clean—in the city, where somebody else attends to his sanitation. In the country, he must attend to it himself; and not only for himself, but for every creature and every plant under his care. Does he do it? Perhaps. But at least when he gets through his year he is no longer astonished at the old farmer who lies

back after fifty years and says, "Let 'er slide."

And another odd thought strikes him—it is this: In the city he is used to being waited on. In the country, as if he were in some abnormal topsy-turvy land, he finds himself the waiter. He finds himself carrying meals; carrying drink; giving baths; making beds—and to what? To his horse. His cow. His dog. All depending upon him, upon his *care*.

The old notion that "any fool can be a farmer" is as full of holes as a garden hose. If you are a city man the chances are you will put ten dollars into your crops where you take out five dollars. It would be cheaper to buy your stuff than to raise it. Try this out sometime with a small patch of potatoes—say, yielding twenty bushels. Figure out the price of the plowing, harrowing, hilling, fertilizing, seeding, hoeing, bugging, digging. In my case it comes to about twenty dollars and a sprained back. In a good potato year I can buy those twenty bushels from some farmer who has raised too many for just about twelve dollars.

Your friends all tell you, Go buy a farm. All right. But don't imagine you are going to hit a perpetual paradise always right in its harvest season. You will have to work hard and intelligently at all sorts of new jobs, and you will have to cultivate a slow patience which you never had in town. If you have money enough, you can sit back and let a foreman do the work. But, according to the census, only the wealthy have much money.





LEFT OVER

By

Robert W. Chambers

Author of "Amourette," "The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrations by A. Popini

SHE knew so little about the metropolis that on her first visit a year before she had asked the driver of the taxicab to recommend a respectable hotel for a lady traveling alone, and he had driven her to the Hotel Aurora Borealis—that great, gay palace of Indiana limestone and plate glass towering above the maelstrom of Long Acre.

When, her business transacted, she returned to the Westchester farm, still timid, perplexed and partly stunned by the glitter and noise of her recent metropolitan abode, she determined never again to stop at that hotel.

But when the time came for her to go again, the long list of hotels confused her. She did not know one from the other; she shrank from experimenting; and, at least, she knew something about the Aurora Borealis, and she would not feel like an utter stranger there.

That was the only reason she went back there *that* time. And the next time she came to town, that was the principal reason she returned to the Aurora Borealis. But the next time she made up her mind to go elsewhere and, in the roaring street, she turned coward and went to the only place she knew. And the time after that she fought a fierce

little combat with herself all the way down in the train; and, with flushed cheeks, hating herself, ordered the cabman to take her to the Hotel Aurora Borealis.

But it was not until several trips after that one—on a rainy morning in May—that she found courage to say to the maid at the cloakroom door:

"Who is that young man? I always see him in the lobby when I come here."

The maid cast an intelligent glance toward a tall, well-built young fellow who stood pulling on his gloves near the desk.

"Huh!" she sniffed. "He ain't much!"

"What do you mean?" asked the girl.

"Why, he's a capper, mem."

"A—a what?"

"A capper—a gambler."

The girl flushed scarlet. The maid handed her a check for her rain coat and said:

"They hang around swell hotels, they do, and pick up acquaintance with likely looking and lonely boobs. Then, the first thing the lonely boob knows, he's had a good dinner with a new acquaintance and is strolling into a quiet but elegant-looking house in the West Forties or Fifties." And the maid laughed, continuing her deft offices in the dressing-room, and the girl looked into the

glass at her own crimson cheeks and sickened eyes.

At luncheon he sat at a little table by a window, alone, indolently preoccupied with a newspaper and a fruit salad. She, across the room, kept her troubled eyes away. Yet it was as though she saw him—perhaps the mental embodiment of him was the more vivid for her resolutely averted head.

Every detail of his appearance was painfully familiar to her—his dark eyes, his smooth face, which always seemed a trifle sun-tanned, the fastidious and perfect taste of his dress in harmony with his boyish charm and quiet distinction, and the youth of him, the wholesome and self-possessed youth that seemed to her the most dreadful thing about him, in the light of her knowledge. For he could be scarcely twenty-five.

Every movement he made had long since fascinated her; his unconscious grace had been, to her, the unstudied assurance of a man of the world, bred to a social environment about which she knew only through reading.

Never had she seen him but straightway she began to wonder who and what exalted person in the unknown metropolitan social circle he might be.

She had often wondered, speculated; sometimes, dreamily, she had endowed him with name and position—with qualities, too, ideal qualities suggested by his air of personal distinction, delightful qualities suggested by his dark, pleasant eyes, and by the slight suspicion of humor lurking so often on the edges of his smoothly shaven lips.

He was so clean-looking, so nice, and he had the shoulders and the hands and the features of good breeding! And after all, after all, he was a gambler—a derelict whose sinister living was gained by his wits—a trailer and haunter and bleeder of men! Worse! A decoy sent out by others!

She had little appetite for luncheon; he seemed to have less. But she remembered that she had never seen him eat very much—and never drink anything stronger than tea.

"At least," she thought, with a mental quiver, "he has that to his credit."

The quiver surprised her; she was scarcely prepared for any emotion concerning him except the natural shock of disillusion and the natural pity of a young girl for anything ignoble and hopelessly unworthy. Hopelessly? She wondered. Was it possible that God could ever find the means of grace for

such a man? It *could* be done, of course; it were a sin for her to doubt it. Yet, she could not see how.

Still, he was young enough to have parents living somewhere, unmarried enough to invite confidence, if he cared to; and suddenly it struck her that to invite confidence was part of his business—his charm part of his terrible equipment. She sat there breathing faster, thinking.

His charm was part of his equipment—an infernal weapon! She understood it, now. Long since, innocently speculating, she had from the very beginning, and without even thinking, conceded to him her confidence in his worthiness. And—the man was a gambler!

For a few moments she hated him hotly. After a while, there was more sorrow than heat in her hatred, more contempt for his profession than for him; and *somebody* had led him astray, that was certain, because no man of his age—and appearance—could have deliberately and of his own initiative gone so dreadfully and cruelly wrong in the world.

Would God pity him? Would some means be found for his salvation? Would salvation come? It must; she could not doubt it, after she had lifted her eyes once more and looked at him where he sat, immersed in his newspaper, a pleasant smile on his lips.

A bar of sunlight fell across his head, striping his shoulder; the scarlet flowers on the table were becoming to him. And, oh—he seemed so harmless—so delightfully decent—there where the sunlight slanted across his shoulder and fell in a golden net across the white cloth under his elbows.

She rose, curiously weary; a lassitude lay upon her as she left the room and went out into the city about her business, which was to see her lawyer concerning the few remaining details of her inheritance.

The inheritance was the big, prosperous Westchester farm where she lived, had always lived, with her grandfather since her parents' death. It was turning out to be very valuable because of the mania of the wealthy for Westchester acreage and a revival in a hundred villages of the magnificence of the old patrooms.

Outside of her own house and farm, she had land to sell to the landed and republican gentry; and she sold it, and they bought it with an avidity that placed her financial independence beyond doubt.

All the morning she transacted business downtown with her lawyer. In the afternoon she went to a *matinée* all by herself, and would have had a most blissful day had it not been for the unquiet memory of a young man who, she had learned that morning, was fairly certain of eternal damnation.

That evening she went back to Westchester, absent-minded and depressed.

It was in early June when she arrived in town again. He was in the lobby as usual; he lunched at the table by the window as usual. There seemed to be nothing changed about him, except that he was a handsomer man than she had supposed him.

She ate very little luncheon. As usual he glanced at her once—a perfectly pleasant and inoffensive glance—and resumed his luncheon and his newspaper. He was always quiet, always alone. There seemed to be a curious sort of stillness which radiated from him, laying a spell upon his environment for a few paces on every side of him. She had felt this; she felt it now.

Downtown, her business was finally transacted; she went to a *matinée* all by herself, and found herself staring beyond the painted world and the mummery—beyond the bedizened scenery—out across the open somewhere, and into two dark, boyish eyes that looked so pleasantly back at her. And suddenly her own eyes filled; she bent her head and touched them with her handkerchief.

No, she must never again come to the Hotel Aurora Borealis. There were reasons. Besides, it was no longer necessary for her to come to town at all. She *must* not come any more. And yet, if she could only know what became of him—whether salvation ever found him!

The curtain fell; she rose and pinned on her hat, gathered her trifles, and moved out with the others into the afternoon sunshine of Broadway.

That evening she dined in her room. She had brought no luggage. About ten o'clock the cab was announced.

As she walked through the nearly deserted lobby, she looked around for him. He stood near the door, talking to the hotel detective. Halting a moment to button her gloves, she heard the detective say:

"Never mind the whys and whats! You fade away! Understand?"

"By what authority do you forbid me en-

trance to this hotel?" asked the young man coolly.

"Well, it's good enough for you that I tell you to keep out!"

"I cannot comply with your suggestion. I have an appointment here in half an hour."

"Now, you go along quietly," said the detective. "We've had our eyes on you. We know all about you. And when the hotel gets wise to a guy like you, we tip him off and he beats it."

"We can discuss that to-morrow; I tell you I have an appointment——"

"G'wan out o' here!" growled the detective.

The young man quietly fell into step beside him, but, on the sidewalk, he turned on him, white and desperate.

"I tell you I've got to keep that appointment——" he stood aside as the girl passed him, head lowered, and halted to wait for her cab—"I tell you I've got to go back——"

"Here, you!" The detective seized his arm as he attempted to pass; the young man wheeled and flung him aside, and the next instant reeled back as the detective struck him again with his billy, knocking him half-way into the street.

"You damned dead beat!" he panted. "I'll show you!"

The young man stood swaying, his hands against his head. Porters, cabmen and the detective saw him stagger and fall heavily. And the next moment the girl was kneeling beside him.

"Let him alone, lady!" said somebody. "That bum isn't hurt."

The "bum," in fact, was getting to his feet, groping for some support; and the girl's arm was offered and he leaned on it a moment, clearing his eyes with a gloved hand. Suddenly he made a movement so quick that she never understood how she wrenched the short, dull-blue weapon from his hand.

"Pick up your hat!" she gasped. "Do what I tell you!"

He looked at her, dazed, then the blood blotted his dark eyes again. She stooped swiftly, caught up his hat, and holding tightly to his arm opened the other door of the taxicab.

"They'll kill you here," she whispered. "Come with me. I've got to talk to you!"

"Lady—are you crazy?" demanded the tall head porter, aghast.

But she had got him into the cab.

"Drive on," she said, through clenched teeth. And the chauffeur laughed and started east.

In the swaying cab the man beside her sat bent over, his face in his hands, blood striping the fingers of his gloves. With a shudder she placed the automatic weapon on the cushion beside her and shrank back, staring at him.

But his senses seemed to be returning, for presently he sat up, found his handkerchief, stanching the rather insignificant abrasion, and settled back into his corner. Without looking at her, he said:

"Would you mind if I thank you? You have been very kind."

She could not utter a word.

Presently he turned; and as he looked at her for the first time, a flicker of humor seemed to touch his eyes.

"Where are we going—if you don't mind?" he said pleasantly.

Then the breathless words came haltingly:

"I've got to tell you something—I've got to! I can't stand aside—I *can't* pass by on the other side!"

"Thank you," he said, smiling, "but Lazarus is all right now."



"I mean—something else!" Her voice fell to a whisper. "I *must* speak!"

He looked pleasantly perplexed:

"Is there anything, except a broken heart, that could possibly permit me the opportunity of listening to you?"

"I—have seen you before."

"And I you."

She leaned against her window, head resting on her hand, her heart a chaos.

"Where are you going when—when I leave you?" she said.

He did not answer.

"Where?" She turned to look at him.

"Are you going back to that hotel?" And, as he made no reply: "Do you wish to become a murderer, too?" she said, tremulously. "I have your pistol. I ask you not to go back there."

After a moment he said:

"No, I won't go back. Where is the pistol?"

"You shall not have it."

"I think perhaps it would be safer with me—"

"No!"

"Very well."

"And—I—I ask you to keep away from that man!" she grew unconsciously dramatic. "I ask you—if you have any memory which you hold sacred—to promise me on that memory not to—to—"

"I won't shoot him," he said, watching her curiously. "Is that what you mean?"

"Y-yes."

"Then I promise—on my most sacred memory—the memory of a young girl who saved me from committing—what I meant to do—and I thank her very deeply."

She said: "I did save you from—*that!*"

"You did—God knows."

He himself was trembling a little; his face had turned very white.

"Then—then—" she forced her courage, lifted her frightened eyes, braving mockery and misconstruction, "then—is there a chance of my—helping you—further?"

For a moment her flushed face and timid question perplexed him; then the quick blood reddened his own face, and he stared at her in silence.

"I—I can't help it," she faltered. "I believe in you—and in—salvation. Please don't say anything to—hurt me."

"No," he said, still staring. "No, of course not. And—and thank you. You are

very kind. You are *very* kind. I suppose you heard somebody say—what I am."

"Yes. But that was long ago."

"Oh! You knew—you have known—for some time?"

"Yes."

He sat thinking for a while. Presently they both noticed that the cab had stopped—had probably been standing for some time in front of the station, and that several red-capped porters were watching them.

"My name is Lily Hollis," she said, "and I live at Whitebrook Farm, Westchester. I am not coming to New York again—and never again to that hotel. But I would like to talk to you—a little."

He thought a moment.

"Do you want a gambler to call on you, Miss Hollis?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then he will do it. When?"

"To-morrow."

He passed his hand over his marred young face.

"Yes," he said quietly. "To-morrow."

He looked up and met her eyes, smiled, opened the door and stepped to the sidewalk. Then he went with her to her train. She turned at the gates and held out her hand to him; and, hat in hand, he bent his battered head and touched her gloves with twitching lips.

"To-morrow?"

"Certainly."

She said wistfully:

"May I trust in you?"

"Yes. Tell me that you trust me."

"I trust you," she said, and laid the pistol in his hands.

His face altered subtly:

"I did not mean in that way," he said.

"How could I trust you more?"

"With—yourself."

"That is a—lesser trust," she said faintly.

"It is for you that I have been afraid."

He saw the color deepen in her cheeks, and bit his lip in silence.

"To-morrow?" she said under her breath.

"Yes."

"Good-by till then."

"Good-by."

II

THE next day he didn't appear, but a letter did:

"I merely lied to you," he wrote. "All



"'PICK UP YOUR HAT!' SHE GASPED. 'DO WHAT I TELL YOU!'"

gamblers are liars. You should have passed by on the other side."

Yes, that is what she should have done; she realized it now, alone there in the sunny parlor with his letter.

There was no chance for him; or, if there was, she had not been chosen as the instrument of his salvation.

Slowly she turned her head and looked around her at her preparations—the pitiful little preparations for him—the childish stage setting for the scene of his salvation.

The spotless parlor had been redusted, cleaned, rubbed to its old-time polish. Bible and prayer book on the mahogany center table had been arranged and rearranged so many times that she no longer knew whether or not her art concealed art, and was innocently fearful that he might suspect the *mise en scène* and fight shy of her preparations for his regeneration.

Again and again she had rearranged the flowers and books and rumpled the unread morning newspaper to give to the scene a careless and casual everyday allure; again and again she had straightened the rugs, then tried them in less symmetrical fashion.

She let the kitten in, to give a more home-like air to the room, but it squalled to go out and she had to release it.

Also, from the best spare room, she had brought Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross," and it had taxed her slender strength to hang it in place of the old French mezzotint of "Bacchus and Ariadne."

But the most difficult task was to disseminate among the stiff pieces of furniture and the four duplicate sofa cushions an atmosphere of pleasant and casual disorder, as though guests had left them where they were—as though the rigid chairs were accustomed to much and intimate usage.

But the effect troubled her; every formal bit of furniture seemed to be arranged as for an ambush; the cushions on the carved sofa sat in a row like dwarfs waiting; the secretary watched, every diamond pane a glittering eye; and on the wall the four portraits of her parents and grandparents were behaving strangely, for she seemed never to be out of range of their unwinking, painted eyes.

From other rooms she had brought in ornaments, books, little odds and ends, and

the unaccustomed concentration of household gods caused her much doubt and uncertainty, so fearful was she that his wise, dark eyes might smilingly detect her effort.

There had been much to do in the short time pending his arrival—the gravel path to be raked, the lawn to be rolled and cut, the carefully weeded flower beds searched for the tiniest spear of green which did not belong there, the veranda to be swept again, and all the potted plants to be rearranged and the dead leaves and blossoms to be removed.

Then there were great sheafs of iris to gather; and that, and the cutting of peonies and June roses were matters to go about with thought and discretion, so that no unsightly spaces in bloom and foliage should be apparent to those dark, wise eyes of his that had looked on so many things in life—so many, many things of which she knew nothing.

Also, she was to offer him tea, and the baking of old-fashioned biscuit and sweets was a matter for prayerful consideration. And Hetty, the hired girl, had spent all the morning on her grandmother's silver; and William Pillsbury, executor of chores, had washed the doorstep and polished the windows and swept the maple pods and poplar silk from the roof gutters, and was now down on his knees with shears, trimming the grass under the picket fence.

And *he* was not coming after all. He was never coming.

For a little while she failed to realize it; there was a numb sensation in her breast, a dull confusion in her mind. She sat alone in the parlor, in her pretty new gown, looking straight ahead of her, seeing nothing—not even his letter in her hand.

And she sat there for a long while; the numbness became painful; the tension a dull endurance. Fatigue came, too; she rested her head wearily on the back of the chair and closed her eyes. But the tall clock, ticking slowly, became unendurable, and the odor of the roses hurt her.

Suddenly, through and through her, shot a pang of fright. She had just remembered that she had given him back his pistol.

On her feet now, startled as though listening, she stood, lips slightly parted and the soft color gone from them. Then she went to the window and looked down the road, and came back to stand by the center table, her clasped hands resting on the Bible.

For a while fear had its way with her; the silent shock of it whitened her face and left her with fair head bowed above her clasped hands.

Once or twice she opened the Bible and tried to understand, choosing what she cared for most—reading of Lazarus, too. And she read about miracles, those symbolic superfluities attributed to a life which in itself was the greatest of all miracles.

And ever through the Word of God glittered the memory of the pistol, till fear made her faint, and she rose, her hands against her breast, and walked unsteadily out under the trees.

A bird or two had begun its sunset carol; the tree trunks were stained with the level crimson light. Far away her gaze rested on the blue hills. Beyond them lay the accursed city.

The dull reiteration in her brain throbbed on unceasingly; she had given him his pistol; he had lied to her; she had trusted him; he had lied; and the accursed city lay beyond those hills, and he was there—with his pistol—and he had lied to her—lied! lied! God help them both!

Across her clover fields the ruddy sunlight lay in broad, undulating bands, gilding blossom and curling trefoil. On every side of her the farm stretched away over a rolling country set with woods. Sweet came the freshening air from the hills; she heard her collie barking at the cattle along the pasture brook; a robin caroled loudly from the orchard; orioles answered; gusts of twittering martins swept and soared and circled the chimneys.

Erect, anguished hands clenched, she stood there, wide eyes seeing nothing and in her shrinking ears only the terrible reiteration of her growing fears.

Then the level sun struck her body with a bar of light; all the world around her smoldered rose and crimson. But after a little the shadows fell through the fading light, and she turned her head, shivering, and went back to the house—back to the room she had prepared for him—and sat there watching the shapes of dusk invade it—the vague, gray ghosts that, crawling from corners and alcoves to gather at her feet and wait and wait there with her for him who would never come into her life again.

"Miss Lily?"

She lifted her head from the sofa cushion



in the dark, dazzled by the sudden lamp-light.

"What is it?" she asked, averting her face.

"There's a gentleman says he'd like to see you——"

The girl turned, still dully confused; then, rigid, sat bolt upright.

"Who?"

"A gentleman—said you don't know his name. Shall I show him in?"

She managed to nod; her heart was beating so violently that she pressed her hand over it.

He saw her sitting that way when he entered.

She did not rise; pain and happiness mingled, confusing her for a moment; and he was already seated near her, looking at her with an intentness almost expressionless.

"You see," he said, "what the honor of a gambler is worth. I have lied to you twice already."

His words brought her to her senses. She rose with an effort, and, as he stood up, she gave him her hand.

"Don't think me rude," she said. "I was lying down—not expecting you—and the lamp and—your coming—confused me."

"You were not expecting me?" he said, retaining her hand an instant. Then she withdrew it; they seated themselves.

"I don't know," she said. "Perhaps I was expecting you—and didn't realize it."

"Had you thought—much about it?"

"Yes," she said.

Then it seemed as though something sealed her lips, and that nothing could ever again unseal them. All that she had to say to him vanished from her mind; she could

not recall a single phrase she had prepared to lead up to all she must somehow say to him.

He talked quietly to her for a while, about nothing in particular. Once she saw him turn and look around the room; and a moment afterwards he spoke of the old-time charm of the place and the pretty setting such a room made for the old-fashioned flowers.

He spoke about gardens as though he had known many; he spoke of trees and of land and of stock; and as he spoke in his pleasant, grave, young voice, he noticed the portraits on the wall; and he spoke of pictures as though he had known many, and he spoke of foreign cities and of Old-World scenes. And she listened in silence and in such content that the happiness of it seemed to invade her utterly and leave her physically numb.

From time to time his dark eyes wandered from her to the objects in the room; they rested for a moment on the center table with its Book; lingered, passed on. For a little while he did not look at her—as though first it were necessary to come to a conclusion. Whatever the conclusion might have been, it seemed to make his eyes and mouth alternately grave and amused, but only very faintly amused, as though the subject he was considering held him closely attentive.

And at last he looked up at her, gently, not all the curiosity yet quenched.

"You are kind enough to wish to know me; and too well-bred to ask—now that the time is come. Shall I speak of myself?"

Her voiceless lips formed a word.

"Then—it began in college—after my uncle died and left nothing for me to go on with. I worked my way through—by my wits. Up to that time it was only luck and card-sense—and luck again—the ability to hold the best cards at the best time—hold them honestly, I mean. It happens—I don't know why, or what laws govern it. Some men hold cards—always hold them—with intervals of bad fortune—but only intervals."

He gazed thoughtfully at the rag carpet, passed a well-shaped hand over his forehead.

"Yes, it is the truth. And so Fortune linked arms with me, and I drifted into it—gradually, not all at once—lower, always a little lower—until—what you saw occurred."

She would not meet his eyes, perhaps with an idea of sparing him.

He said: "You know nothing of such things, of course. I am—on a commission basis for doing what—they threw me out of that hotel for doing. Of course, a man can fall lower—but not much lower. The business from which I receive commissions is not honest—not a square game, as they say. Some games may be square for a while; no games are perfectly square all the time. I have heard of honest gamblers; I never saw one. There may be some; but I'm afraid they're like good Indians. And that is the way in which Life and I are situated."

After a while she managed to look at him.

"Could you tell me—are you—your circumstances——"

"I am not in want," he said gently.

"Then it is not—necessity——"

"No. It is easier and more interesting for me than to earn a decent living."

"Is that the only reason?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Have you no—regrets?"

"Sometimes. I am not immune to shame. I wonder whether you know what it cost me to come here!"

A dull flush mounted to his forehead, but he faced her steadily enough.

"You saw me kicked out of a hotel by an Irish servant because I was not fit to be tolerated among reputable people. And you did not pass by on the other side. Under your clear eyes, my spirit died a thousand shameful deaths while I went with you to your destination. The contempt of the whole world burned me, and your compassion drove every flame into me." He checked himself, swallowed, forced a smile, and went on in his low, pleasant voice: "I am afraid I have been dramatic. All I meant to say is that my humiliation, witnessed by you, is a heavier price to pay—a more painful reckoning with Fate—than I had really ever looked for."

"I—I had no contempt for you," she faltered.

"You could not escape it; but it is kind of you to say that."

"You don't understand; I had no contempt. I was—it—the dread of harm to you—frightened me; and afterwards I was only so sorry for you—and wanted to—to help——"

He nodded. "The larger charity," he said. "You may read all about it there in that Bible, but—the world takes it out in reading about it. I do not mean to

speaking bitterly. There is nothing wrong with me as the world goes—I mean *my* world. Only—in the other and real world there is—you! You who did not pass by on the other side, and to whom the Scriptures there are merely the manual which you practice—for the sake of Christ.”

“You think me, better—far better than I am——”

“I know what you are. I know what it cost you to even let me lean on you there in the glare of the electric light—there where men stood leering and sneering and misjudging you—and my blood on your pretty gown!”

“Oh, I did not think—care—about that—or the men——”

“You cared about them. It is a growing torture to you. Even in the generous flush of mercy you thought of it; you said you would never go back to that hotel. I knew why you said it. I knew what, even then, you suffered—what of fear and shame and outraged modesty. I know what you stood for, there in the street, with a half-senseless crook hanging to your arm—tugging for a weapon which would have sent two more mongrels to hell——”

“You should not say that!” she cried, white and trembling. “You did not know what you were doing——”

He interrupted: “‘For they know not what they do.’ You are right. We don’t really know—any of us. But few except such as you believe it—few except such as you—and the Master who taught you. And that is all, I think. I can’t thank you; I can’t even try. It is too close to melodrama, now—not on your side, dear little lady!”

He rose.

“Are you—going?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

He turned unconsciously and looked through the windows into the southern darkness.

“I—want you to stay,” she said.

He turned and bent toward her with his youthful and engaging manner.

“It is sweet and good of you; but you know it is best that I go.”

“Why?”

“Because—it might be that some of your friends would know me. It is for your sake I am going.”

“I wish you to stay.”

“I know it. It makes me wonderfully happy.”

“Won’t you?”

“I must not.”

“What are you going to do—in the city?”

There was a silence; then:

“The—*same*?” she faltered.

“I am afraid so.”

“Why?”

“What else is there?”

“Everything. And I—ask it of you.”

He looked at her with troubled eyes.

“I’m afraid you don’t know what you are asking——”

“I do know! I ask—your soul of God!”

For a long while he stood there as though turned to stone. Then, as though rousing from a dream, he walked slowly to the window, looked long into the south. At last he turned.

She sat on the edge of the sofa, her face in her hands, deathly silent, waiting.

“Tell me,” she whispered, not looking up as he bent over her.

“About that matter of a stray soul?” he said pleasantly. “It’s all right—if you care to—bother with it.”

Her hands dropped and when she looked up he saw the tears standing in her gray eyes.

“Do you mean it?” she asked, trembling.

“God knows what I mean,” he said unsteadily, “and I shall never know unless you tell me.”

And he sat down beside her, resting his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands, wondering what he could do with life and with the young soul already in his dark keeping. And, after a while, the anxiety of responsibility, being totally new, wearied him. Perplexed, he lifted his head, seeking her eyes, and saw the compassion in her face and the slow smile trembling on her lips. And suddenly he understood which of them was better fitted to be a keeper of souls.

“Will you be patient?” he said.

“Can you ask?”

He shook his head, looking vacantly at the lamplight.

“Because I’ve gone all wrong, somehow—since I was a boy. You *will* be patient with me—won’t you?”

“Yes,” she said.

THE PASSING OF THE "PO' WHITE TRASH"

THE ROCKEFELLER COMMISSION'S SUCCESSFUL
FIGHT AGAINST THE HOOKWORM DISEASE

By Louis Brownlow

A ROUGH trail, glorified by the name of the Big Road, twists and clammers over the spur of Sugar Loaf Mountain to drop suddenly into the deeps and shadows of Coon Cove. The cove, a niche in the mountain wall, lined inside with a tapestry of laurel, pink and white and glossy green, commands from its open end a prospect of the valley of the Cumberland, looking down upon the little white clouds floating lazily over the great green fields of the bottom lands. Bumping along over the Big Road traveled a dusty man in a dusty buggy pulled by two dusty mules. He was bound for Coon Cove, but he was not thinking of the beauty of its laurel and rhododendron, nor of the charm of its prospect. For his was a mission of ugliness and he had no time for that which was not ugly.

In the deepest level of the niche a dim trail opens through the thicket. Leaving the Big Road the traveler guided his team into this opening. A little while the branches of the bushes scraped the top of the buggy and then the mules came into the clearing. There was the object of the quest, the ugly cabin which ugly Jim Langford and his brood called "home."

Here, in the midst of Nature's mountain loveliness, was man's most unlovely habitation. The cabin was built of round logs by men too tired to hew them, the crevices were daubed with red clay, the chimney was a crude structure of sticks and mud—seemingly an invitation to a conflagration—and, inside, the one room had a puncheon floor. At the end opposite the chimney was a lean-to built of rough boards. The cabin was innocent of glass, and the one window

was fitted with a wooden shutter hung on leather hinges.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon and the sun was shining, yet the only sign of industry was furnished by a lank woman who poured water from a huge gourd into the ash hopper at the side of the house. This preparation for the manufacture of soap deserved commendation, for Jim Langford and his two sons, sprawling on the bend in front of the cabin, appeared to need soap more than anything else in the world.

Jim was a gaunt, thin-bearded, grizzled man who had marched with Longstreet; the younger of the two sons was more than thirty years old. Inside the miserable hut Jim's wife was on the bed from which she had not arisen for more than three years. By her side was her daughter—a shapeless lump of a girl who appeared to be sixteen and really was twenty-four—"Emmer, who never was right bright." These three were the survivors of a brood of thirteen sons and daughters.

Sarah, at the ash hopper, was John's wife, and five of her children, the oldest eleven, the youngest three, played listlessly about the dooryard. The older children were chewing tobacco, prescribed by anxious parents to keep the blood red, while the younger ones were picking pieces of dried mud from the chimney and solemnly eating them. All three women had in their mouths the tell-tale stick that proclaimed them to be snuff "dippers."

It was said of the men, down in the county seat in the valley where the fields were large and money was plentiful, and even among the negroes in the bottom

lands, that Jim Langford and his tribe were nothing but low-down, ornery, trifling, lazy, dirt-eating, po' white trash. Sarah, who could read, had once seen in a stray newspaper that it was such lazy white trash as the Langfords that held back the South in its efforts to keep pace with the advance of modern progress. Now and then some man would ride into the Cove to scold the Langfords for their shiftlessness, a man who sneered when old Jim offered in defense of their shortcomings the excuse that he and his sons were "po'ly this spring."

Jim Langford knew that he had not been born lazy, for he had proved his prowess in the army before he was seventeen. When the war was

over he had married and settled here in Coon Cove, determined to clear it all out and to make it yield a comfortable living and something more. But soon the creeping fatigue overtook both him and his wife, their faces turned pale and their ambition shriveled. They never could extend the few acres that

Jim had cleared and tilled that first summer. Their first three babies died almost as soon as they were born. Three others fell victims to the dreaded typhoid and three had died long, lingering deaths in bed, suffering from no known malady, but dying even as Jim's wife was now dying—the blood blanching and thinning in the veins.

Jim Langford knew that his



THIS FATHER AND HIS TWO SONS SHOW CLEARLY THE DEGENERATING EFFECTS OF THE HOOKWORM.



IN THIS VIRGINIA HOUSE LIVED MOTHER, FATHER, FOUR GROWN DAUGHTERS, THREE GROWN SONS AND THREE SMALLER CHILDREN, ALL INFECTED.
NOTE THE INSANITARY CONDITIONS.

children were not well. He knew that they were under the curse of some slow, blood-sapping disease. Therefore he taught his babies to chew tobacco as soon as they could walk, thereby to keep their blood from getting pale. He did not punish them for eating clay and dirt, because he knew himself the comfort to be obtained from munching a well-baked bit of mud from the chimney corner. And whenever Jim Langford had a dollar he bought medicine.

Painfully and slowly, lashed by the whip of hunger, the Langford men and Sarah each year managed to raise a little corn and tobacco. Their hogs ran half wild on the mountain side. Some little surplus was sold each autumn—sold to the storekeeper in town in exchange for his wares. Of cash the Langfords did not see more than ten dollars a year. Yet Sarah, who, oddly enough, had kept a record of the family transactions at the store, knew that in ten years the Langfords had received a total income of \$3,000, an average of \$300 a year. Of this total her penciled account showed that as much as \$1,800 had been spent for patent medicines, tonics, blood medicines and “bitters.”

Every peddler who turned off the Big Road into Coon Cove with a pack of evil-

smelling, vile-tasting nostrums found a buyer in Jim Langford if there was anything in the cabin he cared to take in exchange. Every time Jim or one of the boys journeyed to the store—the women never left the clearing in Coon Cove—they were sure to bring back a bottle of some new stuff guaranteed to cure everything. Usually the stuff contained alcohol, and then the poor victims were deceived by the temporary stimulation into praising the medicine for its virtues. But they always found that the “cure” lasted only as long as the medicine.

Half a dozen lean dogs yelped an alarmed welcome to the traveler as he halted his mules within the clearing. The men on the bench stared, but none of them rose or spoke. The traveler, a young man, leaped from the buggy with a black leather case in his hand. Advancing toward the cabin he asked:

“Is this Mr. Langford?”

“That’s what they calls me,” drawled old Jim, after a long pause in which he seemed to consider the startling nature of the query.

“I am the doctor from the state board of health, and I came to see how you and your family are getting on,” volunteered the young stranger in explanation.

A doctor! This was an event. Any

other doctor than old Doc Hudson never had been in Coon Cove.

Slowly the two younger men arose to shake hands. The children came up and hid behind Sarah's "mother hubbard." Even lubberly Emma appeared in the doorway. They were all curious, but they were not at all excited. They were too tired for that. Only Sarah mustered sufficient interest to ask a question, a practical one. Still holding her huge gourd, she demanded: "What fer physic air you sellin'?"

The doctor told her that he had nothing to sell, and that if he gave them any medicine there would be no charge for it. Sarah being thus reassured, the Langfords were

ready to hear why this young doctor with the black leather case had dropped down into Coon Cove.

He told them why: That he was sent out by the state board of health to travel through the country to find people suffering from hookworm disease, to treat them if necessary, to bring them under the care of local physicians if possible, and, above all, to instruct the people how to prevent the further spread of the disease.

"Have you ever had the ground itch?" asked the doctor. Of course they had, every one of them except Sarah.

The doctor opened the black leather case and took from it a glittering microscope—



EVERY MEMBER OF THIS GREENVILLE COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA, FAMILY IS HEAVILY INFECTED. THE CONDITION OF THE HOUSE AND GROUND, AND BARE FEET, EXPLAIN THE DISEASE.

man's chief weapon in the war against death, but a weapon that never before had been seen in Coon Cove. Then he brought out a tiny bottle in which there were a dozen full-grown hookworms, each about a half-inch long and as thick as a hairpin wire. Under the microscope, which he had set up on the bench, he put a glass slide, and then all the Langfords, one by one, looked through the eyepiece to see the eggs of the hookworm. Later he showed them the heads and tails of several hookworms under the glass.

HOW THE INFECTION OCCURS

The doctor told them the life story of the hookworm—how the full-grown worm in its home in the human intestine lays thousands of microscopic eggs each day which pass from the body; how these eggs if they find their way to the earth develop into hard-shelled larvæ, still too small to be seen by the human eye; how these encysted larvæ live in polluted soil for weeks and months, waiting for the chance to attack the feet of some luckless or careless human being.

And then when some one walks on polluted soil with bare feet, or with leaky shoes, these tiny borers get on the feet and bore into the skin, causing the "ground itch," "dew itch" or "dew poison."

Once inside the body the tiny borer gets into the blood current and is carried along until it finds its way into the stomach and thence to its home in the small intestine. Here it is hatched into a worm, its hard shell is cast off, it grows rapidly and uses its jaws to fasten itself to the walls of the intestines. This makes a sore place, and as one child may have as many as five thousand of those worms at one time, it is easy to see that trouble must follow.

Once in the intestine the hookworm begins its long life of destructive activity. It literally sucks the blood of its victim, it secretes a poison of its own, and even if there be no new infection from the ground, no new worms introduced into the body, the worms will keep up their blood sucking and egg laying for several years.

The first thing the hookworm does to a victim is to give him ground itch—in itself a very small matter. But when the adult worms in the body begin their evil the victim grows pale, he is easily tired out, he loses both physical and mental energy, his growth is stunted if he is a child, he is backward in his studies if he is at school, and if

he lives under such unfavorable conditions as exist in Coon Cove where there is constant reinfection he soon will degenerate into a type of the lazy, "no-count white trash" despised even by the negroes.

The doctor stayed all night in Coon Cove. His practiced eye had told him at the first glimpse that the Langfords were hookworm victims, but he used his microscope to make sure and found that every member of the family, from the bedridden grandmother to the baby, not only were suffering from the disease but were daily spreading the infection, although Sarah appeared to be immune to many of its effects.

Jim Langford was convinced that the doctor was right—that all his woes were to be charged up to this tiny worm. With patriarchal authority he ordered that all the family should take the treatment the doctor had said they might have free of charge.

Each member of the family was given a dose of thymol, the doctor measuring the doses with a freedom that might have horrified a hospital physician, the dose being preceded and followed by a dose of Epsom salts. Having distributed the doses for the family, the doctor put his glittering microscope back in its black leather case, climbed into his buggy, drove through the scraping branches of the thicket and made the Big Road—bound for other coves and Langfords.

Two weeks later the doctor came back to Coon Cove. He brought old Doc Hudson with him. The doctor from the state board of health knew what to expect, but old Doc Hudson was astonished to the degree that he lost his power of expression, and was able only to weakly admit that the city doctor, with his new-fangled notions and glittering microscope, had found a cure for "just plain shiftlessness."

For the Langford family already was on the upward path. The children all had gained flesh, the men were planning to extend the clearing to make room for more corn, and even the bedridden grandmother was sitting up. Dr. Hudson was converted and he was left in charge of the case with instructions to give further doses of thymol and salt to the old lady and to the elder son.

Then, having extracted a solemn promise from Jim Langford that some sort of sanitary convenience would be built to prevent further infection from the already polluted

soil around the house, the doctor again departed.

That was in the month of June, 1910, the first month of the actual work of the campaign for the eradication of hookworm disease in the southern states of the American republic.

In December the doctor again was in his buggy, bumping along the Big Road over the spur of Sugar Loaf on the way to Coon Cove. When he dropped into the niche in the mountain wall he was astonished at the change. The thicket had disappeared, and in the new clearing the Langford tribe was busily at work burning brush from off the "new field." The children, all but the two youngest, were in school. The old woman, freed from the bed, was watching the babies while Sarah and Emma were hard at work over their washtubs.

"We ain't lost a day's work sence the fust of August," replied old Jim Langford to the doctor's eager questions. "We've clared up this yere thicket an' I reckon we-all'll have dead oodles o' corn an' truck nex' summer."

And thus, with eighty cents worth of medicine, the Jim Langford tribe had been lifted

This boy is seventeen years old and weighs just seventy-five pounds. In a short time of treatment for hookworm, his weight increased to one hundred pounds and he was enabled to walk four miles without being greatly fatigued. He had never walked that distance in his life.

out of the class of "no-count white trash" into a position among the self-respecting, thrifty, hard-working agricultural class on the upward grade. Eighty cents worth of thymol and salts where \$1,800 had gone for worthless nostrums! Eighty cents worth of medicine to save eleven human beings, not from immediate death, but from long lives of misery and suffering!

Was it worth while that the microscope invaded Coon Cove?

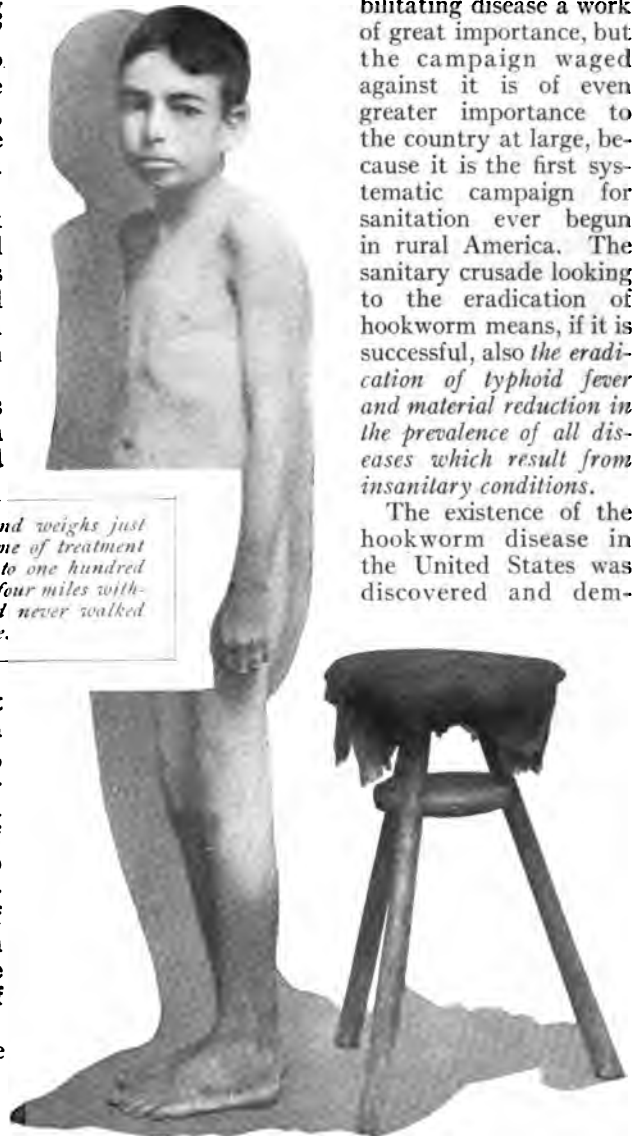
What was done that June for the Langfords in the beautiful

little cove in the Cumberland of Tennessee, was done for thousands and thousands of families in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas during the latter part of last year and the first few months of this.

WINNING THE HOOKWORM BATTLE IN THE SOUTH

In these eleven southern states the work of fighting the hookworm has begun in earnest. Not only is the eradication of this widespread and debilitating disease a work of great importance, but the campaign waged against it is of even greater importance to the country at large, because it is the first systematic campaign for sanitation ever begun in rural America. The sanitary crusade looking to the eradication of hookworm means, if it is successful, also the eradication of typhoid fever and material reduction in the prevalence of all diseases which result from insanitary conditions.

The existence of the hookworm disease in the United States was discovered and dem-



onstrated by Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service in 1902. Largely because of Dr. Stiles' activity, John D. Rockefeller became interested in the scientific belief that the disease could be eradicated.

The work of the army surgeons and their assistants in Porto Rico soon proved the feasibility of the plans for attack. Then Mr. Rockefeller gave a million dollars to a Commission for the Eradication of the Hookworm Disease in the United States. That commission will spend the million dollars in five annual instalments of \$200,000 each. It is believed that the work will be so far advanced at the end of five years that progress will then continue automatically.

While the Rockefeller Commission furnishes the money for this specific purpose, all the actual work in the field is done by and through the state boards of health of the several states. There are no Rockefeller agents in the field; every man doing field work at the expense of the commission is the accredited and responsible representative of the board of health of the state where he does his work.

The authorities of the eleven southern states are giving their hearty and earnest coöperation to the commission by furnishing the necessary machinery of administration; the commission is coöperating with the states by furnishing the necessary funds.

The actual work was begun in May, 1910, in Virginia, and state after state fell into line until Texas, in January, 1911, completed the organization in the eleven southern states. There is reason to believe that it will be necessary hereafter to extend the work into Maryland, Kentucky, Oklahoma and possibly California.

HOOKWORM THE CAUSE OF SHIFTLESSNESS

The hookworm infests the tropical and subtropical regions of the entire world, although the parasite prevalent in the Old World differs slightly from that of the New World. It also invades the more northern climes to some extent both in Europe and America, especially among miners.

It is not to be imagined that the effects of the disease are always the same. In Porto Rico, where the disease has been almost stamped out, the type of infection was so severe that a large percentage of victims

were entirely incapacitated for work. Therefore the sufferers were willing and anxious for treatment.

In our own southern states at least ninety per cent of the infection is of a very mild type. The Langford family suffered from an intense infection. Their case was extreme. There are thousands of families similar to the Langfords scattered throughout the South, but by far the greater number of the Americans who are infected do not realize that they are diseased. Their efficiency is impaired, they are unable to do a full stint of work, and they are falsely accused of being lazy, but at the same time they are able to make some sort of a living and they are not "dirt-eaters."

The negro is infected and he is a carrier of the disease, but he is relatively immune from its effects. That is one very important reason why the negro has been able to do work in southern climates where white men have failed.

When the discovery of the hookworm in the United States was made, some one called it the "germ of laziness." That led to an unfortunate levity in the discussion of the problem that caused general resentment throughout the South. The people of the South are not all lazy, few of them have ever seen a "dirt-eater," and they objected to being lumped together in a mass as the butt of cheap journalistic wit.

That they did, however, recognize the gravity of the disease and the necessity for its eradication is proved by the fact that the government of every southern state has begun a systematic campaign, both for the cure and the prevention of the disease. Whatever of bitterness was manifested a few years ago was the result of misrepresentation and loose talking, and now has disappeared almost entirely.

In each state the campaign is conducted in a different way, the method being governed by considerations of local conditions. But in all of them the curative and the preventive work are carried on side by side.

Fortunately, the disease is easily cured. One dose of thymol, a white crystalline powder derived from the thyme plant, usually kills all the parasites, which are then expelled by a dose of ordinary salts. Sometimes two, three or even a greater number of doses are required, but in all but very severe infections one dose is sufficient.



A STATE AND COUNTY HOOKWORM DISPENSARY IN ROBESON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA. ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY PEOPLE TREATED IN ONE DAY.

After the parasites are killed and expelled from the body the patient at once begins to show improvement. He gains weight, his color is restored, and most important of all, he is restored to his normal energy of mind and body.

Of course when a child has suffered with the disease to the extent that his growth has been stunted, it is impossible to undo the permanent injury effected by the hookworms. Even the stunted children, however, are materially improved in vigor of body and mind by the thymol treatment.

The curative campaign is necessary to prove to the people that the hookworm really does exist, and that it is responsible for their woes, but the real work of the sanitary campaign is preventive. The evangelists of the gospel of health are trying by every means in their power to impress upon a people of more or less primitive habits of

life the absolute necessity for certain sanitary precautions.

In the heavily infected districts vaults are almost unknown. Schoolhouses have no closets. The soil around habitations in such sections soon becomes polluted and the disease spreads broadcast. The same means taken to prevent the spread of hookworm—namely, the erection and use of sanitary closets—will operate for a general improvement of all sanitary conditions and a resultant decrease in the prevalence of typhoid fever and other diseases.

It is easy enough to give sick people a dose of medicine, but it is much more difficult to change the fixed habits of generations. Notwithstanding the difficulties in the way, these things are being done. School boards throughout the South are appropriating money to build sewage-disposal plants—even in the backwoods.

The public health and marine hospital

service of the Federal government is aiding in this work by furnishing plans based upon careful experiments for the cheapest possible effective sewage systems. The cheapest of all, suitable for the use of one family in the country, may be erected at a total cost of \$1.75.

The government bulletin on this subject has been reprinted by all of the southern states, and is being distributed in the hundreds of thousands by the field agents of the hookworm crusade and by mail. It is reported from nearly every state that these bulletins often prepare the way for the coming of the field agent with his microscope and his thymol and Epsom salts.

HOW THE DOCTORS DO THEIR WORK

In Virginia, where the work was first begun and where it is, perhaps, as far advanced as in any other state, I visited two infected sections with field agents of the campaign. One was virgin territory where the agent was just beginning his work. The other was the section first attacked, in which in the space of three months more than four thousand five hundred cases were treated and cured in four counties having a total population of less than fifty thousand.

Traveling from Richmond with Dr. A. W. Freeman, assistant state commissioner of health in charge of the hookworm and typhoid work, I arrived at Boydton shortly after noon one bright winter day. There we met the field agent, Dr. Plecker, who had just begun that week to work in that section.

Ten minutes later the microscope was set up on a counter in the drug store, and the people of the town were seeing hookworms and their eggs under the glass. After a few minutes' demonstration, the druggist took charge of the exhibit and began to distribute literature on the subject. A half hour later people began to come to the hotel to be examined, to report suspected cases and to talk about the campaign.

The school, in the old-fashioned way, remained in session until four o'clock. Just before that hour we rescued the microscope from the midst of a crowd at the drug store and went to the school. All the pupils were brought into one room, something over a hundred of them, and Dr. Plecker began his mission.

He told the school children about the hookworm, its effects on the system, its method of propagation. It was plain talk,

but there was no mincing on the part of either the speaker or his auditors.

"How many of you have had ground itch?" asked the doctor. A dozen hands went up. It developed that these all had lived in the country, for in a village even as large as Boydton the hookworm is not widely prevalent.

The microscope was set up on the teacher's desk. Every pupil had a look through the glass, some of them getting back in line and "repeating" several times. Then the state health department's sanitary bulletin was given to one child from each family, with instructions to take it home and let father and mother read it.

After the lecture was over the doctor announced that he would come back next week with a stereopticon and give an illustrated lecture on the subject.

When we got back to the hotel we found the leading citizens there—the mayor, the minister and the merchant.

Boydton is not a backward village. It has, perhaps, five hundred people, white and black. It is situated not far from the North Carolina line in the southern tier of Virginia counties. It is a county seat and is as Southern as it is possible for any place to be.

Few towns of its size in the whole Union are more progressive. It has grantitoid sidewalks and some of its streets are graded. There is a Confederate monument on the courthouse green, the bank president's office boasts an Oriental rug, and the hotel has five different and particular kinds of hot bread for supper—the best to be had for miles around, as every drummer will assure you.

The clergyman is an Oxford University man and the principal of the school is going to Oxford next year. The schoolhouse is bad, but they will build a new one this year. So far as I have been able to find out, Boydton is the only town in the country that maintains a social settlement in the rural districts. Not far from the village is a "settlement" of poverty-stricken people of primitive habits. The Boydton church—Protestant Episcopal—for years maintained a chapel in the settlement and held services once a month.

Suddenly the church realized that the preaching was producing no results. So an empty cross-roads store room was secured and refurnished as a club. Three nights in the week it is open for the men, three after-

noons for the women. A phonograph and a piano, a dozen kinds of games, a blackboard and a small library, a sewing machine and a cook stove—these are the tools used by the church people of Boydton to accomplish the moral regeneration of these people. Not that they were especially immoral, they were merely ignorant. The Boydton rural social settlement is a pioneer in a wide field.

The mayor and the minister and the merchant wanted to help in the state's hookworm work. They told the doctors about the family of Rufus Horn—a tribe that had lived without working for thirty years. They told how they had accused the Horns of complete shiftlessness and how they had refused to accept the excuses of illness the Horns were so ready to offer. They had fed the Horns, clothed them, housed them, and now they wanted to know if the hookworm had been at fault.

Next morning we saw the Horns, some of them, and the doctor knew at once that the hookworm had found in this family a dozen easy victims. But when they were told that the medicine the doctor would give them might make them go to work they balked. Habit had added its strength to disease and all ambition was gone.

Yet I am informed that thymol is working wonders among the people of the surrounding rural districts, and that the rural social settlement already shows tremendously increased interest and activity upon the part of its members.

A TYPICAL THYMOL CURE

A few days later I journeyed to Franklin with Dr. R. C. Carnal, the man who reported a total of four thousand five hundred cases treated in four counties in three



THESE TWO THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOYS NEVER PLAY BUT ARE ALWAYS "RESTING."

months. Franklin is a town large enough for electric lights, paved streets and a hotel where one can get a room and bath on the European plan. Having a sewerage system there is little or no hookworm infection in the town, except such cases as may have been infected in the country.

"Hello, Doctor!" called out a bright-eyed lad we met on the street. "Look at my eye!"

The doctor pulled down the under lid on one of the boy's eyes

and disclosed the healthy red membrane that no hookworm victim possesses. "I am feeling fine," the boy exclaimed. "I'm goin' in the fourth grade next month!"

Three months earlier the same doctor met the same boy on the street. He was then apparently eight years old. The doctor saw in him a victim of the hookworm. The child was slow and dull in replying to his inquiries, but the doctor found that he was an orphan from the country who had come to live with his uncle in town.

The doctor found the uncle. The boy, according to his guardian, was a "half-witted runt." He was thirteen and looked eight, he had been in school for several years and couldn't progress beyond the first grade, he was pale and sickly and never seemed to be interested in anything at all.

One dose of thymol cured the boy, impressed the physicians of the town, and made the state doctor's path easy before him. In three months the boy had gained fifteen pounds in weight, had begun to grow, had started to play baseball and had made three grades in the public schools!

Was it worth while to save that boy from the hookworm?

When Dr. Carnal first came to this section he used microscope, stereopticon and

literature. After a few demonstrations in each neighborhood he devoted his time to instructing the local physicians in the diagnosis and treatment of the disease. He found one or two men already at work treating extreme cases. After a little while the local physicians relieved him of the curative part of the crusade, and he had opportunity to preach the gospel of preventive sanitation. In this work he met with less spectacular success, but nevertheless he made a considerable showing.

While this particular field agent found that he made greater headway by converting the local physicians into apostles of the cause, other agents have proceeded along other lines with equal success. Only in one or two places in the entire South have these missionaries of the gospel of health met with any actual opposition.

THE STORY OF JOE HICKS' FAMILY

I went with Dr. Carnal to see a family in which the thymol treatment had worked a miracle. We drove out from a little village in the peanut and Virginia ham region, a dozen miles over hard-packed sand roads as smooth as asphalt streets. The peanuts had been pulled up and were drying in shocks about the fields, and here and there was a peanut thresher, separating the "goobers" from their entanglement of roots and pea-hay, cleaning them of the clinging dirt and making them ready for next year's baseball season. Through the fields roamed the hogs of razor-back ancestry, fattening on the peas left in the ground and making ready a feast for some Lucullus three or four years hence.

It was a busy, prosperous country. Many of the people have money in the bank and are not afraid of hard times. Once in a while we passed the homestead of a prosperous negro busy with his crop, and in a little grove there was the district building of the True Reformers—a monument to the negro's appreciation of the value of organization.

Suddenly we turned into a wood. The road grew rough, and presently we were bumping along over the cypress stumps that bespoke the swamp. Here and there was a tiny clearing with its shocks of drying peanuts, but for the most part the land was waste. On through the swamp for a mile and we found what we had come to see.

A few acres of cleared land free from

water was the estate of Joe Hicks. In its center stood his castle, a frame structure of two rooms and a lean-to. The gate scraped on the ground as it was opened to admit us, but there in the field was a gasoline engine driving a peanut thresher. It was in charge of a negro who owned it, and the machine was operated by three negro helpers. Joe Hicks and his three grown sons looked on and gave their advice most of the time, although the elder man sometimes gave a helping hand.

Lazy white trash? One might think so when he sees four white men, clad in the evidences of poverty, looking on while four negroes do the work the white men ought to do. But it is dangerous to jump at conclusions. Are the white men lazy? Or is there some other reason for their failure to work?

I had the story from the Hicks family direct. The eldest son, twenty-three years old, appeared to be not more than thirteen. He stood by the peanut thresher and told me that he had helped to shock the peanuts then being threshed, and that it was the first work he had ever done in his life. The second son, a tall, lank man of twenty-two, had driven the team that pulled the thresher into the Hicks' field. He had been in bed more than half of his life. Another boy, aged twenty and looking fourteen, told the same story.

Joe Hicks had never known the time when more than half of his family was not too ill to do anything until three months ago, when the "hookworm doctor" came to them. The eldest son had been bedridden nearly all his life. The younger children were going in the same way.

Two and three doses of thymol were given to each member of the family. The result was that all three of the sons were able to do a little work, and they were improving so rapidly that they were certain they could do all the work on the place next year.

The pitiful child-man whose twenty-three years had brought him nothing but weakness and weariness, proudly said that he had gained fifteen pounds and now weighed nearly a hundred!

For the first time in the history of the county Joe Hicks had been able to pay a doctor's bill, because he and the boys since they were treated for hookworms had managed to fell a quantity of cypress logs that they sold for cash.

In another portion of Virginia the work has been organized along other lines. The territory is more heavily infected and an actual survey has been made of the entire district. The field agent in collecting the data for this sanitary census carries a book in which he enters the statistics for fifty families. One book, taken at random, shows the character of the disease and its sociological and economic effect in a badly infected territory.

THE SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EFFECT OF THE DISEASE

In the fifty families reported in one book two hundred and seventy-three persons were listed. Forty-one of the fifty families were infected with the hookworm disease. In the nine families not infected there were sixty-two persons. Of the two hundred and eleven persons in the forty-one infected families, one hundred and twenty-five were proved to have the disease by actual microscopic test, and most of the other eighty-six showed signs of former infection. Some of those afflicted refused to take treatment, but seventy-five persons were treated and cured.

The moral condition of these families was recorded as: Good, three; bad, one; poor, twenty; fair, twenty; not classified, six. By the term "moral" was indicated the canvasser's general opinion as to the intellectual, spiritual and social standard of the family in question. Only fourteen of the fifty families had even the most primitive kind of dry closets; and of these, seven were not used at all.

The total annual income of the fifty families was \$17,445, or something less than \$350 a year for families averaging five or six persons each. Of the one hundred and sixteen children of school age, seventy-five were attending schools of sorts.

The schools frequently have no closets whatever. They become centers of soil pollution and distributing foci for the hookworm disease. One school in this section of the state had forty pupils. Examination by the microscope showed that thirty-eight of the forty children were heavily infected with hookworms.

In this section sanitary societies were organized in every community, the agent ending up his nightly stereopticon lecture with the proposal to form a local society to fight the disease and to clean up the neighborhood.

The agent, with his experience, usually is able to guide this organization, and he has the preacher made president, the school teacher is elected secretary and all of the local physicians are put on the executive committee. The local merchant or banker is made treasurer and the Sanitary Society is ready for business. First the officers make their own premises sanitary. Then they go to work on the neighbors'.

The result of the curative work and the preaching of the preventive gospel go together. The preventive work, of course, is much slower in producing results.

SOME RESULTS OF THE WORK

What it means to cure the victim of the hookworm disease cannot be better illustrated than by extracts taken as they come from the notebooks of the field workers. For instance, in a report from Tennessee there is this record:

Mrs. J. S., age 32, bedridden invalid for four years. Treated four months ago with the result that she has gained several pounds and is now able to attend to her duties as housekeeper.

C. C., age 26, unable to work more than a few hours a day for five years past. Treated six months ago. Now earning full wages as a carpenter working all day every day.

J. W. K., age 20, sick since childhood, never had done a day's work in his life. Treated four months ago, now is working every day full time, has gained several pounds and says he feels perfectly well.

Mrs. W. B., age 65, an invalid in bed for ten years, feet and legs enormously swollen. One treatment for hookworms caused dropsical condition to disappear, and Mrs. B. got up and resumed her duties.

L. H., age 12, typical case. Treated two months ago. Gained sixteen pounds in three weeks and is well.

G. D., age 11, had had convulsions at intervals of about four days for a period of four years. Had several convulsions the day he took hookworm treatment. Since that time (three months ago) has had no convulsions, has gained rapidly in weight and strength and is the happiest boy in the county. He had been treated by twelve physicians with no results.

E. C., age 17, typical case of anemia. Gained eleven pounds in two weeks after treatment.

P. C., age 10, typical anemic. Gained sixteen pounds in two weeks.

This record might be extended almost indefinitely. It is a long list of persons who have been cured of a disabling disease of years' standing by one or two doses of a simple and cheap medicine. *There is nothing to compare with it in the annals of medicine.*

All these cases were reported from Tennessee.

Last September a president of a college in one of the southern states had to deal with two distressing cases of young men entering the school who would not, or could not, study. One of them was the victim of illusions to the extent that the hospital nurse thought he was insane. The other absolutely refused to do any work at all. Both were members of well-to-do families of the state. One dose of thymol cured each boy absolutely, and by the Christmas holidays each had advanced well in his work. These boys had contracted the disease when going barefoot in the summer long before they had reached the age of college matriculates.

In North Carolina the soldiers of the National Guard were examined. Four regiments showed infections of 36, 58, 16 and 30 per cent, respectively, of the whole number of enlistments. These cases were, of course, treated at once.

THE HOOKWORM ERADICATION WORK IS SUCCESSFUL

The actual work of the hookworm campaign is under way, but it has not gone far enough to permit the publication of statistics that would be anything but misleading. Estimates of how many persons in the South are infected with the disease are practically worthless, for the work of the campaign as yet has not been extended over the entire area of any one state. Much damage has been done in the past by the exploitation of half-baked statements presuming to be comprehensive.

The things that are known are these: That the South suffers in common with all other lands of similar climate from this disease; that the disease causes great suffering and impairs the ability of men to work and make their living; that it is easily cured; that it can be prevented; that a general and comprehensive campaign for the eradication of the disease by cure and prevention has been begun; that the campaign is proceeding with remarkable rapidity considering the fact that it is the first sanitary propaganda ever undertaken in rural America; and that the people of the South are determined to do their best to end this evil.

The bare fact that such a campaign has been started and is well toward the consummation of its purpose in less than a year is the best evidence of the willingness of the southern people to do all in their

power to aid in the world-wide fight against the disease.

In North Carolina free dispensaries have been established for furnishing treatment to hookworm victims, physicians traveling from town to town, setting up a laboratory in a tent or unoccupied building and then making diagnoses and giving treatment free of cost.

The magnitude of the work is indicated by the statement that in North Carolina alone, up to June 1, 1911, no less than twenty-one thousand persons had been treated and cured!

Hookworm infection has been found to a greater or lesser degree in ninety-nine of the one hundred counties in North Carolina. Of the sixteen hundred physicians of record in the state, thirteen hundred have been in correspondence with the state health authorities concerning the treatment of the disease, and six hundred physicians have reported that they are treating the disease in the ordinary course of their practice.

THE NORTH CAROLINA CAMPAIGN

Twenty-one thousand North Carolinians have been freed from this curse according to the official reports, and it is a conservative estimate to say that ten thousand others have been treated by physicians who failed to make reports of them.

More than twenty-six thousand school children were inspected in North Carolina in the last year, thirteen thousand of them microscopically, with the result that the hookworm pest is being eradicated.

The best of it all is that in all parts of the states sanitary closets are being installed and thus the people are being fortified against not only reinfection by hookworms, but also against that dread disease of filth and flies—typhoid fever.

This, the first general campaign for rural sanitation in the history of the United States, will not only eradicate the hookworm—it will demonstrate to the people of the whole country that typhoid and other diseases of filth are unnecessary, preventable and disgraceful.

The agents of the Rockefeller Commission for the Eradication of the Hookworm Disease, from Dr. Wickliffe Rose down to the newest representative of the state board of health of Texas now in the field, are entitled to the highest praise for their devotion and industry in advancing the gospel of sanitation.

VIRGINITY

By Laura L. Hinckley

Illustrations by Gayle Hoskins

IN a secluded corner of a ragged, neglected orchard, under the slow fall of pink-and-white apple-blossom petals, a young girl lay weeping passionately. Tangles of plum trees gone wild, thickets of dead blackberry canes and a dense grown willow hedge surrounded her covert. Her dress, though of cheap material and now abandoned to the young grass, was as daintily colored as the apple blossoms. Her slender fingers, flung out above her head, writhed and clinched. Scent of apple and plum blossom sweetened the air around her, but the face half pillowed on her arm turned stubbornly earthward. Her attitude had the frantic abandon of a child's, but she cried like a woman, with slow, silent sobs.

The flowery plum branches parted softly and a young man's face looked through. His expression, meant to be arch and mirthful, changed to consternation as he stared at the unconscious weeper. He visibly considered distressfully whether to go unheard or stay; then he pushed through the tangle of plum shoots.

"Gracie!"

The girl gathered herself into a startled, defensive huddle, drawing her slim ankles under her skirts, her back turned toward him, her face hidden.

The young fellow sat down beside her determinedly. His blue overalls and gray

flannel shirt defined well enough his muscular and vigorous frame, the shoulders slightly thickened. His slouch hat, pushed back, displayed his sunburnt face, anxious-eyed.

"What's the matter, Grace?"

"Nothing." Her voice broke like a snapped violin string.

"That sounds like nothing! Tell me, Grace, won't you? You oughta tell me anything—now we're engaged."

Silence.

Awkwardly he put one arm about her. She seemed to shrink into smaller compass to avoid his touch. He hesitated palpably, biting his lip. Then he chose the bolder course, drawing her to him, bending his face to her soft braids.

The girl's action was as quick as a snake's strike. She thrust back his face with both hands, straining her own face, pale with repulsion, away from him. He released her, turning as pale as she.

In the silence she sat panting. He grew red and pale again before he spoke huskily.

"Look here, Grace, I got to understand this. You're crying because—because we are engaged?"

Unless her terror-quicken breathing were an answer, she made none.

"Then tell me—honest—I got a right to know—is it—is it some other fellow?"

"Oh, no, no!"

For the first time she looked at him, her eyes beneath their reddened lids wide with surprised denial. Eyes so blue, so innocent, so pitifully terrified that the young man's heart, remembering their usual vague, dreamy happiness, smote him bitterly. He asked his next question very quietly.

"Then, it's just—you don't like me?"

"But I *do* like you, Lewis. I like you better than any other boy. Only—I don't want to be married. I don't want to!"

The words carried a suppressed wail. Tears ran down her cheeks, her small mouth quivered, but she held herself motionless.

"Don't cry!" entreated Lewis wretchedly. "Don't!"

He could not bear to look at her tears. He did not dare to kiss them away. A chaos of misery enveloped him, paralyzing thought. He emerged from it presently, clutching his best hope.

"You mean you want to wait a while?"

"I don't want to be married!" she repeated. "Not yet!"

"Was that why you wouldn't let me—why you ran away last night?"

She nodded, and explained in little gasping sentences:

"I thought I wouldn't care when ma—I thought I'd just as soon. I'd rather marry you than anybody else. And so I said I would. And then— After that I got to thinking about it. And I don't want to! I don't want to be married at all!"

Lewis shifted his position to one directly in front of Grace.

"Look here," he demanded. "I want you to tell me just what your pa said about—about me."

"He didn't say anything."

"Well, your ma, then."

She was silent.

"Now, look here! I'm going to tell you the whole thing myself, all there is of it. If you've got it in your head you got to marry me whether you want to or not, why, it ain't so. Your pa promised he wouldn't say a word to you, and I didn't think he was the man to get around a promise. No, I ain't saying anything against him. Probably he thought he was all right.

"Well, it's like this. I've been workin' here for your pa pretty near two years now, and every day of that time, except maybe a little at the first, I been figuring how awfully lucky I'd be if I could get you to settle down

on a little farm somewheres around here with me. I don't suppose you ever even seen how I felt?"

She shook her head.

"No, I suppose not. Any other girl would 'a' seen. It come kinda natural to take you around to the sociables and so on, being in the house that way, and you never thought anything of it. But didn't they josh you about me?"

"No. Vinnie did once, but I didn't like it, so she stopped."

"The old folks didn't see it, either. Well, now the other part of it. Your pa got kind of run behind on my wages. There wasn't any hurry, and I told him so. The crops was poor last year, as you know. But day before yesterday, when the frost got the corn, he came to me all worked up about the money he owed me. He said he didn't see any way but to let it go on the farm, and that broke him all up because the farm was all he'd have to leave you. So I out and told him if things went the way I wanted 'em to, everything I'd have would be yours. It surprised him; but he took to the idea. He said he'd be in favor of us getting married right away. I told him not to let on a word to you till I'd seen you; and he said he wouldn't. You needn't think I'm going to turn your folks out of house and home, because I'm not that kind. Of course your pa and me can make some other arrangements—if you— You—you seemed willing last night."

His voice stopped, choked by a gust of angry pain.

"I ought to marry you," said Grace tremulously, "because you are so good to pa, and other men offered you more wages and you wouldn't leave us. I—I will, if you want me to."

Lewis seemed not to hear. He had wound a plum sprout around his hand and was trying to pull it up, tugging with tightened lips.

"I will marry you, Lewis, if you want me to."

The plum sprout came up with ten inches of root. Lewis stared at it vaguely as if wondering where it came from, threw it away, and turned to Grace with a pleasant smile.

"What you want is more time to get used to the idea in. That's right, ain't it?"

"Yes. I will marry you if you want me to."

"Don't you dare say that again! I—



"HE SET THE LANTERN DOWN AND KNELT BESIDE HER."

there ain't anything else I want; but you can wait till you get good and ready. Maybe we better wait till fall."

He made the suggestion tentatively, but she seized it with the eagerness of one accepting reprieve from execution.

"Yes, yes! Till fall."

"All right. Don't you worry about the folks. I'll fix it with them. Now you ain't going to be afraid of me any more, are you?"

"No," she faltered, shrinking from the warmth in his eyes.

"Oh, you poor little thing!" he burst out.

"What do you think I'm going to do to you? Have I ever been mean to you?"

She was hardly aware of the words, only of frightened withdrawal from the mingled passions that fought in them for outlet. Lewis put them away promptly; his two-year apprenticeship had not gone for nothing.

"Well, we'll wait till fall. That's a bargain. Shake hands on it."

Her hand met his readily, but when he would have held it longer than need be, flinched and drew back. When he let it go she seemed to feel herself released, for she got up, saying:

"I must go now. It's 'most supper time."

"Wait a minute! We're good friends, ain't we?" he entreated. "You like me as well as you did before?"

"Oh, Lewis," she cried wistfully, "I wish you were like you were before!"

"Well, I will be," he promised. "Don't you feel bad."

He watched her slip away through the blackberry canes, slight and tender and fair, and his heart cried out for her.

"I got to be patient," he told himself, striding away across the field. "I got to be patient with her! She's just like a little girl."

The engagement of Grace Elliston and Lewis Brant became understood in the neighborhood, where a direct announcement would have been considered indelicate. Not so a direct question. Vinnie Holderman, who lived half a mile down the road and counted herself, as indeed she was, Grace's nearest girl friend, came up to talk it over.

"Well, I heard you and Lewis are going to get married."

"Not till fall!" Grace fluttered. "Not for a long time!"

"Well, fall's soon enough," retorted Vinnie. "Why, you ain't but seventeen." Vinnie was twenty and something of a belle among the "boys." "Lewis is a good, steady boy all right, and he's cert'nly never looked at any girl around here but you. What you going to get married in?"

"I don't know," faltered Grace nervously. "I don't have to think about that yet."

"* Grace ain't very fond of sewing," interposed her mother apologetically.

Mrs. Elliston was a thin little old woman with bent shoulders and vague, pathetic eyes. Her hair was quite gray and her face deeply lined. Grace had been the sole and late-born child of a long-delayed union.

Later, when the girls were alone in Grace's bedroom, Vinnie complained:

"I don't think you're very friendly, Grace. I've told you things about lots of fellows, and you never said a word to me about Lewis."

"There isn't anything to say. I'm just going to marry him after a while."

"Is he goin' to give you a ring?"

Grace opened her lowest bureau drawer, drew out a large pasteboard box from the farthest corner, took from under a number of other things a smaller ornamental box in-

crusted with shells, relic of some childish Christmas. From the bottom of this she brought out a jeweler's velvet ring box, pressed the spring in the lid and passed it to Vinnie.

"Land! Ain't it sweet! Why don't you wear it?"

"Oh, I don't want to. It might get lost or something."

"Well, you're queer! You bet I'd wear it!"

Grace silently restored her boxes to their original order.

She did not particularly mind having the ring in the drawer. The torture was to have it on her finger. She had been very quiet and pale the night Lewis put it there, and hidden it away before she slept. She was grateful to him for not asking where it was. In a dim way she saw that he tried to bring back her lost friend Lewis; to banish the hated suitor Lewis.

This partially restored Lewis came nearer to her confidence than any other. She could not speak of her revulsions. They seemed to her indelicate and morbid. She hated herself because she could not accept her obvious lot quietly without caring, as she supposed other people did. She had never read a novel or encountered any literary presentment of love, though she had an extensive acquaintance with Sunday-school fiction in which the heroines usually married. The idea of talking intimately with either of her parents did not enter her head. Even if she could have broken her life-long reserve, she had no reason to allege why she should not marry Lewis; and they had cogent reasons why she should.

There was not a phase of the situation Lewis had not pondered. The economic vantage he held by right of his manhood and young strength could not be eluded. He knew that his services were worth more than the wages the old man could not pay. He did not see how the old man could manage without him. The thing to do was plainly to wait. In the emotional game he seemed to hold all the cards, with no rival, a settled place in Grace's regard and incessant opportunity.

He set himself by gentleness and self-control to soothe and lull and win her. A task not without difficulty. He sat opposite her three times a day at one small table; he watched her at all her household tasks, admired her sewing, helped at her garden-



"‘YOU’LL NOT GET YOUR TEETH IN ME AGAIN!’ LEWIS GASPED AT IT."

ing; he spent all his evenings in her company, and slept under the same low roof. He was her confessed and accepted lover—and he might not speak a word of love—he dared not touch her hand with the tip of his finger—if his eyes grew ardent he must avert them!

He knew, and felt the irony of it, that even to the old people's undemonstrative notions his decorous courtship seemed a little less than normal. In so small a household he was often left alone with her. Her fearlessness at these times was the reward of his self-government.

One clear August evening Grace sat on the porch steps reading aloud to Vinnie Holderman's little brother. Lewis was pottering about the morning-glory vines.

"In this hall the princess saw a strange sight," Grace read from the fairy book. "Twelve pieces of cheese were nailed to the floor, and just out of reach of each a mouse was placed with its tail fastened to the floor so that it was unable to advance. These mice were pursued by twelve cats whose tails were likewise fastened to the floor. Behind each cat was a dog secured by its tail in the same manner and just out of reach. All of these wretched animals were starving."

A laugh interrupted the reader. She looked up inquiringly.

"Just wondering whether I was the dog or the cat or the rat," explained Lewis. "Never mind. Go on!"

Her eyebrows took an angle of disturbance. She noticed that Lewis was thinner than he had been, and also much better-looking. With an unconscious, cold, æsthetic eye she appraised the refining touches of some living chisel about his mouth and brow and nostril. It occurred to her for the first time that perhaps she ought to be sorry for Lewis. She was not sorry; he had caused her too much pain; but she thought if she were a better girl perhaps she might have been.

An evening some weeks later they chanced to be alone in the living room. Lewis pushed aside his paper and began in as matter-of-fact a tone as he could manage:

"Well, it's pretty near fall now. Hadn't we better set the day?"

He had not looked at her, but when her silence drew his gaze she was wringing her hands unconsciously, whitely wretched.

"We got to think about it, Grace," he urged gently.

"Oh, Lewis, oh, Lewis," she whispered. "Can't we wait?"

She meant to pay her debt, but her dread cried out to the friend in him.

"What's the use of waiting? What'll folks think about us?"

He had touched unwittingly the argument that most moved her. She did not know, but she cared intensely what folks would think. Tears filled her eyes.

"There, there!" Lewis yielded. "Well—you say when."

"Oh, Lewis, can't we wait till spring?"

"Well, when in spring?"

"Oh, not till the flowers come."

He assented. He had looked rather for a complete rupture than a favorable issue.

"Now I gave in to you about that don't you think you ought to—give me a kiss?"

She clinched her hands and put her face, strained and set, a little forward. With the same look she might have waited a red-hot branding iron on her lips.

The young man who loved her stared a moment.

"God!" he exclaimed, and went violently out of the house.

It was a windy March day that Lewis came into the kitchen, where Grace was at work with her mother, and when Mrs. Elliston had stepped into the pantry, held up before the girl a pale purple wind flower on its hairy stem. She glanced from the pallid blossom to his glittering eyes, and into her own came terror. She knew the token of her pledge.

She went into the best room. Lewis, following, found her in that chilly, fireless place, on the floor beside the sofa, sobbing with her head upon it.

"Look here, Grace! We've got to get this settled. If you're ever going to marry me——"

"Oh, Lewis," she wept, "please wait! I don't want to—yet! Not now!"

"It's got to be now or never!" His lips formed the words but he had no voice.

Her tears were anguish to him. He had come to force the issue, to end the situation at any cost. And it was like tearing the heart out of his breast.

He yielded at length to the tears of her desperation, to the sweat of his agony. He wrung her hands and let her go un-kissed.

Four days later they brought him in,

bloody and unconscious, from an accident with team and plowshare. In the dreadful hours she watched beside him and tried to stanch the blood, Grace made her resolve.

At last his eyes opened and smiled to see her. They were alone together. The doctor had gone, leaving assurance of his recovery. She bent to him.

"Lewis, I am willing to be married as soon as you get well."

She let the one weak arm he might use draw her down till his lips rested on her hair.

Their wedding day was set for the late summer. Lewis had a slow recovery; and when he was himself again, the season's work must be overtaken. Grace rejected his suggestion to "just get married"; she seemed to crave all the bridal pomp and circumstance. She had been a tireless nurse; as he grew well, she absorbed herself in preparations. Her sewing machine whirled, her needle flew, late and early. She manifested an intense, uncharacteristic zeal for the wedding clothes, the wedding invitations, the wedding supper.

All weddings are home weddings in the Ellistons' neighborhood. The lower rooms of the little house were set in order and opened to receive the guests. One corner of the chilly best room, as warm now as summer could make it, was festooned with plummy asparagus and white phlox. Here the bride and bridegroom were to stand while they took the marriage vows.

This room overflowed with guests, some seated, many standing, others thronging the doorways, except for a narrow path between the stairway door and the bowery corner. Along this path the bridal party were to advance in the preferred order: first the minister, next the bride and groom, then the bridesmaid with the best man.

Mrs. Elliston was seated near the bridal corner. To her, as to many another in like case, the day had become a dream of confusion and haste, a mere tension of spirit to have it over and all the proprieties observed. Her mind divided itself between anxiety for the "lap supper" she was to serve after the ceremony and the fear that Vinnie had forgotten to pin Grace's dress behind. It was too late now to go and see, for all was ready. The stair door opened and the minister entered.

The girl at the cottage organ, taking this for her signal, struck up the wedding march. She played on until some one touched her

arm. The minister had closed the door and crossed the room to Mrs. Elliston. As the bewildered woman rose to follow him, they all heard in the sudden silence a hoarse cry from the room above.

Mrs. Elliston's eyes, as she entered that room, fell first on Lewis. He leaned upon the table with one hand, his wedding garments torn open at the throat, his head thrown back. Carl Schultz, the best man, laid a hand upon his arm. Vinnie in her bridesmaid's dress wrung her hands, talking volubly.

"She was all dressed. And she said something about getting something, flowers, I think it was. She said it kinda low, and I was fixing my hair, and she slipped down the back stairs. So I went on and got all ready, and she hadn't come back, and I waited and waited till I got scared. Then I went downstairs real soft, and went around to all the flower beds, and every place I thought she'd be, and she wasn't there. So I thought she'd got back without me seeing her, but she wasn't there! I was 'most crazy. Then Preacher knocked and asked if we wasn't 'most ready, for everybody was waitin'. So I told him, an' then I thought she might 'a' come in here. But she hadn't. Oh, what'll we do? What'll folks think?"

With his heavy tread and knotted face Mr. Elliston shuffled in at the door. Carl Schultz, embarrassed and sympathetic, patted the bridegroom's arm.

Lewis started.

"Where's them lanterns? We got to look around through the bushes. Come along, Carl!" He paused, looking at the minister. "Preacher, better tell the folks to go home."

Vinnie took one look into his face and began to cry. Mr. Elliston grasped his hand. "She's done you a dirty trick, Lewis. I wouldn't 'a' thought Grace would 'a' done it!"

But the mother cried: "Find her, Lewis! Find my girl!"

"All right, ma," he answered. He had called her so perhaps three times before.

He led the way down the stair. When the guests drove away, hushed, embarrassed, wildly curious, lanterns were winking through the shrubbery.

Lewis found her at last in the middle of the cornfield. She crouched in the path of diminishing light his lantern threw between the rows, a little white heap that shuddered

and moaned. The tassels were above his head, the green stalks succeeding each other endlessly on either hand closed up their ranks with shadow, except where the lantern stabbed them with light. He set the lantern down and knelt beside her. The light fell on her hair, her huddled shoulders, her filmy white dress crushed against the crumbling black earth. And she preferred this bridal bed to the arms of her young lover!

He went quite mad. He gathered her in his arms, straining her to his breast, hailing kisses upon her as if they had been blows. She lay as one unconscious or dead. He thought she was dead. He thought he had always loved a dead girl, or one not yet alive. At last he laid the sweet body down between the corn rows. He wondered the pallbearers did not come to take her away.

She stirred, moaning. Realization came dully back to him. He got up, seizing the lantern, saying, "Come on! Come back home." He did not offer to help her as she staggered to her feet, nor did he touch her again. Once on the way home he set down the lantern. He put both arms before his face and groaned aloud twice. Then he picked up the lantern and went on.

Lewis Brant went to the Klondyke, at that time the lure of all men who sought fortune or forgetting. Scant measure of the former he found there, but enough of the latter to make life tolerable again. At long intervals a letter from Carl Schultz reached him. Those letters were formally and carefully written and related chiefly to Lewis's property interest in the farm. He had taken a mortgage on the farm in lieu of wages, and left instructions with Carl that the old people were never to be worried about the interest.

In the course of time Lewis drifted down the coast and through the West, prospering reasonably, as a man will who cares for nothing but his work. After a while he began to care about his prosperity. It was a promising investment opening up in the tenth year of his exile that recalled his claim upon the farm. He decided on a personal return to investigate the chances of immediate realization.

On a wet evening in spring he walked into Carl Schultz's dooryard. He knew that Carl had married Vinnie, and that he was paying for the place he lived on. Lewis felt like an entirely different person from

the wretched exile of ten years before, but the outward change was not great. Vinnie knew him instantly.

She opened the door with a plump, staring baby on one arm. A round-eyed two-year-old clung to her skirt with one hand, the other grasping a tin cup in which a large marble rolled uncertainly.

"Well, Lewis Brant! Come in!" cried Vinnie. "Well, if you don't look natural!"

She put him in a rocking-chair by the kitchen window, set the baby on the floor and bustled about getting supper, talking all the while.

"My land! Won't Carl be tickled! My! He ain't far off. I guess he's somewheres round the barn with the boys. When'd you come? What you been doin' all these years? You ain't married yet?"

Carl came in from the barn with his two elder children. He greeted Lewis heartily, washed his face and hands at the sink, took the baby on his knee and kept the toddler out of Vinnie's way as she hurried back and forth.

The older boys hung behind their father's chair at first. Presently one of them snatched playfully at Lewis's coat; he held out his hand; before supper was ready they were both leaning against his knees and climbing his chair, heedless of parental reproof.

When supper was over and the children all in bed, Lewis sat in the kitchen with Carl and Vinnie, talking over old times and old friends; but no one mentioned the name of Elliston. It was Lewis who spoke it first:

"And how are the Ellistons?"

Carl and Vinnie exchanged a glance. Carl answered.

"Well, the old folks, they're still on the old place. Sam Brackett, he works the farm now, all 'cept a little garden patch the old man's got. I guess they just about make ends meet. The old man's gittin' pretty well along now."

A silence. Vinnie broke it nervously:

"Well, *she* ain't much better'n he is. Last time I seen her out to the Missionary Society her hands shook so's she couldn't hardly sew—we was piecin' a quilt. I d' know but she's gittin' kind o' paralyzed."

Silence again. Lewis set his teeth:

"And Grace?"

Carl and Vinnie exchanged another glance. Lewis told himself that the throbbing alarm of his heart came of their conscious looks.

"Grace teaches," said Carl. "Fact is, Grace boards here."

"She ain't here now," cut in Vinnie. "This is Saturday, an' she always goes home over Saturday 'n Sunday. Carl, he let her have the school; he's director."

"Well, it ain't no more'n right," argued Carl. "Grace ain't got much government, but the kids is all small. And she certainly does *need* it."

Lewis tried to look impassive; he could not have framed another question for his life. Perhaps Vinnie divined his desire.

"Grace ain't changed much," she volunteered. "She's just about the same—always kinda quiet and keeps herself to herself. Fond o' the kids, though. But she don't have nothin' to do with the fellahs. Grace always was queer about th—" Vinnie stopped open-mouthed, horrified at her "break."

"Shut up!" growled Carl. He rose. "Well, if you feel like goin' to bed, Lewis, I'll show you where your room is."

Lewis paced the room upstairs until he remembered that they would hear him and wonder; then he stood still. Well, what was it to him? *He* was not the heart-broken boy who slunk away with his grief ten years ago. What was there, here or anywhere, to threaten his hard-won peace? "I've had mine!" said Lewis to himself. "I've had mine!"

"Fond of the kids!" He felt again about his knees and shoulders the warm, restless little bodies of Carl's children. Sharply he shook off the clinging little ghosts—not altogether Carl's children, but others, unborn. "Seems like this room's full o' spooks," he muttered, pulling at his suitcase straps. He flung out his belongings recklessly, then, repenting the disorder he had made in the neat room, he decided to put some of them away, and pulled out the top bureau drawer. It held a tumbled collection of pale ribbons, little half-worn gloves and veils, small, cheap, dainty, feminine things.

Lewis stared a moment; then it came to him; they had put him in *her* room! If he could have left the room and the house without the knowledge of his hosts he would have gone on the instant. He bent his face in his hands with a stifed groan. As he turned to shut the drawer with unsteady hands, he saw the outline of a photograph partly hidden under some airy trifle. With

one finger he brushed the laces away from the pictured face. It was his own. He remembered the day he gave it to her, the day he had it taken in the young hope of his early betrothal. It did not look to him like himself. He pitied the frank young fellow there with a quite impersonal compassion. Then memories of that youth's love and hope began to stir; he shut the drawer quickly—but too late. The ghost of his own youth came out and joined the other ghosts in the room.

"Funny she's got that yet!" he thought. "She can't hate me as much as she used to, or she wouldn't have it lyin' round."

"I've got to quit thinkin'!" he told himself. A well-worn volume of poems lay on the table. He caught it up, though the faculty that would not stop thinking told him it must be one she loved and often read. It came open of itself at a blurred and smeary page. Four lines, bracketed with a pencil-mark, later erased, opposite a little blister in the margin, claimed his eye.

How could I know I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear!
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee a-near!

A full minute Lewis stood reading over the words. Then he dropped the book, stumbled over to the bed and fell on his knees beside it, hiding his face in his arms. He was not praying, only fighting the fiery strife of his spirit. And that was pure, intolerable pain. Some hand was tearing at his old wounds and he must not let them open. All he had felt before in this room was mere uneasiness and apprehension; this was the agony of rending flesh.

He rose presently with pale, tight lips, having pressed the wounds together. As he pulled down the bedclothes, something long and white, coiled under the pillow, fell along his arm. He flung it violently into the middle of the floor. It lay there, very still and white and fragile and helpless, like that other white, fragile thing in the corn-field. "You'll not get your teeth in me again!" Lewis gasped at it, and set his own teeth. He put out the light and lay down on the side of the bed farthest from the white thing on the floor. Rage shook him at the years of his useless suffering, at the pain of this new probing. The stained page of the book thrust itself before his eyes in the dark. "You're lying!" he whispered to

it. "You can't love anything! Don't I know!"

All his past was unchained upon him and lived itself over as poignantly as in the passing. He rebelled fiercely at the blind cruelty of Nature which ripens one for another's torment. Afterwards came intolerable pity—pity for himself, for the white thing on the floor. It seemed to be shedding tears, helpless, humble tears. He wrestled against it for a long time, but at last he went softly around the bed, picked up the white thing gently and laid it across a chair. He slept not at all.

On the Sunday morning, he declined proposals of church and after breakfast set off afoot. The ground was still wet from the last night's rain, but every tree and bush was drying and freshening in the sunny, spring air.

When he came in sight of the old place, Lewis did not go around to the house. Instead he followed the willow hedge, much taller now, but still uncared for he noted, back to an opening he knew of. He passed through the little gap and came up behind the house through the thicket of plum trees, gnarlier and thornier than they used to be but as wild as ever, making the air sensuous with bloom and perfume. And spying through their branches, he saw her under the apple tree.

She was sitting on an old wagon seat, paintless and with rusted springs; she was bareheaded and wore a black dress, and rested her chin pensively in one hand. Lewis went through between the trees. She stood up, but took no step. At first she blushed, a sudden rose all over her face, then turned very pale, and the hand she gave him trembled exceedingly. She said nothing articulate.

"Might as well sit down again," suggested Lewis, and sat down beside her on the old spring seat.

She was taller, he thought, and thinner; her face was thinner, too, and had lost the old delicate bloom; there were fine lines on her forehead and faint shadows under her eyes; the little mouth had learned a sad droop.

Neither spoke at first. Grace opened her lips once or twice but no word came. At length Lewis inquired casually:

"You pretty well, Grace, and the old folks pretty well, now?"

"Yes," she said.

"You're surprised some to see me, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"It's been a long while ago. We're both pretty different people now, I expect."

"Yes."

"I've done pretty well, though, since I've been gone. Had reasonable good luck most of the time. I'm thinking of getting married."

She went very white under it. Lewis saw the hands in her lap clench till the nails turned white. But she found her voice.

"I hope you will be very happy, Lewis."

He nodded. "Well, I hope so. I'm goin' to have a woman I can manage this time. I'm goin' to be boss. My wife'll black my boots if I say so."

A frightened, incredulous glance fluttered up at him.

"Maybe I'll lick her," added Lewis.

"I'm pretty mean, Grace. I never knew how mean I was till just lately. I suppose you seen it all along, though?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Well, I guess I must be goin'. Good-by, Grace."

He looked at her keenly as their hands met. Hers was very cold and her face seemed frozen.

"Probably you'll never see me again," he remarked. "I won't likely get back this way again!"

She made no sign. He walked away some paces, turned— She stood bowed and swaying, her face hidden in her hands.


Without a word he took her in his arms. He kissed the small, frantic fingers, pulled them away, kissed her cheeks and eyes and lips, over and over. She clung to him, gasping, sobbing, yielding her lips submissively, then hiding on his breast, a bird storm-driven to shelter.

At last she panted, clinging round his neck.

"What did you—talk that way for, Lewis?"

"I don't know," Lewis answered, "I don't know, Gracie," and kissed her again.





AN ACTOR'S WIFE

Illustrations by Robert A. Graef

CHAPTER VI

AFTER that memorable dinner party, things were never quite the same between Will and me. I am sure, however, that Will was unconscious of the fact. He went about as usual. At this juncture Boy came down with scarlet fever. The enforced quarantine acted as a bar to any intimacy between my husband and me. I welcomed the isolation. My feelings had not yet recovered from the bruise I had received. How many times I had relived the scene to which I had been an unwilling eavesdropper! I blamed myself for not at

once having made my presence known. I excused myself on the ground that to have done so would have placed Will in a ridiculous and embarrassing situation.

For some strange inexplicable reason the idea of embarrassing my husband was repugnant to me. My resentment was concentrated against the woman. I felt sure she was to blame. I invented all kinds of excuses for Will, and at the same time I recognized that they were pure inventions. I could not bring myself to kiss my husband—at least, not for a long, long time. His arms no longer connoted a haven. How utterly wretched I was—how lonely and heart-

hungry! Only a fierce struggle with my self-respect kept me from throwing myself into my husband's arms and crying out my hurt against his breast.

After Boy had recovered, Will one day remarked that I was looking tired. He said I was stopping indoors too closely. Would I not accompany him to a little—I tingled all over my body. I dared not trust myself to look at him. Instead, I forced a smile and shook my head in negation.

"I reckon you don't like the bunch," he quizzed.

"I fear I'm not even a little bit of a sport," I answered. He looked at me out of the corner of his eye. The glance was characteristic of Will. Often I had seen this same expression when some one had recognized him in the street or a restaurant. It was a curious blend of boyish self-consciousness and exaggerated unconcern.

With the coming of summer began the annual hunt for an engagement. Will was one of the fortunates. After several weeks of haggling over salary, he was engaged by "America's foremost producer."

The momentous question of employment disposed of, we started for our summer holiday. It was Will's first idea to go to a village on Nantucket Island. Here a group of more or less successful actor folk had established a summer colony. Some of them owned comfortable bungalows or were in the throes of buying them. After maturer deliberation Will concluded he wanted a change of "atmosphere." In other words he wanted to get away from "shop." A residential park in the Catskills was finally decided upon.

There, in a rustic cottage, we spent a quiet and a happy summer, except for the occasional invasion of the *matinée* girls from a neighboring summer colony who insisted on taking photographs of Will as a farmer. The services of a plain and reliable native lightened the burden of housekeeping. The name of this priceless jewel of a servant was Experience Dorset. Will changed it to "Experientia Docet." When we returned to New York we brought Experience with us.

Rehearsals for the new play began in August. The days were wilting but the theatrical world was up and doing. Every available stage, hall and loft were requi-

sitioned. Several companies shared the same stage, dividing the hours between them. Will's manager had his own theater and the rehearsals were all-day affairs. Will studied his part at night after "the family" had retired. Sometimes I would lie awake and listen to him, talking aloud, reading a line first with one inflection, then trying another. Will's voice was one of his greatest assets.

Several times I had dropped in to see a rehearsal. I was interested to know the "method" of this particular manager about whom so much had been written. His productions were always effectively mounted. Magazine articles and full-page newspaper interviews had printed from time to time his recipe for evolving successful stars as well as money-making plays.

One thrilling account in particular—supposedly his own words—told of the strenuous training of the tyro; how he aroused in his actors the precise degree of emotion necessary to a given scene. "I dragged her by the hair!" or "I pictured her own mother lying dead, foully murdered, before her until she cried aloud at the scene I had conjured." Again, "I tied my wrists together, I rolled about the floor, struggling to free myself—I wanted to feel just what a man would feel under similar conditions!"

These and other highly colored statements had been served up to the public. It is amazing how gullibly the public bites at the press-agent's worm. In nearly all such instances nothing could be farther from the truth. My own observation convinced me that the man's genius lay in his ability to select the right person for the right place. Having made the selection, he played upon the *amour propre* of his puppets. He led them to believe he had supreme confidence in their ability. The ruse was successful. It is the better part of human nature to want to measure up to the good opinion of others.

His methods of conducting a rehearsal were the simplest. He had infinite patience and perseverance. He left nothing to chance. A scene or an effect was repeated until the "mechanics" became automatic. His voice never rose above a conversational tone. He knew that to command others he must first be in command of himself. He left the roaring to petty understrappers with inflated ideas of their own importance.

Once in a blue moon he let go. The effect was electrifying. I strongly suspected, however, that there was more or less "acting" in these outbursts, just as his reluctant appearance before the curtain on first nights was a "carefully prepared bit of impromptu acting." The frightened expression of his face; the quick nervous walk; the almost inaudible voice when he thanked his audience, "on behalf of the star, the author (or co-author), the musicians, the costumers, the scenic artists" and so on down the line; this with his mannerism of tugging at a picturesque forelock, this alone was worth the price of admission.

First and last, he was a good showman. The star who was the stepping stone to his fame and fortune was a lady with a past. She had entered the stage door through the advertising medium of the divorce court. After several unsuccessful attempts at starrng, she placed herself under the tuition of the manager, then allied with a school of acting. Attracted first, no doubt, by the emoluments in the case, the teacher soon recognized the potential value of his pupil as an actress.

Possessed of abundant animal vitality—"magnetism," if you prefer—as well as "temperament," the ugly duckling developed into a star of first magnitude. When Will joined the company she was at the height of her success—a success which later dulled the finer artistic restraint and listed toward a fall. But act she could, playing upon each reed, each stop of the emotional organ, with a conviction of which few actresses are capable. In the choice of plays the genius of the man again displayed itself. The right play for the right person. Doubtless he understood that temperament, after all, is but the flood tide of one's natural predilections.

To the layman, a rehearsal is a bewildering and murky affair. Seated in the "front of the house," in the clammy shadow of shrouded seats, a student of human nature finds much to interest him. Under the light of a single "bunch" or the "blanching" irregular foots, the players look old and insignificant. The blue-white light has a cruel way of exposing the lines and seams. They sit about or stand in groups, the blue-covered typewritten parts in hand, awaiting the call of first act. A youngish man, probably the assistant stage manager, sets the stage; that is, he marks the entrances and the boundaries with plain wooden chairs and stage braces. The homely wooden chair plays many parts; now it stands for a fireplace or a grand piano, again it may be a rocky pass beyond which are the mountains.

A fagged looking man enters the stage



"DIDN'T YOU TELL ME TO LEAVE THAT KNIFE ON YOUR TABLE?" SAYS PROPS."

door with a hurried important air. By the bundle of manuscript under his arm shall you know him. It is the stage manager. He greets the members of the company with a curt, preoccupied air and hurries down to the prompt table. There are consultations with the working staff and perhaps with one or two of the players.

While he is thus engaged, let us inquire into the personnel of the company. That tall good looking in the well tailored gown is a newcomer to the stage. She has been given a small part—a half dozen lines at best. On twenty dollars a week she carries a maid—and a jewel case. No, she does not *have* to work for a living; neither is she the spoiled child of a multimillionaire.

She belongs to that great class of women who have no class. Time hangs heavily on her hands. It looks better to be connected with some kind of a profession, a legitimate profession. Besides, her stall-fed energy makes her "want to do something." The stage has always appealed to her.

With a little "influence" she gets a part. Salary is no object. Perhaps the management has saved five or ten dollars a week on the deal. At any rate, a good looking adds "class" to the personnel. She drives to the theater in a taxi; sometimes she comes in a big limousine car accompanied by an elderly gentleman with watery eyes. On the opening night he will send her great boxes of American Beauty roses. After the show they will sup at Rector's and his friends who have been in front with him will tell her how pretty she looked.

Of course she will not go on the road with the company. Dear, no! She will leave that to some other girl who is not so young, not so pretty, but who needs the money.

The white-haired lady with the sweet face and the stern old man who has brought her a chair, are man and wife. Theirs is one of the few stage marriages which has endured. Perhaps it is the very rarity of the case which makes them so popular and well-beloved. One hears them invariably referred to as "Dear old Mr. and Mrs. So and So." One looks at them wistfully and wonders the secret of their success.

The actor with the monocle, oddly cut clothes and the overpowering *savoir faire* is an English importation. Managers assert that the average English actor plays the gentleman more effectively than his American cousin. It all depends on what kind of

a gentleman the rôle demands. When an Englishman is called upon to portray a gentlemanly officer of the United States Army, the effect is incongruous, to say the least. The American manager is impressed by the English complacency. A bluffer himself, from the nature of his business, he has a sneaking respect for anyone who throws a bluff and gets away with it.

The several youngish men with a hint of effeminacy in their make-up might be called the "stationaries" or "walking gentlemen." One of this genre is to be found in nearly every company. Too proud for the ribbon counter, too erratic for commercial life, he drifts into the profession because he feels the call of the artistic temperament. He plays small parts, disseminates gossip, flatters the star—or the leading lady—reads a little, sleeps much—and drinks more.

That beefy-looking man is the leading heavy. Not many years since he was a leading man. Now, when a leading man takes on flesh he is marked for a reduction in value. The first step down in his career is the day he begins to play heavies. To be sure, there are heavy men who never have been leading men; these, however, come under the head of character heavies. The gentlemanly heavy unfailingly aspires to heroic rôles. The present incumbent of villainy had "fallen on his feet." Some seasons previously he had played an inconsequential engagement under the same management. The star took a fancy to him. Henceforth his engagements were assured—until the fancy waned.

Character actors, without exception, are envious of the leading man.

"Call that acting?" demands the man behind the make-up. "Call it acting to walk on and play yourself? Why, it's a cinch!"

"Oh, is it!" retorts the leading man. "You ought to try it. It's the most difficult thing in the world to walk on and be perfectly natural. I'd like to see some of you fellows who hide behind your wigs and queer make-ups go on and play a straight part. Why, you wouldn't know what to do with your hands!"

There was something plaintive about the woman who sat in the shadow of the set pieces, piled high against the wall. The rouge on her cheeks but accentuated the lines in her face. The brassy gold on her showed gray against her temples. "Better



days" was clearly stamped all over her. Perhaps she was thinking of those days—when she was a star, when being a star meant something more than an animated clothes-horse. Her mother had been a great actress in the Booth and Barrett days. She herself had lisped some childish lines with them.

Later, she had become a soubrette and a star in merry little plays in which she sang and danced and "emoted," all in one evening. There are no soubrettes nowadays. The term has degenerated into a slangy sobriquet. "Ingenué" has replaced it; nothing is required of an ingenué but saccharine sweetness and vacuous prettiness—and youth, Youth, YOUTH! Oh, the harvest of age!

The public which she had amused for years has forgotten her. They scarcely recall her existence, not even a hand of recognition on her entrance. Occasionally a reviewer will dig her out of the dust of the past—only to speak of her as "in memoriam." Managers, too, hesitate to engage her. There are so many has-beens and so few parts to fit them. Besides, there are freshly spawned pupils from the divine academies to be had for the asking. Why waste money?

A psychical ripple disturbs the ether.

Necks crane toward the door. The star arrives. She comes slowly, with the air of one assured of an effective entrance. She punctuates her animated conversation with the manager with smiles and nods. That meek-looking person bringing up the rear is the author. He gropes his way through the dark passage to the front of the house and is lost in oblivion.

"First act!" calls the prompter. "FIRST ACT!"

The play opened out of town. The working force was sent ahead with the scenery and the baggage. There was a special train for the company. Besides the regular staff there were costumers, flashlight photographers, relatives of the players and guests of the management. The guests included several critics from certain New York journals. One of these had an ambitious wife who was a member of the company. The other, rumor had it, was on the salary list of the management. This may or may not have been true. Subsequent effusive reviews and the manner in which these critics took up the cudgels against the enemies of the manager did not, however, indicate unbiased opinion. The persuasive art of "fixing" is not confined to politics.

When the train arrived in Washington there was barely time for a hasty bite before rushing off to the theater. One felt the thrill of excitement at the very stage door. Even the back doorkeeper was infected. When Will stopped to look through the pigeon holes for mail, the keeper of the sacred portal was exhibiting a brand-new litter of kittens.

"Everyone of 'em black, just like their mother. Your show'll be a big success—talk about your mascots!"

Stage folk are as superstitious as a nigger mammy. A whole chapter might be devoted to their lore. One of the greatest hoodoos is to speak the tag of a play before the opening night. The tag of a play is the last several words immediately preceding the final fall of the curtain. When it comes to the tag of a play the actor to whose lot the final lines fall either stops with a gesture or perhaps he purloins Hamlet's last words—"The rest is silence."

Back on the stage there is the sound of hammers, the shouts of the stage hands to the men in the flies, "drops" being adjusted, calls of warning to some reckless person about to come in contact with a sand bag at that moment lowered from the flies. Abrupt blasts of the orchestra reach one's ears. The music cues are being rehearsed, the director shouting against the din on the stage. On the "apron," with a bottle of milk in his hand and surrounded by a half dozen coatless and perspiring men, is the producer. A shaft of light darts from the spot-light machine in the gallery, and hovers over the stage like a searchlight at sea. Green, yellow, red and blue slides are tried and a weird waving moving-picture effect brings a shout of laughter from the privileged watchers in front.

In the dressing rooms the players are making up. The wardrobe mistress hurries from one to another, needle and thread in hand. There are impatient calls for the head costumer. "Props" taps at the doors and delivers the properties to be carried by the various actors in the play. The actors talk across the partitions or run through lines of a "shaky" scene.

"Fifteen minutes—fifteen minutes!" warns the assistant stage manager making the rounds. Below stage, the supers or "extra people" sit about in noisy groups awaiting the call. Some of them are as "nervous as a cat," to use their own expres-

sion. These are not the rank and file of supernumeraries. The promise of a long run in New York oftentimes tempts women who have "spoken lines" to go on as extra ladies. As a sop they are given a leading part to understudy. The excitement is infectious. With the lowering of the curtain and the first strains of the orchestra, one instinctively shifts forward to the edge of one's seat.

It is either the lights or a missing prop or a hiatus between speech and action which the first acquaintance with the scenery develops, or a "jumbled" ensemble, or something unexpected which brings the rehearsal to an abrupt halt. The dialogue stops like a megaphone suddenly shut off. The director hurries down the center aisle, the prompter's head appears at the proscenium arch.

"Loved I not honor more!" repeats the actor, looking expectantly off stage.

"Loved I not honor more!" bellows the stage manager, getting into the game. "That's *your* cue, Mr. Prime Minister. Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones! Where is Mr. Jones?"

"Jones! Jones!" reverberates about the stage and in the flies.

"Here I am! I hear you!" answers a muffled voice up stage. "I can't get through. The entrance's blocked with a sacred elephant!" There is a rush of stage hands in the direction indicated. Simultaneously Mr. Jones appears L. U. E. "I'm sorry," he says, "but I couldn't butt in through the stone walls of the castle, now, could I?" indicating the boxed set which formed the outer walls of the scene.

The obstruction is removed amid a heated confab and the stage cleared for action. "Go back—go back to Miss Melon's entrance." Miss Melon enters. The scene starts flatly enough. It is difficult to pick up a scene and get back into the atmosphere at once. One must "warm up to it."

A star requires an effective entrance. The audience must be apprized of her approach. "Here she comes now!" (accompanied by a look off stage). Or, a flunkey enters and solemnly announces, "His Highness, Prince of Ptomania, mounts the steps." These helpful hints prepare the reception which the ushers start at the psychological moment. Many persons are backward about applauding for fear of making a mistake: just follow the usher.

The supporting actors understand that they are expected to "humor" the applause, either upon an entrance or for a scene.

Stars, however, do not always encourage applause for their supporting actors. Some of them go so far as to "shut it off" by flashing on house lights at a curtain in which they do not appear, or dimming the foots, or directing the actors to "jump in" with the next speech.

In the midst of a scene which sends little shivers up and down one's spinal column, the star hesitates, stammers, repeats, then interpolates while she searches frantically among the papers on the table for the missing prop. "Where's the knife?—the fatal dagger," she demands, dropping the rôle as one would step out of a petticoat. The man about to be killed joins in the hunt for the deadly weapon. "I can't kill you very well without a knife, can I, Charles? Unless I stab you with a hatpin——"

There is something so incongruous in the rapid contrasts that everyone, including the star herself, gives way to laughter. Meanwhile the stage manager's yells for Props have brought that culprit from the flies where he has been touching up a damp cloud with paint brush.

"The knife!" a chorus hurls at him.

"What knife?" he demands, continuing to mix the silver lining to the cloud.

"The dagger! I told you the last thing not to forget it!" fumes the bumptious stage manager.

"Aw, what's the matter with you," replies Props witheringly. Then he ambles down to the star who by this time is lost in a little side play with her heavy man. "Miss Blank," he begins with punctuation marks between each word, "Miss Blank, didn't you tell me to leave that knife on your dressing table so you could place it where you wanted it on the table center?"

"I did, I did! I apologize, Johnny. I beg everybody's pardon!" She makes a contrite bow toward the front of the house. Johnny shuffles off, muttering to himself and Madame's maid enters with the missing link.

"Let's begin at your cross," Madame says to the heavy. "Just before you say, 'Darling, my life, my love, you're mine at last!' And Charles—I hope your wooden chest protector is in place for I'm going to strike to-night just as I am going to do tomorrow night and turn it r-r-round and

r-r-round, as if I loved your blood—and Mr. Director," she glides to the foots and shades her eyes from the glare, "Herr Director, can't you play a little more piano just at that point? I want my gurgle of delight to get over—understand. Oh, Mr. Hartley, while I think of it——"

She toys with the ornaments on his dress as she speaks. "In our next scene, give me a little more room, play farther down stage. It's better for our scene."

Mr. Hartley smiles to himself as he disappears in the wings; he knows the little tricks of stars and leading ladies. To make a *vis-à-vis* play the scene down stage is to rob him of any effective participation in the scene. "To hog" is the vulgar but expressive infinitive applied to this trick of the trade.

After many false starts, the end of the act is finally reached. The players are then posed in certain effective scenes from the play, and the flashlight pictures are taken. Then comes a change of costume and the second act is set. During the long wait, members of the company come in front to get a glimpse of the scenery, or to discuss the play and the performance with their friends.

I recall an instance which will exemplify the jealousy of one star for another, especially those under the same management. During the early years of Will's career he had played with a summer stock company. The leading woman of the organization was now one of the stars under Will's present management. She had come on from her country home—(her own season had not yet opened)—and was an interested spectator of the dress rehearsal. She and Will had kept up a desultory interest during the intervening years and were on a friendly footing.

"What do you think of the play?" he asked, sitting down beside her.

"It's a sensation," she predicted. "How does your part pan out?"

"Oh, it's a fair part! I've got a couple of big scenes, but the heavy makes circles all around it. If I had read the play I believe I should have turned it down."

"What do you care—you're the hero and that is what counts with the women. It fits you like a glove. And speaking of parts, what *do* you think of THAT for a star part? Did you ever see anything like it? She's the whole show! When I think of the also ran

I am playing for a star part! Let me tell you—just between ourselves—that he'll have to hand me out something fatter next season or there'll be something doing in another direction. Little Abe's syndicate has been making eyes at me and—you never can tell. Glory! I never saw such a fat part in my life. Why, she isn't off the stage two minutes during the whole first act!"

We leave the theater when the milkman is making his rounds. A day of fitful sleep with its undercurrent of tension; the opening night with nerves tuned to the highest pitch; then success or failure, who can tell? The box office is the arbiter.

The opening night is not the only strain attendant upon a new production. One is on tenterhooks for days, perhaps weeks, to learn whether the play has "caught on" or not. Favorable, even laudatory reviews will not drag the public into the theater if they do not like the offering. Stars may have a certain drawing power, but "The play's the thing." No star ever yet saved a bad play from oblivion, or spoiled a good play with bad acting.

I am sure that Will and the members of the company watched the "houses" from the peephole in the curtain as eagerly as the star and the management kept an eye on the box-office receipts. "How was the house last night?" was the daily question I put to Will with his morning coffee.

Finally, we settled back with the assurance of a season's run ahead of us.

CHAPTER VII

By the first of the year I had my own little coterie and I prided myself it was a cosmopolitan gathering which graced our little apartment on the second and third Sundays of the month. There was so much to learn, the interests were so diversified, that I eagerly welcomed members of other professions than our own—if they were worth while. Our sculptor friend brought men who had traveled in remote parts of the world; they, in turn, brought others. We numbered several army and navy officers, a German scientist, men and women journalists, a cartoonist and an artist, women engaged in settlement work, and the quaint old French professor who taught me the language.

I could not but contrast my simple "at homes" with those of the Dingleys. We had received several cards for their Sundays and Will said we must go to at least one of them. The Dingleys had sprung from humble beginnings. They were jocosely referred to as the "ten, twent' and thirt's."

When I was a little girl in short skirts they were members of a repertoire company which played our town during County Fair week. The repertoire comprised such good old timers as "The Two Orphans," "The Danites," "East Lynne," "The Silver King," "Streets of New York," "Camille" and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." Mrs. Dingley was the leading lady and her husband the utility man.

She was my ideal of a heroine—in those days. Her hair was very golden and as the weepy heroine she wore a black velvet dress with a long train. That black velvet (later experience told me it was velveteen) played many parts. It was a princess and for evening wear the guimpe had only to be removed. Or, when the heroine was ailing, as becomes a persecuted woman, the princess, with the help of a full front panel, was converted into a tea gown. Again, it was used as a riding habit, draped up on one side and topped by husband's silk hat wound round with a veil. With a good deal of crêpe drapery from the bonnet, the same gown passed muster as widow's weeds. Mentally, I resolved that when I became an actress I should have just such a prestidigital gown in my wardrobe.

By dint of hard work on Mrs. Dingley's part and unmitigated nerve on the part of her husband they had finally arrived on Broadway. They had recently acquired a large house in the older part of the city, and I understood it was Mrs. Dingley's idea to establish a salon. Certainly she was successful in drawing a crowd. The house was strikingly furnished. There was much gold furniture and antique bric-à-brac, canopied beds and monogrammed counterpanes. After a personally conducted tour of the house and an enlightening dissertation upon the real worth of and prices paid for the fittings, one retained a confusing sense of having had an exercise in mental arithmetic.

It seemed rather catty of the women to make fun of the Dingleys behind their backs and at the same time accept their hospitality. Two smart-looking women whom I

recognized as members of Mrs. D's company, appeared to get no little amusement out of the coat-of-arms on Mrs. Dingley's bed.

"Why didn't they purloin a beer stein, quiescent on a japanned tray?" I heard one say.

"Or a Holstein bull rampant on a field of cotton," the other giggled.

I failed to grasp the significance of their remarks though I saw the humor in their allusion to the empty book shelves which lined the walls of the library. "Why not buy several hundred feet of red-backed books, like a certain politician who wanted to fill up the wall space in his library?"

"Pshaw! It would be cheaper to use props," scoffed the other.

I myself thought a dictionary and a few grammars a sensible beginning, as Mrs. Dingley was a veritable Mrs. Malaprop. Later, I committed a *faux pas* though I meant no offense. In my effort to say something nice to my hostess I remarked that I had seen her years ago during the early days of her struggle and that I had been one of her ardent admirers. The way she said "Yes?" with the frosty inflection made me understand she did not care to remember her beginnings.

While we were drinking tea out of priceless cups—the history of which was being retailed by our host—there was a commotion and a craning of necks toward the stairs. The hostess hurried forward to greet the late arrival. There was considerable nudging and innuendo exchanged as a small, pleasant-faced man with a Vandyke beard entered the room. Our host greeted him jovially, almost boisterously. "Here comes the king—here comes the king!" hummed the two actresses, winking significantly at me.

There was a buzz of voices while Mrs. Dingley paraded the lion of the occasion about the room with an air of playful proprietorship. The little man had a penchant for pretty girls and flattery. He got both. Everybody fawned on him. Mr. Dingley labored heroically to be witty. My curiosity finally drove me to ask my neighbors who the little man was.

"Is he a manager, or a producer or—?" I whispered.

There was a peal of laughter before I was answered.

"Oh, he's a producer, all right! Why,

don't you know who he is? He's the goose that laid the golden egg!" taking in the gold furniture with a comprehensive sweep of her hand. She lowered her voice and leaned toward me. "He's Mr. —!" I recognized the name of the multimillionaire.

"Is he?" I queried, trying to get another look at him.

The women relapsed into their confidences. "How do you suppose she explains it to —" calling Mr. Dingley by his first name. The other woman shrugged her shoulders. "She doesn't have to explain; money talks."

On the way home I asked Will what they meant.

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "They do say that the little man is an 'angel.'"

"Well, suppose he is?" I began indignantly. "There are clean-minded men of the world, patrons of art without ulterior motives. All art needs fostering, and who better able to help the climbers than—"

Will laid his hand on mine, a little way he had when he wanted to reassure me.

"I haven't a doubt in the world that there are clean-minded men of means without 'ulterior motives,' as you express it. I also believe that hen's teeth are rare."

"When Boston people want to be naughty they go to New York." Our host nodded sententiously across the table as he made the statement.

"Why confine it to Boston? Why not Philadelphia, Washington, or—"

"Because I don't know anything about those cities, and I do know my home city," interrupted his wife.

"I guess you're right," Mr. Mollett answered. "It's the same spirit which keeps alive Le Rat Mort, or Maxim's, or any of those resorts in Paris. You rarely meet a Parisian at these show places. If it were not for the foreigners—principally Americans and English—they'd have to shut up shop."

Will had met Mr. Mollett at a Lambs' Gambol one Sunday night during the recent season in New York. They had taken a shine to each other, to use Mr. Mollett's expression, and had exchanged cards.

On the opening night of the following season in Boston, Will was pleased to find a card from Mr. Mollett and a note from his wife, asking whether I was in town; if so

would I waive the formality of a call, and join them at "beans" on Saturday night after the performance.

Mrs. Mollett's Saturday suppers were as much of an institution as the beans themselves. Our hostess was a bright, intelligent little woman without the pretense of the intellectual. Externally, she had all the earmarks of a Boston woman. She wore the practical but disfiguring galoshes of a Boston winter and she carried a reticule. Her dress might have been made in Paris but it had a true New England hang to it. It was not a component part of her; it was *a thing apart*. Her skin was rough. I never saw a jar of cold cream on her dressing table.

The Molletts enjoyed a comfortable income which they appeared to use judiciously. Their home was comfortable and in good taste. Their library was a treat; not merely fine bindings and rare editions. The volumes showed an intimate acquaintance with the owner. By the process of elimination they had formed a selected chain of the better class of actors who found a warm welcome awaiting them whenever they played Boston. The Molletts' leaning toward the artistic had no taint of the free-and-easy predilection. The element of illusion furnished by their player friends was precisely the variety needed to counteract the monotony of their daily routine. Both sides benefited by the exchange.

Boston was the first stand on tour. The second season had opened with a six weeks' engagement in New York and one, two, or more weeks were booked in the larger cities. The original company was advertised and—rare integrity—maintained. Will decided that it was cheaper to carry the boy and me on the road than to keep up two establishments. Luckily we sublet our apartment. I was for sending Experience back to her home, though I had become sincerely attached to her and so had Boy. Will declared we could not manage without a nurse. I assured him we could.

I saw a great deal more of Will on the road than I had in New York. There was no Lambs Club, and though Will had guest cards to clubs in various cities, there was not the lure of intimate association. We took long walks together, browsed in the book shops, visited public buildings, such as the library in Boston, and sometimes lunched or "tead" with friends.

Will did not care to accept invitations to dinner. He said it made him "logey" to dine late and interfered with his evening performances. Altogether we came nearer to the old intimacy and comradeship than we had known for several years.

At Christmas time we planned Boy's first tree. We believed he was now old enough to appreciate it. Santa Claus now became a name to conjure with; it acted as a bribe to good behavior or a threat of punishment.

Will and I went shopping together. The big toyshops proved the most fascinating things in the world. We spent hours looking at the wonders of toy land which the present-day child enjoys. Will said it made him feel like a boy, and surely it brought out all the youth in his nature. His eyes would snap and sparkle with delight over a miniature railway with practicable engine and carriages, electric headlights, block signals and the like.

We had made several visits to Santa Claus land without being able to decide what would best please Boy. Experience advised us to have him make his own choice. When Experience took him for a tour of the shops he decided upon everything in the place. Suddenly the whole world faded into insignificance: "Se-nyder!" he stuttered, pointing imperiously to a dog whose breed seemed indeterminate.

It did no good to tell him that Santa Claus would bring Snyder down the chimney. Boy had his own ideas about fairies and their ilk. He refused to leave the shop without the dog. Needless to say the dog went home with us. Will never could endure Boy's shrieks. But in extenuation, let it be said, that none of the toys Boy found grouped about his tree on Christmas morning—and their name was legion—gave him the joy he found in the mongrel pup.

Miss Burton sent a box from far-off San Francisco where she was playing. The Chinese dolls interested him for a moment, but his heart was true to Snyder. He slept with him, shared his food with him, sobbed out his childish grief with Snyder in his arms, and refused to part with his faithful friend even when old age robbed him of his woolly coat and shiny eyes.

The star gave a party on Christmas Eve. When the curtain went down on the last act, the applause was choked off by the flashing on of the house lights. The stage manager

gave the order to strike and in a short time the stage was clear. The carpenters then put together the improvised banquet board—great long planks resting upon sawhorses. From the iron landing of the first tier of spiral stairs upon which Will's dressing room gave I watched the caterer's men lay the table. I had spent the latter part of the evening in the cubby-hole—a rare occurrence, since I seldom went behind the scenes except with friends of Will's who had attended the performance and who wanted to see what the back of the stage looked like.

Shortly before twelve o'clock the members of the company and a few outside guests assembled on the stage where they were received by the star hostess. In the midst of the chatter the lights went out. At first everyone thought it an accident until a bell in the distance chimed the witching hour. As the last stroke died away, a faint jingle of sleigh bells wafted across the air. Nearer and louder they came, interspersed with the snap of a whip. A great shaft of light from above shot obliquely across the stage. From out of the clouds, as it seemed, a full-fledged Santa Claus descended like a flying machine.

With the aid of a little "sneaky" music furnished by the orchestra and the faithful spot light which dogged his very footsteps, Santa placed the huge tree in the center of the table and unloaded his pack. With many a grotesque antic he surveyed his labor of love and finally, having sampled the contents of a decanter which graced the table, he rubbed his much-padded pouch in satisfaction, laughed merrily, shouted a "Merry Christmas to you all," and disappeared into the clouds. The effect was so bewitching and so eerie that old Kris received a spontaneous "hand" on his exit.

I thought of Boy and how much he would have enjoyed the scene. Myriad little lights twinkled like stars upon the wonderful tree. A warm, red glow poured from imaginary fireplaces off stage. To the accompaniment of ohs! and ahs! and a merry potpourri from the orchestra we took our seats at table. I am sure any audience would gladly have paid a premium for tickets to this special performance.

The supper proved to be an eight-course

dinner. There was everything from nut-brown turkey to hot mince pie. The drinkables were varied and plentiful. I noticed that after the third or fourth course everybody was telling everybody else what a good actor he or she was. It developed into a veritable mutual admiration society. Will nudged me under the table several times when the character man told him what a good actor he was; it was common property that the character man "knocked" Will behind his back. The tall, good-looking girl I had noticed at rehearsals passed around a new diamond pendant she had just received from her friend in New York.

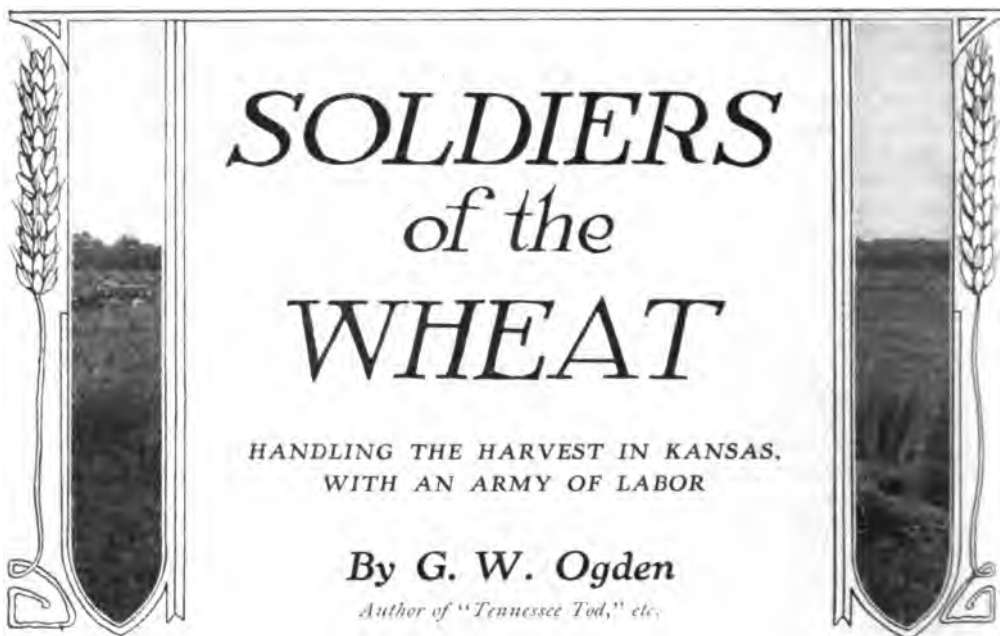
Toward the end of the dinner the packages were opened. Each memento was accompanied by a limerick hitting off the idiosyncrasies of the recipient, who was asked to read it aloud. Whoever composed the limericks was well paid for sitting up o' nights, for they caused a deal of merriment even if they were not entirely free from sting.

After dinner there was vaudeville. The star gave some imitations of a *café chantante* which brought down the house. The musical director had composed a skit which he called "Very Grand Opera." The theme hinged on a leave-taking of one or more characters from the other. The book consisted of one word, *farewell*. I never realized how long-winded the farewells of opera are until I heard the parody.

Dear old Mr. and Mrs. — contributed a cake walk. No one suspected the grumpy old gentleman to have so much ginger in him. A good old Virginia reel and "Tucker" limbered everybody into action.

Before we dispersed, old Santa Claus—impersonated by one of the walking gentlemen—again donned his beard and buckskin and accompanied by a noisy crew carried the great tree to the boarding house where the child actress of the company was staying. At the street end of the alley which led from the stage entrance a big burly policeman stopped them; they *were* noisy to be sure. But even the officer laughed when Santa touched him on the arm and in a "tough" dialect, asked him, "Say, Bill, do youse believe in fairies?"

"An Actor's Wife" will be continued in the December
HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.



RIPPLING to the railway rails, flashing, darkling, changing its quick shades. A flood of wheat. Miles away to the north, looking over this vast level, off to the edge of the sharp horizon, nothing breaks the tawny tide of wheat. Southward, into the haze of indistinct reaches, swelling under the light wind like a golden canopy, still the great fields spread away; eastward the straining eye struggles to fix its bourne in vain, and westward, where the sinking sun cleaves a realm of grain.

Wheat by the league, by the ten thousand acre field; wheat, swaying and billowing and beckoning over unbroken distances. The feet cannot travel, in hard days together, beyond this land of wheat; the eye cannot vault the breadth of its long, low-stretching walls. This is Kansas, the bread-giver; this is the dominion of the golden ears.

Ten thousand square miles of wheat, five million four hundred thousand acres of wheat, upon the farmsteads of ten thousand homes, rolling its fruitful billows around their tree-set peace.

And the scent of its ripe grain is blown far away to many lands, its unspoken, romantic call to the harvest stirring the great yearning and the soil-hunger in the hearts of men. They stir, they waken,

they answer; throwing down galling burdens in the stony ways of cities, moving in glad haste from the margin of distant seas. From all sides they come to Kansas as the ripening harvest beckons, answering the folk call of the earth that feeds them—a call older than Babylon, enduring as the traditions of the patriarchs, undying as the seed of humankind.

For there is no yearning in man as strong as the yearning for the soil. It comes as the heritage of the days when the harvest was all in all, the greatest event in the round of the year's triumphs when men worked their will on field and flood, bare and brawny and wildly free. It is the tie of congenital recollection, the imperishable bond of the earth.

Harvesting this ten thousand square miles of wheat is a big piece of work that must be put through within the compass of three weeks. In addition to its native army of uncounted thousands of wheat harvesters, Kansas must have forty thousand able-bodied men from outside the state, and the cry of its farmers for help has been heard to the far corners of the earth.

From all quarters of the nation, even from foreign lands, the forty thousand imported reapers come without confusion, moving like a great organized army. That, in



A TYPICAL CREW OF COLLEGE MEN WORKING AS HARVESTERS.

fact, is what it is, an army ordered and moved by an admirable system of which the state itself is the head. In this peaceful invasion of Kansas each summer we see enacted one of the greatest dramas of history, the cumulative triumph of husbandry through all the slow centuries that have faded into the past. The world has not seen its equal, future ages shall not behold it again.

We who are present now to witness it will be counted as fortunate by future men in having lived in this golden age of grain when wheat alone, in one state which produced a sixth of the nation's wheat, called forth an army of peace three times stronger in numbers than that which Washington commanded at Yorktown in the winning of American independence only a century and a third before.

There was a time within the memory of not very old men when Kansas cried out for help of another kind; for food, for raiment, for grain to seed its pest-swept fields; when hardship and failure had humbled the pride of men.

Kansas has gone through the fire of its probation. The days of drouth and creeping armies of destroyers are past. Things are easier there now. Men were slow about beginning to learn how to get on the

friendly side of Kansas, but when they learned they progressed mightily. They went so far in this one business of growing wheat that they outran machinery and home labor, for there is no machinery yet that can shock or stack wheat, or drive six mules to a header.

The wheat crop of the state got so big that it threatened, with darker menace year after year, to swamp and smother its producers. Fields began to stand uncut, to be beaten to the earth by wind and rain for the lack of men to reap them. Somebody had to work out a system for getting help of the right kind when it was needed, and the question was passed along to the legislature.

It would not take the Kansas legislature long to fix anything, for there are more original ideas in one session than the entire nation could use up in a century. The legislature decided that a state employment bureau, free to master and man alike, must be established to help the farmers out, with facilities for reaching out and finding men and for placing them when found. Ten years ago the Kansas State Free Employment Bureau began its work, and for the first time in its history it succeeded this year, 1911, in finding all the men that Kansas could use in its wheat harvest. Its



LINING UP AT NOON FOR THE DINNER TABLE. FIFTY KANSAS WHEAT HARVESTERS READY FOR THEIR "HAM AND CHICKEN AND APPLE PIE." THE KANSAS FARMER BELIEVES IN FEEDING HIS HELP.

methods are so smooth-running now that the man or the score of men in Maine or Florida wanting work in the harvest fields know just where they are going and the name of their employer before they board the train at their home station.

Much of this perfection in methods is due to the work of Charles Harris, now serving his second term as director of the bureau. Mr. Harris is a dry, leathery, hard-fibered man who has lived in Kansas forty years and has snuffed the ashes of adversity in the scorching days of hardship. He used to be a country editor in the grasshopper hot-winds-no-rain belt in the days when those things were notorious in Kansas. He knows the Kansas farmers from barn lot to bank counter, and he knows what they want.

Publicity of the need of help in harvest time, in places where it would do the most good. That was his problem. Harris naturally turned to the newspapers, in and out of Kansas. The press associations now advise the country of the needs of the Kansas harvest.

In the way of securing help Mr. Harris

next turned his attention to organization to prevent congestion in spots as the harvesters poured into the state. When Harris took hold of this big question all was bewilderment in Kansas around harvest time. All over the state there are little branch railroads, capillary feeders for the main lines, reaching out into rich mesas and valleys where wheat has made the fortunes of countless men in the past fifteen years.

Farmers at and near the ends of these branches were bottled up, and their harvest hands were kidnaped before they could reach the end of the line. Squads, carlots, even special train loads, would start for some such hand-hungry community, only to evaporate like shades somewhere along the line, lured away by the offer of higher pay by other wheat growers. If the harvesters who escaped being hired en route happened to get out of the cars for a look around, they were marched off by watchful constables as vagrants and told to fall to it in the waiting grain. If any demurred they were fined, and then given the choice of working out the penalty in jail at fifty

cents a day or in the harvest field at two dollars and fifty cents a day and board.

This kidnaping of hands became a notorious business during the heavy crops three and four years ago. The stub-line and stub-end farmers grew desperate. Getting harvest hands became an indiscriminate game of grab. Pleading farmers, displaying money as recklessly as cappers for a shell game at a county fair, walked through the trains at every stop, offering alluring inducements to every likely looking man.

Tourists bound for western points were induced, by the generous terms of the farmers, to break their journeys midway and plunge into the fields. An able-bodied man ran big risks when he traveled into the wheat country by local train, for the farmers acted on the presumption that he was a harvest hand bound for somebody's field. At least, that if he wasn't, he ought to be.

Nothing awed them. They would try to hire anybody and everybody. They were beginning to become accustomed to the culture of college folk; they had learned that

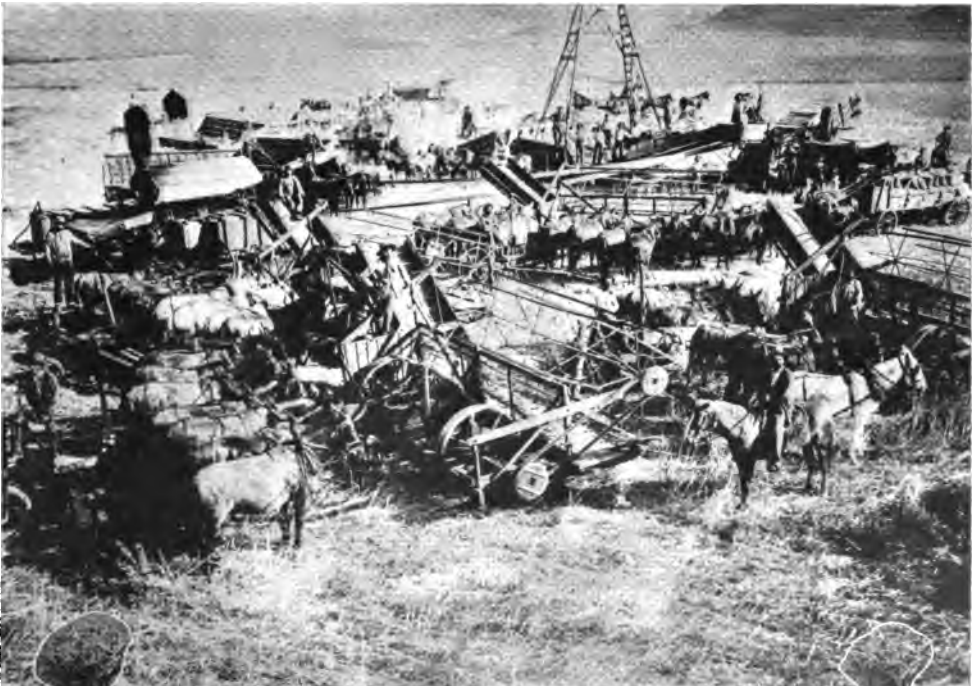
the man who used the gerund in his everyday speech usually ranked with pedigreed stock. Preachers and old men were exempt, but alas for the chap with a fraternity pin!

There was an undignified exodus of tramps from Kansas in the weary summer days. They headed for the nearest points on the border, hitting only the elevated spots as they passed along.

LIKE OLD COW-TOWN DAYS

The farther westward one traveled in Kansas the fiercer the farmers became. It looked like going back to the old days of Bat Masterson and Dodge City. It was next to impossible to get harvest hands safely through the golden sea of grain, on out to its western strand.

Many are the wild tales told even to this day by Hebrew gentlemen from New York, missionaries in winter underwear and hats and mill-made things conducive to the culture and comfort of mankind; many the palpitating experiences recounted by Horatios and Hamlets from Broadway to the



HUNDREDS OF HORSES AND HUNDREDS OF MEN BINDING AND THRESHING AND STACKING A THOUSAND ACRES OF KANSAS WHEAT. AT ONE TIME EVEN ACTORS AND DRUMMERS WERE PRESSED INTO SERVICE.



Golden Gate. For it does not frequently happen in the life of an actor that he is held up for the purpose of having money forced upon him.

Employment agents of the class which finds that method of acquiring other men's money safer and faster than burglary and highway robbery took advantage of the labor drouth in

Kansas to make a wholesale killing among the unemployed in Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha and Chicago. They charged men from two dollars up each. A squad from Nashville told Mr. Harris that they paid seventeen dollars for jobs in the Kansas harvest.

Men were shipped into the state by the car load; even a train load was sent from Chicago, with no definite information as to where to go. The agents who sent them acted without authority or orders from any employer, and the men were dumped out where they were least needed, in many cases after the harvest was over.

In certain sections of the state the official employment bureau in its early days



THE SHORT SPACE OF TWENTY DAYS
REQUIRES A STEAM REAPER AND
BINDER TO MOVE THE CROP QUICKLY.

was regarded as "one of them political grafts," and the people had no faith in its efficiency. So these doubting farmers began early in the season to set lines for harvest hands on their own account. Several towns in the wheat belt advertised in Kansas City and Chicago that so many men would be needed.

On this information the hungry employment agents went to work rounding up the idle at so much a head. Added to the thousands rushed into the state by them were the thousands who went independently. Certain centers were congested, men covered the streets and parks at night like grasshoppers, sleeping on the ground. There was not work for the hundredth part

of them, and they did not know where to find it although the wheat was standing uncut for need of men within a hundred miles.

They turned and went away, by foot, by freight train, any way at all to get out of Kansas, cursing the state for its deception and its false hopes, as the thousands who came to it with their eyes shut in the pioneer days turned from it cursing when Kansas had whipped them and starved them and beaten out their courage. If curses had been potent to wither Kansas, it would have perished from the earth long ago.

Larned, in Pawnee County, a town of fewer than three thousand inhabitants, was overrun by five thousand or more unemployed men. This was due to a little independent business stroke on the part of a city official who also is an extensive wheat grower. Incidentally, his father was running an employment office in Topeka at that time.

The Larned man advertised widely that Pawnee County would need several thousand men to handle the wheat. He was warned by Mr. Harris that this course would result in congestion of labor at that point, but he was one of the number that believed the bureau to be a political graft. He kept his advertisements running in the leading papers in Kansas City, and his father began to do an early and extensive business in harvest hands.

Other employment agents elsewhere did the same. Larned was

swamped with hands. Jobs were sought at a premium, wages dropped from three dollars and four dollars to one dollar and fifty cents a day, and less.

The men who had been sent to the state on promise of big pay refused to work at the reduced scale. They swarmed the streets in ugly mood, ready for trouble. It was then that the long-headedness of the city official became apparent. He impressed all the spare citizens as special policemen, rounded up the imported men and laid down his final and forcible word that they could all go to work in the fields at a dollar a day or go to jail!

Thus the official and his neighbors had their wheat harvested that year at reduced rate, but at the expense of the good name of the state. Only a few of the imported men could be used in Pawnee County, and

the rest spread over the country, begging, robbing farms and laborers, at last going so far as to hold up freight trains and compel the crews to haul them out of the state.

The State Employment Bureau has changed all this, and there is now no confusion attending harvest time. Everything moves with military nicety. In every community throughout the state the director of the free employment bureau has a correspondent, sometimes the county clerk, the local banker or implement dealer, more frequently a farmer. Early in the spring when the wheat begins to put forth—only winter wheat is



CHARLES HARRIS, DIRECTOR
OF THE KANSAS STATE FREE
EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.



HORSEPOWER AND BREAD—WITHIN THREE WEEKS TEN THOUSAND SQUARE
FORTY THOUSAND MEN FROM OUTSIDE THE STATE

grown extensively in Kansas—a circular letter is sent from the employment office in Topeka to each correspondent, asking for detailed information regarding the acreage and condition of wheat. This information covers townships or communities, and is definite and reliable.

As the season progresses the bureau sends another letter, asking how many men will be needed in each place for the harvest, and by whom. In addition to the correspondents who report on conditions, the director of the bureau is in touch with thousands of farmers who make their requisitions for labor directly.

In his office Mr. Harris has filed the thousands of letters received during the early spring and summer from men who want to come to the harvest fields. One has to use that word “thousands” so frequently in speaking of Kansas that it begins to pall, like a fulsome term. But there is no way around it, there is no smaller change in Kansas now. Thousands of letters.

That covers it. Last spring and summer, before the harvest began, even weeks before, Mr. Harris received letters from every state and territory in the Union; from every province of Canada; from Mexico, from England, Wales, Germany, Russia, and France. From the presidents of, or students in, twenty-eight colleges in the East and South, ranging from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, to Vanderbilt of Nashville, Tennessee. So he has only to turn to his files to fill orders from one man to twenty-five.

In this manner Mr. Harris is able to notify William Henry Colthrop, senior in the halls of Princeton University, from whom he has received an application, that William Henry is to report on June 9th to Hank Roberts, South Haven, Sumner County, Kansas, for a job wrangling sheaves in the wake of a binder at two dollars and fifty cents a day and board.

There is a difference, in normal seasons, of about three weeks between the ripening of wheat in the northern and southern



MILES OF WHEAT MUST BE HARVESTED IN KANSAS, AND MORE THAN MUST BE IMPORTED TO HANDLE THE GRAIN IN TIME.



counties of the state. So, William Henry, when he has shocked Hank Roberts' sheaves, is informed by the employment bureau where to go next. Together with the stacking and the threshing, William Henry can secure from eight to ten weeks' work, with his wages clear profit, before the Kansas wheat, with his invaluable assistance, finds itself shipped to the marts of the earth for men to buy and sell, squabble over and gamble in, to have fortunes reared upon its shifting foundation, to crumble away in a day.

MARCHING THE LABOR ARMY ACROSS THE STATE

From his office in the capitol at Topeka the director of the bureau marches his army of harvesters across the state, from the south line to the north, taking them even on into Nebraska and the Dakotas if they care to go, for the wheat belt extends from Oklahoma to Saskatchewan, and his system of management has made his office famous throughout the wheatlands of the West.

Other states call on him for men, and the laborers who have come into the fields under his direction look to him for moving orders like soldiers to their commander. As they finish here, he shifts them there, telegraphing his orders when the mail might be too slow, giving information about jobs on toward the North, following the grain as it changes from green to gold.

And so the army of reapers is marshaled, and so it marches upon the gleaming fields, where the reels of fifty thousand binders sway the grain against hungry sickle-bars, beating the yielding harvest like paddle wheels of a mighty fleet.

Not all the forty thousand that must come to Kansas for the ingathering of the wheat pass through the registers of the state's employment bureau, but most of them find work and are directed through the newspaper information sent out by Mr. Harris.

Harvest does not begin in Kansas with a song, but with a college yell. Such a vocal chopping of elementary sounds has not

been heard in the short grass region since the days of the cowboys and Comanches.

TWO THOUSAND COLLEGE BOYS AFIELD

The college yell is as common now in Kansas as the whistle of the quail. Farmers' boys practice it in the echoless freedom of their fields. They are as loyal to the trademark of culture which they may have elected to adopt as the most dis-

the channels of commerce, literature, or law.

It began to be the fashion among Eastern colleges about three years ago to take a summer splurge on the Kansas wheat fields. In the name of Kansas there is romance, adventure, historic charm; dreams of milk-necked maidens languishing in motor cars, waiting to wing it away with brave young college men and make them



A TYPICAL THRESHING CREW—MANY OF THESE MEN ARE COLLEGE STUDENTS—TWO THOUSAND STUDENTS ANNUALLY HELP SEND KANSAS WHEAT TO THE ELEVATORS.

cordant rah-rah laddie that ever put a brier root under his nose. The farmer boys roll up their trousers legs until they look as much like spitz dogs about the shins as anything that ever crossed a campus, and you will find them standing up for sound old Harvard, brave old Yale, speedy little Parkville or corn-fed Chicago as vociferously as if they had matriculated in fact.

Culture is flowing over the wheat lands in a broad wave. The college yell is doing better missionary work for the mossy old Eastern institutes of learning than the most brilliant achievements of their alumni in

happy for good. So the college men fly to Kansas like pigeons to a straw pile.

They do not always get the sweet maiden and her fair, green lands, but they get a dip into the bath of real life which gives them strength in the jaws and starts a growth of bristles on their backs. The charm pulls them back year after year, each with a few friends at his heels, until there were no fewer than two thousand of them handling sheaves in the ingathering of Kansas grain last summer.

The Kansas farmers like them; they would rather have a gang of pink-eared college lads than the horniest handed of all the

horny. Because the college chaps go at the work with the buoyancy of youth and new impressions, wider visioned than the snooping, heavy-soled farm hand. The college lads have warmth in their young hearts, a thrashing, smashing determination to not only make good, but better. It would be a terrible thing to wilt down and peter out, because they go to the fields to prove themselves.

They believe that the eyes of the whole world are already upon them, and that if they stumble and falter and fall down, it's all off at the very start. The world, anyhow, does not look so very big and hard to a college boy the first day he works in the harvest field—but it widens and lengthens mightily before he gets through.

So it's good business all around—good for the boys, good for the farmers, good for the Eastern colleges in the new blood it brings them from the West, for the boys and girls of Kansas are plentiful in institutions of learning now, and it is good for the West in what it will gain thereby.

As a general thing the college harvesters are not impecunious youths who are working their way along. Usually they are fellows out for the adventure rather than the money, and it is a sort of intermediary course in which they learn more in ten weeks than some of them would acquire in as many years in college. The heads of universities have been quick to see the benefit of this summer outing in the fields and encourage their young men to head for the Santa Fé trail at harvest time. Mr. Harris numbers fully a score of college presidents among his correspondents, who watch regularly for positions for their boys.

Kansas will gain many a progressive young farmer through this yearly invasion of collegians. Scores of them have bought farms there already, and hundreds have concluded that intelligent application to the soil is as profitable and clean and man-making a business as they can find the world over.

The son of a vice president of a big Western railroad is a junior student in law at Princeton. He went to Kansas last summer to work in the wheat harvest. This fall he will return to Princeton, but not to study law. He will take the agricultural course, his intention being to prepare himself to become a modern Kansas farmer.

Local correspondents of the employment bureau director, to whom the farmers report on the number of men they will need, tell some funny yarns about the college boys and the farmers.

CLASSIFYING HARVEST HANDS, BY COLLEGE YELLS

There are plenty of farmers who never heard of the great universities of the East, to whom names would mean nothing. A Barton County man drove into town one day last May and filed this request with the state employment bureau's local agent:

"I want four men this year on my wheat. I wish you'd tell that feller in Topeka to send me some of the same brand I had last year. They had a little piece they used to holler that started out, 'Cornell, Cornell,' and I never was able to ketch the endin' of it, but I think maybe it was 'hell.' That feller in Topeka, he'll know. They was the strongest bunch on a header I ever had."

"Send me about six of them 'Siss-boom-ah' fellers if you can git a holt of 'em," requested another. "Them boys is my kind."

"I'll need nine," said a Chase County man, "and I'm strong for the boys I had last year. They made up a piece they used to holler 'at went: 'Rock-chalk, jay-hawk,' that-a-way. It was plumb foolish the way they used to take on, but they're workers, all right." He was describing the brand of his own state university.

Of course the wheat harvest attracts some "squabs" who have nothing in their pedigrees of indulged generations upon which to make good on the battlefield of sheaves. Two cream puffs from one of the hoary universities of the far East arrived in Harvey County last summer with several trunks, hand-bags, hat boxes, golf outfits and other symptoms of enervating culture. Judging by their luggage, one would have guessed them Englishmen on a fishing trip. They got jobs without difficulty, transported their traps to the farmer's house and went to work shocking wheat under the guidance of a red-necked youth from the Kansas State University at Lawrence. Considering their breeding, they did fairly well, but went to their corner at sundown a little bit wobbly in the knees.

It was a big, green-roofed, modern farmhouse, and the boys had been assigned a room with a bath and all the trimmings,

supporting in full their prearranged ideas of culture and affluence in rural Kansas. They were a long time coming down to supper. The other hands had sozzled themselves in the basins on the kitchen porch, given their hair a lick and a promise, and stood teetering around as hungry as harvest makes men. The biscuits were growing cold, the farmer was feeling out of sorts, but the custom most generally prevails in Kansas of giving every man a fair start at the victuals, so they held back.

At last Fordyce and Freddie appeared, and to borrow a line from the show bills, their appearance was the "sensation of the century." Geared in the most rigorous of evening costume—generally known in Kansas as "ham and egg"—their patent leathers sparkling, their high collars heaving up their chins, they looked like daisies among doughnuts in that shirt-sleeved company.

They carried it off like a pair of dukes, or head waiters, and after supper the farmer took them aside.

"We only wear them kind of suits when we go to a Bryan banquet in Convention Hall down at Kansas City," said he. "You better not use 'em here, you might git gravy on 'em."

The eccentricities of these high-bred young men, willing as they were to pitch in and learn, were so many and so ludicrous that the efficiency of the working force was imperiled. The farmer stood for it two days longer, because he was short of hands, and then he paid them off.

"Here's the twelve-fifty that's due you, boys," he said. "The twelve dollars pays you for the fun I've had out of you, and the fifty cents for the work you've done."

One of the college harvesters, at least, found the girl and the motor car. There may have been more of them, but this one got into the papers on account of his spectacular precipitancy. It happened in July, in McPherson County, where the star-eyed are as thick as wild roses by the wayside.

The young man had worked through the harvest with high honors, had finished the stacking term *cum lauda*, and had held on to help with the second alfalfa crop. He knew more about motor-car mechanics than anybody in the township, so when miss came home from the Colorado mountains with mama to lay out plans for making a hole in that wheat money, the young collegian was told off to give her lessons on the

internal mysteries of the large yellow car in the garage beside the barn.

An open road, with hedgerows and the green fields spread away and beyond, the wind of thirty miles an hour in their faces and the mysteries inside the grunting machine forgotten. That was the situation in the very first lesson. It was a long road, and a level one, with the county seat at the end.

At milking time the telephone in papa's library rang. "This is Horace," said the manly voice out of the distance. "I'll be home with the motor car in a day or so. Miss and I are married."

AND HOW THEY DO EAT!

Kansas welcomes the reapers like returning sons, spreading the table for them with the provender of kings.

"Take home a ham for harvest," advertises the county-seat butcher. Certainly we shall take home a ham, if we haven't one waiting in the smokehouse already. For no matter how slim the picking may be between times, at harvest we have the best that yearning appetites can conceive, that money can buy. For the harvest time always has been a festal time. They used to dance over it, and sing a good deal, and prance around with bare legs among the bearded wheat. But that wasn't in Kansas. You have seen them on an old, old vase, out of the dust of Greece, before to-day.

The machinery which we have now has not left us much poetry on the bare surface of the reaping. There was poetry in the sinewy backs bending in the yellow grain, sinewy arms driving the puny sickles, each moving in his own set time and way, each with his garland on his head like a hero, each with his song. There was romance in it then, and love glances above the grain. Machinery has taken all that away.

We do not even know what they had for supper, those slim-waisted lads, those bare-legged lasses, on the vase of long ago, but you may take it for a truth that if they knew about ham and chicken and apple pie in those days, *that's* what they had.

And that's what they have in Kansas. Ham and chicken and apple pie. Machinery may take away the poetry of it, but it must leave us these. For the festival of the harvest is older than machinery, old as the dim days when the first husband-

man stood, naked to the loins, shaggy, knit like the body of an oak, proud in the winning of a new dominion among his sheaves.

Ham. And chicken. And apple pie.

Platters of pink ham, each morsel embalming the everlasting essence of old camp fires, the strong charm of savage days when even the harvest was not yet; pans of brown chicken, foolish animals apotheosized by a sacrifice in a noble cause; wedges of apple pie, each wedge bleeding its agony of sauce, sweet as the honey of Hebron, the wild honey of Judean vales.

THE MONEY, WHERE IT GOES

As for the rest of it, the world knows pretty well by this time how the Kansas farmers live. So much has been said in the papers, and there have been so many pictures in the magazines these last two years or so. And there is Coburn, besides, the truthful press agent for this million six hundred thousand stirring people. He has written of it in his own unapproachable way, of the modern houses on these modern farms, distance smashed to nothing, just telescoped upon itself, by automobiles, telephones and the mail carrier every morning at the gate.

The isolation is going out of farm life in Kansas. The farms there are becoming more and more every day places of youth and laughter, phonographs in the parlor, telephones upon the kitchen wall. The whir of the leather-winged grasshopper,

the old enemy of the old hard days, has given way to the whir of the automobile. The tedious, narrow-cutting, breaking plow has been put aside, on the modern ranches, for the gasoline tractor which turns under twenty feet of stubble each time it crosses the field.

They are living fast, in the progressive sense, upon the Kansas farms, and they are living well. It has all come through the harvest, its bounty and its cheer. The one danger is that they may go too fast and kill the producer of this golden egg by overwork.

For the past five years—including the harvest of 1911—the wheat crop of Kansas has brought its growers the average of \$60,000,000 a year. There is no way of arriving at a definite estimate of the amount paid out in wages, but it mounts to millions, five, six, perhaps—with sowing and reaping and threshing, more than ten million dollars each year. Even with the freight paid out of the remainder, the Kansas farmers have a cheerful sum left over.

Where does it go? Into more land, into improvements, better stock, better houses, better implements; into automobiles, into travel at home and abroad, into college courses for the young men and young women, into the comforts of a broader, better life than tillers of the soil ever enjoyed before in any land cheered by the everlasting sun.



A BOX of CANDY

By Gene
MacLean

Illustrations by
Maginel
Wright
Enright



THE afternoon sun, shining behind a clump of maples, laid a shifting golden arabesque upon the schoolroom floor. The open windows admitted a breath of warm September, and from the deserted playground came the noisy chirping of a robins' quarrel. Forty children, beguiled by the pleasant out-of-doors, squirmed in their seats as they watched the old clock on the wall before them. Its hands seemed to move with increasing languor as they crept along toward half-past three, dawdling at the minute marks, oblivious of the fact that there was still half an hour of school.

Miss Meaney stood at the rear of the class, erect and observant. She held her ruler poised at a level with her shoulder, and there was stern disapproval in her eye. The hum of disorder was rising to a roar.

Whack!

The ruler came down resoundingly upon the window sill. The children started, and hastily bowed their heads over the open geographies on the desks. A chorused "ssp-ss-pss-ss-ssp" arose in evidence that the class had returned to the pursuit of knowledge. The teacher permitted herself a grim smile, but did not unknit her brows.

Halfway up the room a small boy was sitting, his chin resting in his hand and his gaze evidently directed to a spot above and beyond the book that lay at his elbow.

"Philip!" said Miss Meaney sharply.

The boy slowly disentangled his legs from the supports of the desk and arose to his feet.

"Philip," accused the teacher, "you are loafing! You know you are!"

The boy nodded vacant assent, and waited a moment for further comment. There was none, and he resumed his seat to an accompaniment of titters from his classmates. A picture of a jungle, labeled "Africa," was on the page before him, flanked by a column of questions. He fixed his eyes with an effort upon the first interrogation in the list.

"To what two races do the inhabitants of Africa belong?" it said.

He stared at the words blankly. They suggested nothing to his mind.

"To what two—what two—" he murmured mechanically, "what two—"

His attention wandered from the book to the idling clock upon the wall. A music chart rustled in the breeze near a window, and the sound attracted his gaze in that direction momentarily. At last he turned

to look again at the girl who sat up the aisle three seats before him and whom he had watched all the afternoon.

Her brown hair was done up in two long braids that ended in rebellious curls. There were ringlets, too, above her ears, and a strand of hair hung across her cheek. She was wearing a plaid dress, her third in three brief days of school, he noted. Other girls in Crayville were content to come in serviceable frocks of dark blue and brown, but among them a change of garments was a bit of an event. This new girl had worn white the first day and pink on Tuesday.

Her appearance in the room had marked an epoch in his life. He had

from the rear of the room, and even as he breathed a sentimental sigh the teacher extended her hand and closed the geography with a bang.

"You may go into the hall, young man!" said she.

Her tone was at the chill level of absolute finality.

"Remain there until I send for you, sir," she concluded.

The boy silently gathered his geography under his arm and shuffled toward the door. As he passed into the gloom of the hallway

he shot a furtive glance at the little girl in the plaid dress. She alone of all the class was not giggling, and her blue eyes met his in a look of immeasurable sympathy.

His face glowed as he thrust the book under a steam radiator in a



come into the sixth grade the leader of his class, and in the three days that had elapsed he had glided, resistless, to the foot. He took a sort of pride in his record as he reviewed it, for he felt that it was a tribute to her. The only reason for the utter failure that had marked all his lessons was that his whole being was absorbed in adoration of the new divinity; he had no time for books.

The girl lifted her hand to brush back the lock of hair that fell upon her cheek. She lightly touched the bow of ribbon at the back of her head, and redispersed her skirts with a little shake. Philip watched intently.

He was unconscious of the presence of Miss Meaney at his side. She had come

"HER APPEARANCE IN
THE ROOM HAD
MARKED AN EPOCH
IN HIS LIFE."

dark corner of the hall. He hastily retrieved his cap from the floor of the cloakroom, and tiptoed down the hall to the big

outer door. The trip through the school yard was made at top speed, and he was panting when he halted in the shelter of a near-by alley.

He leaned against a tree to recover his breath.

"Miss Meaney can't lick me, anyhow," he reflected. "Teachers ain't allowed to lick this year."

Three blocks up the street was the village post office. The boys of Philip's clan would gather there as soon as school was out to

review the events of the day, and to watch the progress of trade in the business center of Crayville. It was far too early to go home, and he felt the need of juvenile society. He slowly put himself under way toward the gathering place, to be earliest on the scene.

The post office was an old brick building which at some period in the distant past had been painted gray. An imaginative decorator had drawn black streaks upon the surface in a rectangular pattern to create an illusion of stonework. A rickety flight of steps ascended the side wall to the rooms where the postmaster dwelt, and a row of packing boxes was ranged on the sidewalk beneath to make room in front of the neighboring dry-goods store.

Philip climbed on the top of the largest box and settled himself for a period of leisure.

Farmers were untying their teams from the hitching posts, preparatory to taking their homeward way. One of them, in the muddy street, was tugging at the head of an aged horse, endeavoring to stir it from an overwhelming lassitude. Another, who stood on the curbstone, was jeering at the effort. This man had just come from Crayville's lone saloon across the way, and Philip regarded him with deep interest. Rather to the boy's disappointment, he failed to lurch into the gutter in the manner so vividly described by temperance lecturers who came to the village. Instead, he sauntered into the street and set the horse in motion by the simple process of twisting its tail.

The county judge was sitting on the courthouse steps, diagonally across the street.

"Good boy, Bill," he yelled to the successful horse starter.

Philip was amazed that a judge would address in public a man who had been in a saloon. No minister in town would do so, he was convinced.

Further reflection was stopped by the appearance of a surging mob of children down the street, giving witness that school was dismissed. He identified Petey Martin and Louie Born and Scrubby Willifer in the vanguard, and little Peggy Toover behind them, vainly trying to catch up.

"You'll catch it!" cried Petey, coming within hailing distance.

"Teacher had a fit when she found out you was gone," supplemented Louie Born.

The boys found seats upon the boxes and proceeded to dilate at length upon the amazement and wrath of Miss Meaney when she found the culprit had departed.

"I expect she'll send you to the sup'intendent to be licked," conjectured Peggy Toover, his freckled face alight with the thought.

"Wasn't you afraid?" asked Louie Born with respect.

"Naw," said Philip. "That wasn't anything. There's lots worse things I'd do than that."

He was pleased to find himself the object of general esteem. He had introduced a new and startling variation in the art of playing truant, and the luster of his achievement lost nothing from the description that he gave, with many additions to the facts.

"Old Meaney's been laying for me ever since I come into her room," he added mysteriously. "I guess probably she's got reasons."

He declined to go further into the matter of this plot against his welfare.

"Old Meaney can't boss me around," he stated. "That's all I got to say."

He descended from his box and marched up and down before the other boys. His thumbs were hooked in the places where the armholes of his vest would have been had he worn a vest, and his chin was carried high.

"Oh, Louie!" he said, stopping suddenly.

"Huh?" said Louie Born.

"Come here a minute."

Philip moved a few paces down the street, Louie obediently following after.

The Born boy was thin and sallow and he wore his black hair pasted sleekly against his head. His hands yielded to the prevailing prejudice against soap and water, but his face and raiment were cleanly beyond the comprehension of other Crayville youth. He was the Beau Brummel of his set. He was believed to be high in the graces of the girls and wise in the best methods of dealing with them. He was often seen speaking with them, even in public places, and it was said that he had been to call on Milly James.

"Say, Louie," said Philip, "if a fellow, now, wants to go and call on a girl, does he ask her first?"

Louie contemplated for a time.

"Do you know her?" he inquired at length.

"Oh, it ain't me," Philip hastened to explain. "It's—why, it's a fellow I know."

"Oh," said the student of social form. "Well, if he knows the girl, he asks her first before he goes to see her. But if he don't know her, of course he goes around to her house and gets acquainted that way. Who is the fellow?"

"He? Why, he's—he's a fellow I write to sometimes," lied Philip. "In Cincinnati he lives now. He wanted to know."

"That's where the new girl in our room comes from," commented Louie.

Philip responded with a vivid blush and, mumbling an excuse, hastened away.

He cut his supper short that night and retired to his room to spend an hour in adjusting his hair and applying a coat of blacking to the toes of his shoes. It occurred to him to ask for the use of his Sunday suit, but the thought that this would lead to embarrassing questions caused the abandonment of the idea. He did put on his Sunday hat and appropriated as an adornment the heavy gold watch chain that his father always left in a bureau drawer.

Slipping out the back door, he sped around the corner to Washington Street, a square away. All was well until he reached the brick house where the new girl lived. There, as he essayed to mount the steps, he felt himself caught by an invisible anchor that held him helpless, unable to proceed. Four times he mustered up his courage, and tried to go in. His feet declined to carry him forward. His heart, in sympathetic rebellion, throbbed heavily, and he leaned against a sapling on the lawn to recover his suddenly shortened breath.

Somebody in the house was playing upon a piano and instinct told him that it was she. He saw himself in imagination stand-

ing beside that piano, gracefully turning the sheets of music and engaged in sprightly conversation. He remembered her earnest attention when he read aloud in school the day before, and he reflected that if once he could get inside she might invite him to read to her. This done, they would probably look at pictures—his heart thumped again when he thought of the curls about her ear and the possibility that they might by accident brush his cheek.

He pondered irresolutely for a time, and then attempted again to scale the porch. This time he almost succeeded. His foot was on the topmost step when it flashed upon him that she doubtless would open the door for him in person. He turned and fled, not stopping until he had attained the street. Perspiration stood beaded on his brow, and he mopped it off with a corner of his coat.

At this moment a bustle and clatter arose across the way. Philip looked and beheld the form of Louie Born, illumined by the



light from an open door. It was the home of Milly James and Louie was entering with an elaborate bow. The light vanished. Louie was inside.

Philip groaned aloud as he started slowly homeward. Not for him was the debonaire assurance of Louie Born. The glad greetings that were showered upon Louie everywhere were denied him, and the social graces that he felt were concealed in his bosom must forever stay there, imprisoned. He crept into the house by the back way and retired at once to unhappy dreams.

The following day Philip was suspended from school.

"You may tell your father," Miss Meaney said impressively, "that you may not return until Monday."

The culprit stood before his class, his head hanging, while this public sentence was imposed. The room was very still when he gathered up his books, his ruler, his pencil and his sling shot, and cleared his desk of its store of waste paper under the personal supervision of Miss Meaney. The boys watched him to note any symptoms of collapse and tears. Two or three of the girls cried, but this afforded him little satisfaction. These same girls always cried when anything untoward happened. When he had done, he strode, very erect, into the hall, and as a parting defiance slammed the door.

A few minutes later he stalked into his home, and gloomily laid his outfit upon a chair. His mother looked up from the low stool where she sat darning.

"Why, Philip, dear!" she said, a worried line appearing in her brow. "Are you ill?"

"I been suspended," said Philip abruptly.

The mother hurriedly arose, dropping her lapful of stockings on the floor, and stood before him, her hand upon his coat sleeve.

"Was there—did anybody—just tell me about it, if you can," she said, her lips trembling at the corners.

Her face cleared, though, as the boy stumbled through his tale. He related the episode in full, except for that portion having to do with the little girl in plaid.

"Well!" said his mother at the end.

"Philip, I always feared that teacher would cause you trouble! I thought when I first saw her that she had a very unpleasant face."

She bustled about the kitchen for a brief time, and produced a dish of preserves, a

loaf of bread with raisins imbedded in it and a glass of lemonade.

"Now, you eat this, and I'm sure you'll feel better, dear," she said. "When your father comes home I'll tell him all about it, and very likely he will take steps to have the teacher disciplined."

The boy was busily stowing away the bread and preserves, and answered only with muffled grunts.

"You have been working very hard and need a rest, I'm sure," added his mother.

He finished the last of his luncheon and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

"Say, ma," he said, "next Tuesday's going to be my birthday, ain't it?"

"Yes, child. You know that, certainly. We've talked about it enough."

"Well, ma, does anybody that has a birthday—do they ever give presents away themselves instead of getting them?"

"What a question! I suppose they can if they care to. Why?"

"Well—" Philip hesitated, and reddened.

"What I was wondering was, if I got a job and made some money while I'm out of school, could I buy a present with it?"

The mother ran her fingers through his tousled hair.

"Certainly dear," she said affectionately. "If you want to give a little remembrance to your papa or me, or to any of your little schoolmates, you may do it."

He wasted no time in further parley but went away at once.

On the main street of the village, directly across from the post office, the Gem Candy Kitchen exhibited delicacies for sale. Each grocery store in Crayville possessed a small glass showcase in which peppermints, "sour drops" and dubious chocolates were displayed, but only the Gem Candy Kitchen offered sweets in boxes tied with gold cord for the fastidious. Children coming from school were accustomed to compress their noses against the window glass to inspect the treasures on view within, and for this reason the windows owned a semi-opaque streak running clear across the two big panes and illustrating the various heights to which the noses of school children may rise.

Philip halted before this treasure house and entered upon a study of its contents. As he stood in contemplation, the fat proprietor set a new enticement in his window. It was an ornate box with beautiful flowers on it and more than the usual quantity of



TENDERLY HIS MOTHER UNDRESSED HIM AND TUCKED HIM IN BED.

gold cord. A slip of paper was attached, with the following legend:

"These Elegant Paris Bon Bons, 75c."

The boy gazed long and wistfully. No boy in Crayville ever had possessed such a marvel, to his knowledge. Neither had any of the girls, he concluded. It was the custom at Christmas time for parents to bestow copious supplies of candy of the jaw-breaker variety upon their offspring, and most of the children had pennies, or even a nickel now and then, to expend for licorice and peppermints. These Paris Bon Bons,

however, were something beyond childhood's wildest dreams.

There was the light of a great resolve in his eye when he turned away. A furniture and undertaking establishment was immediately next door, and with determined step he marched inside. During his interview with the proprietor he kept his head averted from that portion of the stock in trade that stood on trestles in the rear, and had shiny silver handles. He was even a little glad when he was informed that no boy was needed there. Those coffins had a grisly look.

He fared no better at the dry-goods store, nor in the Crayville Shoe Emporium. The demand for small boys was practically nonexistent, he was told. As a last resort, he headed for Wamley's grocery store. Wamley sold flour and vegetables and other supplies to Philip's mother, and he might be influenced by a threatened withdrawal of trade to offer employment to the son.

The menace, however, was not needed. Wamley bade him welcome with unfeigned delight. He explained that though Philip was clearly not good for much he would do to fill the place of the boy who had deserted that very morning, and that he might work until abler help could be secured. He immediately loaded a basket of potatoes into Philip's arms, and ordered him to begin assorting them.

A tired, disheveled and very dirty small boy returned home that night, and sank limply into a chair. A streak of flour adorned his coat, and a crushed tomato lent gay color to his streaked shirt front. His trousers were torn, and a long scratch crossed his cheek.

His mother uplifted her hands in horror.

"Philip!" she exclaimed. "Whatever is the matter? Where have you been?"

"I got a job," said Philip. "I got a job at Wamley's."

"What do you mean, young man, by remaining away from your lunch?" demanded his father sternly.

The mother rushed at once to her boy's defense.

"Do let the poor child be," she said. "He is utterly exhausted. He needs his dinner, as soon as I can wash him up."

At the table, somewhat restored, Philip recounted his adventures. He was relieved to find that his father had no comment to make on his suspension from school and in recognition of this tacit forgiveness he opened the recital with his engagement by Wamley, omitting mention of his earlier trials.

The philanthropic grocer had employed him as assistant at the rate of twenty-five cents a day, he explained. The job consisted in cleansing the floor and show cases as often as required, moving lighter articles about the store, picking out decayed vegetables and throwing them away, polishing apples on his coat sleeve and piling them neatly

and rendering himself useful in divers other ways.

"And Saturday night, when I get through," he concluded, "I get seventy-five cents, right down in hard cash. He said so."

"Looks like pretty slim pay for all that work," observed his father. "That shirt you've spoiled is worth more than that, let alone your suit."

"I can wear it to do chores in around the house," defended Philip.

"I guess," said the father, "that it won't suffer much further by the chores you do. I've carried in the coal myself all week."

Philip avoided reply by filling his mouth with pudding. His eyes were already blinking drowsily, and before the meal was over he had fallen fast asleep in his chair. His father carried him to bed, where the mother undressed him and tenderly tucked him in.

Friday and Saturday were exceeding long. With aching back and trembling limbs Philip tumbled boxes of oranges and lemons in and out of the store, pried with hatchet and chisel at crates that resisted his efforts, loaded baskets with provisions, and swept up scraps of food and paper that miraculously renewed themselves upon the floor. He was not used to physical toil, and more than once he felt that nature could bear no more—he must give up the job and lie down and rest for hours and hours.

The vision of the little girl with the long brown braids came to him at these despairing moments, however, and saved him from surrender. He could not maintain the reckless pace which he had set himself on the first day, but he kept on with dogged determination. He felt that he would be repaid.

By the time that Saturday afternoon arrived, his feet seemed burdened with lead weights. Every fiber of his body was quivering with weariness, and his muscles felt as if they had been pounded.

"You're gettin' lazy like the rest of 'em," commented Wamley, as Philip slowly moved a cracker box into position.

The boy turned his head away to hide the quick tears that filled his eyes. He was near the end of his strength, but he was doing the best he could.

"You get and hustle that premium china up out of the cellar," continued Wamley, "and don't take all day about it."

Philip descended the steps and surveyed



"‘I—IT’S FOR YOU,’ HE STAMMERED. ‘L—LOUIE, HE ASKED ME TO GIVE THIS TO YOU.’"

the heavy box that he must move. He gave it a tentative shove. It did not budge. He braced his shoulder against it, and tried again. It yielded, very slowly, and in response to Philip's frantic efforts, deliberately turned over on its side. Another struggle, and it stood at the foot of the stairs.

Philip sat down upon it, and looked at the

steps that led up into the store. They appeared to him like the side of the pyramid of Cheops, and as hard to scale. He groaned as he arose, and toppled the box onto the lowest step. Securing a fresh grip, he heaved until he could get his shoulder under the burden, and carefully straightened up. The packing case bumped heavily on to a higher elevation and remained there, re-

fusing to go farther. The weight bore crushingly upon the boy, who stood shakily braced below. He pushed with his hands, but found that his arms had lost all their force.

He stretched out one foot, to seek a lower step. The distance was greater than he had calculated, and he cautiously bent the other knee. His error was instantly apparent. The box began to sink, and his leg slowly doubled under him. He shut his eyes and lurched forward with a cry.

When he recovered consciousness, Wamley was shaking him roughly by the shoulder. He was lying on the floor beside the case of premium china, and the man was bending over him, red and angry.

"You get up and get out of here!" roared the grocer, shaking him again. "I oughter knock yer head off! Get up!"

He yanked the boy to his feet by the coat collar.

"Them wages of yourn won't half pay the damage," pursued Wamley, pushing his late assistant up the stairs. "You get out, and stay out!"

Philip's head was very light and swayed upon his shoulders as he staggered to the door. His feet carried him automatically down the street, across the vacant lot at the second corner, and up the steps to his home without any conscious volition of his own. He was unconscious of the length of time it took him, and of the few passers-by who turned to stare at the pallid little boy wavering along on unsteady legs, clutching at the fences now and again to straighten him on his course. He dropped into his mother's open arms, once inside the house, and lay there quietly for a long while.

Neither his father's stormy wrath at the grocer, when he heard the story, nor the loving sympathy of his mother could soothe the ache in Philip's soul and body. He was shamed, humiliated and defeated. Temporary comfort came with the discovery of an immense bump upon his head, larger than any he had ever seen upon the persons of his friends, but this balm to his pride was not lasting. The bump, indeed, remained to hurt him, but his satisfaction at its size vanished beneath the flood of his woes.

Sunday found him plunged in gloom. He climbed wearily into the barn loft at the hour when other children were in Sunday school, and occupied some time in a review of the evidence that Fate was against him. Life had brought him only suffering, he

concluded, and he was destined to be the helpless sport of circumstance.

The thought that he might retrieve his financial losses was dismissed. His private fortune at no time had exceeded a nickel, and now he had no nickel. He descended from his retreat at length, unrefreshed in spirit, and sought refuge from his sorrows in a book.

He returned to school the next morning, attired in his best suit. The outfit that he had worn in his service under Wamley was a ruin, past repair. The boys in the school yard displayed a lively interest in his improved attire, and he consented to display the knob on his head to a select few whom he counted his friends. He did not linger long outdoors, however, and amazed Miss Meaney by occupying his seat a full ten minutes before school convened.

The girl with the brown braids was already in the class room, busying herself with those small duties in which female children delight. She passed his desk many times, on ostentatious errands, but he refused to look up. Once she hesitated beside him, and seemed about to speak. He hastily stooped to adjust his shoe string, and after a moment she passed on.

He kept his eyes averted from her throughout the session. A stubborn resolve to break the bond that held him to her had taken possession of his mind.

Once, when he stood up to recite, his eyes met hers. She was turned half around in her seat, looking at him with deep and friendly interest. He flushed, stuttered, and lost track of his remarks, finally dropping to his seat in confession of failure. He did not look up again until school was dismissed.

He saw her blue dress up the street before him, after school—she was wearing blue that day—and he made a detour through an alley to avoid her.

"Positively," said his mother, that night, "the child has not smiled since he broke Wamley's china."

"Wamley," commented his father, "ought to be horsewhipped."

Philip stared listlessly out of the window.

"Been having a pretty rough time, haven't you, son?" said the man.

"Uh, huh," agreed Philip listlessly.

"Well, I guess that's so," said the father. "To-morrow's your birthday, and I guess you'd better cheer up."

He dived in his trousers pocket.

"Here, this'll help, maybe."

Philip stared. His father's hand was outstretched, and in it was money—a quarter and a half dollar!

He sat transfixed for a moment, and then, suddenly, his pall of care dropped from him.

"Oh, pa!" he cried.

He threw himself upon his father and flung his arms about his neck. In another instant he was speeding out the door, the money in his hand. The father wiped the moist remainder of a kiss from his cheek.

"I think that's the first time the boy ever did that in his life," said the man in some embarrassment.

Early on his birthday morning Philip was astir. He sat up in bed and carefully lifted his pillow. Beneath it was an oblong package which he viewed with unspeakable satisfaction. It had beautiful flowers on it and was tied with gold cord. He picked it up and examined it for the twentieth time, turning it over and over, and stopping to read the boldly penciled inscription on the bottom:

"75c."

Finally, putting down the box of candy, he collected his clothing from the floor and dressed himself with care. When his toilet was completed he issued forth into the street, concealing the package under his coat. He whistled gayly, though much out of tune, as he trod the route to Washington Street and the brick house where the new girl lived. His heart was uplifted with the conviction that no boy in Crayville, and very likely none even in great cities, had ever bestowed so impressive a gift upon a girl.

Thus cheerfully occupied, he descried Louie Born in the distance. Louie was bearing a pitcher which he struck from time to time against the stone sidewalk, producing a pleasant ringing sound.

As they approached Philip tucked his parcel farther up inside his coat. Louie noted it immediately.

"What you got?" he demanded.

"Oh, something," said Philip. "I got to take something to a house up here. Where are you going?"

"After some milk."

Their ways lay together and Louie fell

alongside, eying the lump under the other's coat. Philip was at first inclined to be annoyed. Then he reflected that Louie might prove to be a valuable supporting force or rearguard, and he was beginning to feel conscious of the need of some such aid. He was already hoping that her father or mother would answer his ring.

"Is it here?" said Louie, as they stopped before the brick house. "Here's where the new girl lives. Do you know her?"

"No—this is just for her father. I got to take this bundle to him."

He blocked Louie's move to accompany him to the door.

"You just wait there a second," he said. "I'll be out in a minute."

His feet made an unconscionable racket as he crossed the porch. A wild hope that she had not yet awakened surged through him as he turned the handle of the old-fashioned door bell. He knew he would make a mess of his errand should she answer his ring.

The door knob rattled and turned. It seemed an age before the door swung open, but his paralyzed legs refused to obey the impulse to turn and flee.

He gasped and gulped at the sweet-faced little girl who appeared before him. She was wearing a silky white jacket of a type that he had never seen before, and her hair was loosely coiled upon her head after a grown-up fashion. She smiled at him, pleasantly.

"Good morning, Philip," she said.

The discovery that she knew his name completely demoralized him. He had never thought about that.

"I—uh," he began, "I—uh——"

His throat was strangely constricted and he turned away for relief. Louie Born was standing at the curb, deeply absorbed in the scene on the porch. He had deposited his pitcher in the grass and stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his face very serious and intent.

"I—uh," said Philip again, turning his eyes helplessly to the roof.

He was holding the Paris Bon Bons stiffly out before him. He remembered as he struggled for further utterance that he had forgotten to place his name upon the box.

"Was this for me?" inquired the girl, glancing at the elaborately decorated package.

He looked at her appealingly. If only she would take the gift, step inside and shut the door, all would be well. Instead, she remained there with that little inquiring smile upon her lips, waiting for him to speak. He felt that his face was crimson, and that his knees were quaking visibly.

He opened his mouth in another trial at speech, and produced no sound. He thought of Louie, standing outside and watching every move. It was then that an inspiration came to him, bringing with it restoration of his voice.

"I—it's for y-you," he stammered. "L-Louie, he asked me to give this to you. It's a present from him. He—he didn't want to come in himself. He——"

Philip again became inarticulate as he backed down the steps. She had the box of candy in her hands, and was dimpling with pleasure.

"Thank you, Louie," she called from the doorway.

With the landscape dancing giddily before him, Philip stumbled away, leaving Louie astounded and gaping on the curb. It was not until he reached the corner that he turned for one last look.

"Oh—oh, gee!" he groaned.

Louie Born was standing on the porch of her home, ringing the door bell. The resourceful Louie was going in to investigate.

The door swung open, and Louie stepped inside.

It was a long half hour that Philip waited, there on the street corner. He sat on the curbstone, his chin on his knees and his hands clenched together before him. Rage filled his heart as he looked at the big brick house which his own folly had opened to Louie Born.

At last Louie emerged. He took his cap from his pocket, put it on, and removed it again by way of parting salute.

"Good-by," Philip heard him say.

"Good-by," came the girl's voice from within.

Louie came down the steps, picked up his pitcher from the grass, and started jauntily on his way. His cap was far back on his head and his face was alight with satisfaction.

Philip came swiftly up behind him.

"Say, you!" he called.

Louie turned, and took a startled backward step. Philip, his head thrust for-

ward, his fists doubled, clearly was prepared for combat.

"What's the matter, anyhow?" demanded Louie.

"I'll show you," announced Philip, continuing his advance. "I'll learn you! What'd you say in there?"

He was walking on tiptoe, his knees bent and his body drawn into a crouch. Louie was appalled.

"Looky here, darn it," he said, "what you want to act that way for? I ain't done anything."

"What'd you say in there?" repeated Philip, beginning to prance in a manner suggestive of Indian warfare.

It was no time to temporize.

"I—why," said Louie, backing rapidly. "I just went in and she give me some of that candy and——"

The sentence never was finished. Philip centered all his power behind one round, hard fist, and smote Louie on the nose.

"Ate my candy!" he howled. "I'll learn you!"

He leaped upon his victim, and seized him by the hair. Rules for personal combat as laid down by the late Marquis of Queensbury were unknown to Philip, but his methods were effective. Louie sank limply to the ground, and his enemy fell upon him. The iron-stone china pitcher lay beside them, shattered into bits.

The conflict was brief and one-sided. Thirty seconds after the beginning of hostilities Louie emerged from beneath his assailant and proceeded up the street, roaring loudly. His face was streaked with dust and tears, and his nose was bleeding freely. His short trousers were torn up the leg, and one stocking hung down over his shoe. He was a ruin of a boy.


Philip, panting from his exertions, raised his voice.

"And you'll get it when you get home," he shouted, "for bustin' your mother's pitcher and not gettin' the milk."

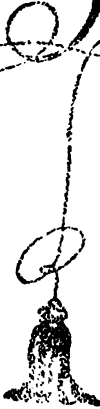

Louie turned his battered face, awry with weeping, and shook his fist. Philip made a threatening movement, and the vanquished foe dodged into an alley.

"I learned him," muttered Philip.

Then he set out for home. He refused to look as he passed the new girl's house, but kept his eyes fixed straight before him. He, too, had learned his lesson. He was through with girls—forever.



Plays and Players



IN one breath we hear that George M. Cohan, at the age of thirty-three, has piled up a fortune of near half a million dollars by writing songs and shows which entertain the American public. In the next breath we read by the hand of eminent critics that George M. Cohan is "vulgar," "trashy."

There is something very annoying here. Mr. Cohan is not a genius who, Ibsen-like, can pervert the taste of an entire people. He is a business man, head of a successful business organization, dealing in a commodity which the American public wishes to purchase. If Cohan is vulgar, then the American public must be vulgar. It requires a vulgarian to appreciate a vulgar show.

(I am using the word vulgar for my own purpose, as you will later see. It *has* been applied to Mr. Cohan's work by two prominent critics; but, in the common sense in which the word vulgar is used, it is only fair to Mr. Cohan to say that not a line of any play of his—so far as I am aware—contains a single suggestion of smut. Really, the word "vulgar" is from the patrician Latin tongue, and means "of the crowd." In this sense, Mr. Cohan's energetically earned fortune proves him to be a vulgar writer. The crowds have patronized his shows.)

The critics, on the other hand, may have attended his shows but they have not actually seen his shows. In other words, theirs is the ancient stubbornness of intellect refusing to use common sense—so a critic naturally calls Mr. Cohan and his crowds vulgar. A critic at a play almost invariably uses his intellect to the exclusion of all else; outside of the theater—at a delicatessen store or crating up his furni-

ture—his common sense is apt to overcome him like a burst of sunshine.

Precisely the reason that the American public patronizes a Cohan show (and that a critic does not) is that it *is* employing its common sense. It could not employ its intellect, perhaps because it possesses no intellect. Again, perhaps it possesses no intellect because as yet it has not been educated enough. It may have gone through, say, two years of its college course in intellectual training, but it has a good many more years to go before it will become a nation of intellects.

The American public is a sophomore, whereas an intellectual is a post graduate with a Chinese alphabet of letters after his name, signifying Comprehensions Accomplished.

The definition of a sophomore is, a Person Who Thinks He Knows It All. The definition of an intellectual is, a Person Who Knows He Knows It All.

I am perfectly willing to admit that the American nation is *en masse* a nation of sophomores. But the man who says this is a nation of trashy vulgarians—who says that I am a vulgarian and you are a vulgarian—says something hastily which he does not mean. There is nothing in the sophomore necessarily low, coarse, or base. To be sure he is apt to be a calf.

He is slangy: he is boastful. This is one reason George Cohan so well interests him. Cohan puts on the stage what is outside in the American street:

"A Yank with a sort of a twang,
Who uses a bit of slang,
Is just my idea of a nobleman,"

sings one of his ingénue characters. This is honestly and truly American thought.

"Idea" by the way is pronounced "ideer"—which is just the way a sophomore would pronounce it.

If you are to interpret the time in which you live—and nobody can sensibly ask more of you—you can best do it by bringing in off the streets the life of your time. Put it down in your little book, or in your marvelous play. As Shaw says, if your audience is hailing taxicabs out front (because it cannot endure your drama any longer) don't bring a hansom on the stage and think you are interpreting the life of your period.

Cohan's apostrophes to the flag as a "grand old rag," et cetera, are sophomoric and appeal strongly to the sophomoric patriotism of the United States. This does not mean that the American is not a sincere and even spiritual patriot. It means that he is not an intellectual patriot. Thank Heaven.

We have been much assailed as a nation of vulgar money grabbers. Again I think we do not grab our money in the sordid way. We grab it as a sophomore grabs money from his dad. As Cohan puts it in his song entitled "M-O-N-E-Y":

When you've money, Rector's try—
When you're broke, it's milk and pie.

Aisy come, aisy go. That is the motto of Americans of average caliber. Even in soulful economic discussions of the high-cost-of-living it is admitted that one reason the American is poor is because he insists on living well. As for Cohan's other lines in the same song:

I wonder what we wouldn't do for money.
The only thing we have in view is money—

apply them to France.

However, we need not stick to the topics of which Mr. Cohan treats. We are pretty sure to find this sophomorphism in almost all institutions supported by the American public.

Our Puritanism, at which the Old World sneers, is mainly sophomoric. It, again, is the Morality Which Knows It All. You would scarcely call a nation trashy (you might call it other names) which sent Maxim Gorky bouncing from its shores. Or which refused vaudeville bookings to the Binford woman in the Virginia murder case.

Our indulgence in the superlative is sophomoric. "Joseph Beef has written the

greatest play"—"Charles Mortimer Ox is the most wonderful actor"—"There will never be another beauty so peerlessly entrancing as Lillian Primp"—"The greatest population in the world"—"The tallest skyscraper," and so on. I have stood on a campus and heard a sophomore do the same thing. He said to me: "Hans Lump can punt farther than any guy that ever lived." And the beauty of it was that Hans couldn't.

Our politics is packed with sophomores, who howl sophomoric twaddle to gaping audiences of other sophomores. "Ladies and gentlemen, I stand before you, dedicated to uplift our glorious galaxy of states (gesture of uplifting the galaxy, as taught him by Prof. Castor K. Quickbosh at one dollar a lesson).

The sight is a silly one, of course, but it is doubtful if our intellectuals could improve upon the scene. Certainly they have not done it so far. The most effective men, too, that we have had in politics for years (most effective for the people, that is) have been men of sublimely, superbly, sloppily sophomoric qualities—men such as Roosevelt, Bryan, LaFollette.

Our newspapers have this same attribute. "Owing to the untiring efforts of *The World*—(or *The American*, or *The Yip*, as the case may be)—we have at last obtained dollar gas." The entirely unnecessary braggadocio which convinces nobody and simply illustrates the natural exuberance of the nation itself.

In our dress we are sophomores. Our trousers must be a little peggier at the tops; our shoes a little bull-doggier; our hobble skirts much more too much hobble—and so forth, all because we are two-year-olds in taste.

And it doesn't hurt the nation a single bit. Neither does George Cohan.

To my mind, Cohan is seriously to be considered just because he does reflect his period, accurately, in all its boyish exuberance and love of "trash."

"THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE"

In fact, I think the common-sense people will all be rather glad to go see Mr. Cohan himself again in his new play, "The Little Millionaire." They are sure to enjoy the grotesque dancing of Cohan, the slangy humor of some of the lines and situations, and several good songs, such as the "Bungalow Song," "Any Place the Old Flag Flies,"

and "The Dancing Wedding." It is a typical, good Cohan show.

"A SINGLE MAN"—THE EMPIRE

John drew. John began drawing, goodness knows how many years ago, and he is drawing it yet. I am not speaking of houses, though you may be sure he does that, too. I am speaking of The Character.

The Character is an immaculate man in clothes, who bulges his muscles at the villain but restrains himself because there are ladies present; and who gives unclay advice to young girls in situations; and who does repartee in an Alpine hat; and who generally has one solid six-minute speech in which he caps the climax, before John draws the drama to a clothes. People are always complaining that the plays in which Mr. Drew appears are colorless. This is because they think black is not a color. But it has been dem-

onstrated by a French scientist who is now in the bug ward of the Salpêtrière that black is chock-full of colors. Anyway, if evening clothes for men are black, John Drew's plays are the veriest black of propriety, and not colorless at all.

No more colorless, any of them, than his present drawing card, "The Single Man," written by Henry Hubert Davies. This is the pleasant tale of a literary man of wealth—and those who deny John the ambition to essay parts demanding imagination may

ponder this—*Robin Worthington*, who has reached the mature age of forty odd, who suddenly decides that he will marry, and who picks out a young girl, *Maggie Cottrell* (Carroll McComas) for his bride. Maggie is eighteen, and with the pleasant humor of youth, insists upon the rheumatic and somewhat stiff-jointed *Robin* joining her in all her sports. Meantime, it becomes evident

that *Robin* is really in love, although he doesn't know it, with his secretary, *Miss Hestline* (Mary Boland), who is decidedly in love with him. Only *Maggie's* giving him "the chuck"—latest imported slang for the time-honored "mitten"—saves this tragic situation. The comedy is very pretty, very pleasant, very nicely written, constructed with a good deal of dramatic skill up to the fourth act, which is, well, not up to the others. The performance is not particularly good, except for John Drew. It is as absurd for good, honest,

American actors to try to play purely English rôles, as it is for good, honest, English actors to try to play purely American rôles—a point of view that never seems to have dawned upon the mental horizon of some producing managers.

"THE SIREN"—KNICKERBOCKER

Though Donald Brian is starred in this show, he is not the siren. It is necessary in these days of female impersonators to make this announcement. No. He plays



GEORGE M. COHAN AND HIS FAMILY.

the part of a writer who gets into trouble. Writers are always getting into trouble, but it seldom turns out as happily in real life as it does on the musical-comedy stage. Mr. Brian is the *Marquis* (oh, pronounce it any old way!) *de Ravallac* (same here). He had written some sarcastic and anonymous pamphlets against the Austrian Emperor. A Minister of Police is put on his trail to slooch him out of his anonymity into the harsh daylight of an imperial dungeon one hundred feet underground. The wily bloodhound of the law employed a musical-comedy siren to lure the *Marquis* into confession. He was captured, but he was pardoned. He believed, of course, that the siren who betrayed him was the one he had fallen in love with. But he was mistaken. *Lolotte* (Mary is a grand old name) had not betrayed him. So they had a few duets and dances and things and in the final act all were happy. Julia Sanderson was Mr. Brian's dancing partner this time. Will West and Frank Moulan supplied comedy. The piece is tuneful and Viennese; music by Leo Fall and book by Harry B. Smith.

"PINAFORE"—
THE CASINO

New York is reviving all-star cast plays by Gilbert and Sullivan, and the trashy American populace is crowding into the playhouse to see them. Of course, this gives the critic a chance to point to the inane musical show of to-day and to weep for the good old times. It seems a little bit incongruous to a man in 1911 to weep for those times, when we can have all the good things of those old times (with-

failures) and in addition can have all the good things of our own day. To be sure, that is taking the wide presumption that the brainless idiots of to-day may by a miracle build something good. Really if we must weep over something I would prefer to weep over the good old future to come. My wail is that I want to see the dramas and airships of 2011. It's neither here nor there with me—but yonder.

The point about Gilbert and Sullivan is that this sort of genius must travel in pairs. The great joys of the world seem to travel that way, anyhow. Sulphur and treacle; flora and fauna; hills and dales; He and She. If Victor Herbert had a librettist worthy of his music—a pen worthy of his violin—each would have risen to the other's gayety of soul and worked out masterpieces. Anyway, thirty years from now the weepers will be weeping back for oh, another Herbert!

The Gilbert and Sullivan revival has brought out—I almost said revived—another good thing. Delicious Fay Templeton. She's the dear little buttercup, sweet little buttercup, in "Pinafore."

"DISRAELI"

When I first heard that Louis N. Parker had chosen Disraeli for the hero of a drama I wondered what the playwright had found in the character to heroize. Disraeli, according to inner history, was a rather despicable hand-licking politician who had his one or two grand moments. However, Mr. Parker has not dramatized an eminent sneak. He has chosen to fictionalize over his



GEORGE M. COHAN IN ONE OF HIS
CHARACTERISTIC DANCES.



ROSE STAHL IN "MAGGIE PEPPER."
 ROSE STAHL AND LEE KOHLMAR AS
 JAKE ROTHSCHILD (ABOVE). MISS
 STAHL AND FREDERICK TRUESDELL
 AS JOE HOLBROOK (BELOW).



THE GRACEFUL, COMELY
THE TUNEFUL.

BEVY OF CHORUS GIRLS IN
PLEASANT "SIREN."

character and to invent, with his writer brain, a series of incidents showing Disraeli in the light of a magnanimous and romantic man. The plot hinges on the procuring by England of a controlling interest in the Suez Canal, and the dramatic interest is obtained by means of a fictitious Russian intrigue, led by a beautiful and daring Russian woman, to prevent England's success.

It is enough to say that Mr. George Arliss is playing the title rôle to insure that the character becomes an historical stage portrait, along with



Mansfield's *Beau*. Mr. Arliss displays in this part his usual fine tact and nicety of genius; and you who love superlative acting—acting that begins at a man's finger tips, courses and ends at his finger tips—acting that conceals acting, can give yourselves an extraordinary treat by seeing Mr. Arliss in his latest rôle.

"MAGGIE PEPPER"

The first important production of the season was Charles Klein's play, "Maggie Pepper," in which Rose Stahl is starring successfully. The play is important because of Mr. Klein's preëminence in our modern flourishing school of American playwrights. Unfortunately, "Maggie Pepper" is marred by all of the temperamental faults and has none of the virtues of purpose which characterized the author's previous plays. In "The Lion and the Mouse" and in subsequent dramas,

DONALD BRIAN AND
JULIA SANDERSON IN
"THE SIREN."

Mr. Klein sought to present vital aspects of American life, endeavoring to interpret them and to suggest a remedy for them. His remedies were usually sentimental rather than intelligent. In "Maggie Pepper" he is not animated by the purpose which distinguished his previous work. In fact, this play seems more of a job than a bit of conscientious dramatic writing. He was given the task of fitting a star with a part and his star was about the most difficult subject to fit on the American stage.

Miss Stahl's success has been achieved largely through the medium of her voice. Her art of acting is almost purely vocal. So you see, the problem of building a play for such an actress was not an easy one. So far as producing a play to fit goes, Mr. Klein has been successful. He has given Miss Stahl the character of a shop girl—honest, shrewd, ambitious, cynical. The portrait is extraordinary in its effectiveness, but the things the shop girl has to do in addition to being a shop girl, are almost

ludicrous. In the course of two and one half hours she saves more souls than the average human being shakes hands with in a lifetime.

The play is a decided disappointment—melodramatic, sentimental, and with all its painful efforts to be realistic, it is strikingly unconvincing. The performance is excellent, particularly the part of the Jewish traveling salesman, *Jake Rothschild*, played by Lee Kohlmar splendidly.

The play is successful, its audiences are large and apparently satisfied. But that satisfaction is due much more to Miss Stahl than to Mr. Klein.

"SPEED"

In a comedy called, "Speed," Lee Wilson Dodd seeks to present a picture of the influence upon a moderately well-to-do household of the automobile craze. The family is divided against itself; expenses are greater than the income; the husband is led into speculation; the wife is estranged; the



MURIEL STARR, FAY WALLACE, BEN JOHNSON, EDMUND BREESE AND RALPH DELMORE
IN "A MAN OF HONOR."



ELSIE LESLIE, IAN MACLAREN AND GEORGE ARLISS IN "DISRAELI."

child is neglected—all because of the mania for bigger and more rapid motor cars. At the last moment, by a lucky fluke on the stock exchange, all the difficulties and disagreements are healed, but—the little boy is still neglected.

Mr. Dodd's play is worthy of serious consideration not so much for what he has achieved, as for what he has attempted. His comedy is not well thought out and it is frequently marred by theatrical devices whose novelty does not commend them. On the other hand, he has seriously endeavored to present a phase of our life realistically and his attempt is not altogether a failure. The production is noteworthy for the remarkable acting of Oza Waldrop as a young wife—a rôle to which she brings intelligence of a high order and splendid acting ability.

"MODERN MARRIAGE"

In "Modern Marriage," a play by Harrison Rhoades, Cyril Scott is being featured. An attempt is made to present "the cold gray dawn of the morning after" of the feminist movement. The heroine marries a young lawyer who pretends that he is the author of a book on the relations of the sexes entitled "Modern Marriage," which is the vogue of all the fashionable new women. After they are married he puts

into practice the principles laid down in this book which, by the by, is by a [spinster of fifty who has made her reputation by writing books for children and has to conceal her identity lest the acknowledged authorship of "Modern Marriage" would ruin the sale of her goody-goody books. The husband becomes the chief aid and guide of all the feminists in New York, and his wife rapidly develops a case of acute jealousy which leads to their estrangement. Reconciliation is effected by his confession of being not only not the author of the book but a particularly old-fashioned man.

The comedy is amusing at times, but is neither particularly brilliant nor particularly truthful, and is not well written. The playing of the young wife by Emily Stearns is effective.

"FEMALE IMPERSONATOR"

The nearest I ever got to being a psychologist was that I used to sit in front of a whirling disk and pick the wrong color. I am not referring to roulette. I am referring to the way they make psychologists of you in a laboratory. If I were a psychologist I presume I would know why people go to see a "female impersonator." As I am not, I can only sum it up thus:

People go. I don't.



MARY BOLAND AND
JOHN DREW IN THE
PROPOSAL SCENE IN
"A SINGLE MAN."

IVAN SIMPSON AND MR. DREW.

LOUISE DREW.

My blundering process of reasoning runs—why should I watch a man try to look like a musical-comedy lady when, with all the patience in my soul, I cannot even abide the musical-comedy lady herself? If the real thing is so exquisitely tiresome to me, why should I try to gaze in rapture at an imitation?

Women tell me they go in order to see where the impersonator falls down, slips a cog, slurs a note. Men tell me they go because, in these new-fangled days of women's rights, they have to run along and buy the tickets and see that no other man insults their wives to, in, or from the theater. And all that sort of thing. Again I don't know. Sometimes I feel like calling to Max Nordau for help; and again sometimes I don't really believe it is worth while bothering.

At the present time there are several of these "female impersonators" abroad in the land. Notably Mr. Julian Eltinge in his musical show "The Fascinating Widow."

If you can overcome that faint, indescribable nausea—why, by all means go and see such shows. I am sure the women will. Because they have different ideas of what constitutes nausea.

"THE KISS WALTZ"

You will not have to overcome that feeling when you go to see the "Kiss Waltz," a tuneful compilation with music that ranges from Vienna to Broadway and Forty-second Street and lyrics that range in time from verdant youth to hoary, palsied age. If you are the "tired business man," this will show you exactly the measure of your intellect between half past eight and eleven o'clock at night. It is to be hoped that you will not take it too seriously, although a score of clever and hardened musical comedy stars and a girly-girly chorus of the girliest variety will work hard, nay violently, to convince you.

"A MAN OF HONOR"

Edmund Breese is being starred in a play entitled "A Man of Honor," the story of a judge who is tempted by a big corporation through the medium of his son and who, in the fire of temptation, proves that his honor is pure. Incidentally, few of his family, friends, acquaintances, fellow citizens and enemies have any at all. Also, not one of these people has ever had a

real hearty laugh in his life. For that alone they deserve the sentence passed on them by the author—to listen for as long as may please the public to two hours of preaching, platitudes and morality six nights and two afternoons per week. It seems a pity that these actors have to endure this penalty.

Edmund Breese, who plays *Judge Kingsley*, the man of honor, brings to his rôle acting powers somewhat crude, but in their way unrivaled on the American stage for vigor, skill and sincerity. He almost humanizes the judge and plays one scene with such real power that stirs even the hardened theater patron. His support is loyal and adequate. It is too bad that the play itself is not worthy of its actors or its presentation.

THE HIPPODROME

There is a real thrill in "Around the World" at the Hippodrome when real camels and real Arabs flee before the nearest approach to a real sand storm on the Sahara Desert that a theater has ever produced. To be sure, the palms in the distant oasis are only three feet high and when the storm is at its worst you can see the wires which cause these same palms to bow before the tempest. Yet you are thrilled—and with a much more civilized thrill than comes to those barbaric people who flock to see a fool man jump off a mast into a dishpanful of water. Isn't it a survival of the cave man—this eagerness to see if the jumper may be killed? If you are a cave spirit still there are a couple of acts in this same show to make the judicious grieve. The story of the play is simple: Thieves steal a jewel and flee around the world. The owners of the jewel and certain friends chase the thieves from New York to London, Switzerland, Egypt, Turkey—or, take a map of the world! Incidentally they attend the Durbar and are almost wrecked in mid-ocean aboard a ship that looks as big as a steam yacht.

"SNOBS"

Frank Mackintyre is appearing successfully as *Henry Disney*, a milkman who becomes a duke, in "Snobs," by George Bronson Howard. Mr. Howard's comedy is light in the extreme, but affords Mr. Mackintyre an opportunity for his powers for broad comedy, approaching the burlesque, of which he takes full advantage.



The CARPET from BAGDAD

By **Harold MacGrath**

Author of "The Man on the Box," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

George Percival Algernon Jones goes abroad to represent a rug house. In December, 1909, at a Cairo hotel he meets a dilapidated stranger who calls himself "Ryenne" who has stolen the "Holy Yhiordes," a sacred rug from the Pasha of Bagdad, to whose care it was intrusted by the Turkish Sultan. Jones buys the rug. Meanwhile, Mahomed, custodian of the rug, trails Ryenne to Cairo. Fortune Chedsoye, her mother and uncle, the major, arrive at the hotel. Ryenne has been identified with the mother and major in past mysterious doings, but he loves Fortune, a pure girl. Mahomed, by a trick, kidnaps Ryenne. Jones and Fortune and starts across the desert for Bagdad with them. Mahomed offers their freedom for the return of the rug. Fortune surprises her companion captives by telling them that she stole the rug to prevent trouble and that it is hidden in her steamer roll. They send a messenger to Fortune's mother to return the rug, but it is too late. She and the major have sailed for New York. Fortune overhears a conversation between Jones and Ryenne in which Ryenne tells that Fortune's mother is a smuggler and the major a card sharp. Fortune denounces her mother and the major and swears she will quit them forever. Fortune's mother and the major find Fortune missing, but go on to New York, where they have tricked the agent in charge of Jones's home in allowing them to take possession of the house temporarily. Meantime, Fortune, Jones and Ryenne are rescued by a caravan under command of Henry Ackermann, an English rug buyer, and brought to Damascus. The first installments of "The Carpet from Bagdad" appeared in the *Columbian Magazine*, and the final chapters are published in this issue of the HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T CARE

IT was the first of February when Ackermann's caravan drew into the ancient city of Damascus. That part of the caravan deserted by Mahomed put out for Cairo immediately they struck the regular camelway. Fortune, George and Ryenne were in a pitiable condition, heart and body weary, in rags and tatters. George, now that the haven was assured, dropped his forced buoyancy, his prattle, his jests. He had done all a mortal man could do to keep up the spirits of his co-unfortunates; and he saw that, most of the time, he had wasted

his talents. Ryenne, sullen and morose, often told him to "shut up." And Fortune viewed his attempts without sensing them, and frequently looked at him without seeing him.

Now, all this was not particularly comforting to the man who loved her and was doing what he could do lighten the dreariness of the journey. He made allowances, however, besides suffering unusual privations; Fortune had had a frightful mental shock. A girl of her depth of character could not be expected to rise immediately to the old level. Sometimes, while gathered about the evening fire, he would look up to find her sad eyes staring at him, and it mattered not if he stared in return; a kind of

clairvoyance blurred visibilities, for she was generally looking into her garden at Mentone and wondering when this horrible dream would pass. Subjects for conversation were exhausted in no time.

Ackermann had given them up as hopeless. He was a strong, vain, domineering man, kindly at heart, however, but impatient. When he told a story, he demanded the attention of all; so, when Rynne yawned before his eyes, and George drew pictures in the sand, and the girl fell asleep with her head upon her knees, he drew off abruptly and left them to their own devices. He had crossed and recrossed the silences so often that he was no longer capable of judging accurately another man's mental processes. That they had had a strange and numbing experience he readily understood; but now that they were out of duress and headed for the coast, he saw no reason why they should not act like human beings.

In Damascus the trio presented themselves at the one decent hotel, and but for Ackermann's charges upon the manager, it is doubtful if he would have accepted them as guests; for a more suspicious-looking trio he had never set eyes upon. (A hotel man weighs a person by the quality of his clothes.) Moreover, they carried no luggage. Ackermann went sponsor; and knowing something of the integrity of the rug hunter, the manager surrendered. And when George presented his letter of credit at the Imperial Ottoman Bank, again it was Ackermann who vouched for him. It had been agreed to say nothing of the character of their adventure. None of them wanted to be followed by curious eyes.

With a handful of British gold in his pocket, George faced the future hopefully. He took his companions in and about town, hunting the shops for clothing which after various difficulties they succeeded in finding. It was ill-fitting and cheap, but it would serve till they reached either Alexandria or Naples.

"How are you fixed?" asked Rynne, gloomily surveying George's shoddy cotton-wool suit.

"Cash in hand?"

"Yes."

"About four hundred pounds. At Naples I can cable. Do you want any?"

"Would you mind advancing me two months' salary?"

"Rynne, do you really mean to stick to that proposition?"

"It's on my mind just now."

"Well, we'll go back to the bank and I'll draw a hundred pounds for you. You can pay your own expenses as we go. But what are we going to do in regard to Fortune?"

"See that she gets safely back to Mentone."

"Suppose she will not go there?"

"It's up to you, Percival; it's all up to you. You're the gay Lochinvar from the west. I'm not sure—no one ever is regarding a woman—but I think she'll listen to you. She wouldn't give an ear to a scallawag like me. This caravan business has put me outside the pale. I've lost caste."

"You're only desperate and discouraged; you can pull up straight."

"Much obliged!"

"A bottle or two will not hurt any of us. We'll ask Ackermann. For God knows where we'd have been to-day but for him. And let him do all the yarning. It will please him."

The dinner was an event. No delicacy (mostly canned) was overlooked. The manager, as he heard the guineas jingle in George's pocket, was filled with shame, not over his original doubts, but relative to his lack of perception. The tourists who sat at the other tables were scandalized at the popping of champagne corks. Sanctimonious faces glared reproof. A jovial spirit in the Holy Land was an anachronism not to be tolerated. And wine! Horrible!

Even Fortune laughed, though Rynne's ear, keenest then, detected the vague note of hysteria. If the meat was tough, the potatoes greasy, the vegetables flavorless, the wine flat, none of them appeared to be aware of it. If Ackermann could talk he could also eat, and the clatter of forks and knives was the theme rather than the variation to the symphony.

George felt himself drawn deeper and deeper into those magic waters from which, as in death, there is no return. She was so lonely, so sad and forlorn, that there was as much brother as lover in his sympathy. How patient she had been during all those inconceivable hardships! How brave and steady; and never a murmur!

He had not spoken again about old Mortimer. He would wait till after he had sent a long cable. Then he would speak and show her the answer, of which he had



"HE WAS NOW WHAT HE HAD BEEN TWO MONTHS AGO, THE MAN WHO DIDN'T CARE."

not a particle of doubt. As matters now stood, he could not tell her that he loved her; his quixotic sense of chivalry was too strong to permit this step, urge as his heart might upon it. She might misinterpret his

love as born of pity, and that would be the end of everything.

George concluded that he must acquire patience. She was far too loyal to run away without first giving him warning. In the

event of her refusing Mortimer's roof and protection, he knew what his plans would be. Some one else could do the buying for Mortimer & Jones, his business would be to revolve round this lonely girl, to watch and guard her without her being aware of it.

That mother of hers! To his mind it was positively unreal that one so charming and lovely should be at heart strong as the wind and merciless as the sea. His mother had been everything; hers, worse than none, an eternal question. What a drama she had moved about in without understanding!

George did not possess that easy and adjustable sophistry which made Ryanne look upon smuggling as a clever game between two cheats. His point of view coincided with Fortune's; it was thievery, more or less condoned, but the ethics covering it were soundly established.

All these cogitations passed through his mind disjointedly, as the dinner progressed toward its end. They bade Ackermann good-by and godspeed, as he was to leave early for Beirut, upon his way to Smyrna. Fortune went to bed; Ryanne sought the billiard room and knocked about the balls, while George asked the manager if he could send a cable from the hotel. Certainly he could. It took some time to compose the cable to Mortimer; and it required some gold besides. Mortimer must have a fair view of the case; and George presented it, requesting a reply to be sent to Cook's in Naples, where they expected to be within ten days.

"How much will this be?"

The porter got out his telegraph book and studied the rates carefully.

"Twelve pounds and six, sir."

The porter greeted each sovereign with a genuflection, the lowest being the twelfth. George pocketed the receipt and went in search of Ryanne.

But that gentleman was no longer in the billiard room. Indeed, he had gone quietly to the other hotel and written a cable himself, the code of which was not to be found in any book. For a long time he seemed to be in doubt, for he folded and refolded his message half a dozen times before his actions became decisive. He tore it up and threw the scraps upon the floor and hastened into the street, as if away from temptation. He walked fast and indirectly,

smoking innumerable cigarettes. He was fighting, and fighting hard, the evil in him against the good, the chances of the future against the irreclaimable past.

At the end of an hour he returned to the strange hotel. He rewrote his cable and paid for the sending of it. Then he poked about the unfamiliar corridors till he found the dingy bar. He sat down before a peg of whisky, which was followed by many more, each a bit stiffer than its predecessor. At last, when he had had enough to put a normal man's head upon the table or to cover his face with the mask of inanity, Ryanne fell into the old habit of talking aloud.

"Horace, old top, what's the use? We'd just like to be good if we could, eh? But they won't let us. We'd grow raving mad in a monastery. We were honest at the time, but we couldn't stand the monotony of watching green olives turn purple upon the silvery bough. Nay, nay!"

He pushed the glass away from him and studied the air bubbles as they formed, rose to the surface, and were dissipated.

"No matter what the game has been, somehow or other, they've bashed us, and we've lost out."

He drank once more, dropped a half-sovereign upon the table, and pushed back his chair. His eyes were bloodshot now, and the brown of his skin had become a slaty tint; but he walked steadily enough into the reading room, where he wrote a short letter. It was not without a perverted sense of humor, for a smile twisted his lips till he had sealed the letter and addressed the envelope to George Percival Algernon Jones. He stuffed it into a pocket and went out whistling "The Heavy Dragoons" from the opera "Patience."

Before the lighted window of a shop he paused. He swayed a little. From a pocket of his new coat he pulled out a glove. It was gray and small and much wrinkled. From time to time he drew it through his fingers, staring the while at the tawdry trinkets in the shop window. Finally, he looked down at the token. He became very still. A moment passed; then he flung the glove into the gutter and proceeded to his own hotel. He left the letter with the porter, paid his bill, and went out again into the dark, chill night.

He was now what he had been two months ago, the man who didn't care.



"'WILL YOU COME FOR MY SAKE?' HE SAID. 'BECAUSE I AM LONELY AND WANT YOU?'"

CHAPTER XVIII

FORTUNE DECIDES

GEORGE and Fortune were seated at breakfast. It was early morning. At ten they were to depart for Jaffa to take the tubby French packet thence to Alexandria. They could just about make it, and any delay meant a week or ten days longer upon this ragged and inhospitable coast.

"Ryanne has probably overslept. After breakfast I'll go up and rout him out. The one thing that really tickles me,"

George continued, as he pared the tough rind from the skinny bacon, "is, we shan't have any luggage. Think of the blessing of traveling without a trunk or a valise or a steamer roll!"

And Fortune wondered how she should tell him. She was without any toilet articles. She hadn't even a toothbrush; and it was quite out of the question for her to bother him about such trifles, much as she needed them. She would have to live in the clothes she wore, and trust that the ship's stewardess might help her out in the absolute necessities.

Here the head waiter brought George a letter. The address was enough for George. No one but Rynanne could have written it. Without excusing himself, he ripped off the envelope and read the contents. Fortune could not resist watching him, for she grasped quickly that only Rynanne could have written a letter here in Damascus. At first the tan upon George's cheeks darkened—the sudden suffusion of blood; then it became lighter, and the mouth and eyes and nose became stern.

"Is it bad news?"

"It all depends upon how you look at it. For my part, good riddance to bad rubbish. Here, read it yourself."

She read:

MY DEAR PERCIVAL:

After all, I find that I cannot reconcile myself to the dullness of your olive groves. I shall send the five hundred to you when I reach New York. With me it is as it was with the devil. When he was sick, he vowed he would be a saint; but when he got well, devil a saint was he. There used to be a rhyme about it, but I have forgotten that. Anyhow, there you are. I feel that I am conceding a point in regard to the money. It is contrary to the laws and by-laws of the United Romance and Adventure Company to refund. Still, I intend to hold myself to it.

With hale affection,

RYANNE.

"What do you think of that?" demanded George hotly. "I never did a good action in my life that wasn't served ill. I'm a soft duffer, if there ever was one."

"I shall never be ungrateful for your kindness to me."

"Oh, hang it! You're different; you're not like any other woman in the world," he blurted; and immediately was seized with a mild species of fright.

Fortune stirred her coffee and delicately scooped up the swirling circles of foam.

"Old maids call that money," he said understandingly, eager to cover up his boldness. "My mother used to tell me that there were lots of wonders in a teacup."

"Tell me about your mother."

To him it was a theme never lacking in new expressions. When he spoke of his mother, it altered the clear and boyish note in his voice; it became subdued, reverent. He would never be aught than guileless; it was not in his nature to divine anything save his own impulses. While

he thought he was pleasing her, each tender recollection, each praise, was in fact a nail added to her crucifixion, self-imposed. However, she never lowered her eyes, but kept them bravely directed into his. In the midst of one of his panegyrics he caught sight of his watch which he had placed at the side of his plate.

"By Jove! quarter to nine. I've got an errand or two to do, and there's no need of your running your feet off on my account. I'll be back quarter after." He dug into his pocket and counted out fifty pounds in paper and gold. "You keep this till I get back."

She pushed it aside, half rising from her chair.

"Fortune, listen. Hereafter I am George, your brother George; and I do not want you ever to question any action of mine. I am leaving this money in case some accident befell me. You never can tell." He took her hand and firmly pressed it down upon the money. "In half an hour, sister, I'll be back. You did not think that I was going to run away?"

"No."

"Do you understand me now?"

"Yes."

George came in under the time limit of his adventure. He had been upon the most difficult errand imaginable, at least from a bachelor's point of view. He carried two handbags. One of these he deposited in Fortune's lap.

"Shall I open it?"

"If you wish."

She noted his embarrassment, and her immediate curiosity was not to be denied. She slipped the catch and looked inside. There were combs and brushes, soap and tooth powder and talc, a manicure set, a pair of soft woolen slippers, and . . . she glanced up quickly. The faintest rose stole under her cheeks. It was droll; it was pathetically funny. She would have given worlds to have seen him making the purchases.

Laughter overcame her. He laughed, too; not because the situation appealed to him as laughable, but because there was something, an indefinable something, in that laughter of hers that made him wonderfully happy.

In due time they arrived at Alexandria. There they found the great transatlantic liner, homeward bound.



"HER GLANCE STRAYED TO RYANNE. LOVE! LOVE A MAN SO WEAK!"

Ryanne would beat them to New York by ten days. He had picked up a boat of the P. & O. line at Port Said, sailing without stop to Marseilles. From there to Cherbourg was a trifling journey.

George knew the captain, and the captain not only knew George, but had known George's father before him. The young man went to the heart of the matter at

once, and when he had finished his remarkable tale, the captain lowered his cigar. It had gone out.

"And all this happened in the year 1909-1910! If anyone but you, Mr. Jones, had told me this, I'd have sent him ashore as a lunatic. You have reported it?"

"What good would it do? We are out of it, and that's enough. More, we do not

want anyone to know what we've been through. If the newspapers got hold of it, there would be no living."

"You leave it to me," said the big-hearted German. "From here to Naples she shall be as mine own daughter."

They were leaning against the starboard-rail, watching the slowly converging lights of the harbor. Fortune had borrowed a cloak from her stewardess and George wore the mufti of the first officer. The captain had offered his, but George had declined. He would have been lost in its ample folds.

"I cannot understand why they made no effort to find you," he mused.

"Don't you understand? It is simple. My mother believes that Horace and I ran away together. If not that, I ran away myself, as I that day threatened to do. In either case, she saw nothing could be done in trying to find out where I had gone. Perhaps she knows exactly what did happen. Doubtless she has sent on my things to Mentone, which, of course, I shall never see again. No, no! I cannot go back there. I have known the misery of suspense long enough." She lowered her head to the rail.

He came quite near to her. His arms went out toward her, only to drop down. He must wait. It was very hard. But nothing prevented his putting forth a hand to press hers reassuringly, and saying: "Don't do that, Fortune. It makes my heart ache to see a woman cry."

"I am not crying," came in muffled tones. "I am only sad, and tired, tired."

"Everything will come out all right in the end," he encouraged.

Both had seen the Vesuvian bay many times, with never-failing love and interest. They sailed across the bay in the bright clearness of the morning.

"You are going back with me," George announced in a tone which inferred that nothing more was to be said upon the subject. But, for all his confidence, there was a great and heavy fear upon his heart as he asked for mail at the little inclosure at Cook's, in the Galleria Vittoria. There was a cable; nothing more.

"Now, Fortune——"

"Have I ever given you permission to call me by that name?"

"Why——"

"Have I?"

"No."

"Then I give you that permission now."

"What do you frighten a man like that for?" he cried. "What I was going to say——"

"Fortune."

"What I was going to say, Fortune, was this: here is the cable from Mortimer. I'm not going to open it till after dinner to-night. We'll go up to the Bertolini to dine. You'll stay there for the night, while I put up at the Bristol, which is only a little way up the Corso. I'm not going to ask you a question till coffee. Then we'll thrash out the subject till there isn't a grain left."

She made no protest. Secretly she was pleased to be bullied like this. It proved that among all these swarming peoples there was one interested in her welfare. But she knew in her heart what she was going to say when the proper time came. She did not wish to spoil his dinner. She was also going to put her courage to its supreme test: borrow a hundred pounds, and bravely promise to pay him back. If she failed to pay it, it would be because she was dead. For she could not survive a comparison between herself and her mother.

Here in Naples she might find something, an opportunity. She spoke French and Italian fluently; and in this crowded season of the year it would not be difficult to find a situation as a maid or companion. So long as she could earn a little honestly, she was not afraid. She was desperately resolved.

Such a dinner! Long would she remember it; and longer still, how little either of them ate of it! She knew enough about these things to appreciate it.

Coffee. George produced the cable. It was still sealed. He passed it over to Fortune.

"You read it first," he said.

Her hands shook as she ripped the sealed flap and opened the message. She read. Her eyes gathered dangerously.

"Be careful!" he warned. "You've been brave so long; be brave a little longer."

"I did not know that there lived such good and kindly men. Oh, thank him, thank him a thousand times for me! Read

it." And she no longer cared if any saw her tears.

Bring her home, and God bless you both.

MORTIMER.

"I knew it!" he cried exultantly. "He and my father were the finest two men in the world. The sky is all clear now."

"Is it?" sadly. "Oh, I do not wish to pain you, but it is charity; and I am too proud!"

"You refuse?" He could not believe it.

"Yes. But when things grow dark and the day turns bitter, I shall always remember those words. I can see no other way. I must fight it out alone."

Love makes a man dumb or eloquent; and as George saw all his treasured dreams fading swiftly, eloquence became his buckler in this battle of love unspoken and pride in arms. Each time he paused for breath, she shook her head slowly.

The diners were leaving in twos and fours, and presently they were all alone. Servants were clearing up the tables; there was a clatter of dishes and a tread of hurrying feet. They noted it not.

"Well, one more plea!" And he swept aside his self-imposed restrictions. "Will you come for my sake? Because I am lonely and want you? Will you come for my sake?"

This time her head did not move.

"Is it pity?" she whispered.

"Pity!" His hands gripped the linen and the coffee-cups rattled. "No! It is not pity. Because you were lonely, because you had no one to turn to, I could not in honor tell you. But now I do. Fortune, will you come for my sake, because I love you and want you always and always?"

"I shall come."

CHAPTER XIX

MARCH HARES

GEORGE, in that masterful way which was not wholly acquired but which had been a latency till the episodic journey—George paid for the dinner, called the head waiter and thanked him for the attention given it, and laid a generous tip upon the cover. From the dining room the two young people, outwardly calm but

inwardly filled with the Great Tumult, went to the manager's bureau and arranged for Fortune's room. This settled, Fortune went down to the cavernous entrance to bid George good night. They were both diffident and shy, now that the great problem was solved. George was puzzled as to what to do in bidding her good night, and Fortune wondered if he would kiss her right here, before all these horrid cab drivers.

"I must be off. It's too cold down here for you." He offered his hand nervously.

She gave hers freely. He looked into her marvelous eyes for a moment. Then he turned the palm upward and kissed it, lightly and lovingly; and she drew it across his face, over his eyes, till it left in departing a caress upon his forehead. He stood up, breathing quickly, but not more so than she. A little tableau. Then he jammed his battered fedora upon his head and strode up the Corso. He dared not turn. Had he done so, he must have gone back and taken her in his arms. She followed him with brave eyes; she saw him suddenly veer across the street and pause at the parapet. It was then that she became conscious of the keenness of the night wind. She went in. Somehow, all earth's puzzles had that night been solved.

Next morning he notified the captain to retain their cabins. After that they proceeded to storm the shops. They were like March hares; irresponsible children, both of them. What did propriety matter? What meaning had circumspection? They two were all alone; the rest of the world didn't count. It never had counted to either of them. Certainly they should have gone to a parsonage; Mrs. Grundy would prudently have suggested it. The trivialities of convention, however, had no place at that moment in their little Eden. They were a law unto themselves.

At five they went aboard the ship which was to leave at sundown, some hours ahead of scheduled time. The captain himself welcomed them as they climbed the swaying ladder. There were a hundred first-class passengers for the final voyage. The two, however, sat at the right and left of the captain; but the table was filled, and they maintained a guarded prattle. Everyone at once assumed that they were a bridal couple, and watched them with tolerant amusement. The captain had considerably

left their names off the passenger list as published for the benefit of the passengers and the saloon sitting. So they moved in a sort of mystery which rough weather prevented being solved.

One night, when the sea lay calm and the air was caressingly mild, George and Fortune had gone forward and were leaning over the starboard rail where it meets and joins the forward beam rail. They were watching for the occasional flicker of phosphorescence. Their shoulders touched, and George's hand lay protectingly over hers.

"I love you," he said. "I love you better than all the world."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure? Can you doubt it?"

"Sometimes."

"Why——?"

But she interrupted him quickly. "In all this time you have never asked me if I love you. Why haven't you?"

"I have been afraid."

"Ask me."

"Do you love me?" his heart missing a beat.

She leaned toward him swiftly. "Here is my answer," pursing her lips.

"Fortune!"

"Be careful! I've a terrible temper."

But she was not quite prepared for such roughness. She could not stir, so strongly did he hold her to his heart. Not only her lips, but her eyes, her cheeks, her throat, and again her lips. He hurt her, but her heart sang. No man could imitate love like that; and doubt spread its dark pinions and went winging out to sea.

"That is the way I want to be loved. Always love me like that. Never wait for me to ask. Come to me at all times, no matter how I am engaged, and take me in your arms, roughly like this. Then I shall know. I have been so lonely; my heart has been so filled with love and none to receive it! I love you. I haven't asked why; I don't care. When it began I do not know either. But it is in my heart, strong and forever."

"Heart o' mine, I'm going to be the finest lover there ever was!"

The great ship came up the bay slowly. It was a clear, sparkling, winter day, and the towering minarets of business stood limned against the pale-blue sky with a delicacy not unlike Japanese shell carving.

A thousand thousand ribbons of cheery steam wavered and slanted and darted, the river swarmed with bustling ferries and eager tugs, and great floats of ice bumped and jammed about the invisible highways.

"This is where I live," said George, running his arm under hers. "The greatest country in the world—with the greatest number of mistaken ideas," he added humorously.

"What is it about the native land that clutches at our hearts so? I am an American, and yet I was born in the south of France. I went to school for a time near Philadelphia. America, America! Can't I be an American, even if I was born elsewhere?"

"You can never be President," he said gravely.

"I don't want to be President!" She snuggled closer to him. "All I want to be is a good man's wife; to watch the kitchen to see that he gets good things to eat; to guard his comforts; to laugh when he laughs; to be gentle when he is sad; to nurse him when he is ill; to be all and everything to him in adversity as well as in prosperity: a true wife." She touched his sleeve with her cheek. "And I don't want him to think that he must always be with me; if he belongs to a club, he must go there once in a while."

"I am very happy," was all he could say.

"But will *they* like me? Won't *they* think I'm an adventuress, or something like that?"

"Bless your heart, not in a thousand years! I'm a pretty wise man in some ways, and *they* know it."

And so it proved to be. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer greeted them at the pier in Hoboken. One glance at the face of the girl was sufficient. Mrs. Mortimer held out her arms. It was a very fine thing to do.

"I was in doubt at first," she said frankly. "George is so guileless. But to look at you, my child, would scatter the doubts of a Thomas. Will you let me be your mother, if only for a little while?" with a wise and tender smile.

Shyly Fortune accepted the embrace. Never had she been so happy. Never had she felt arms like these about her.

"What did he cable you?" she asked in a whisper.

"That he loved you and wanted me to mother you against that time when he might have the right to take you as his own. Has he that right?"

"Yes. And oh! he is the bravest and tenderest man I know, and below it all he is only a boy."

Mrs. Mortimer patted her hand. A little while later all four went over to the city and drove uptown to the Mortimer home. On the way Fortune told her story, simply, without avoiding any essential detail. And all her new mother did was to put an arm about her and draw her closer.

The Mortimer home was only three blocks away from George's. So, when dinner was over, George declared that he would run over and take a look at his own house. He wanted to wander about the rooms a bit, to fancy how it would look when Fortune walked at his side. He promised to return within an hour. He had forgotten many things, ordinarily important, such as wiring his agent, his butler and cook, who were still drawing their wages.

He passed along the street above which was his own. He paused for a moment to contemplate the great banking concern. And the president of this bank was the elder brother of Ryanne! Lots of queer kinks in the world; lots of crooked turnings. He passed on, turned the corner, and strode toward his home, ecstasy thrilling his heart. Lightly he ran up the steps. Three doors below he noticed two automobiles. He gave them only a cursory glance. He took out his ring of keys, found the night latch and thrust it into the keyhole. He never had believed in this putting up of iron gates and iron shutters. A night latch and a caretaker who came round once a day was enough for any sensible person. He turned the key. Eh? It didn't seem to go round. He tried several times, but without success. Puzzled, he struck a match and stooped before the keyhole.

It was a new one.

CHAPTER XX

A BOTTLE OF WINE

GEORGE stood irresolutely upon the steps. A new keyhole! What the deuce did the agent mean by putting a new keyhole in the door without notifying him?

As the caretaker never entered that door, it was all the agent's fault. There was no area way in front, but between George's house and the next there was a court eight feet in width, running to the dividing wall between the bank property and his own. A grille gate protected this court. George had a key. The gate opened readily enough. His intention was to enter by the basement door.

But he suddenly paused. To his amazement he saw just below the library curtain a thin measure of light. Light! Some one in the house! He did the most sensible thing possible: he stood still till the shock left him. Some one in the house, some one who had no earthly or heavenly business there! Near the window stood a tubbed bay tree. Cautiously he mounted this, holding the ledge of the window with his fingers. That he did not instantly topple over with a great noise was due to the fact that he was temporarily paralyzed.

Here was the end of the puzzle. The riddle of the United Romance and Adventure Company was solved. At last he understood why Mrs. Chedsoye had sought him, why Ryanne had kidnaped him. But for his continuing his journey upon the German-Lloyd boat, he would have come home a week too late; he would have missed being a spectator (already an innocent contributor) to one of the most daring and ingenious bank robberies known in the pages of metropolitan crime.

There was Mrs. Chedsoye, intrusively handsome as ever; there was her rascally card-sharper brother, that ingrate who called himself Ryanne, and three unknown men. The impudence of it; the damnable insolence of it! And there they were, toasting their success in a brace of his own vintage champagne! But the wine was, after all, inconsequential. It was what he saw upon the floor that caught him by the throat. His knees weakened, but he held on grimly to his perch.

White bags of gold, soiled bags of gold, and neat packets of green and yellow notes; riches! Twenty bags and as many packets of currency; a million, not a penny under that! George was seized with a horrible desire to yell with laughter. He felt the cachinnations bubble in his throat. He swallowed violently and gnawed his lips. They had got into his house under false pretenses and had tunneled back into the

Merchant-Mechanic Bank, of which Horace's brother was president and in which he, George P. A. Jones, always carried a large private balance! It was the joke of the century.

As quietly as he possibly could, he stepped down from his uncertain perch. In the fine fury that followed his amazement, his one thought was to summon the police at once, to confront the wretches in their villainy; but once outside in the street, he cooled. Instantly he saw the trial in court. Fortune as witness against her own mother. That was horrible and not to be thought of. But what should he do?

He was shaken to his soul. The stupendous audacity of such a plan! To have worked out every detail, down to the altering of the keyhole to prevent surprise! He saw the automobiles. They were leaving that night. If he acted at all, it must be within an hour; in less than that time they would be loading the cars. His mind began to rid itself of its confusion. Without the aid of the police! And presently he saw the way to do it.

He was off at a dog-trot, upon the balls of his feet, silently. Within five minutes he was mounting the steps to the Mortimer home, and in another minute was inside. The others saw directly that something serious had happened.

"What's the trouble, George? House vanished?" asked Mortimer.

"Have you got a brace of revolvers?" said George quietly.

"Two automatics. But——"

"Give them to me," less evenly in tone.

"Will you call up Arthur Wadsworth, president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank?"

"The bank?"

"Yes, the bank. You know, it is just in the rear of my house."

Here Fortune came forward. All the bright color was gone from her cheeks; the old mask of despair had re-formed. She needed no further enlightenment.

"Are you going back there?" she asked.

"Yes, dear; I must. Mr. Mortimer will go with me."

"And I?"

"No, heart o' mine, you've got to stay here."

"If you do not take me with you, you will not find me here when you return."

"My child," began Mortimer soothingly,

"you must not talk like that. There will be danger."

"Then notify the police, and let the danger rest upon their shoulders," she said, her jaws set squarely.

"I can't call in the police," replied George, miserable.

"Shall I tell you why?"

"Dearest, can't you understand that it is you I am thinking of?"

"I am determined. If I do not go with you, you shall never see me again. My mother is there!"

Tragedy. Mrs. Mortimer stretched out a hand, but the girl did not see it. Her mother, her own flesh and blood! Oh, the poor child!

"Come, then," said George, in despair. "But you are hurting me, Fortune."

"Forgive me, but I *must* go with you. I *must*!"

"Get me the revolvers, Mr. Mortimer. We'll wait for Wadsworth. Will you please telephone him? I'm afraid I couldn't talk steadily enough. Explain nothing save that it concerns his bank."

George sat down. Not during those early days of the journey across the desert had he felt so pitifully weak and inefficient.

Fortune paced the room, her arms folded tightly across her breast. Strange, there was neither fear nor pain in her heart, only a wild wrath.

When Mortimer returned from the telephone, saying that Wadsworth would be right over, he asked George to explain fully what was going on. It was rather a long story. George managed to get through it with a coherency understandable, but no more. Mrs. Mortimer put her motherly arms about the girl, but she found no pliancy. There was no resistance, but there was that stiffness peculiar to felines when picked up under protest. And there was a little more than the cat in Fortune then—the tigress.

George inspected the revolvers carefully.

The bell rang, and Arthur Wadsworth came in. Mortimer knew him; George did not. He drew his interest as it fell due and deposited it in another bank. That was the extent of his relations with Arthur Wadsworth, president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank of New York.

Arthur was small, thin, blond like his brother, but the hair was so light upon the top of his head that he gave one the impression that he was bald. His eyes looked out

from behind half-shut lids; his cheeks were cadaverous; his pale lips met in a straight, unpleasant line. There was not the slightest resemblance between the two brothers, either in their bodies or in their souls. George recognized this fact immediately. He disliked the man instinctively, just as he could not help admiring his rogue of a brother.

"I want you to go with me to my house at once," began George.

"Please explain."

George disliked the voice even more than the man himself. "Everything will be explained there," he replied.

"This is very unusual," the banker complained.

"You will find it so. Come." George moved toward the hall, the revolvers in his coat pocket.

"But I insist——"

"Mr. Wadsworth, everything will be fully explained to you the moment you enter my house. More I shall not tell you. You are at liberty to return home."

"It concerns the bank?" The voice had something human in it now; a note of affection.

Arthur Wadsworth loved the bank as a man loves his sweetheart, but more explicitly, as a miser loves the hoard hidden in the stocking. He loved every corner of the building. He worshiped the glass-covered marbles over which the gold passed and repassed. He adored the sight of the bent backs of the bookkeepers, the individual-account clerks, the little cages of the paying and receiving tellers, always so beautifully littered with little slips of paper, packets of bills, stacks of gold and silver; he loved the huge steel vault, stored with bags of gold and bundles of notes, bonds and stocks. Money was his god. Summed up, he was a miser in all that contemptible word implies; stingy, frugal, cautious, suspicious, sly, cruel and relentless; he was in the concrete what his father had been in the abstract.

"It concerns the bank?" he repeated, torn by doubt.

George shrugged. "Let us be going."

"Will it be necessary to call in the police?"

"No."

"I suppose, then," said Wadsworth bitterly, wondering, too, over the strange animosity of this young man he did not know—"I suppose I must do just as you say?"

"Absolutely." George's teeth came together with a click.

The four of them passed out of the house, each singularly wrought with agitation. Fortune walked ahead with George. Neither spoke. They could hear the occasional protest from the banker into Mortimer's ear; but Mortimer did not open his lips. They came to the house, and then George whispered his final instructions to Wadsworth. The latter, when he understood what was taking place, became wild with rage and terror; and it was only because George threatened to warn the conspirators that he subsided.

"And," went on George, "if you do not obey, you can get out of it the best you know how. Now, silence, absolute silence."

He pressed back the grille gate, and the others tiptoed after him.

Ryanne tipped the third bottle delicately. Not a drop was wasted. How the golden beads swarmed up to the brim, to break into little essences of perfume! And this was good wine; twelve years in the bottle.

"It's like some dream, eh?"

Wallace smacked his lips loudly.

"Wallace," chided Ryanne, "you always drink like a sailor. You don't swallow champagne; you sip it, like this."

Major Callahan swayed his glass back and forth under his nose. "Smells like a vineyard after a rain."

"There's poetry for you!" laughed the butler.

Mrs. Chedsoye alone seemed absorbed in other things. She was trying to discover what it was that gave this supreme moment so flat a taste. It was always so; it was the chase, the goal was nothing. It was the excitement of going toward, not arriving at the destination. Was she, who considered herself so perfect, a freak after all, shallow like a hill stream and as aimless in her endeavors? Had she possessed a real enthusiasm for anything? She looked back along the twisted avenue of years. Had anything really stirred her profoundly? From the bags of gold her glance strayed up and over to Ryanne.

Love? Love a man so weak that he could not let be the bottle? She had a horror of drunkenness, the inane giggles, the attending nausea; she had been through it all. Had she loved him, or was it because he loved the child? Even this she

could not tell. Inwardly she was opaque to her searchings. She stirred restlessly. She wanted to be out of this house, on the way. The gold, as gold, meant nothing. She had enough for her needs. What was it, then? Was she mad? What flung her here and about, without real purpose?

"We could have taken every dollar from the vault," said Wallace cheerfully.

"But we couldn't have made our getaway with it," observed the butler, holding his empty glass toward Ryanne, who was acting as master of ceremonies.

"A clear, unidentified million," mused Ryanne. "Into the cars with it, over to Jersey City, on to Philadelphia, from there for Europe, quietly transfer the gold to the various Continental banks, and in six months, who could trace hair or hide of it?" Ryanne laughed.

"It's all right to laugh," said the Major. "But are you sure about Jones? He could have arrived this afternoon."

"Impossible! He left Alexandria for Naples on a boat that stopped but thirty hours. With Fortune on his hands he could not possibly sail before the following week, and maybe not then. Sit tight. I know what I am talking about."

"He might cable."

"So he might. But if he had we'd have heard from him before now. I'm going to tell you a secret. My name is not Ryanne."

"We all know that," said the Major.

"It's Wadsworth. Does that tickle your mind any?"

The men shook their heads. Mrs. Chedsoye did not move hers.

"Bah! Greatest joke of the hour. I'm Horace Wadsworth, and Arthur Wadsworth president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank, is my beloved brother!"

"Ay, damnable wretch!"

A shock ran through them all. In the doorway leading to the rear hall stood George, his revolvers leveled steadily. Peering white-faced over his shoulder was the man who had spoken, Arthur Wadsworth.

CHAPTER XXI

THE END OF THE PUZZLE

THE elder brother tried to push past George, but old Mortimer caught him by the shoulders and dragged him back.

"Let me go!" he cried, his voice nasal and high. "Do you hear me? Let me go!"

"Mr. Mortimer," said George, without turning his head or letting his eye waver, "keep him back. Thanks." George stepped over the threshold. "Now, gentlemen, I shall shoot the first man who makes a movement."

And Ryanne, who knew something about George, saw that he meant just what he said.

"Steady, every one," he said. "My friend George here can't shoot, but that kind of man is deadliest with a pistol. I surrender."

The brother was struggling. "The telephone! The telephone! I demand to call the police. This is accessory to the fact! I tell you, let me go!"

"Mr. Wadsworth," replied George, "if you do not be still and let me run this affair, I'll throw the pistols to the floor, and your brother and his friends may do as they bally please. Now, step back and be quiet. Stop!" to Ryanne, whose hand was reaching out toward the table.

"Don't shoot, Percival; I want only a final glass of wine." Ryanne calmly took the slender stem of the glass between his fingers, lifted it and drank. He set it down empty. From his outside pocket he drew a handkerchief and delicately dried his lips. He alone of his confederates had life. It was because he alone understood. Prison wasn't staring them in the face just yet. "Well, Arthur, old top, how goes it? Nearly got your money bags, didn't we? And we surely would have but for this delicious vintage."

"Damn you and your wine!" roared the Major, shaking with rage. This adventure has been no joke to him, no craving for excitement. He wanted the gold, the gold. With what would have been his share he could have gambled at Monte Carlo and Ostend till the end of his days. For the first time he saw long, thick bars of iron running up and down a window. And all for a bottle of wine!

"Damn away, old sport!" Ryanne reached for the bottle and filled his glass again. "Percival, I'm blamed sorry about that olive tree of yours." He waved his hand toward the bags. "You can see that my intentions in regard to refunding that hundred pounds were strictly honorable. Now, what's on the ticket?"

"I suppose your luggage is outside in the automobiles?"

"Right-o!"

"Well, I need not explain my reasons; you will understand them; but I am going to give you all two hours' time. Then I shall notify the police. You will have to take your chance after that time."

The circling faces brightened perceptibly. Two hours—that would carry them far into Jersey.

"Accepted with thanks," said Ryanne.

"I refuse to permit it!" yelled the brother. "Mr. Jones, you will rue this night's work. I shall see that the law looks into your actions. This is felony. I demand to be allowed to telephone."

"Percival, for heaven's sake, let him!" cried Ryanne wearily. "Let him shout; it will soften his voice. He will hurt nobody. The wires were cut hours ago."

Mortimer felt the tense muscles in his grasp relax. Arthur Wadsworth grew limp and reeled against the jam of the door.

"You had better start at once," George advised. "You three first," with a nod toward Wallace (his bulbous nose now lavender in hue), the butler and the first man. "Forward march, front door. Go on!"

"What about me?" asked Ryanne.

"In a moment." George could not but admire the man, rascal though he was. There was a pang of regret in his heart as the thought came and went swiftly: what a comrade this man would have made under different circumstances! Too late!

"Halt!" he cried. The trio marching toward the door came to a stop, their heads turned inquiringly. "Here, Mr. Mortimer; take one of these guns and cover the Major. He's the one I doubt." Then George followed the others into the hall and ironically bade them godspeed as he opened the door for them. They went out stupidly; the wine had dulled them. George immediately returned to the library.

Neither Fortune nor her mother had stirred in all this time. A quality of hypnotism held them in bondage. The mother could not lower her glance and the daughter would not. If there was a light of triumph in Fortune's eyes, it was unconsciously there. And no one will know the full bitterness that shone from the mother's. She could have screamed with fury; she could have rent her clothes, torn her skin,

pulled her hair; and yet she sat there without physical sign of the tempest. This offers a serio-comic suggestion; but it was tragedy enough for the woman who was in the clutch of these emotional storms. It was not her predicament; it was not that she was guilty of a crime against society; it was not that she had failed. No. It was because she, in leaving this house forever, was leaving her daughter behind, mistress of it.

On her side, Fortune knew, that, had there been a single gesture inviting pity, she must have flown to her mother's side. But there was no sign. Finally, Fortune stepped back, chilled. It was all too late.

"Fortune," said George, terribly embarrassed, "do you wish to speak to your mother alone?"

"No." It was a little word, spoken in a little, hushed tone.

Mrs. Chedsoye rose and proceeded to put on her furs, which she had flung across the back of her chair.

"Mother!" This came in a gasp from the elder Wadsworth. An understanding of this strange proceeding began to filter through his mind. The young girl's mother!

Mrs. Chedsoye drew on her gloves slowly. She offered them to the Major to button. He flung the hands aside. He was not nice under the veneer. But Ryanne was instantly at her service. And curiously she watched his agile fingers at work over the buttons; they were perfectly steady. Then, followed by the Major and Ryanne, she walked easily toward the hall. Ryanne paused.

"Good night, Arthur. I'm sure you will not sleep well. That handsome safe is irreparably damaged. I dare say you will find a way to cover the loss without any injury to your own pocket. Old top, farewell! Who was it, Brutus or Cæsar, who said: 'I go but to return'?" The banter left his face and voice swiftly. "You sneaking blackguard, you cheater of widows; yes, I shall come again; and then look to your sleek, sanctimonious neck! You chucked me down the road to hell, and the pity of it is, some day I must meet you there! Fortune, child," his voice becoming sad, "you might remember a poor beggar in your prayers to-night. Percival, a farewell to you. We shall never meet again. But when you stand upon that bally old rug there, you'll always see me, the fire,

the tents, the camels, the desert and the moon in the date palms. By-by!"

And presently they were gone. A moment later those remaining could hear the chug-chug of the motors as they sped away. The banker was first to recover from the spell. He rushed for the hall, but George stopped him rudely.

"Two hours, if you please. I never break my word. Your money is all there. If you do not act reasonably, I'll throw you down and sit on you till the time is up. Sit down. I do not propose that my future wife shall appear in court as a witness against her mother. Do you understand me now?"

The banker signified that he did. He sat down, rather subdued. Then he got up nervously and inventoried the steal. He counted roughly a million. A million! He felt sick and weak. It would have wrecked the bank, wiped it out of existence. And saved by the merest, the most trifling chance! A bottle of wine! He resumed his chair and sat there wonderingly till the time-limit expired.

The public never heard how nearly the Merchant-Mechanic had gone to the wall; nor how six policemen had worked till dawn carrying back the gold; nor that the banker had not even thanked them for their labor. The first impulse of the banker had been to send the story forth to the world, to harass and eventually capture his brother; but his foresight becoming normal, he realized that silence was best, even if his brother escaped. If the depositors heard that the bank had been entered and a million taken from the vaults, there would naturally follow a terrific run.

When the last bag had been taken out of the library and the banker and the police had gone, the bell rang. George went to the door. A messenger handed him a small satchel and a note. There was to be no reply. The note was from Ryanne. Briefly it stated that the satchel contained the emeralds. There had been some difficulty in forcing the Major to surrender them. But that much was due to George for his generosity. Later in the day he—George—might inform his—Horace's—brother that the *coup* hadn't been a total fizzle. They had already packed away in suit cases something like

two hundred thousand dollars in bills of all denominations. "Tell that dear brother of mine to charge it to our account. It will be less than the interest upon a million in ten years. To you, my boy. I add: Fortune favors the brave!"

"George," said Mortimer, "you will not mind if I forage round in the kitchen? A bottle of beer and a bit of cheese would go handy. It's almost my breakfast time."

"Bless your heart, help yourself!"

And George turned to Fortune.

"Ah!" she cried, seizing his hands, "you will not think ill of me?"

"And for what?" Astonished.

"For not speaking to my mother. Oh, I just couldn't; I just couldn't! When I thought of all the neglect, all the indifference, the loneliness, I couldn't! It was horribly unnatural and cruel!"

"I understand, heart o' mine. Say no more about it." And he put his two hands against her cheeks and kissed her. "Never shall you be lonely again, for I am going to be all things to you. Poor heart! Just think that all that has passed has been only a bad dream, and that it's clear sunshiny morning; eh?" He held her off and then swept her into his arms as he had done on board the ship, roughly and masterly. "And there's that old rug! Talk about magic carpets! There never was one just like this. But for it I shouldn't even have known you. And, by Jove! when the minister comes this afternoon——"

"This afternoon!"

"Exactly! When he comes, you and I are going to stand upon that beautiful, friendly old rug, and both of us are going to be whisked right away into Eden."

"Please!"

Silence.

"How brave you are!"

"I? Oh, pshaw!"

"Would you have shot one of them?"

"Girl, your Percival Algernon couldn't have hit the broad side of a barn." He laughed joyously.

"I knew it. And that is why I call you brave."

And when the pale gold of winter dawn filled the room, it found them, hand in hand, staring down at the old Yhiordes, the magic old Yhiordes from Bagdad.



EDITORIAL NOTES



CONGRESS BEHIND THE TIMES

AT the close of the recent special session of Congress many eminent statesmen connected therewith were good enough to express their entire satisfaction with the work the session had accomplished.

As these gentlemen were of different political parties, some novelty and possibly some edification pertained to their agreeing about anything; but otherwise what they said was matter for rather disturbing thought.

In an editorial recently we expressed a degree of satisfaction and gratification over what had been accomplished, but by no means entire satisfaction. Some really important legislation was passed. But what talk, what effort was wasted in bringing about a few desired results.

Much of the seventeen weeks of that special session was squandered in long and useless debate of matters that might have been settled in a few hours.

Obsolete customs, prodigiously foolish for this age and this nation, obtain in Congress—and seriously handicap the real work it should accomplish.

Life is too short, too busy and too crowded for senseless excursions into the barren deserts of verbiage. At the time the Congressional talking system was instituted a man had to spend two days in traveling from New York to Philadelphia. Talking was well enough then. To-day when all our other methods have been modernized in accordance with new conditions and a new order of life, legislation still rumbles along in a stage coach.

Even at that, the rate of speed tends to diminish. In the present national administration Congress has been more in session than in any other like period since the Civil War. Apparently, year by year, more talk, more conferring and more dismal formula are required to pass the simplest legislation.

With the country growing so rapidly, what will come from all this?

The legislation that we succeed in wrenching from Congress is usually inadequate. So far as some supremely important national needs are concerned it is usually futile.

For instance, here are two great overshadowing national problems.

First, the cost of living tends all the time to increase more rapidly than wages, so that the economic condition of the majority of people steadily declines, forecasting inevitable disaster.

Second, the power of concentrated wealth exerted upon our government threatens free institutions.

What on earth has any act of the recent session to do with either of these great problems? How can they be affected by making the duty on ipecac sixty per cent. instead of sixty-two and a half? What does the nation care whether acorns are admitted free or taxed?

Is it not perfectly plain that while Congress sits about indulging in general conversation and observing contests for the long-distance talking prize, the country is slipping into perilous conditions to which the talkers pay not the slightest heed?

We think so. And we think that one reason for this extraordinary fact is that our methods are no longer suited to our needs. What was good enough for a nation of 3,000,000 people in 1787 cannot be stretched to do the work for 100,000,000 people in 1911. Congress is too remote, too unwieldy, too far out of touch with the people and seventy-seven times too slow.

Bad as all this is, Congress has now proceeded to make it worse.

Anyone that knows Washington knows that one of the barriers to legislative efficiency is the great, blundering, noisy bedlam that is called the House of Representatives, long ago become so large as to be unwieldy. We mean that great Conversation Hall where not one member in

twenty has the slightest idea of what is going on and where to pass the simplest act is a colossal task.

The new apportionment bill augments all these troubles by increasing the size of a House already far too big.

The reason for this piece of foolishness uncovers a pregnant source of our troubles. By the Census of 1910 several states were shown to have declined relatively in population. It is to prevent these from losing a part of their representation that the membership of the House is increased, and what has been bedlam hitherto is now to be bedlam made worse.

Each party was afraid to risk loss of power by facing facts as they are and meeting them sanely.

So long as we are thus the victims of the political game and none of our eminent statesmen has the courage to stand for the truth we are not likely to get out of the stage coach style of legislation.

But we should like to make one little intimation to some of the timid souls that conduct our national affairs.

To any person with unpetrified mind it is clear that these conditions cannot exist much longer. The Twentieth Century is not always to be dominated by the Eighteenth. The governmental garb of a handful of frontier colonies will not always be stretched to cover a continental union of populous states.

A public man of good sense and a little courage, perceiving the imminent necessity of adjusting the government to the nation's needs, would begin to prepare now for the inevitable changes.

Either these will be made deliberately and thoughtfully in advance of the crisis, or they will be done in a hurry when the present machine breaks down.

There is, of course, an American Shinto that seeks to inculcate the notion that the last word in government was said in 1787 and to suggest any improvement on the work of The Fathers is a form of treason.

We are not concerned about such pleasant dreams. The Eighteenth Century was no more the ultimate goal in government than it was in illumination or transportation.

But what we are concerned about is that nowhere in the range of American political leaders appears one man with enough fortitude to declare these obvious facts.

WOMAN'S DUTY

EVEN a divorce suit has its bright spots—sometimes. A New York man, answering his wife's suit, demanded the custody of their only child on the ground that his wife was not a fit person to bring up a girl. As basis for his assertion he stated that she was a strong suffragist, and the first words she had taught the infant's lips to lisp were "Votes for Women."

If you are an "anti" you may reasonably be expected to share the unfortunate gentleman's objection to the words chosen, but we protest that the principle involved is an excellent one.

The mother has a theory of life, an intellectual conviction and a political faith. She believes that the world's most crying need is a more complete democracy and it seems to her that this can only be achieved by the political emancipation of the woman half of the population. What more can she do for her child than to educate the little one in her own faith, since she is fortunate enough to have one? That she began early appears to us only another proof of her wisdom and sound sense.

We have often been struck by the waste of time shown in the education of the young. Take this very matter of imparting the art of speech. Think what might happen if instead of drilling a child through a long list of sentences like "See the kitty," "Pet the bow-wow," "What does the moo-cow say?" and the like, we should begin at once to cultivate its mind and morals.

We do not mean to recommend as a substitute "Whisky is a curse," "The tariff must be reduced," or even "Votes for women." But we might begin with sentences which in some way would lead up to a theory of life.

We have heard all our lives about the sacred influences of home and mother. If these influences were really sacred, if the lessons learned at the mother's knee were really good, why have not we got a better and wiser manhood and womanhood? Why have we Lorimers and Boss Coxes and Charley Murphies, not to mention the army of foolish and idle women who form the bulk of what is known as "Society?"

Can it be that the average mother after all has very little that is vital, in a spiritual sense, to give her children? Nobody doubts the devotion and tender care which women

for generations have lavished on their children. Nothing more exquisite than the unselfishness of the mothers of men exists in the universe. But it seems to us pretty plain that mere unselfishness and devotion fail to produce results on the children.

There is no question that the first years of a child's life are the most impressionable. If by some means there could be instilled into very young minds strong convictions of good and evil the chances are that they would remain. The fact is that few people are original enough to depart from a conviction acquired early in life.

Mothers can impart principles to their children only as far as they possess principles themselves. They can teach their children to live only as far as they themselves know how to live. They can give them a right social theory only if they have it to give. We can educate a nation only if we educate the women of the nation.

This was indeed the theory on which the women's colleges were founded. But now it appears that education is something more than an intellectual process. If women are to rear citizens they have got to know, at least as well as the men, the rights and duties of citizens.

The women, at least that enterprising eight hundred thousand of them organized in women's clubs throughout the country, are fully alive to this fact. The great majority of the clubs have flourishing departments of civics. What the club women have accomplished in the way of town and village improvements is well known.

They did valuable service in getting the pure food laws; the anti-tuberculosis campaign has been backed by the club women and in every state they have helped to get laws protecting workingwomen and children. Just at present the subject of conservation is foremost in their minds. At the third National Conservation Congress, held in Kansas City in September, the club women were represented on the programs and a very large number of them were in the audiences. Their interest is not superficial. It is not confined to forestry, but extends to the conservation of soils, minerals and animal life.

These are the kind of mothers who are needed in a democracy. They have something concrete and practical to give their children. They are fit to educate citizens.

Perhaps, by and by, they will even impress American manhood that they are fit to be citizens themselves.

KINGS AND THINGS

IS it becoming fashionable in the United States to assume an apologetic air because our government is republican in form?

When Portugal banished its king and became a republic the change in its form of government was immediately recognized with formal solemnity by the Republic of Brazil, daughter of Portugal, and by the Republic of Switzerland, mother of modern republics. The United States delayed formal recognition of the new republic until after the provisional government had successfully brought a permanent constitution into working condition.

Secretary Knox and Senator Root laboriously and with infinite patience explained to Senator Culberson and other critics not versed in the nice manners of diplomatic circles that an earlier recognition would have been premature, rude and impolite.

Perhaps. But then undoubtedly it was rude for France to recognize the infant Republic of the United States of America when George Washington was fighting King George III.

Some persons have intimated that it was rude for President Roosevelt to recognize the newborn Republic of Panama before Panama knew it was a newborn republic, but it was done.

An American newspaper said the day after the coronation of King George V that "among those present was Mr. Manuel Braganza, late of Lisbon, Portugal." That was a clever paragraph, perhaps, but it was not true. Ex-King Manuel of Portugal is accorded in England the honors of a reigning king. If President Taft were to go to London he would have to yield precedence to Manuel.

At every monarchic capital, the most obscure princeling ranks above the most eminent republican of the world. In King Edward's funeral procession Special Ambassador Roosevelt walked at the rear of the procession, in Seth Bullock's phrase, "along with the chinks and the girls of the bedchamber." In London, more even than in any other European capital, the court etiquette signally discriminates against representatives of republican nations.

Suppose President Taft were to issue an order that in future the representatives of republics would take social precedence over the representatives of monarchies in official society at Washington. What would happen? You may be sure that the protest would be emphatic, and properly so. Nations should make no distinctions among nations in their international dealings.

But suppose President Taft should protest against the subordination of republican representatives at kingly courts? No one knows exactly what would happen, except that Henry Cabot Lodge would die of mortification and Huntingdon Wilson would wreck the State Department by resigning.

When Senator Culberson touched on the Portuguese situation in the Senate and incidentally talked about some kings and things, Senators Root and Lodge smiled the uneasy smiles of embarrassment and actually blushed for the honor of the American Senate. It was a touching scene.

Suggest to any Englishman you may meet that he probably is a republican under the surface and you probably will have a fight. But would the average American in these days defend the republican form of government with his fists?

It is a far cry from George III to George V on both sides of the Atlantic.



CURRENT

COMMENT

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

I WRITE to correct several assertions in the recent article by Dr. Thomas E. Green. The salary of foreign missionaries is not "at least \$1,500," and the purchasing power of \$1,500 is not "so much greater in foreign lands than in the United States, that the missionary finds his income almost three times as much as the figures indicate." The missions of the Presbyterian Church are scattered all over the world, and what is true of them would be true of missions generally. The average salary of missionaries is much less than \$1,500 and in many fields the purchasing power of this amount is less than it is in the United States. In no mission field of which I know would it be true that it was equivalent to a salary of \$4,500 in the United States.

I have been speaking above of the salary of married missionaries. No salary is paid in addition to this amount to the wife. The missionary's wife is expected to share in the missionary work exactly as the pastor's wife shares in his work at home, and in no missionary board of which I know is there an additional payment made for such service. Married missionaries receive larger salaries than single missionaries simply because there are two people to be supported in such families instead of one.

A missionary's salary is based on the expense of a simple, healthful livelihood in the particular field to which he goes. It is not arranged with any unneces-

sary margin, so that if missionary families have children, a small additional children's allowance is made. That is simply because the regular salary is based on the necessities of a family without children. The allowance has to provide not only for the care of the child in the home, but also for its future education at a time when it will have to be far separated from its parents and cannot get education at home, as in the case of children of families in America.

The implication that only half of what is given for foreign missions reaches the foreign field is a complete mistake. The cost of missionary administration is roughly about five per cent. Any donor sending a dollar directly to the field without a missionary society as intermediary would have to pay for postal money order and postage stamp more than the cost of administration.

The statement that "only a small part of the money will reach the thousand million heathens for whose conversion it is spent," is untrue. If the writer means that very little of the money is given to the heathen, he is quite correct. Foreign missions are not an eleemosynary agency whose purpose is to collect money to distribute to heathen people. It is not the money that is given to the heathen, but the Gospel, and the money is spent on maintaining the missionaries, the schools, the hospitals, the native preachers and teachers who are making Christianity known. The purpose of every missionary society is to spend as little money as

possible, even upon native preachers and teachers, but to develop self-supporting native churches which will maintain their own institutions.

I suppose that whether "converting the heathen is about the most expensive luxury in which the Church indulges" would depend largely on the point of view. Some people would think missions a waste if they cost only a hundred dollars a year. The people who believe in them sufficiently to give the money do not regard them as an expensive luxury, but as the best and most lucrative investment which they make. It is chiefly the people who do not give the money who furnish the criticism.

Does not the whole question resolve itself to a very simple issue? Is Christianity what it claims to be? If it is, it must be given to the whole world. If it is not, it is not worth thinking about at home. Men may debate the question as to whether they will be Christians or not, but if they are Christians it is not open to them any longer to dispute the missionary obligation.

No idea is more delusive than the idea that there would be more money for Christian work at home if there were less given to the work abroad, or that home missions would be better off if foreign missions were abandoned. Every fact of religious history and of Christian experience testifies to the fallacy of this view. Christianity will never be strong enough to cope adequately with the problems of America until it feels the invigoration and expansion which can come only through an adequate attempt to deal with its world obligation.—R. E. S., New York City, New York.

COMMENDS ARTICLE ON PREACHERS

IN giving us the article, "What is to Become of the Preacher?" you have contributed generously toward the progress of the Christian religion; for more than all else in this time of perplexity there is needed sane deliberation. Taking up the subject in a concrete way, you have analyzed the situation tersely and fairly; and, drawing from matters of personal knowledge to all of us, you have pictured a situation which foreshadows the fall of the self-centered church. That you have also shown us our beacon of hope in the form of development along altruistic lines is well.—C. C. C., Iliff, Colorado.

PLAINT OF A WORKMAN'S WIFE

I HAVE just been reading the article "What is to Become of the Preacher?" and the statement is made that an average bricklayer gets \$5 per day, \$1,500 a year. As the general public carries that same opinion and raises board bills and everything else accordingly, I would like to modify that impression.

Every time it rains in working hours the brick layer has to stop work, and his pay stops at the same time. A good many contractors will try to dock him 10 or 15 minutes extra. On a large job it frequently happens that a carload of bricks gets delayed and the job is stopped anywhere from a few days to a week, and all that time is lost. The bricks are expected daily, so the laborer cannot start anything else. But he and his family have to keep on living just the same.

In winter, when living expenses are highest, there is generally no work at all.

You seldom hear of the bricklayer's children going to college but, in vacation time, you can gen-

erally see in the daily items that G— C— the son or daughter of the Rev. So And So, has returned from A— University to spend the vacation at home. The bricklayer desires the same advantages for his children, but the cash is not there to pay for them.

It looks to me as though the present-day preacher is striving a great deal harder for earthly riches than he is for the glory of God and suffering humanity, and where that is the case he might as well be an insurance agent as anything else, but I shouldn't advise him to be a bricklayer.—L. S., a bricklayers' wife, Wellsville, New York.

FROM A STOCKHOLDER

AS a stockholder of HAMPTON'S and subscriber to extra stock in the Columbian-Sterling, I want to congratulate you on your business acumen in your corporation combine. A clientèle of 24,000 stockholders means a backing to do great things. You have support equal to that of 1,000 average churches, all the members interested enough to take stock in you as well as in your corporation.

I went into HAMPTON'S because I believed in Mr. Hampton and his editorial policy, and I'm glad that the work is to keep on.—J. W. H., Ballston Spa, New York.

WOMAN EDITOR PLEASED

GLAD you printed "Breaking Into the Human Race." It is simply great. Outside of Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor," nothing better has appeared for a long time.—Josephine Conger-Kaneko. Editor, *The Progressive Woman*.

BANKING LAWS INADEQUATE

PROBABLY the gravest problem that faces the American people to-day is a readjustment of our banking and currency laws. In reality we have absolutely no banking system, the so-called National Banking System being one in name only, the Act being intended plainly to create a market for government bonds and to build up the government credit, which it did, as predicted by its author. So far as the banks organized under it were concerned, however, they were simply isolated units in every case, each bank having no relation to any other, nor to any common head, and being compelled to stand or fall on its own resources, any help that might be extended from one bank to another being purely a matter of accommodation, as prevails among individuals.—J. R. G., Lawrence, Kansas.

BETTING ON BASEBALL

IT will be unfortunate for the great American game of baseball if the betting operations, somewhat more in evidence the past season than in previous years, receives encouragement from the public. Baseball so far has maintained a high standard as a clean sport. Undoubtedly its big place in the hearts of the American people is due very largely to the absence of those features which have combined to kill horse racing. Gambling in any form is certain to exert a sinister influence on the game in general.

Be the players and managers as honest as they will, the fact that money is won or lost will cause their motives to be distorted and the old faith that, however poor the showing, everybody is doing his

HE'S COMING TO IT



Painted by E. B. Bird for Cream of Wheat Co.

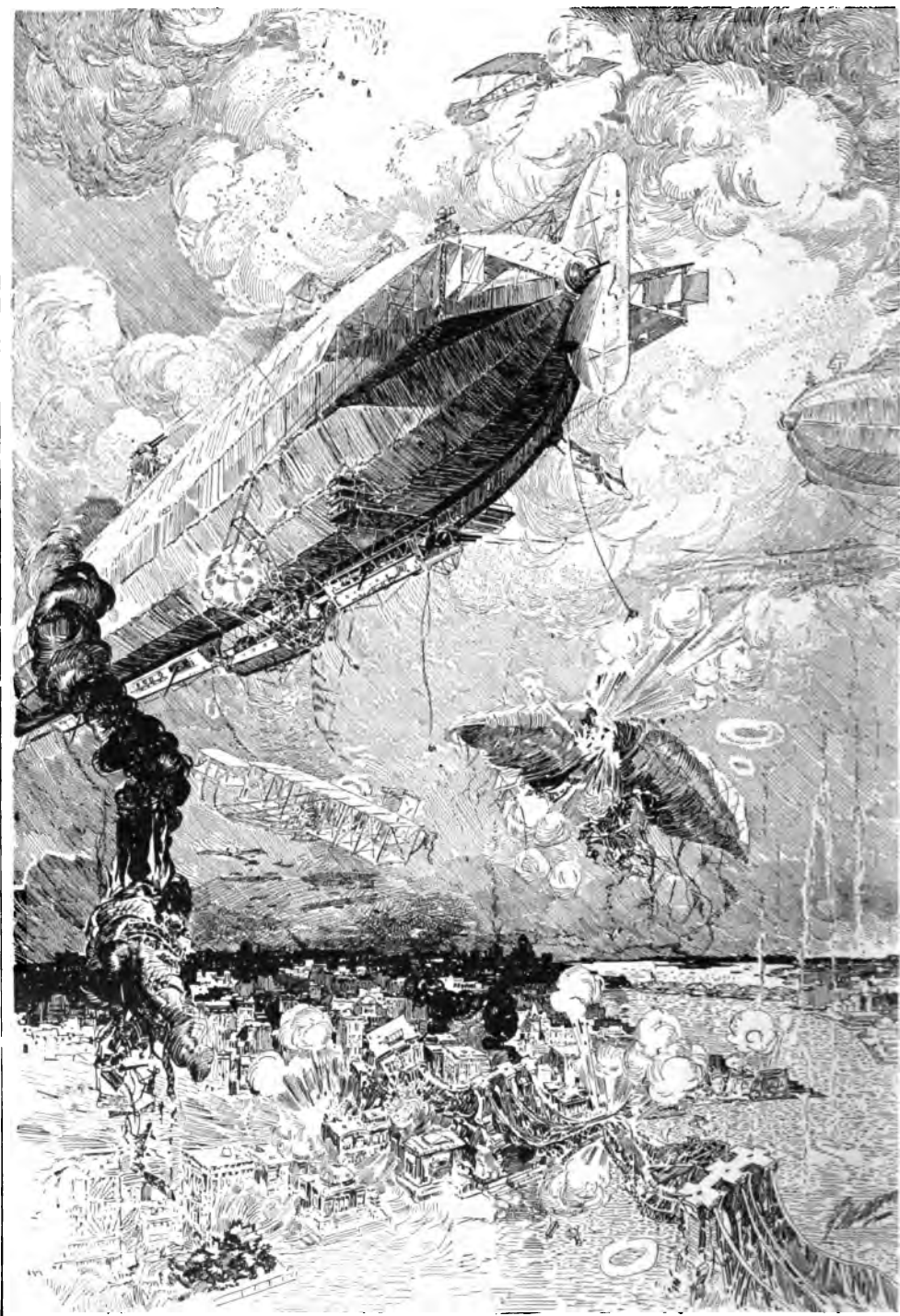
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VOICES

By Louis Untermeyer

ALL day with anxious heart and wondering ear
I listened to the city; heard the ground
Echo with human thunder, and the sound
Go reeling down the streets and disappear.
The headlong hours in their wild career
Shouted and sang until the world was drowned
With babel-voices, each one more profound. . .
All day it surged—but nothing could I hear.

That night the country never seemed so still
The trees and grasses spoke without a word
To stars that brushed them with their silver wings.
Together with the moon I climbed the hill
And in the very heart of Silence heard
The speech and music of immortal things.



An engagement in an air war of the future; from the upper deck of the battleship a small aeroplane takes flight against the enemy's air cruiser; exploding air ships and crippled aeroplanes fall over the city, already shattered by huge bombs and by the fire of the air battleships' guns.

—See "Heralds of Peace," page 735.

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Prince August Wilhelm and his wife, in third compartment of Zeppelin type airship.
In war time, passenger car becomes a gun deck.

HERALDS of PEACE

BATTLESHIPS OF THE AIR NOW IN USE BOOM THE DOOM
OF INTERNATIONAL STRIFE

By T. R. MacMechen and Carl Dienstbach

Authors of "The Aerial Battleship," etc.

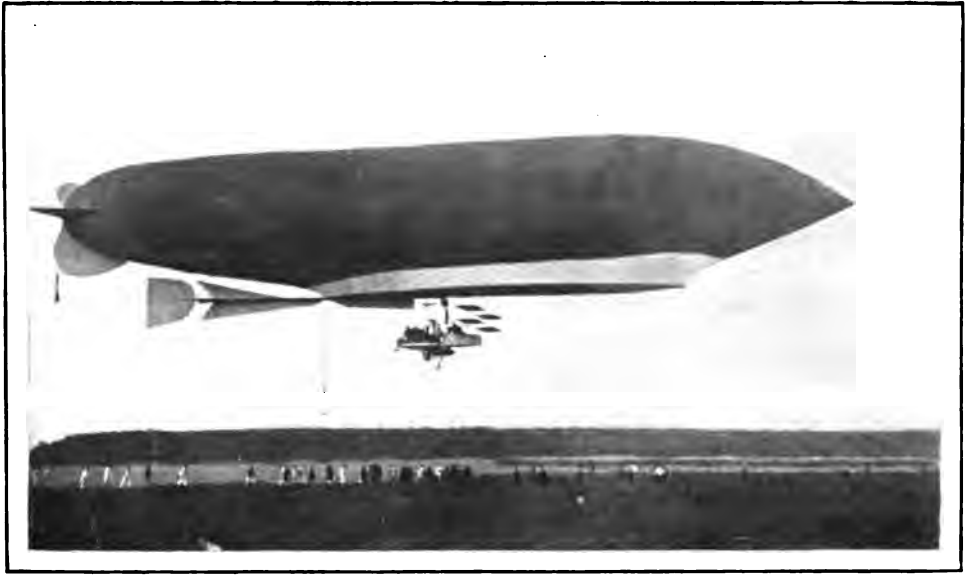
EDITORIAL NOTE.—The facts presented in the following article concerning the present and projected air navies of Europe will come as a surprise to most readers. The authors of this article three years ago predicted precisely the development of the airship and aeroplane for war and oversea purposes that has now come to pass. Study of the table on page 737 should convince you that aerial warfare is imminent and that in this important development the United States is inconceivably deficient.

IN October Germany achieved complete mastery of the air by launching two powerful airships armed with machine guns ranged on top and along the sides of the hulls. No other nation is prepared to defend itself against attack by such ships. No other nation has airships like these—solid structures mounting long-range guns in positions where they may freely sweep the heavens and earth.

Two years of target practice from many

German war airships, one mile above the ground, has proved that absolute aim at any object below can be attained. For eight hours, on October 27, 1911, the *Zeppelin IX*, the first of the new aerial cruisers with gun turrets, maneuvered at that height. This was long enough to have done deadly execution in the event of actual warfare—indeed, a few minutes' concentrated fire would be decisive.

No gun on earth can aim so rapidly that it will hit an airship capable of a speed of



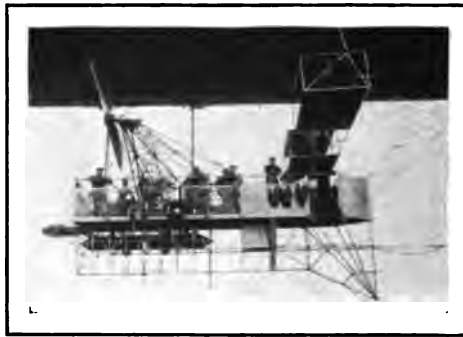
Typical French air cruiser; non-rigid gas bag, unable to carry heavy armament. This ship was developed with the idea of throwing bombs, not of using artillery.

forty-seven miles an hour. And at that speed the *Zeppelin IX* recently covered the entire French frontier in fourteen and a half hours, then went through dense fog to Baden-Baden and cruised over that city for five and a half hours more, all without landing.

This is not only faster than most bi-planes, but twenty hours over an enemy's country is a feat impossible for any conceivable aeroplane. That means that Germany's armed air fleet can arrive over Paris or London in three and eight hours respectively after any declaration of war. Wrecking a portion of her air fleet will not concern Germany if she wipes out the enemy's main basis of supply. And two days of average weather now makes a fast airship fleet's mission certain.

The triumph of Count Zeppelin's airship *Schwaben* proves that German crews are learning to handle these colossal craft. In one hundred and forty consecutive trips, many entirely across Germany, this ship has already traveled 12,670 miles and trans-

ported two thousand five hundred passengers without the slightest damage, even while riding out a tremendous storm between Berlin and Gotha. The *Schwaben* can easily replace her load of twenty passengers by heavy armament.



The operating bridge of a French air cruiser.

German builders of guns — ambitious to make German airship weapons certain to hit the mark, pierce protective covers and explode magazines — have kept pace with aviation's development. Two years ago the Krupps made a light, rapid - firing gun, capable of throwing sixty two-inch shells a minute; in March, 1908, during

secret trials, this gun was fired with entire success from the deck of the German government's war airship *Zeppelin I*.

Following up this success, Ehrhardt, of Düsseldorf, is now turning out quick-firing cannon of six hundred and sixty to eight hundred pounds to be mounted on top of the rigid hull of the Zeppelin type of ship where free aim in every direction is possible. A silencer renders the flash harmless, noise-



Typical German air cruiser, rigid hull and ample passenger room amidship where, in war equipment, machine guns would be mounted. On top of hull cannon can be mounted.

less and invisible and this, combined with special mechanism, so greatly reduces the recoil that it is all taken up by the twenty-two ton mass of the airship.

A Zeppelin the size of the *Schwaben* can carry two tons of war equipment—two four pounders of eight hundred pounds and one hundred high explosive shells, each of four and one eighth pounds—and one ton of machine guns and ammunition.

Slightly less equipment is carried by Germany's other new air cruiser, the *Schuettle-Lanz I*, the first of two ships unique in structure. The hull is a tremendously strong skeleton of tough, light, diagonal wooden girders, braced by eleven hoop-girders of heavier wood, reinforced by a lattice of steel cables. The entire framework is of built up wood (glued together from thin laminations) and the joints are socketed, giving easy play. If the ship's body strikes the ground it rebounds like a football, due to the elasticity of the cross ribs. Certain other purely

technical innovations mark the construction of this ship, the purpose of the inventor, Professor Schuettle, being to combine all the advantages of both the rigid and non-rigid types of airships.

The *Schuettle-Lanz I* was launched in

October and has made several long trips at night. She is four hundred and fifty feet long, with a diameter of fifty-one feet, while the *Schwaben* has a length of four hundred and eighty-five feet and a girth of forty-eight feet. The *Schwaben's* slimness gives her a speed of forty-three miles an hour, compared with her rival's forty miles.



Forward operating motor car on German military airship.

The *Zeppelin IX*, *Schuettle-Lanz I* and *Schwaben* carry two cannon, four pounders—each of eight hundred pounds' weight—with one hundred rounds of ammunition, weighing four hundred and eighty pounds, two thirds the carrying capacity of the ships. This leaves almost one ton of capacity in either the *Schwaben* or *Schuettle-Lanz I* for two big long-range machine guns of

fifty pounds apiece, and their ammunition. In addition to this armament, either airship can carry ten machine rifles, each of about fourteen pounds, to repel sudden attacks by aeroplanes.

THE ARMAMENT OF AIRSHIPS

An airship that carries one large bomb, of not less than twelve hundred pounds, will leave behind one cannon, its ammunition, and part of the ammunition for the machine guns. But whether armed with bomb or cannon, with good weather and favorable wind, the *Schwaben* or *Schuette-Lanz I* can carry this much armament and could stay over London for more than ten hours or over Paris for twenty hours, during light winds.

Unlike war ships on water, airships can change their armament to suit the kind of attack intended and the distances they must travel to reach the enemy, the kind and weight of their armament depending on the general condition of the weather. If the *Schwaben* were ordered to attack London it would, to conserve its endurance, probably be equipped with only one cannon but would carry one hundred and fifty rounds of artillery ammunition besides the two big ma-

chine guns and their ammunition, and at the same time retain eight light machine rifles for emergency. Then it would not carry a bomb.

Extraordinary as such an equipment may seem to the layman—a ship of the air fitted with respectable sized cannon and a battery of machine guns—to any one accustomed to dealing with the armaments of even very small sea cruisers the firing power of an air cruiser seems absurdly inadequate. And so it would be if it were not for two or three factors which make air fighting so unexpectedly terrific. One of these factors—and the one, by the way, which most military experts believed presented a never-to-be-solved problem—is “firing efficiency,” the ability to shoot at a mark with cannon and hit it immediately without waste of ammunition.

HANDLING AN AIRSHIP FOR SHOOTING

The problem in getting perfect range was to maintain a constant distance between a detached object like a moving airship in space and some mark on the ground. Unless this could be done there was no way for the aerial gunner to avoid wasting his precious ammunition by mere guesswork, and



A view of a city and its suburbs from a mile in the air. From the air cruiser the country is spread out like a map, and the disposition of troops and armaments will be plainly visible.



An aeroplane above the clouds. This is the only type of aeroplane capable of carrying war armament for long flights. It is no faster than a modern airship.

the airship's carrying capacity is ridiculously limited in comparison with that of even a present-day gunboat.

Target practice from the air developed a way to maintain a positive distance. This is done by holding the airship at a constant height above the ground. A statoscope, which is an instrument indicating exactly the least change in height above sea level, makes it easy for the assistant helmsman on any kind of air craft to tell instantly whether the ship is keeping its level. All that remains is to steer the airship in a circle, at constant elevation, around the target, the helmsman using the target itself as a pivotal bearing in his steering.

To keep a perfectly true circular course the helmsman sights through a telescope mounted on the airship's car and kept pointed down at an unvarying angle to the horizon. A gyroscope combined with the telescope maintains this angle all the time that the telescope is focussed on the target.

The telescope's field of sight is so large that the slightest shifting of the target from the cross hairs instantly shows the helmsman that he is in slight error—that he is getting out of range.

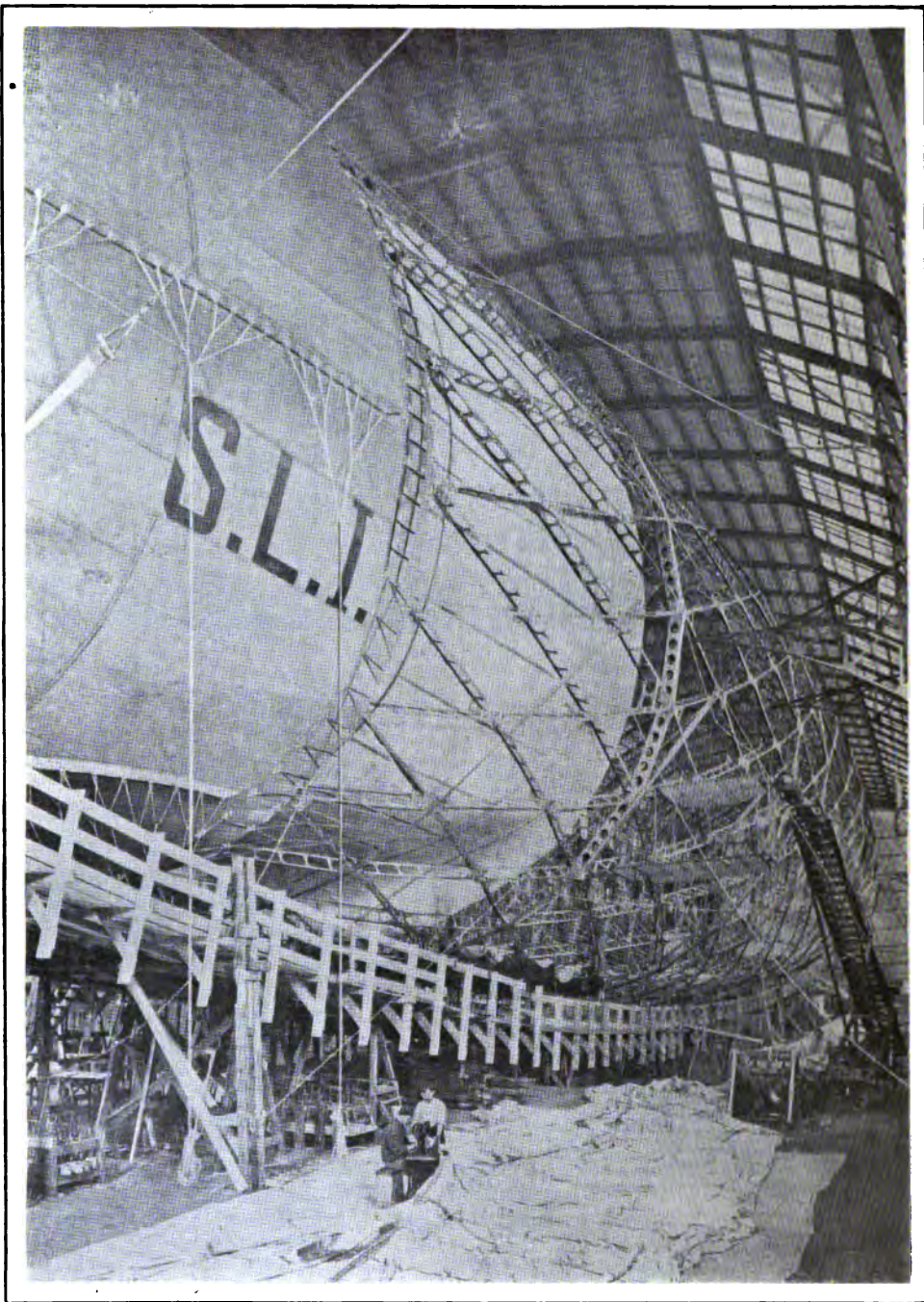
A movement of the steering wheel brings the target dot back to its proper position in the field of the telescope so that it is again covered by the cross hairs. While the helmsman is doing this, an assistant maintains an unchanging height by keeping his eye fixed on the statoscope's readings, by which he manipulates the airship's steering planes which drive her on a level course.

In other words, the target itself gives the helmsman his bearings as surely as a compass draws its curve around the center. Gunners have nothing to do but sight in the ordinary way, as they do from a mountain.

Target practice that began in 1910 over the artillery grounds at Jeuterbog, and later at the airship station at Metz, has shown that very little ammunition is wasted. The secret was discovered by the crew of the military *M. III* with automatic torpedoes, and brought to efficiency by the *Zeppelin I*.

HOW AN AIRSHIP WILL BE MANEUVERED IN WAR

Maneuvering in winds does not prevent the airship from getting perfect range. The pilot's telescope actually compels him to lay such a course that the combined motion



The new Schuette-Lanz ship. The hull is constructed of wood crossed with steel wire, forming a strongly braced lattice. If this ship were to fall to earth it would bounce instead of breaking.

of the wind and the airship always takes him around the target in a perfect circle.

Maneuvers in the nature of sham battles

have developed the handling of the air cruiser as an actual instrument of fighting.

On attacking, the airship always approaches

with the wind, flying irregularly to present a changing height and distance to the gunners on the ground. This prevents them from getting the range, because they do not know its position in space, especially its altitude. On the other hand, an ordinary range finder on the airship shows not only whether its guns are within range, but also whether the ship itself is at a safe distance.

After the ship has approached within firing distance of the "enemy," the helmsman begins to describe that portion of a circle which he can accomplish in the space of eight or ten seconds. The gunners are notified that the ship is in range and at constant elevation. Two test shots are fired in less than four seconds. The gunner himself, from his position of a mile in the air, sees exactly how far to the front or the rear of the "enemy" the shells strike. In fact the instant the second shell strikes he knows the range. In four seconds more he has swamped the "enemy" with ten to twelve shells.

During this time the airship has gone only, let us say, 1,440 yards along its curved path, and has resumed its irregular flight. The eight or ten seconds required to deliver the airship's fire is the only time that the enemy has any chance to get the airship's range. Moreover, the airship need not betray itself the instant the ten-second even level flight begins.

Besides, there is no way of "spotting" in space the exploding points of consecutive shells. Gunners can hit only by chance such a detached, pencil-like object as the *Schwaben*, which at full speed travels 3,837 feet a minute, or the still faster *Zeppelin IX*, which travels 4,000 feet a minute, and a mile or so above ground. The futility of land batteries is obvious.

THE ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY OF AERIAL FIRE

Armed with modern quick-fire guns that from above carry as far as heavy artillery, it is not necessary for the airship to fire while nearer than from three to six miles away, and at a height of one to one and a half miles. In May the *Schwaben* cruised for two hours at a height of one and one eighth miles, with thirteen passengers aboard and two tons of ballast, not an ounce of which was cast to reach that altitude.

Not only is an air cruiser absolutely safe at this height, but it means she may fire down at a slant not less than forty-five

degrees. *At that angle a long shell, propelled by two thirds of its own weight, and plunging with gravity, flies as straight as an arrow.* The "arc" of the projectile from an airship fired from a mile up in the air is no greater than that of the projectile from the heaviest piece of artillery fired along the ground at point-blank range.

From the airship the projectile actually becomes a gliding machine. This absolute accuracy with the lightest kind of guns—the heaviest of which, pivoted on an airship, can be moved as easily as a rifle—will make every ounce of the magazine kill or destroy.

The character of the weapons that have already been adapted to Germany's new air cruisers should be understood. Even on the ground the very lightest modern quick-fire gun is now as destructive as six old-time guns of larger caliber. Its half-pound shell travels at tremendous speed over greater distances and with more penetrative power than the twenty-pound projectile of twenty years ago. It breaks two-inch steel. Fired from the air the shell will pierce from roof to cellar, and fire a building by explosion.

Even without the tremendous advantage of firing from the air, two long one and one half inch semi-automatic cannon (firing high-explosive shells) are equal to two, possibly three, whole batteries of three and one half inch guns such as did fearful execution in the Franco-Prussian war.

These semi-automatic one and one half inch weapons and their shells are easily carried by the new air cruisers.

The lighter machine gun is a still more ideal aerial weapon. It can be mounted so near the airship's cannon that its bullets will give the cannon their range and thus avoid wasting the more precious artillery ammunition. The machine gun is ideal for the airship because it slays with an absurdly small and light bullet, and on dry ground its striking point is seen better than that of the explosive shell. Shooting point-blank, at fifteen hundred yards, its stream of five hundred bullets a minute will batter through a brick wall as effectively as a cannon ball. After traveling three miles the bullets scatter like bird-shot.

EUROPE'S FRANTIC PREPARATIONS FOR AIR WAR

The European powers realize that the decisive war of the future will be an air war. France, England, Russia and Germany are

spending \$3,500,000 on forty-four airships, either being constructed or ordered.

France alone—despite her boasted “aeroplane cavalry”—has given orders for twenty of the largest type of airships to be ready at the end of 1913. With only eight of moderate size at present she has, in two years, spent \$600,000 for eight airships and about \$280,000 for seventy aeroplanes. Fourteen of the airships ordered are the largest she has ever undertaken.

Russia already has nine airships and has \$675,000 invested in five more that are being built.

Germany has eleven war airships, including two Zeppelins and the new *Schuettle-Lanz I*. But all passenger Zeppelins and Parsevals are subsidized by the German government. And the war department owns sixty aeroplanes.

In two years Germany has spent \$712,341 on two new Zeppelin airships, of which the *Zeppelin IX* is the first, and on three Parseval and three Gross military air cruisers of shorter flight radius. All of these ships not already delivered are approaching completion.

The other powers are not prepared to resist Germany's rigid airships and heavy guns. But the hasty attempt at defense has revealed two things. One is that England, not France with her greater experience in the air, has forced Germany to disclose the secret of her superiority and to hasten her preparations.

England did this by secretly building a Zeppelin type of airship, larger than anything Count Zeppelin had ever launched, and arming it with six-pound rapid-fire guns specially adapted for the purpose by Vickers Sons & Maxim. It

took England two years to build her “British Zeppelin,” and that it broke in the middle after successfully showing that the more colossal an airship is the better able it is to withstand storms, was due simply to inexperience.

The second revelation made by this frantic preparation was that France, despite her long air experience is not ready for aerial warfare.

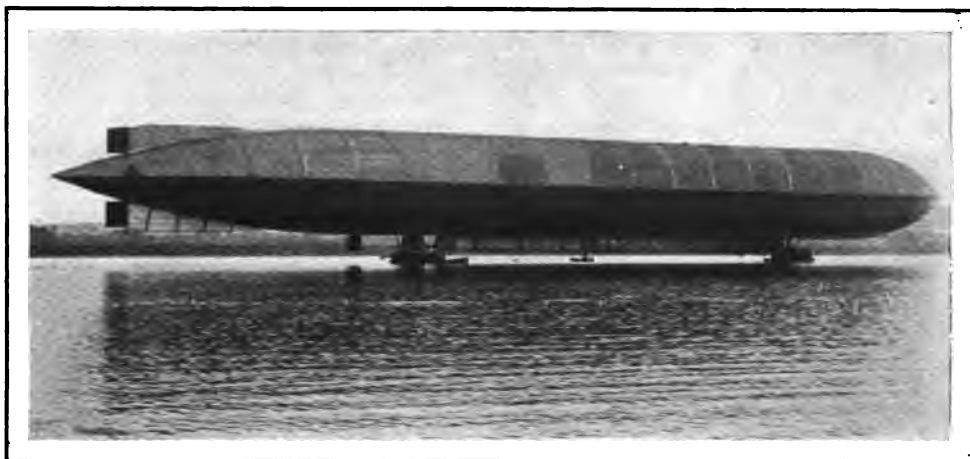
France has given more attention to making fast airship cruisers for scouting than to the punishment they might inflict. Now that it has been demonstrated that long-range guns will be the real weapons of the air, instead of bombs dropped with no certainty of aim, it is almost certain that the French type of ship, cars hanging on cloth bags, will not stand the shock of recoil from guns that are long enough range for effective action.

In her recent competition of military aeroplanes France learned at last that for attack and battles in the air against hostile aerial forces, the real war aeroplane must have a much greater carrying capacity than the fundamentals of the aeroplane permit. The swift monoplanes on which she relied to destroy airships are destined only to carry dispatches. Their propellers in front would prevent firing ahead even if the machines could carry arms.

The French military monoplane gives out too soon to be used for long trips imposed by offensive conditions; its necessary cargo of six hundred and sixty pounds besides oil and fuel is too heavy. On the other hand, the slower biplane—no more rapid than the modern dirigible—turns out to be the machine that must carry



Stern view of great British air battleship.



The ill-fated British ship floating above water. The vessel was the largest ever built and the most powerful, designed to remain in the air for days and to carry heavy guns.

armament—if it can carry any. So the aeroplane that can attack will be no faster than the airship.

Aside from this, military experts now realize that a large number of aeroplanes are useless for attacking, because they cannot maneuver in close enough formation to concentrate on one spot. Furthermore, the most colossal of Germany's airships are not only much faster than the French non-rigid type, they not only cover the same distances in much shorter time, but they can do what the non-rigid French ships cannot do, carry armament sufficient to defeat anything else in the air.

ENGLAND'S AIR WAR EQUIPMENT

England saw the meaning of aerial warfare when the Krupps fired their gun from a rigid Zeppelin. The British Admiralty instantly decided to improvise an airship that could patrol her long coast line and remain for days far out over the sea, not only as a scout but to prevent an enemy's air fleet from reaching her coast. Small airships are not able to travel such distances.

England interpreted correctly Germany's theory of waging aerial warfare: That only colossal aircraft holding enough gas and fuel to get far away from their bases of supply in order to evade an enemy by long detours, appear from unexpected quarters and shatter his strategic points, were useful in warfare.

In fact, this British aerial battleship was built by marine experts, with some details nearer those of ocean-going ships than even

Count Zeppelin's. It showed the ideas engineers have of the fully developed airship of another twelve months. A 512-foot hull of braced girders of duralumin, a metal that is nearly as strong as steel and much lighter, proved both storm-proof and gas-tight. The ship remained outdoors for weeks, anchored on water, withstanding winds of forty-five miles an hour.

The aluminum coat on the top of the hull resisted the sun's rays and a system of interior ventilation kept the gas cells at nearly outside temperature. This insured the airship's staying in the air for five days. Oversea her voyage was to have been prolonged by the British cruiser *Hermione* carrying supplies of gas, fuel and ammunition. The entire hull-top, as are those of the present Zeppelins, was a long "hurricane deck," reached by a companion way through the hull. From this deck guns could be fired exactly as they are fired from the Zeppelins. Small aeroplanes could launch from its rear as they do now from French sea cruisers.

Under the hull the fore and aft navigating cars were really twenty-six foot wooden motor launches, each with a marine gas engine of two hundred horse-power of the type used on ocean craft and capable of driving the ship at forty-three miles an hour. Between the launches extended a V-shape keel, widened amidships to form an officers' ward room. Forward and abaft ran a gangway, carrying the fuel supply pipes, water circulating pipes, sailors' quarters and serving as a machine gun deck.

Her crew of nine officers and sailors from the "mother ship" *Hermione* allowed the airship a certain range of from one thousand to fifteen hundred miles. When the burden of the ship was increased by a gun crew, bringing her complement up to twenty-two men, the distance that could be covered was about one thousand miles. The ship had a wireless communication of five hundred miles.

With this radius of action, air warships need never land in an enemy's country.

The British admiralty has no other alternative than to rebuild this "dreadnaught" of the air. Not lives, but purses, are in danger.

While the air fleet is now able to slay by wholesale, it will not subdue by slaughter. Its deadly aim is only for inflicting destruction without getting any nearer to the object of attack than will permit safe withdrawal at the first sight of danger.

Warfare will be revolutionized by ignoring armies, battleships and strong fortifications, when, without risk of retaliation, a whole country is accessible. Fighting like a naval cruiser, a battleship of the air will impose its own terms as easily as the smallest navy terrorizes a coast when no fleet opposes it. It means that an air cruiser, with an armament vastly inferior to a water cruiser, by concentrating its attacks on the weakest and most vital points can lay waste an entire nation.

The warning applies equally to the sea and the air. The enemy's battleships on the water will keep the English navy busy while the air fleet captures all merchantmen carrying supplies. From overhead their captains will be ordered to steer to the enemy's ports. And England knows that even her great battleships can be crippled by air attacks on her naval bases, her arsenals, ports and

connecting railways. This feeling was responsible for her first great airship. British military authorities predict whole fleets of similar airships in the next few years.

Though the Zeppelin type of airship has now attained little more than half the size and endurance that will be reached within five years, its contemplated early use by the Germans for oversea operations brings the airship into direct comparison with the naval "dreadnaught." Fifty battleships of the air of the largest, most costly design yet made,

can be built for the cost of one "dreadnaught." What is more, if an aerial battleship accepts the risk it can sink the strongest "dreadnaught."

In firing from a height of one and a half miles overhead, a shell with one and a half pounds of the Belgian army's new explosive, "macarite," that breaks steel plate of $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, will be used. In the Russian-Japanese war, the Russian fleet was annihilated by shells of shimose—not so destructive as macarite—one battleship being disabled at the longest range of the Japanese guns.

Firing from a mile and a half to two miles up in the air, to better explode its shell deep below the water line and against the unprotected

hull, an airship gun will blow a hole a foot in diameter through both the outer and inner skins of a battleship. This will spring inaccessible leaks that will put the stronger craft out of action in thirty minutes. It will sink slowly because, unlike torpedo hits, the holes will not only pierce one or two compartments, but each compartment will have its small leak. The same shell may perforate the weakest part of the armored deck and explode the magazine. Meanwhile the airship's semi-automatic gun, operated by two men, can rain bullets upon vantage points of the structure.



Another type of German war airship. Fore-ground shows track on which aerodrome moves, enabling ship to always leave with breeze.



These views, made from half a mile in air, show how distinct surface objects are: the one to the left is a harbor; that to the right an infantry drill.

With weapons that inflict such telling destruction airships but slightly larger than the British Zeppelin will become floating fortresses, armed cities in the air. These will cruise at great height, rushing past all hostile troops and fortifications, and fly for days over the enemy's country. Far behind the enemy's battle front they will play a sort of gigantic jiu-jitsu, attacking peaceful populations, not second rate cities but great financial centers whose people have no time to flee.

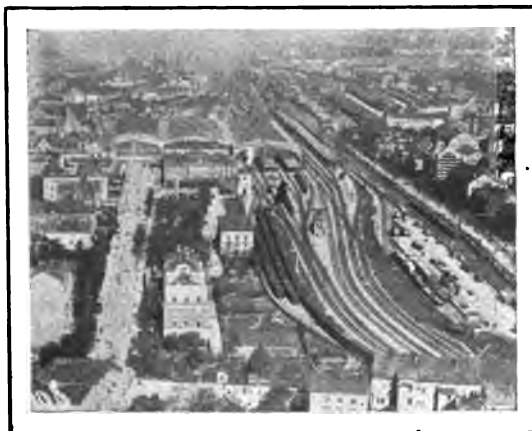
A few days of good weather are plenty for conquering a city. To nations with airship fleets, armies will become merely auxiliary to vast movements that have the whole air as their field of action. The commander-in-chief of an aggressive force on the ground will lay his plans to hold the frontiers and to gain time, to lose least and expose nothing until weather that will permit the air forces to fly into the enemy's country and seize the most vital city. Campaigns may drag for weeks before the air fleet can take action. This continued delay would weaken the spirit of an army if it were not that the men

would know that on the first fine day their air fleet will set out to strike the decisive blow.

In the final attack upon the enemy's capital the aeroplane will play its greatest part. What the largest aeroplanes can never accomplish unaided, they will do in detail when supplied by a fleet of "mother ships." Aeroplanes, each carrying three men and fuel to go four hundred miles one way, will accompany the fleet, acting as its scouts.

Depending on the airship's greater facilities for determining its locality, the aeroplanes can make long reconnoissances beyond the main route, keeping in touch with the fleet by wireless, flags, electric signaling and guns; moreover, in the daytime the fleet's general position can be seen for forty miles. But with armament that must necessarily be so slight that it will be hopelessly outcannoned, the aeroplane will have no business landing in the enemy's country, except under the protection of the airship's guns.

From any European country flight to a foreign capital can be swiftly made with little fuel and a favorable wind. If



An airship could destroy this railroad terminal with ease, cutting off a city's supplies.

the wind continues after arrival it will require just as much fuel to hold the fleet over a hostile city. Returning might be serious, if air strategy did not dictate that he who fights and runs away lives to fight another day. Strong winds or storms will temporarily raise the blockade by driving off the fleet. Air currents that prevent striking one city may be followed toward another base of the enemy. On the eve of the country's greatest victory at the front, news may arrive that the capital has been taken by the enemy's airships.

In the interest of humanity a city will be conquered by governing it from a dominant air fleet. Policing from the air will become a form of piracy legalized by the rules of war. The organism of the modern city is all in favor of this—it is one vast machine where every man's house is no longer a castle husbanding its own supplies.

War airships of six to seven hundred feet in length, which are certain to be built within the next three years, can take advantage of the pioneer exploration work that Dr. Paul F. Gans will attempt on the airship *Suchard* in the spring of 1912. He proposes to drive the *Suchard* across the Atlantic with the trade winds, starting from Teneriffe in the Canary Islands and following the course of the trade winds to the Barbadoes which will afford a convenient striking point against the Gulf or South Atlantic coasts.

Even the *Suchard*, a mere launch in comparison with the highly developed Zeppelins, will on this trip reach the coast of Florida, if at the time of the airship's arrival at the Barbadoes its endurance is such as will enable it to take advantage of the trade wind's northward deflection.

If a European power, employing fully developed airships, should go to war with the United States and use the trade winds course to reach our coast, New Orleans, as one of the country's weak and vital spots, would be the natural point of attack.

A raid on any European capital would be easy.

The air fleet would arrive in the night. The lights of the city would indicate its location exactly. During the dawn the fleet's aeroplanes, aided by wireless telegraphy from the air-admiral, would land miles outside the city and cut all telegraph and telephone lines and cripple wireless plants. The city would awake to find the streets strewn with posters announcing that the fleet had

taken possession and demanding a war indemnity.

The air-admiral, in instant communication with a population beneath him, would exert an unparalleled sway over human minds. The more ignorant elements would lend themselves to the psychology of aerial attack and would soon become panic-stricken.

The first attack on a proud metropolis might be met by refusal. Those in authority might question how this could be warfare; war begins at the borders, not right in a nation's center. The new method must first be tested.

The first step would be against the main nerves of supply. As the jiu-jitsuist knows exactly where the slightest pressure causes unendurable pain, the air-admiral—armed with such common "military secrets" as the exact positions of vital dynamos and switches—would with refinement of aim and trifling ammunition cripple the greatest power plants. Though exposed insulations are vulnerable to rifle bullets, to save ammunition much of this destruction would be done by aeroplanes under the protection of the fleet's guns. The city would be left in absolute darkness and without water.

CUTTING OFF THE FOOD SUPPLIES

Aeroplanes might establish land depots far from roads or railways and cut off the avenues for food quickly and thoroughly. A mile of railway can be instantaneously destroyed by placing at each web of rail a string of gun-cotton disks, each less than a pound in weight but exploding with a force of four hundred tons in one twentieth of a second. If tracks were guarded, the air cruiser would become active, using an explosive shell to blow up trackage by hitting its joints. Destruction of the road would prevent armored trains from reaching the city. Even the trains might be attacked. A quick dash to get point-blank range, the discharge of a shell containing one and a half pounds of macarite—five times more than needed—and the most heavily armored train would be halted.

Within the city, conditions would now become intolerable. To prevent mobs, notice would be served that any assembling of citizens would result in all persons seen on the streets becoming targets of the patrolling cruisers. Even then these aerial rovers would not slay. Bullets might terror-

The Air Navies of the Leading European Nations

GERMANY

CLASS	Length	Beam	Dis- pl'ment	Burden	Eng. Power	Screws	Max. Speed	Approx. Range
BATTLESHIPS:								
<i>Zeppelin I</i>	445 ft.	38 ft.	330,943	4½ tons	2-280 h.p.	Four	39 miles	1,200 miles
<i>Zeppelin IX</i>	385 "	36 "	290,000	4½ "	3-345 "	Four	47½ "	1,600 "
* <i>Schwaben</i>	490 "	46 "	680,000	5½ "	3-345 "	Four	43 "	1,800 "
* <i>Schwette</i>	450 "	51 "	706,000	5½ "	4-540 "	Four	42 "	2,000 "
* <i>Deutschland</i>	490 "	46 "	680,000	5½ "	3-345 "	Four	45 "	1,800 "
* <i>Krell I</i>	387 "	43 "	458,900	4½ "	4-548 "	Three	42 "	983 "
BIG CRUISERS:								
<i>M. III</i>	272 "	39 "	229,450	2-3 "	2-300 "	Two	38 "	727 "
<i>M. IV</i>	280 "	40 "	247,100	3 "	2-400 "	Two	40 "	737 "
<i>P. III</i>	230 "	39 "	176,500	3 "	2-120 "	Two	33 "	874 "
* <i>P. VI</i>	230 "	39 "	176,500	3 "	2-120 "	Two	33 "	874 "
* <i>P. VIII</i>	230 "	39 "	176,500	3 "	2-120 "	Two	33 "	874 "
SMALL CRUISERS:								
<i>M. II</i>	176,000	1-150 "	Two	30 "	298 "
<i>P. II</i>	190 "	31 "	108,215	1-100 "	Two	30 "	391 "
<i>P. I</i>
<i>M. I</i>	176,000	1-150 "	Two	30 "	298 "
* <i>P. I</i>
* <i>Clouth I</i>
* <i>Erbstoeck II</i>
AERIAL LAUNCH:								
<i>P. V</i>
<i>P. IX</i>	230 "	36 "	141,643	1-140 "	Two	35 "
<i>P. X</i>
<i>R. I</i>
<i>R. II</i>
<i>R. III</i>
<i>F. I</i>
<i>S. I</i>

* Subsidized.

FRANCE

BIG CRUISERS:								
<i>Adjt. Reaux</i>	255 ft.	51 ft.	290,000	3½ tons	2-240 h.p.	Two	36 miles	670 miles
<i>Adjt. Vincenot</i>	270 "	40 "	250,000	3 "	2-200 "	Two	34 "	650 "
<i>Lt. Selle de Beauchamp</i>	291 "	2-160 "	Two
<i>Capt. Marchal</i>	278 "
<i>Ville de Bruxelles</i>	245 "	47 "	2½ "	2-160 "	Two	32 "
<i>Capt. Ferber</i>	205,000
SMALL CRUISERS:								
<i>Liberté</i>	219 "	35 "	148,333	2½ "	1-135 "	Two	31 "	400 "
<i>Col. Renard</i>	197 "	35 "	143,057	1½ "	1-100 "	One	29 "	240 "
<i>Astra Torres</i>	157 "	27 "	1 "	1- 55 "	One	28 "	180 "
<i>Ville de Paris</i>	198 "	28 "	112,836	1 "	1- 70 "	One	25 "	194 "
<i>Lebaudy</i>
PRIVATE:								
<i>Ville de Pau</i>	173 "	32 "	105,950	1 "	1- 80 "	One	25 "	125 "
<i>Ville de Lucerne</i>	173 "	34 "	110,000	1- 80 "	One	25 "	125 "
<i>Ville de Nancy</i>
LAUNCHES:								
<i>Zodiac</i>	134 "	28 "	49,443	1½ "	1- 40 "	One	20 "	104 "
<i>Le Temps</i>	29½ ft.	1- 55 "	One	28 "

ENGLAND

BATTLESHIP:								
<i>Nasal I (failed)</i>	512 ft.	48 ft.	703,633	6½ tons	2-400 h.p.	Four	42½ m.	1,800 miles
CRUISER:								
<i>Clement-Bayard</i>	320 "44 "	2-240 "	Two
LIGHT CRUISERS:								
<i>A</i>	84 "	21,800	2- 20 "	Two	22 "	80 "
<i>C</i>	154 "	70,600	1- 80 "	Four	28 "	70 "

RUSSIA

BIG CRUISER:								
<i>Russ'a</i>	200 ft.	35 ft.	131,350	60-70 h.p.	Two	29 miles	280 miles
CRUISER:								
<i>Clement-Bayard I</i>	184 "	34 "	123,608	105 "	One	33 "	200 "
LAUNCHES:								
<i>Zodiac I</i>	(three	more	building	capacity	unknown.)
<i>Zodiac II</i>

AUSTRIA

LIGHT CRUISERS:								
<i>P. I</i>	148 ft.	25 ft.	50,991	4½ tons	1- 50 h.p.	One	24 miles	60 miles
<i>Lebaudy</i>	213 "	33½ ft.	169,440	1-100 "	Two	32 "	280 "
<i>M. I</i>
<i>Slag-Mannsbart</i>

ITALY

LIGHT CRUISERS:								
<i>M. I</i>	216 ft.	36 ft.	1- 70 h.p.	Two	32 miles	538 miles
<i>M. II</i>	216 "	36 "	1- 70 "	Two	32 "	538 "

Spain has two light cruisers, Belgium and Holland one each.

ize by hitting just in front of those on foot. A tiny shell would crush the wheel of a vehicle. Automobiles could be stopped by a single bullet striking the motor.

Any attempt to mount guns in public parks would simply invite havoc, as a fortified city immediately loses its guarantee against bombardment.

Large armored guns or near-by coast fortifications would afford little protection. Their loopholes could be found and the gunners killed. Even if a chance shot were to hit one of the patrolling airships, the result might do more harm than good. The wrecked airship might fall near the city—a flaming torch of gas, explosives, exploding fuel and from twenty to thirty tons of wreckage. Moreover, even a fortified city will be helpless if attacked at night or from behind low-lying clouds.

At night the air fleet will not betray its position by exposing search-lights. In the 1910 maneuvers on the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, Germany, it was shown that the mark for the airship's guns would be the search-lights on the ground if a night bombardment were desirable. As a rule it will not be. Ammunition will be reserved for day, when every shot can be made to count.

WRECKING THE FORTS

In an attack on fortifications a huge bomb is decisive. Small bombs are uncertain. An airship the size of the *Schwaben* can carry and drop a round bomb containing a ton of dynamite mixed with 40,000 small shrapnel shots. With this meteor it can approach either a ship on the water or a fort at a height of a mile and a half and let go without hovering over the mark. Downward pressure of motors and planes overcomes the upward leap of the ship on the release of such a weight.

To get certain aim the bomb will be so fired that the airship's forward motion will propel the missile a great distance. Dropping 8,000 feet in ten seconds, it should in that time travel forward 656 feet. If the ship is going with the wind, the bomb should travel forward 1,150 feet and strike like the biggest naval shell. It can be aimed with deadly precision, as the airship's reliable barometers and maps give its location and height while its speed is noted by instruments for that purpose. The moment the bomb is released, the air cruiser turns and makes full speed from the object of attack.

Before recent experiments it was believed that squadrons of aeroplanes could go to the rescue of places attacked by air fleets. The relative speed of airships and the very fastest aeroplanes is about that of the sea cruiser and the fastest torpedo boat; and the airship uses the same guns to stop aeroplanes that the sea cruiser effectively uses to stop forty-mile-an-hour torpedo boats. The aeroplane will be within easy range of the airship's guns at a three miles' distance. If the gunners of the air cruiser miss some aeroplanes, they can wing these point-blank at 1,500 yards, which is a much greater distance than that at which aeroplanes are formidable.

Before this happens, the enemy's aeroplane squadron must first meet the airship's much swifter destroyers, aeroplanes as tiny as a Santos-Dumont "humming-bird," which will leave the airship's upper deck fresh with plenty of ammunition to repel attacks.

Aeroplanes that attack airships must be very large. They must be built to climb high with more men, heavier guns and greater fuel than the little monoplanes. They cannot dart like swallows but must fly as deliberately as the airship. After expending their slight armament, and without enough fuel to get back, the attacking aeroplanes will never reach home. It will be the business of the fleet to see that they do not. It is probable that if they leave the ground in sight of an air fleet they will be smashed before fairly getting off the earth.

WAR WILL BECOME TOO AWFUL

As British and German military experts have correctly foreseen, it will take airship to cope with airship, and equal guns. The best shots will win. But air battles will not remove the constant menace of raiders. Opposing fleets must first find each other.

The rapidity of their movement from place to place never assures the ground of immunity from attack. In several divisions, they may strike many cities at one time. Sieges may be intentionally raised, when scouts report the approach of relief. The airship will never really fight if it can avoid it. That is the secret of its power.

The constant dread that any minute may bring a fleet of these vast floating tyrants, to make life a hell, will be intolerable. It will mean the end of war.

The CLEVEREST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Adventures of an Insomniac," "The Wire Tappers," etc.

Illustration by C. D. Williams

I HAD been vaguely conscious, from the first, of that other presence near me. Yet I ignored it irritably as I continued to scan the water-front.

So impatient was my scrutiny of the light-spangled Hudson, so active was my resentment against Benson for not getting the launch up from *The Naulahka*, that I did not turn to look at the stranger until he stood up on the very string-piece where I sat.

Then something about the figure brought a slow perplexity into my mind, as I sat inhaling the warm and musky harbor-odors, under a sky Italian in its serenity and a soft and silvery moon that made the shuttling ferries into shadows scaled with Roman gold. This perplexity grew into bewilderment, for as I studied the lean figure with its loose-fitting paddock-coat flapping in the wharf-end breeze I was reminded of something disturbing, of something awesome. The gaunt form so voluminously draped, the cadaverous face with the startlingly sunken cheeks, the touch of tragedy in the entire attitude, brought sharply and suddenly to my mind the thought of a shrouded and hollow-eyed symbol of Death, needing only the scythe of honored tradition to translate it into the finished picture.

He stood there for some time, without moving, studying the water that ran like seamless black velvet under the wharf-end. Then he slowly took off his coat, folded it and placed it on the string-piece, and on

top of this again placed his hat. Then he laughed audibly, and I looked away, dreading that some spoken triviality might spoil a picture so appealingly mysterious. When I next peered up at him he seemed engaged in the absurd occupation of slowly turning inside out the quite empty pockets of his clothing. Then he once more looked down at the black water.

Those oily, velvet eddies, apparently, were too much for him. I saw him cover his face with his hands and sway back with a tragically helpless mutter of "I can't do it!"

A thousand tendrils of curiosity overran my disintegrating resentment at not getting aboard the yacht that night. I continued my covert watch of the incredibly thin man who was still peering down at the slip-water. I was startled, a minute or two later, to hear him emit a throat-chuckle that was as defiant as it was disagreeable. Then with an oddly nervous gesture of repudiation he caught up his hat and coat, turned on his heel, and passed like a sleep-walker down the quietness of the deserted wharf.

I turned and followed him. The tragedy recorded on that pallid face was above all pretense. He could never be taken for a "dummy-chucker"; the thing was genuine. Any man who could squeeze life so dry that he thought of tossing it away like an orange-skin was worth following. He seemed a contradiction to everything in the city that

surrounded us, in that mad city where every mortal appeared so intent on living, where the forlornest wrecks clung so feverishly to life, and where life itself, on that murmurous and moonlit summer night, seemed so full of whispered promises.

I followed him back to the city, speculating, as idle minds will, on who and what he was and by what mischance he had been cast into this lowest pit of indifference. More things than his mere apparel assured me he was not a "crust-thrower." I kept close at his heels until we came to Broadway, startling myself with the sudden wonder if he, too, were a victim of those relentless hounds of wakefulness that turn night into a never-ending inquisition. Then all speculation suddenly ended, for I saw that he had come to a stop and was gazing perplexedly up and down the light-strewn channel of Broadway. I noticed his eye waver on a passing figure or two, whom he seemed about to accost. Then, as though from that passing throng he beheld something kindred and common in my face, he touched me lightly on the arm.

I came to a stop, looking him full in the face. There seemed almost a touch of the supernatural in that encounter, as though two wondering ghosts stood gazing at each other on the loneliest edges of a No-man's Land.

He did not speak, as I was afraid he might, and send a mallet of banality crashing down on that crystal of wonderment. He merely waved one thin hand towards the façade of a mirrored and pillared caravansary wherein, I knew, it was the wont of the homeless New Yorker to purchase a three-hour lease on three feet of damask and thereby dream he was probing the innermost depth of life. His gesture, I saw, was both an invitation and a challenge.

And both the invitation and the challenge I accepted, in silence, yet by a gesture which could not be mistaken. It was in silence, too, that I followed him in through the wide doorway and seated myself opposite him at one of the rose-shaded parallelograms of white linen that lay about us in lines as thick and straight as tombstones in an abbey-floor.

I did not look at him, for a moment or two, dreading as I did the approaching return to actuality. I let my gaze wander about the riotous-colored room into which the flood-tide of the after-theatre crowds

was now eddying. It held nothing either new or appealing to me. It was not the first time I had witnessed the stars of stageland sitting in perigeon torpor through their seven-coursed suppers, just as it was not the first time I had meekly endured the assaulting vulgarities of onyx pillars and pornographic art for the sake of what I had found to be the most matchless cooking in the world.

It seemed an equally old story to my new friend across the table, for as I turned away from the surrounding flurry of bare shoulders, as white and soft as a flurry of gull-wings, I saw that he had already ordered a meal that was as mysteriously sumptuous as it was startlingly expensive. He, too, was apparently no stranger to Lobster Square.

I still saw no necessity for breaking the silence, although he had begun to drink his wine with a febrile recklessness rather amazing to me. Yet I felt that with each breath of time the bubble of mystery was growing bigger and bigger. The whole thing was something more than the dare-devil adventure of a man at the end of his tether. It was more than the extravagance of sheer hopelessness. It was something which made me turn for the second time and study his face.

It was a remarkable enough face, remarkable for its thinness, for its none too appealing pallor, and for a certain tragic furtiveness which showed its owner to be not altogether at peace with his own soul. About his figure I had already detected a certain note of distinction, of nervous briskness, which at once lifted him above the plane of the anæmic street-adventurer. There was something almost Heraclitean in the thin-lipped and satyric mouth. The skin on the sunken cheeks seemed as tight as the vellum across a snare-drum. From the corner of his eyes, which were shadowed by a smooth and pallid frontal-bone, radiated a network of minutely small wrinkles. His hands, I could see, were almost femininely white, as womanish in their fragility as they were disquieting in their never-ending restless movements. In actual years, I concluded, he might have been anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five. He was at least younger than I had first thought him. Then I looked once more about the crowded room, for I had no wish to make my inspection seem inquisi-



"THE WOMAN WITH THE CAP AND APRON DROPPED ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIM.
SHE KNELT THERE WITH AN INARTICULATE CRY."

torial. He, too, let his eyes follow mine in their orbit of exploration. Then, for the first time, he spoke.

"They'll suffer for this some day!" he suddenly declared, with the vehemence of a Socialist confronted by the voluptuosities of a second Gomorrah. "They'll suffer for it!"

"For what particular reason?" I inquired, following his gaze about that quite unapprehensive roomful of decorous revelers.

"Because one half of them," he avowed, "are harpies, and the other half are thieves!"

"Are you a New Yorker?" I mildly asked him. I had been wondering if, under the circumstances, even a voluminous paddock-coat would be reckoned as adequate payment for a repast so princely. The man had already proved to me that his pockets were empty.

"No, I'm not," he retorted. "I'm from God's country."

That doubtlessly irreproachable yet vaguely denominated territory left me so much in doubt that I had to ask for the second time the place of his origin.

"I come from Virginia," he answered, "and if I stayed there I wouldn't be where I am to-night."

As this was an axiom which seemed to transcend criticism I merely turned back to him and asked: "And where are you to-night?"

He lifted his glass and emptied it. Then he leaned forward across the table, staring me in the eyes as he spoke. "Do you know the town of Hanover, down in Virginia?"

I had to confess that I did not. As he sat looking at me, with a shadow of disappointment on his lean face, I again asked him to particularize his present whereabouts.

"I'm on the last inch of the last rope-end," was his answer.

"It seems to have its ameliorating conditions," I remarked, glancing about the table.

He emitted a sharp cackle of a laugh. "You'll have to leave me before I order the liqueur. This," with a hand-sweep about the cluster of dishes, "is some music I'll have to face alone. But what's that, when you're on the last inch of the last rope-end?"

"Your position," I ventured, "sounds almost like a desperate one."

"Desperate!" he echoed. "It's more than that. It's hopeless!"

"You have doubtless been visiting Wall Street or possibly buying mining-stock?" was my flippant suggestion. His manner of speech, I was beginning to feel, was not markedly Southern.

"No," he cried with quick solemnity. "I've been *selling* it."

"But such activities, I assumed, were far removed from the avenue of remorse."

He stared at me, absently, for a moment or two. Then he moved restlessly in his chair.

"Did you ever hear of a wire-tapper?" he demanded.

"Quite often," I answered.

"Did you ever fall for one of their yarns? Did you ever walk into one of their nice, gold-plated traps and have them shake you down for everything you owned—and for things you didn't even own?"

Here was a misfortune, I had to confess, which had not yet knocked at my door.

"I came up to this town with thirty thousand dollars, and not quite a third of it my own. Twenty of it was for a marble quarry we were going to open up on the Potomac. They sent me North to put through the deal. It was new to me, all right. I wasn't used to a town where they have to chain the door-mats down and you daren't speak to your neighbor without a police-permit. And when a prosperous-looking traveler at my hotel got talking about horses and races and the string that Keene sent South last winter, he struck something that was pretty close to me, for that's what we go in for down home—horse-breeding and stock-farming. Then he told me how the assistant superintendent of the Western Union, the man who managed their racing department, was an old friend of his. He also allowed this friend of his was ready to 'phone him some early track-returns, for what he called a big rake-off. He even took me down to the Western Union Building, on the corner of Dey and Broadway, and introduced me to a man he called the assistant superintendent. We met him in one of the halls—he was in his shirt-sleeves, and looked like a pretty busy man. He was to hold back the returns until our bets could be laid. He explained that he himself couldn't figure in the thing, but that his sister-in-law would handle the returns over her own wire."

"That sounds very familiar," I sadly commented.

"He seemed to lose interest when he found I had only a few thousand dollars of my own. He said the killing would be a quarter of a million, and the risk for holding up the company's despatches would be too great for him to bother with small bets. But he said he'd try out the plan that afternoon. So my traveler friend took me up to a pool-room with racing-sheets and blackboards and half a dozen telegraph-keys and twice as many telephones. It looked like the real thing to me. When the returns started to come in and we got our private tip from the Western Union office, I tried fifty dollars on a three to one shot."

"And of course you won," was my sympathetic rejoinder, as I sat listening to the old, sad tale. "You always do."

"Then I met the woman I spoke about, the woman who called herself the sister-in-law of the racing-wire manager."

"And what was she like?" I inquired.

"She looked a good deal like any of these women around here," he said with an eyesweep over the flurry of gull-wing backs and the garden of finery that surrounded us. "She looked good enough to get my thirty thousand and put me down and out."

He laughed his mirthless and mummy-like laugh. "You see, I had sense enough to get cold feet, over-night. But when I talked it over with her next day, and I saw her calling up a few of her Wall Street friends, I kind of forgot my scruples. She got me thinking crooked again. And that's all. That's where the story ends."

His docility, as I sat thinking of that odious and flamboyant type of she-harpy, began to irritate me.

"But why should it end here?" I demanded.

"Because I put twenty thousand dollars of other people's money into a phony game and lost it."

"Well, what of it?"

"Do you suppose I could go home with that hanging over me?"

"Supposing you can't. Is that any reason why you should lie down at this stage of the game?"

"But I've lost," he averred. "Everything's gone!"

"All is not lost," I quoted, "'till honor's self is gone!"

"But even *that's* gone," was his listless

retort. He looked up, almost angrily, at my movement of impatience. "Well, what would *you* do about it?" he challenged.

"I'd get that money back or I'd get that gang behind bars," was the answer I flung out at him. "I'd fight them to a finish."

"But there's nothing to fight. There's nobody to get hold of. That Western Union man was only a capper, a come-on. Their poolroom's one of those dirigible kind that move on when the police appear. Then they'd claim I was as bad as they were, trying to trick an honest bookmaker out of his money. And besides, there's nothing left to show I even handed them over anything."

"Then I'd keep at it until I found something," I declared. "How about the woman?"

"She'd be too clever to get caught. And I don't suppose she'd know me from a piece of cheese."

"Do you suppose you could in any way get me in touch with her?" I asked.

"But she's got police protection. I tried to have her arrested myself. The officer told me to be on my way, or he'd run me in."

"Then you know where she lives?" I quickly inquired.

He hesitated for a moment, as though my question had caught him unawares. Then he mentioned one of the smaller apartment hotels of upper Broadway.

"And what's her name?"

Again he hesitated before answering.

"Oh, she's got a dozen, I suppose. The only one I know is Purcelle. That's the name she answers to up there. But look here—you're not going to try to see her, are you?"

"That I can't tell until to-morrow."

"I don't think there'll be any to-morrow, for me," he rejoined, as his earlier listless look returned to his face. He even peered up a little startled, as I rose to my feet.

"That's nonsense," was my answer. "We're going to meet here to-morrow night to talk things over."

"But why?" he protested.

"Because it strikes me you've got a duty to perform, a very serious duty. And if I can be of any service to you it will be a very great pleasure to me. And in the meantime, I might add that I am paying for this little supper."

There is no activity more explosive than that of the chronic idler. Once out on Broad-

way, accordingly, I did not let the grass grow under my feet. Two minutes at the telephone and ten more in a taxicab brought me in touch with my old friend Doyle who was "working" a mulatto shooting case in lower Seventh Avenue as quietly as a gardener working his cabbage-patch.

"What do you know about a woman named Purcelle?" I demanded.

He studied the pavement. Then he shook his head. The name clearly meant nothing to him.

"Give me something more to work on!"

"She's a young woman who lives by her wits. She keeps up a very good front, and now and then does a variety of the wire-tapping game."

"I wonder if that wouldn't be the Cassell woman Andrus used as a come-on for his Mexican mine game? But *she* claimed Andrus had fooled her."

"And what else?" I inquired.

Doyle stood wrapt in thought for a moment or two.

"Oh, that's about all. I've heard she's an uncommonly clever woman, the cleverest woman in the world. But what are you after?"

"I want her record—all of it."

"That sort of woman never has a record. That's what cleverness is, my boy, maintaining your reputation at the expense of your character."

"You've given birth to an epigram," I complained, "but you haven't helped me out of my dilemma." Whereupon he asked me for a card.

"I'm going to give you a line to Sherman—Camera Eye Sherman we used to call him down at Headquarters. He's with the Banker's Association now, but he was with our Identification Bureau so long he knows 'em all like his own family."

And on the bottom of my card I saw Doyle write: "Please tell him what you can of Cherry Purcelle."

"Of course I couldn't see him to-night?"

Doyle looked at his watch.

"Yes, you can. You'll get him up at his apartment on Riverside. And I'll give you odds you'll find the old night-owl playing bézique with his sister-in-law!"

That, in fact, was precisely what I found the man with the camera eye doing. He sat there dealing out the cards, at one o'clock in the morning, with a face as mild and bland as a Venetian cardinal feeding his pigeons.

My host looked at the card in his fingers, looked at me, and then looked at the card again.

"She got you in trouble?" was his laceric query.

"I have never met the lady. But a friend of mine has, I'm sorry to say. And I want to do what I can to help him out."

"How much did he lose?"

"About thirty thousand dollars, he claims."

"What was the game?"

"It appears to have been one of those so-called wire-tapping *coups*."

"Funny how that always gets 'em!" ruminated that verger of long-immured faces.

"Well, here's what I know about Cherry Purcelle. Seven or eight years ago she was an artist's model. Then a sculptor called Delisle took her over to Paris—she was still in her teens then. But she was too brainy to stick to the studio-rat arrangement. She soon came to the end of her rope there. Then she came home—I've an idea she tried the stage and couldn't make it go. Then she was a pearl-agent in London. Then she played a variation of the 'lost-heir game' in what was called the Southam case, working under an English confidence-man called Adams. Then she got disgusted with Adams and came back to America. She had to take what she could get, and for a few weeks was a capper for a high-grade woman's bucket-shop. When Headquarters closed up the shop she went South and was in some way involved in the Parra uprising in the eastern end of Cuba."

My apathetic chronicler paused for a moment or two, studying his lacerated cigar-end.

"Then she married a Haytian half-caste Jew in the Brazilian coffee business who'd bought a Spanish title. Then she threw the title and the coffee-man over and came back to Washington, where she worked the ropes as a lobbyist for a winter or two. Then she took to going to Europe every month or so. I won't say she was a steamship gambler. I don't think she was. But she made friends—and she could play a game of bridge that'd bring your back hair up on end. Then she worked with a mining share manipulator named Andrus. She was wise enough to slip from under before he was sent up the river. And since then, they tell me, she's been doing a more or less re-

spectable game or two with Coke Morgan, the wire-tapper. And that, I guess, is about all."

"Has she ever been arrested? Would they have her picture, for instance, down at Headquarters?"

The man who had grown old in the study of crime smiled a little.

"You can't arrest a woman until you get evidence against her."

"Yet you're positive she was involved in a number of crooked enterprises?"

"I never called her a crook," protested my host, with an impersonality that suddenly became as Olympian as it was exasperating. "No one ever proved to me she was a crook."

"Well, I'm going to prove it. And I rather imagine I'm going to have her arrested. Why," I demanded, nettled by his satiric smile, "you don't mean to say that a woman like that's immune?"

"No; I wouldn't say she was immune, exactly. On the other hand, I guess she's helped our people in a case or two, when it paid her."

"You mean she's really an informer, what they call a welcher?"

"By no means. She's just clever, that's all. The only time she ever turned on her own people was when they threw her down, threw her flat. Then she did a bit of secret service work for Wilkie's office in Washington that gave her more pull than all your Tammany 'politics' east of Broadway."

"Am I to understand that what you call politics and pull, then, will let a woman rob a man of thirty thousand dollars and go scot free?"

"My dear fellow, that type of woman never *robs* a man. She doesn't need to. They just blink and hand it over. Then they think of home and mother, about ten hours after."

"But that doesn't sound quite reasonable," I contended. The older man looked solemnly at his cigar-end before asking his next question.

"Have you seen her yet?"

"No, I haven't," I replied as I rose to go. "But I intend to."

He moved his heavy shoulder in a quick half-circular forward thrust. It might have meant anything. But I did not linger to find out. I was too impressed with the need of prompt and personal action on my part to care much for the advice of outsiders.

But as each wakeful hour went by I found myself possessed of an ever widening curiosity to see this odd and interesting woman who, as Doyle expressed it, had retained reputation at the expense of character.

It was extremely early the next morning that I presented myself at Cherry Purcelle's apartment-hotel. I had not only slept badly; I had also dreamed of myself as a flagellant monk sent across scorching sands to beg a barbaric and green-eyed Thais to desist from tapping telegraph-wires leading into the camp of Alexander the Great.

The absurdity of that opianic nightmare seemed to project itself into my actual movements of the morning. The exacting white light of day withered the last tendril of romance from my quixotic crusade. It was only by assuring myself, not so much that I was espousing the cause of the fallen, but that I was about to meet a type of woman quite new to my experience, that I was able to face Cherry Purcelle's unbetrayingly sober door.

This door was duly answered by a maid, by a surprisingly decorous maid in white cap and apron. I was conscious of her veiled yet inquisitorial eye resting on my abashed person for the smallest fraction of a second. I almost suspected that in that eye might be detected a trace of something strangely like contempt. But, a little to my astonishment, I was admitted quite without question.

"Miss Purcelle is just back from her morning ride in the Park," this maid explained.

I entered what was plainly a dining-room, a small but well-lighted chamber. Striped awnings kept the morning sun from the opened windows, where a double row of scarlet geranium-tops stood nodding in the breeze. At one end of the table in the center of the room sat a woman, eating her breakfast.

She was younger looking, much younger looking, than I had thought she would be. Had she not sat there already inundated by the corroding acids of an earlier prejudice, I would even have admitted that she was an extremely beautiful woman.

She was in a rose-colored dressing gown which showed a satin-like smoothness of skin at the throat and arms. Her eyes, I could see, were something between a hazel and a green, set wide apart under a Pallas

Athene brow that might have been called serene, but for some spirit of rebellion vaguely refracted from the lower part of the face. The vividness of her color, which even the flaming sweep of her gown could not altogether discount, made me think of material buoyancies, of living flesh and blood and a body freshly bathed. Her gaze was direct, disconcertingly direct. It even made me question whether or not she was reading my thoughts as I noted that her hands were large and white, that her mouth, for all its brooding discontent, was not without humor, and, strangely enough, that her fingers, ears, and throat were without a touch of that jewelry which I had thought peculiar to her kind.

That she possessed some vague yet menacing gift of intimacy I could only too plainly feel, not so much from the undisturbed ease of her pose and the negligently open throat and arms as from the direct gaze of those searching and limpid eyes, which proclaimed that few of the popped illusions of life could flower in their neighborhood. This discomforting sense of mental clarity, in fact, forced me into the consciousness not so much of being in the presence of a soft and luxurious body as of standing face to face with a spirit that in its own incongruous way was as austere as it was alert.

"You wish to see me?" she said, over her coffee-cup. My second quick glance showed me that she was eating a breakfast of iced grape-fruit and chops and scrambled eggs and buttered toast.

"Very much," I answered.

"About what?" she inquired, breaking a square of toast.

"About the unfortunate position of a young gentleman who has just parted company with thirty thousand dollars!"

She bent her head, with its loose and heavy coils of dark hair, and glanced at my card before she spoke again.

"And what could I possibly do for him?"

There was something neither soothing nor encouraging in her unruffled calmness. But I did not intend to be disarmed by any theatrical parade of tranquillity.

"You might," I suggested, "return the thirty thousand."

There was more languor than active challenge in her glance as she turned and looked at me.

"And I don't think I even know who you are," she murmured.

"But I happen to know just who *you* are," was my prompt and none too gentle rejoinder.

She pushed back her hair—it seemed very thick and heavy—and laughed a little.

"Who am I?" she asked, licking the toast-crumbs from her white finger-tips.

"I'll tell you who you are," I retorted with some heat. "You're a figure-model that a sculptor named Delisle took to Paris. You're the old running-mate of Adams in the Southam heir case. You're the wife of a Haytian half-caste Jew with a Spanish title. You're the woman who worked with Andrus, the wild-cat mine-swindler who is now doing time in Sing Sing. And just at present you're the accomplice of a gang headed by a certain Coke Morgan, a wire-tapper well known to the police."

Her face showed no anger and no resentment as I unburdened myself of this unsavory pedigree. Her studious eyes, in fact, became almost contemplative.

"And supposing that's all true?" she finally asked. "What of it?"

She sat and looked at me, as cool as a cucumber. I could no longer deny that as a type she interested me. Her untamed audacities were something new to my experience. She seemed still in the feral state. Her mere presence, as she sat there in the lucid morning light, exerted over me that same spell which keeps children rooted before a circus-animal's cage.

"What of it?" she quietly repeated.

"I'm afraid there's nothing of it," I admitted, "except in the one point where it impinges on my personal interests. I intend to get that thirty thousand dollars back."

The resolution of my tone seemed only to amuse her.

"But why come to me?" she asked, turning back to her breakfast. "Supposing I really was a cog in some such machinery as you speak of, how much would be left on one small cog when so many wheels had to be oiled?"

"I have no great interest in your gang and its methods. All I know is a tremendous wrong's been done, and I want to see it righted."

"From what motive?" she asked, with that barbaric immediacy of approach peculiar to her.

"From the most disinterested of motives—I mean from the standpoint of that rather

uncommon thing known as common honesty."

She looked at me, long and intently, before she spoke again. I had the feeling of being taken up and turned over and inspected through a lens of implacable clarity.

"Do you know this young man who lost his money on what he took for a fixed race?"

"I have met him," I answered, a little discomfited at the recollection of how tenuous that acquaintanceship was.

"And you have known him long?"

I was compelled to confess to the contrary.

"And you understand the case, through and through?"

"I think I do," was my curt retort.

She turned on me quickly, as though about to break into an answering flash of anger. But on second thoughts she remained silent.

"If life were only as simple as you sentimental charity-workers try to make it!" she complained, studying me with a pitying look which I began most keenly to resent. She swept the room with a glance of contempt. "If all those hay-tossers who come to this town and have their money taken away from them were only as lamblike as you people imagine they are!"

"Is this an effort towards the justification of theft?" I inquired. For the first time I saw a touch of deeper color mark her cheek. I had been conscious of a certain duality in her mental equipment, just as I could detect a higher and lower plane in her manner of speech.

"Not at all," she retorted. "I'm not talking of theft. And we may as well keep to cases. I don't think very much is ever gained by being impolite, do you?"

I was compelled to agree with her, though I could not shake off the feeling that she had in some dim way scored against me. And this was the woman I had once feared would try to toy with my coat-buttons!

"I'm afraid," she went on with her grave abstraction of tone, "that you'll find me very matter-of-fact. A woman can't see as much of the world as I have and then—oh, and then beat it back to the Elsie Books."

I resented the drop to the lower plane, as though she had concluded the upper one to be incomprehensible to me.

"Pardon me, madam; it's not my windmills I'm trying to be true to; it's one of my promises."

"The promise was a very foolish one," she mildly protested. "Yet for all that," she added, as in afterthought, "you're intelligent. And I like intelligence."

Still again her deep and searching eyes rested on my face. Her next words seemed more a soliloquy than a speech.

"Yet you *are* doing this just to be true to your windmills. You're doing it out of nothing more than blind and Quixotic generosity."

The fact that my allusion had not been lost on her pleased me a little more, I think, than did her stare of perplexed commiseration.

"Isn't it odd," she said, "how we go wrong about things, how we jump at conclusions and misjudge people? You think, at this very moment, that I'm the one who sees crooked, that I'm the one who's lost my perspective on things. And now I'm going to do something I hadn't the remotest intention of doing when you came into this room."

"And what is that?"

"I'm going to show you how wrong you've been, how wrong you are."

"In what?" I inquired as she again sat in silence before me.

"In everything," she finally answered, as she rose to her feet. I was at once more conscious of her physical appeal, of her inalienable bodily buoyancy, as I saw her standing there at her full height. The deep flow of color in her loosely draped gown gave her an almost pontifical stateliness. Instinctively I rose as she did. And I could see by her eyes that the courtesy was neither negligible nor distasteful to her. She was about to say something; then she stopped and looked at me for a hesitating moment or two.

One would have thought, from the solemnity of that stare, that she faced the very Rubicon of her life. But a moment later she laughed aloud, and with a multitudinous rustling of skirts crossed the room and opened an inner door.

Through this door, for a moment or two, she completely left my sight. Then she returned, holding a cabinet photograph in her hand.

"Do you know it?" she quietly asked as she passed it over to me.

It took but a glance to show me that it was a picture of the man whose cause I was at that moment espousing, the man I had

followed from the North River pier-end the night before. A second glance showed me that the photograph had been taken in London; it bore the stamped inscription: "Garet Childs, Regent's Park, N. W."

The woman's sustained attitude of anticipation, of expectation unfulfilled, puzzled me. I saw nothing remarkable about the picture, or her possession of it.

"This, I believe, is the man you're trying to save from the clutches of a wire-tapper named Morgan, or Coke Morgan, as you call him?"

I acknowledged that it was.

"Now look at the signature written across it," she prompted.

I did as she suggested. Inscribed there I read: "Sincerely and more, Duncan Cory Morgan."

"Have I now made the situation comparatively clear to you?" she asked, watching my face as I looked from her to the photograph and then back at her again.

"I must confess I don't quite grasp it," I admitted, thinking at the moment how her face in the strong side-light from the windows had taken on a quite accidental touch of pathos.

"It's simply that the man you are trying to save from Coke Morgan is *Coke Morgan himself*."

"That's impossible!" was my exclamation.

"It's not impossible," she said a little wearily, "because the whole thing's nothing more than a plant, a frame-up. And you may as well know it. It can't go on. The whole thing was a plan to trap you."

"A plan to trap me?"

"Yes, a carefully worked out plan to gather you in. And now, you see, the machinery is slipping a cog where it wasn't expected to!"

I stood there incredulous, dazed, trying to digest the shock.

"You mean that the man I met and talked to last night is actually an accomplice of yours?"

"Yes," she answered, "if you care to put it that way."

"But I can't believe it. I *won't* believe it, until you bring him here and prove it."

She sank into her chair, with a half-listless motion for me to be seated.

"Do you know why he's called Coke Morgan?" she demanded.

I did not.

"That, too, you've got to know. It's because he's a cocaine-fiend. He's killing himself with the use of drugs. He's making everything impossible. It's left him irresponsible, as dangerous as any lunatic would be at large."

She turned and looked at a tiny jewelled watch.

"He will be here himself by ten o'clock. And if he heard me saying what I am at this moment, he would kill me as calmly as he'd sit at a café-table and lie to you."

"But what's the good of those lies?"

"Don't you suppose he knew you were Witter Kerfoot, that among other things you owned a yacht, that you were worth making a try for? Don't you suppose he found all that out before he laid his ropes for this wire-tapping story? Can't you see the part I was to play, to follow his lead and show you how we could never wring his money back, but that we could face the gang with their own fire. I was to weaken and show you how we could tap the tapper's own wire, choose the race that promised the best odds, and induce you to plunge against the house on what seemed a sure thing?"

"But why are you telling me all this?"

I still parried, pushing back from the flattering consciousness that we had a secret in common, that I had proved worthy an intimacy denied others.

"Because I've just decided it's the easiest way out for me."

"What made you decide that?"

"I've done a lot of thinking since you came into this room. And for a long time I've been doing a lot of thinking. I don't do things Coke Morgan's way. I took pity on him once. But I'm getting tired of trying to keep him up when he insists on dropping lower, lower and lower every day. Don't imagine, because you've got certain ideas of me and my life, that I haven't common sense, that I can't see what this other sort of thing leads to! I've seen too many of them, and how they all ended. I may have been mixed up with some strange company in my day, but I want you to know that I've kept my hands clean!"

She had risen by this time and was moving restlessly about the room.

"Do you suppose I'd ever be satisfied to be one of those painted Broadway dolls and let my brain dry up like a lemon on a pan-

try shelf? I couldn't if I wanted to. I couldn't, although I can see how easy it makes everything. I tell you, a woman with a reputation like mine has got to pay, and keep on paying. She's got to pay twice over for the decencies of life. She's got to pay twice over for protection. Unless you're respectable you can't have respectable people about you. You've got to watch every one in your circle, watch them always, like a hawk. You've got to watch every step you take, and every man you meet—and sometimes you get tired of it all."

She sat down, in the midst of her febrile torrent of words, and looked at me out of clouded and questioning eyes. I knew, as I met that troubled gaze, so touched with weariness and rebellion, that she was speaking the truth. I could see truth written on her face. I tried to imagine myself in her place, I tried to see life as she had seen it during those past years, which no charity could translate into anything approaching the beautiful. And much as I might have wished it, I could utter no emptiest phrase of consolation. Our worlds seemed too hopelessly wide apart for any common viewpoint.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, humiliated by the inadequacy of the question even as I uttered it.

"I'm going to get away from it. I'm going to get away where I can breathe in peace. Oh, believe me, I can be irreproachable without even an effort. I want to be. I prefer it. I've found how much easier it makes life. It's not my past I've been afraid of. It's that one drug-soaked maniac, that poor helpless thing who knows that if I step away from him he daren't round a street-corner without being arrested."

She stopped suddenly and the color ebbed out of her face. Then I saw her slowly rise to her feet and look undecidedly about the four corners of the room. Then she turned to me. Her eyes seemed ridiculously terrified.

"He's come!" she said, in little more than a whisper. "He's here now!"

The door opened before I could speak. But even before the mummy-faced man I had left at the café-table the night before could stride into the room, the woman in front of me sank back into her chair. Over her face came a change, a veil, a quickly coerced and smiling-lipped blankness that

reminded me of a pastoral stage-drop shutting out some grim and moving tragedy.

The change in the bearing and attitude of the intruder was equally prompt as his startled eyes fell on me calmly seated within those four walls. He was not as quick as the woman in catching his cue. I could plainly detect the interrogative look he flashed at her, the look which demanded as plain as words: "What is this man doing here?"

"This," said the woman at the table, in her most dulcet and equable tones, "is the altruistic gentleman who objects to your losing thirty thousand dollars in a race which I had no earthly way of controlling."

Here, I saw, was histrionism without a flaw. Her fellow-actor, I could also see, was taking more time to adjust himself to his rôle. He was less finished in his assumption of accusatory indignation. But he did his best to rise to the occasion.

"I've got to get that money back," he cried, leveling a shaking finger at her. "And I'm going to do it without dragging my friends into it!"

She walked over to the windows and closed them before she spoke.

"What's the use of going over all that?" she continued, and I had the impression of sitting before a row of foot-lights and watching an acted drama. "You took your risk and lost. I didn't get it. It's not my fault. You know as well as I do that McGowan and Noyes will never open up unless you're in a position to make them. It's a case of dog eat dog, of fighting fire with fire. And I've just been telling it all to your friend, Mr. Kerfoot, who seems to think he's going to have some one arrested if we don't suddenly do the right thing."

"I want my money!" cried the man named Morgan. I could see, even as he delivered his lines; that his mind was floundering and groping about for solid ground.

"And Mr. Kerfoot," continued the tranquil-voiced woman at the table, "says he has a yacht named *The Naulahka* in the North River, which we can go aboard and have a conference. I've phoned for a telegraph operator called Downey to be there, so we can decide on a plan for tapping McGowan's wire."

"And what good does that do me?" demanded the mummy-faced youth.

"Why, that gives Mr. Kerfoot his chance to bet as much as he likes, to get as much back from McGowan as he wants to, without any risk of losing."

"But who handles the money?" demanded the wary Morgan.

"That's quite immaterial. *You* can, if you're his friend, or he can handle it himself. The important thing is to get your plan settled and your wire tapped. And if Mr. Kerfoot will be so good as to telephone for the launch I'll dress and be ready in ten minutes."

She leaned forward and swung an equipoise 'phone-bracket round to my elbow.

But I did not lift the receiver from its hook. For at that moment the door abruptly opened. The maid in the white cap and apron stood trembling on its threshold.

"That's a lie!" she was crying, in her shrill and sudden abandon, and the twin badges of servitude made doubly incongruous her attitude of fierce revolt. "It's a lie, Tony! She's welched on you!"

She took three quick steps into the room.

"She's only playing you against this guy. I've heard every word of it. She never 'phoned for an operator. That's a lie. She's throwing you down, for good. She's told him who you are and what your game is!"

I looked at the other woman. She was now on her feet.

"Don't let her fool you this time, Tony," was the passionate cry from the quivering breast under the incongruous white apron-straps. "Look at how she's treated you! Look at your picture there, that she cinched her talk with! She never did *half* what I did for you! And now you're letting her throw you flat! You're standing there and letting——"

The woman stopped, and put her hands over her ears. For she saw, even as I did, the hollow-eyed, mummy-faced youth reach a shaking hand back to his hip.

"You liar!" he said, as his hand swung up with the revolver shaking in it. "You lying welcher!" he cried, in a thin and throaty voice that was little more than a cackle.

He took one step toward the woman in the rose-colored dressing-gown. She was, I could see, much the taller of the two. And she was standing, now, with her back

flat against the wall. She made no attempt to escape. She was still staring at him out of wide and bewildered eyes when he fired.

I saw the spit of the plaster and the little shower of mortar that rained on her bare shoulder from the bullet-hole in the wall.

Then I did a very ordinary and commonplace thing. I stooped quickly forward to the end of the table and caught up the nicked coffee-pot by its ebony handle. The lunatic with the smoking revolver saw my sudden movement, for as I swung the metal instrument upward he turned on me and fired for the second time.

I could feel the sting of the powder smoke on my up-thrust wrist. I knew then that it was useless to try to reach him. I simply brought my arm forward and let the metal pot fly from my hand. I let it fly forward, targeting on his white and distorted face.

Where or how it struck I could not tell. All I knew was that he went down under a scattering geyser of black coffee. He did not fire again. He did not even move. But as he fell the woman in the cap and apron dropped on her knees beside him. She knelt there with an inarticulate cry like that of an animal over its fallen mate, a ludicrous, mouse-like sound that was almost a squeak. She suddenly edged about and reached out for the fallen revolver.

I saw her, through the smoke, but she had the gun in her hand before I could stop her. She fought over it like a wild-cat. The peril of that combat made me desperate. Her arm was quite thin, and not overly strong. I first twisted it so the gun-barrel pointed outward. The pain, as I continued to twist, must have been intense. But I knew it was no time for half-measures. Just how intense that pain was came home to me a moment later, when the woman fell forward on her face in a dead faint.

The other woman had calmly thrown open the windows. She watched me, almost apathetically, as I got to my feet and stooped in alarm over the unconscious man in his ridiculous welter of black coffee. Then she stepped closer to me.

"Have you killed him?" she asked, with more a touch of child-like wonder than any actual fear.

"No; he's only stunned."

"But how?"

"It caught him here on the forehead. He'll be around in a minute or two."

"Put him here on my bed," she called from an open door. And as I carried him in and dropped him in a sodden heap on the white coverlet, I saw the woman unsheathe her writhing body of its rose-colored wrapping. From that flurry of warmth her twisting body emerged almost sepulchral white. Then she came to a pause, bare-shouldered and thoughtful before me.

"Wait!" she said as she crossed the room. "I must telephone McCausland."

"Who's McCausland?" I asked as she stepped out into the dining-room.

"He's a man I know at Headquarters," was her impersonal-noted reply.

For the second time, as she stepped hurriedly back into the room with me, I was conscious of the satin-like smoothness of her skin, the baby-like whiteness of her rounded bare arms. Then, unabashed by my presence, she flung open a closet door and tossed a cascade of perfumed apparel out beside the bed where I stood.

"What are you going to do?" I demanded, as I saw her white-clad figure writhe itself into a street dress. There was something primordial and adamitic in the very calmness with which she swept through the flimsy reservations of sex. She was as unconscious of my predicament as a cave woman might have been. And the next moment she was crushing lingerie and narrow-toed shoes and toilet articles and undecipherable garments of folded silk into an English club-bag. Then she turned to glance at her watch on the dresser.

"I'm going!" she said at last, as she caught up a second handbag of alligator skin, and crammed into it jewel boxes of dark plush and cases of different colored kid, and still more clothing and lingerie. "I'm going to catch the *Kaiser Wilhelm*."

"For where?"

"For Europe!"

Her quick and dextrous hands had pinned on a hat and veil as I stood in wonder watching her.

"Call a taxi, please," she said, as she struggled into her coat. "And a boy for my bags."

I was still at the receiver when she came into the room, and looked down for a

moment at the woman moaning and whimpering on the coffee-stained floor. Then she began resolutely and calmly drawing on her gloves.

"Couldn't we do something for them?" I said as I stepped back into the bedroom for her hand-bag.

"What?" she demanded, as she leaned over the bed where Morgan's reviving body twitched and moved.

"There must be something."

"There's nothing. Oh, believe me, you can't help him. I can't help him. He's got his own way to go. And it's a terribly short way!"

She flung open a drawer and crammed a further article or two down in her still open chatelaine bag.

Then she opened the outer door for the boy who had come for the bags. Then she looked at her watch again.

"You must not come back," she said to me. "They may be here any time."

"Who may?" I asked.

"The police," she answered as she closed the door. She did not speak again until we were at the side of the taxicab.

"To the Hamburg-American wharf, Hoboken," she said.

Nor did she speak all the while we purred and hummed and dodged our way across the city. She did not move until we jolted abroad the ferry-boat, and the clanging of the landing-float's pawl-and-ratchet told us we were no longer on that shrill and narrow island where the fever of life burns to the edge of its three laving rivers. It was then and only then that I noticed the convulsive shaking of her shoulders.

"What is it?" I asked, helplessly, oppressed by the worlds that seemed to stand between us.

"It's nothing," she said, with her teeth against her lip. But the next minute she was crying as forlornly and openly as a child.

"What is it?" I repeated, as inadequately as before, knowing the uselessness of any debilitating touch of sympathy.

"It's so hard," she said, struggling to control her voice. "It's so hard to begin over."

"But they say you're the cleverest woman in the world!" was the only consolation I could offer her.



EUGENE V. DEBS, THREE TIMES THE SOCIALIST CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.



REVEREND GEORGE R. LUNN, SOCIALIST MAYOR OF SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK.

SOCIALISM: JUST WHERE IT STANDS TO-DAY

By Charles Edward Russell

*Author of "Beating Men to Make Them Good," etc.
Socialist Candidate for Governor of New York in 1910.*



Illustrations from Photographs



ON the morning of November 8th last the people of the United States awoke to the fact that a new political power had arisen in their affairs.

Those habituated to the study of more than the surface of things had long warning of its coming; but the generality of the men that have only the newspapers for guidance were astonished to learn that in the election of November 7th the once despised Socialist party had captured eighteen cities, invaded two legislatures, elected more than one hundred public officers in scattered communi-

ties and shown everywhere remarkable and even portentous gains in its voting strength.

For years the newspapers had almost uniformly obscured the Socialist movement, ignoring or suppressing all the indubitable signs of its steady rise. Now it could be ignored no longer and what seemed thus to be the sudden entrance of an unheralded force took a great part of the community unawares.

At the same time certain changes in their own estate must have astounded many Socialists no less.

Overnight they had become respectable.

The days were gone wherein for the sake of their faith they had been mobbed, arrested, beaten, chased with dogs and pelted with stale eggs and filth; gone, but not so far that they were forgotten. In 1901 Eugene V. Debs, three times the Socialist candidate for President, was mobbed in the city of Warren, Ohio, and came near to serious injury. In 1911 the city of Warren gave him a public reception, paying to him general honor as a citizen high in its esteem. Mr. Debs had not changed; in faith, convictions, labors and aims he was still the same. Public opinion alone had changed; in ten years it had reversed itself; and the transformation was typical.

Ten years ago Socialism in the United States was represented by a handful of scattered enthusiasts whose efforts to spread their creed seemed never to result in aught but ridicule or riots. In some parts of the country men were in peril if they admitted even an inclination toward Socialism. The popular conception of Socialists, so far as any may be said to have existed, was of a little band of frowzy foreigners meeting by stealth in a beer cellar to make bombs and plot universal destruction. Now we are not only willing to admit Socialists to equal rights with Democrats and Republicans, but an increasing number of us seem to desire Socialists to conduct our municipal affairs; and the least observant concede that in the coming national election the Socialist party will be a factor not to be overlooked.

Nowhere is this change in the public atti-

tude better shown than in the newspapers. Until these present days few of the daily journals ever mentioned a Socialist gathering, except on rare occasions as the basis of a funny news story or to exploit that dear reportorial wit. Even what might be deemed legitimate and obvious news about the Socialist movement was scrupulously excluded. Election after election recorded in the returns the steady progress of American Socialism, but few newspapers ever conveyed to their readers so much as a hint of this significant fact.

At last the Socialists began to make history; but they were not allowed to make it through newspaper records. In the election of 1910 this party surpassed all its previous gains, elected for the first time a member of Congress, came within a few hundred votes of electing another, and still closer to carrying the city of Minneapolis, cast an astonishing vote in California and showed strength everywhere.

The next day the nearest approach to any mention of these facts that the New York *World* could endure was in the agate type,

half measure list of Congressmen-elect, wherein under the head of Wisconsin appeared "V. L. Berger, S.D." What "S.D." might signify the poor reader was left to his own devices to discover.

Nor did the *World* at any time thereafter explain these mysterious symbols nor inform its readers that for the first time a Socialist had been chosen to the American Congress. You could have read that news the next day in every daily paper in Europe, in Vladivostock,

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY



Branch

I, the undersigned, recognizing the class struggle between the capitalist class and the working class, and the necessity of the working class constituting themselves into a political party, distinct from and opposed to all parties formed by the propertied classes, hereby declare that I have severed my relations with all other parties; that I endorse the platform and constitution of the Socialist Party and hereby apply for admission to membership in said party.

Name

Residence

Occupation Age

Are you a member of any Trades Union or other Labor Organization?

If so, of which

Are you a Citizen If not, did you declare your intention to become a citizen? When?

How long have you been a resident of the United States?

Were you a member of any of the existing Socialist or Capitalist Parties?

If so, of which?

Are you a regular reader of any Socialist newspaper or periodical?

If so, of which?

Proposed at the meeting of the Branch, by

Signature of Branch Fin. Sec'y Signature of Applicant

Initiation fee paid Date, 191

LOCAL NEW YORK, SOCIALIST PARTY, Office: 239 E. 54th St.

Bucharest, Port Said, Johannesburg, Auckland, Hongkong or Bulawayo. You could not read it in the *New York World* nor in many other American newspapers whose offices maintained a similar rule not to print news about Socialism.

But following the latest election, every daily newspaper that I could find displayed with prominence the news of the great Socialist gains. Even the "Don't Mention" list of an American newspaper could not stand against the news that Socialists had carried eight cities in Ohio and many others elsewhere and their voting strength in the nation had much more than doubled in three years.

Some difference. No wonder the old-time Socialists exult at it. One of them spoke last year in a New York town, and, speaking, stood upon the exact spot whence only six years before he had been flung into the Erie Canal for saying the same things. This time he was not flung into the canal, he was loudly applauded. Down in Patchogue, Long Island, at one time, the favorite amusement of a part of the population was to pursue Otto Grausalko, the lone Socialist, and with sods and vegetable antiques to manifest a considerable disapproval of him. In these days they follow him still, not to assault him but to get his Socialist literature.

Some change, indeed. A few years ago if a man said he was a Socialist part of his audience wanted to lock up the spoons and the other part wanted him searched for bombs. Now they want him to run for mayor. Six years ago in London, Richard Whiteing, the author of "No. 5 John Street,"

advised me not to mention Socialism in a London drawing-room as I should merely be taken for a dangerous lunatic. Now you can talk Socialism anywhere. Even in Philadelphia, and I don't see how I could say more than that.

Take a glance at the statistics that record these changes.

In the elections of last November the indicated voting strength of the Socialist party of the United States was more than one million votes.

In 1892, the first Presidential candidate to be called a Socialist received 21,164 votes in the whole country. There was not a Socialist in any public office anywhere and not likely to be one on this side of Kingdom Come.

In the Presidential election of 1908 the admitted Socialist vote was 420,464. On November 1, 1911, 177 towns and cities in the United States had Socialist officers and many were completely under Socialist control. By January 1, 1912, this number was increased to 337 towns and cities in thirty-six states. To Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Berkeley, California; Butte,

Montana; Flint, Michigan, and many others that had previously adopted the Socialist innovation were added on November, 1911, cities like Schenectady, New York; New Castle, Pennsylvania; Crookston, Minnesota, many others that elected the Socialist local ticket, and a still greater number that elected one or more Socialist candidates. On January 1, 1912, the number of Socialists holding public office in the United States exceeded one thousand.

The complete list of Socialist victories in the November election would be too long



KARL MARX, THE FOUNDER
AND PHILOSOPHER OF
MODERN SOCIALISM.



for this paper. I will select some samples from the long table furnished by the National Socialist Headquarters at Chicago. Among the places that elected the Socialist candidate for mayor were these:

Colorado—Grand Junction; Minnesota—Crookston; New Jersey—Rockaway; New York—Schenectady; Ohio—Amsterdam, Barnhill, Fostoria, Lima, Linden Heights, Lorain, Mansfield, Mineral City, Mineral Ridge, Mount Vernon, St. Mary's, Salem, Toronto; Pennsylvania—New Castle; Utah—Cedar City, Eureka, Mammoth City, Manti, Murray.

The places electing the Socialist ticket in whole or in part are tabulated as follows:

Colorado.....	1
Connecticut.....	1
Indiana.....	8
Kentucky.....	1
Massachusetts.....	1
Michigan.....	2
Minnesota.....	3
Nebraska.....	2
New Jersey.....	4
New York.....	2
Ohio.....	38
Pennsylvania.....	39
Rhode Island.....	1
Utah.....	9
Washington.....	2
West Virginia.....	1

One may be interested in noting these significant facts in conjunction with the increase of the recorded Socialist vote at national elections:

1892.....	21,164 votes
1896.....	36,274 "
1900.....	87,814 "
1904.....	402,283* "
1908.....	420,464 "
1910.....	607,674 "
1911 indicated voting strength.....	1,100,000 "

Inasmuch as about one third of the Socialist vote is either not counted or is omitted in the final returns, this table as a whole is not the best possible index. One much better is

* Not a true test of Socialist strength, as many thousands of Democrats voted the Socialist ticket as a protest against the nomination of Judge Parker.

afforded by the statistics of the dues-paying party members in good and regular standing. On October 1, 1911, the total of such members for the first time exceeded 100,000, an increase of more than 40,000 in twelve months.

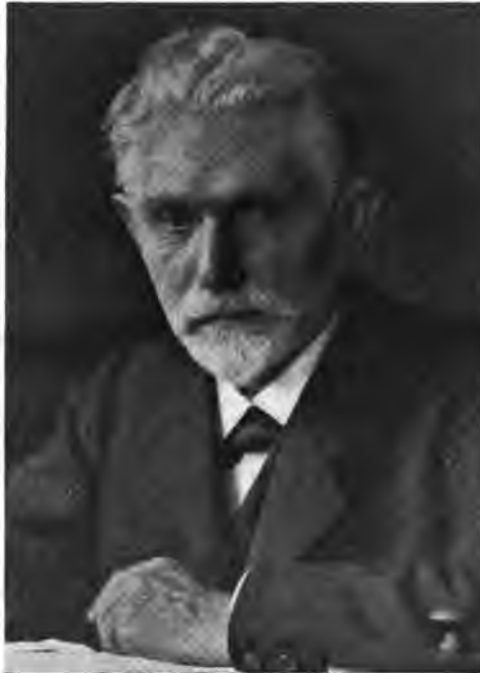
Under normal conditions the total Socialist vote has always been about ten times the number of dues-paying party members, which would indicate that my estimate of more than one million Socialist votes on November 7th is approximately correct.

Thus the world knows now something of this great change and the rise of this new power; it knows nothing about the meaning of these things to thousands of old-time Socialists. If it could once look into the hearts of such men it would understand why there has been a change and just what the new power launched upon our affairs represents.

Take some of these men and women that with unflagging enthusiasm have toiled all their lives for the sake of Socialism, and I do not know where you will match their story. Only those

that watch the movement from the inside have any conception of the sacrifices that have been made for it.

Imagine, if you can, a man or a woman deliberately surrendering everything in life that is usually held to be worth while—success, happiness, comfort, competence, agreeable surroundings, friendship, leisure, amusements, opportunities for culture—and accepting instead years of poverty, failure, hardship, hatred, ridicule, frequent arrest, perhaps, and countless annoyances, merely to further the Republican party or the Dem-



AUGUST BEBEL, STATESMAN
AND LEADER OF THE
GERMAN SOCIALISTS.



ocratic party, a Liberal party or a Conservative party! Yet thousands of men and women have done that and are doing it now for the Socialist party.

Imagine a man ready to die for the sake of the Union League Club or the Manhattan Club. Thousands of men and women are ready to die for Socialism. I mean it literally. More than that, many of them have already given their lives for it, obscure heroes that had no chance of fame. The late Benjamin Hanford, twice Socialist candidate for Vice President, killed by exhaustion from his long and arduous campaigning, is only one of a list of the like fervent champions.

What is this strange thing, then, that impels men and women to such labors and such self-immolation? Evidently here is a political party upon an entirely new basis. What is it?

Take such a man as Lucien Sanial, for example. A brilliant French journalist, with an unusual gift of facile, winning, forceful expression in two languages; rarely equipped, being at once a great statistician and yet able to make statistics interesting. A great career, evidently, was open to such a man. He deliberately turned his back upon it to dedicate his life and all his faculties to this cause. What for? He got nothing from it but poverty, hatred, obscurity and neglect; the fact that he was a Socialist sealed up for him almost every avenue of employment. He threw away what the world calls success, embraced what the world calls failure, that he might serve this cause and advance it, and has ever been content with his choice. Why?

All about this country are men and women that have made without regret a similar choice and paid for it a bitter price. The typical Socialist woman! I wish I could celebrate her fitly. I think she is the most remarkable product of this age. In many and many a town and village in this country she is the life of the movement. In the Socialist party women are on a plane of exact equality with men, women are on all

the committees, nearly always on the party tickets and frequently women preside at the meetings. I know of nothing better calculated to annihilate the ancient superstition of woman's inferiority than to observe the results. The woman Socialist works just as intelligently and wisely as any man, and with far more persistence and self-abnegation.

As a rule she has taken hardship instead of ease, isolation instead of society, indifferent surroundings instead of a comfortable home, and all without regret. I could cite many instances I have found in my travels. I have in mind now one young woman, highly educated, brilliant, with the most unusual

talent for business, whose services any publisher would be glad to have and to reward; and for three years her life has been to go from one town to another, to stand upon a soap box at a street corner and to preach Socialism.

I have heard men and women flout at this spirit as of merely fanatical enthusiasm—and the same men and women coming under the sway of it have surpassed the so-called extravagance that they themselves had denounced.

Plainly, here is something unusual in the



JEAN JAURÉS, LEADER OF
FRENCH SOCIALISTS,
STATESMAN.



way of political movements. Take the basic organization of the Socialist party. You do not become a Socialist by voting the Socialist ticket. You can join the Republican party by voting the Republican ticket or enrolling for a Republican primary. By voting the Democratic ticket or enrolling for a Democratic primary you can join the Democratic party. But to join the Socialist party you must secure an application blank whereon you must write answers to certain questions, including one as to your unqualified acceptance of the principles of Socialism.

You must get some party member to endorse your application. Then it goes before a committee for examination and consideration, and finally you are voted upon as if you were entering a club. If you are held not to be of the right material for party membership you may be rejected. One of the valid grounds for rejection is a certain type of previous political activity. The Socialist party tries to steer clear of all men of the old ward-heeler type. A man noted as a political manipulator of the old party type could not break into the Socialist party with an ax.

Every party member must pay his monthly dues (usually twenty-five cents) and no one in arrears can be in good and regular standing. Each member carries a card ruled into spaces for the months. A canceled party stamp on each space shows the dues are paid for that month. These dues are the party's sole source of revenue except receipts from the sale of books.

Nobody ever fries any fat for the Socialist party; no bank, no railroad, traction, gas,

no electric light company, no trust, no Wall Street magnate, no protected manufacturer and no office-holder ever contributes to its campaign fund. It exists upon the monthly dues of its members, wherewith it maintains the national headquarters in Chicago, publishes and distributes its literature and carries on its propaganda.

Its wise, carefully drawn constitution, the product of years of thought and experiment,

is devised with a view to a time when this party shall be dominant in the country. Therefore every precaution has been added to safeguard it from demagogues and politicians.

In a hundred corners of the country to-day old political hacks are looking at the figures that show the Socialist party's growth and considering how they can launch themselves upon this rising tide. Let me advise them not to waste their time.

For one of the best features of the Socialist party so far is the careful scrutiny with which every newcomer is regarded. He is on probation for about three years, in which time his least movement to introduce any-

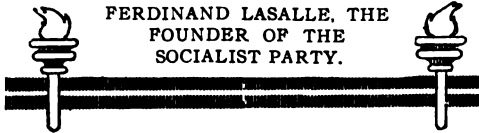
thing like the greasy game that is called "practical politics" brings a storm about his ears.

The rules about candidacy, whether for a political office or for any place in the party, are very strict. Membership from a year to three years is required before anyone can aspire to a nomination for office, political or party.

For these reasons it will be utterly impossible to annex the Socialist party to the political fortunes of any person or any clique, and equally impossible for hacks,



FERDINAND LASALLE, THE
FOUNDER OF THE
SOCIALIST PARTY.





ROSE STOKES
PASTOR.



BERTHA MATTHEWS
FRASER.



LEANA MORROW
LEWIS.

LEADING AMERICAN WOMEN SOCIALISTS.

demagogues and professional politicians to control it.

There is no boss in the Socialist party and no chance of one; there is no machine and no chance of that, either.

The party is its own boss. In no other organization nor place of my acquaintance is democracy so advanced. The general work is in the hands of a national committee, elected by the state organizations, and a national executive committee of seven, chosen annually by the vote of all the party members; but the real control is secured to the membership body through the initiative and referendum, which are in continual use to decide upon every important phase of the party's affairs.

THE SOCIALISTS REFUSE TO COMBINE WITH ANY OTHER MOVEMENT

And, again, if any aspiring political gentleman has a notion that the Socialist vote can be united with the vote of some other movement for any purpose whatever, I advise him to forget it. The Socialists are utterly determined against any combination or coalition. They know what they want; most of them think they know how they are going to get it; and the way does not coincide with the path of any reform gentlemen whatsoever.

All the members of the Socialist party, men and women, white and black, are "Comrades" and no other title is used among them. "Mister" is a word abhorred by all good Socialists. The first time you hear "Comrade Chairman" and "Comrade Secretary" at a Socialist meeting, the sound is strange and comical; after a time you like it.

Socialist conventions are the ideal democracy. No "slates" are ever prepared for them; no one presents cut-and-dried business; there are neither steering committees nor leaders. The splendid spirit of absolute democracy would not tolerate anything of the kind. Among Socialists hero worship goes down with "Mister." All the members of the party are on the same footing. Socialist conventions never consist of a thousand dummies with a Murphy or a Platt to tell them what to do. That inspiring spectacle is left for the Democrats and Republicans to provide.

A political party without bosses is something of an innovation. Not even "leaders" or "leading men" or "party managers" appear here. Mr. Debs has been three times the choice of the party to head the Presidential ticket, but he indignantly resents the notion that he is a "leader" or a "leading spirit in Socialism" and insists that he is



SIMON W. WING,
FIRST SOCIALIST CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.



J. G. PHELPS STOKES,
MILLIONAIRE SOCIALIST WRITER.



EMIL SEIDEL, SOCIALIST
MAYOR OF MILWAUKEE.

only a member of the rank and file chosen to do a certain task and thereafter returning to his real place where he is like all the other party members.

ORGANIZATION OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

The state organizations have each a state committee elected by the party membership and are composed of an indefinite number of "locals" in the counties or cities. A large "local" may have many "branches"; in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, New York City, are more than a dozen. The branch in such a city, or the local in smaller places, is the unit and nucleus of propaganda. It organizes meetings, distributes literature, and secures new members. Every Socialist meeting, whether of a branch, a local, or the national convention, elects its officers from the floor and they are never chosen by preconcert or caucus. Preconcert would look like a "slate."

But to answer the question why men and women are so much drawn to this cause that they are willing to sacrifice all for it, and to find at the same time the power that drives this unusual organization on its way, you must know the spirit back of Socialism.

Here it is; simply this:

To these men and women Socialism does not mean a political party organized

to win elections and to secure offices. Socialism is to them a religion.

They look out upon a world in which three persons in four dwell at best in insufficiency; at worst in misery, squalor, and intellectual darkness. They know that this condition is absolutely unnecessary. They are perfectly certain that Socialism is the only power that will abolish it and give the majority of mankind a chance to live and be decent. Therefore they look upon their propaganda as the practical salvation of the world; and comparing what life in the mass really is with what it might be under normal conditions, they see that no sacrifice is too great for a cause so noble.

They say that the fruits of the earth are sufficient for the children of the earth; that the earth produces in abundance everything needful or useful for the completest life of man.

WHAT THE SOCIALISTS BELIEVE AND PURPOSE

To their minds the reason why the majority of the children of earth do not have enough of the essentials of comfortable life is the present system of production and distribution by which a few get far more than they can consume and the majority get far less than they need.

The proposal of the Socialists is to so transform this system of production and distribution that all the children of earth may have a sufficiency of all they need, and that knowledge, culture and opportunity shall no longer be the exclusive possession of a few but the common possession of all.

They say that at present, and solely because of the existing system, the vast majority of the children born daily into this world are (if they survive) doomed to lives of drudgery, insufficiency and darkness, and they say that this fact is more important to mankind than any other in the world.

They cite the wars and monstrous armament burdens that result from this system.

They cite the diseases that afflict mankind and how many of them have their sole origin in the conditions produced by this system. They point to the crime, insanity and pauperism it breeds.

They cite the horrors of prostitution, so far beyond adequate words, and insist that eighty per cent. of it results solely from this system.

They cite the blood-stained record of industrial disasters; so many men annually killed in mines, so many in factories, so many in railroad work, in structural iron work, in the dangerous trades: and they declare that most of these lives are needlessly sacrificed.

Their cause is to abolish from the earth a curse so great, and to their thinking no other cause in the history of the world was ever so important. To contribute to it any service, great or little, they hold to be a privilege.

This is the substance of the Socialist religion and the explanation of the restless Socialist activities all about the world. The Socialists have something to gain beyond political success. They believe that Socialism bears the remedy for most of the physical misery of the world and when it arrives the race will begin to live in the true sense of living.

They say that if the abolition of the chattel slavery of 4,000,000 negroes was worth striving for, agitating for and even dying for, how much grander still is the abolition of wage slavery all over the world.

TO A SOCIALIST HIS IDEALS ARE THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD

Without any pretense of possessing unselfishness more than other men it must be

admitted that their party has a far higher and broader aim than any other, and a man could hardly follow it consistently without getting at least a little out of himself.

It must be so because most of the present-day advocates of Socialism have little chance of personal gain from their efforts in agitation. They can win no eminence even within the circles of their own party; most of them cannot hope to live to see the fruition of their labors, and they know it. As there is for them no reward, such as men usually strive for, they must either be unreasonable fanatics or have some inspiration for the general welfare; and the judgment of fair-minded investigators has absolved them from fanaticism.

In other words, the impelling power of Socialism is a moral idea; like the cause of American Abolitionism before the Civil War, it is driven forward by a moral fact. Back of all the ramifications of the conflict remains the admitted truth that the existing system in the world is essentially immoral; that it compels men to be dishonest, degrades manhood and womanhood, murders children, ruins lives, manufactures disease, spreads misery, thrives upon ignorance, and maintains the essential slavery of the majority of the race.

That this system should be overthrown is the substance of the Socialist argument, and when all is said and done this was the argument that in the main won the recent victories.

Some attempt was made by the newspapers to interpret these victories as due to local causes and conditions. This occasioned much merriment among the Socialists. They knew perfectly well that no such flimsy and foolish thing as the old "good men against bad men" issue had any part in their efforts.

HOW THE SOCIALISTS PROPOSE TO CORRECT THINGS

But how, then, do the Socialists propose to change the conditions they denounce?

In this way:

They propose, first, that the production and distribution of the things needful for man's life, comfort and material welfare shall be owned by the community and carried on for the community's benefit instead of being owned by a few individuals and carried on for the benefit of those individuals.

They propose that these enterprises shall be not only publicly owned but democratically managed for the Common Good.

They propose that as all wealth is created by labor, labor shall no longer be flim-flammed with the pittance called wages and salaries but shall receive the full value of the wealth that it creates.

In other words, common needs should be supplied through common ownership and common effort. The private ownership of a common need is, in Socialist eyes, a monstrous anomaly.

The history of the progress in America of these simple, and, one might think, obvious ideas, is not without its occasional touches of humor.

Some years ago the men that advocated these changes were viewed and currently described as running about with bombs and daggers, thirsting for illimitable slaughter.

Yet Socialism is opposed to all violence, force and coercion and seeks its aims only through appeals to the reason.

At that time it was the fashion to confound Socialism with Anarchism.

Yet the two are the opposite poles of social philosophy.

A little later Socialism was widely denounced as atheistic and the foe of religion.

Yet Socialism is not concerned with any question of any man's religion; it is only concerned that all men should have enough to eat and an equal opportunity to live.

Next Socialism was denounced as teaching free love.

Yet Socialism has nothing to do with the sex question, but is only an economic doctrine. It does not teach free love any more than it teaches cannibalism.

Next Socialism was denounced as plotting some kind of horrible campaign for the destruction of the home.

SOCIALISTS, SOCIALISM AND THE WORLD TO-DAY

Yet Socialism has no idea of breaking up any home, but only of making the home of the poorest worker as attractive, comfortable, beautiful and desirable as is now the home of any beneficiary of the present system. Its idea is to establish homes, not to destroy them. It proposes that everywhere homes shall take the places of the hovels, tenements, cramped flats and sorry makeshifts that now shelter the great majority of the human race.

At present Socialism is denounced as a chimera and an impossible dream—alluring, of course, and all that, but adapted for the millennium, not for the world as it is and men as they are. Some of its advocates are really quite honest fellows, you know, well-meaning and all that, but they are deceived, because Socialism is an impossible dream.

Yet the most practical men in the world, hard-headed captains of industry, conspicuous millionaires, the most admired leaders of the business world, are not only working daily for the Socialistic state—they are actually establishing it. If it be nothing but a dream they must be marvelously simple folk.

That they do not know their work as Socialism makes no difference. They are rapidly creating a condition under which all trade, industry and enterprise shall be owned and directed by a few small groups of capitalists. All other ownership and therefore all competition are being eliminated, and business and production are being organized, articulated and brought together into compact and easily working machines.

All this is the necessary preliminary work of Socialism. These men are doing it. Such men as Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller are the pioneers of the new day; not nice, of course; rough, cruel, remorseless, causing pain, waste and misery; doing the work in a costly and primitive way; but still doing it.

From ownership of an articulated industry by Mr. Morgan to ownership of that industry by the community, how simple will be the change! From conducting that industry to augment Mr. Morgan's vast hoards to conducting it for the profit and welfare of all the people, how beneficial that will be!

Yet, I think I do these men too much honor. They are not, after all, to be conceived as persons of colossal and commanding intellect, controlling business elements and deliberately welding together fragmentary ownerships. They are rather instruments of a huge evolutionary process. The trusts are not really of their forming nor devising; trusts began to be formed with the first copartnership and were the inevitable products of the existing system. Nobody could have prevented the coming of trusts; nobody could have greatly accelerated their coming; they are a world-wide manifestation and mark a stage in progress.

They make for greater efficiency and greater economy. What power on earth, then, could stop them?

You may imagine, therefore, that considering the present stage of governmental enlightenment in America there is much joy in being a Socialist. A Socialist is the only person that really has any fun.

THE SOCIALIST AND THE TRUSTS

To the Socialist the successive phases of the government's war upon the trusts are far more laughable than any vaudeville.

It is a continuous performance of varied and infinite entertainment. One president rushes upon the stage and fronts the horrible trust monster, making grotesque faces and shaking the Big Slapstick, emitting the while between his clenched teeth most strange and diverting sounds. Another fumbles and flounders about, struggling with the notion that he can reverse a world-wide evolution by putting somebody in jail.

Every day has its fresh situations and mirth-provoking stunts in this delightful comedy; while the grave and earnest bearing of the principal actors as they perform the most ridiculous motions greatly enhances the pleasure of the spectators. Yet the horrible monster keeps its way totally indifferent to these eccentric gyrations, and every day sees the steady advance of the universal process of consolidation and combination.

The Socialist, being informed of basic economic truths and quite aware of the universal scope and natural origin of the forces this foolish government is fighting, knows from the beginning that nothing but failure will come of all these efforts.

He knew in advance that the Interstate Commerce bill would fail, that the Elkins act would not work, that the Hepburn act would prove futile, that the Commerce Court would merely exasperate the nation, that the Sherman law would be a fiasco, that the meat inspection law would not inspect, that the railroads could not be regulated, that the trusts could not be busted, that competition could not be revived, that we should never have pure food under the existing system, that child labor could not be abolished without abolishing its cause, that you could not go back to worn-out business methods any more than you could restore the stagecoach.

He knew all this from the beginning, and it seems to him infinitely comical that adult men should go seriously about the childish business of turning back evolution by making faces at it and telling it to be good.

But another aspect of this solemn fooling is not funny at all, but merely alarming. While the government has been enacting these fantastic tricks on the national stage, the standard of living of the vast majority of the people has been steadily declining, as the present system has worked out its inevitable result of increasing the prices of vital necessities.

Without a doubt this sharp increase has been a great provocative of thought on the part of the generality of men and a great impetus toward economic enlightenment, but the cost of the tuition is too great. That millions, already insufficiently fed, must sink to lower vital levels before we awake to the iniquities of the system that produces these results seems to the Socialist the final indictment of the conditions against which the business of his life is to protest.

SOCIALISM NOT PECULIAR TO AMERICA

One other point about the growth of Socialism ought to be underscored here. What is happening in the United States is happening in every other country. Our habitual view is provincial; we think we have a monopoly of the trust problem, the labor problem, the problem of the increased cost of living. We have not. The situation is practically the same everywhere and is bringing about the same solution.

While the Socialist party has been gaining strength in the United States it has been gaining in the same or a greater ratio everywhere else. Every parliamentary election in Europe for the last three years has resulted in increased votes or increased representation for the Socialists. At one and the same time Socialism breaks successfully into the political field of America, gains seats in the German Reichstag, gathers new head in Switzerland, Italy, Denmark, Austria, Holland and France, presents a formidable appearance in South Africa, is revived after years of coma in Australia and New Zealand and begins to astonish and perplex the government of Japan.

Then consider that all these Socialists, here and abroad, are members of the International Socialist party of the world, which purposes to abolish war, put an end to poverty, and bring all nations into bonds of enduring friendship, and you may see that here is a movement that is really worth considering and watching.



HOW THE FAIRIES CAME TO AMERICA

By
Seumas
MacManus

*Author of "Donegal
Fairy Stories," etc.*

Drawings by
Blanche Greer

IN the mystic half light of a cellar in Avenue A, the method was expounded by Michael O'Malley. The brawniness of his own person and the robustness of his constitution emphasized the pathos of his devotion to Cripple Charley, who combined there the cleaning of hats with the making and mending of "straw bottoms"!

Even on Avenue A bribery is a popular institution. Michael, on vacant evenings, purchased for Charley the active aid of a dozen street urchins by fascinating them with Irish-American fairy stories. But "The Duke," distinguished from his fellows by supereminence in rags and dirt, and a wealth of skepticism to which they were total strangers, threatened to destroy the illusion.

After five fascinating tales had been told them, of the wonderful doings of these Irish fairies on American soil, he demanded:

"But, say, mister, how could dem Irish harps ever fly all de way here over de big herring pond?"

"I'll tell you that," said Michael—"and the most wonderful story it is of all the wonderful stories I have yet tould ye—the morra evenin', if you're all here punctual half after six."

And they all kept the appointment, with ranks swelled to bursting, and big with anticipating.

Before beginning his story on the following night, Michael O'Malley took care to see that every individual was usefully engaged upon cleaning straw hats, or felt, or sorting out horse-hair in lengths, and particularly warned them that even a temporary suspension of work by any one during the progress of his story might so upset him and affect his memory that he would be unable to complete the tale.

The Game Rooster announced that if any bloke there should prove the cause of spoiling a fine tale, he would consider it a personal insult to himself and proceed to deal with it accordingly. When the Rooster spoke, his words sank into the minds of his listeners always.

"Well, boys," said Michael, "it's a quarer tale, an' more wonderful than ever followed a pig, an' another proof, that, as the chaps who write the books say, fiction is stranger than truth—this story of how the fairies first come to New York.

"It's better than three score years, now, I suppose, since Captain Ned Maguire used to run a little schooner, named the *Nabla*

O'Boyle of two hundred and thirty ton, a'tween Ireland an' here, out of Donegal Bay. He used to carry a cargo of brave souls that come to the Lan' of Liberty, to find the freedom that England (may the Lord forget her!) denied them at home, an' the fortune that could never come their way in oul' Ireland if they stopped there till barnacles grew on them.

"It was many's a winsome colleen Captain Ned carried over the seas to make smithereens of many's a stout American heart. An' though Ned was a blithesome bachelor himself, an' a brave boy, he never lost his heart till, in the crossin' with one cargo, he carried a little red-haired girl, sweeter than nothin' that never was, named Mary Donnelly. Ye'd think butter wouldn't melt in her purty mouth; but Mary played the deuce with Captain Ned's heart.

"She was only sixteen at the time Captain Ned landed her, an' he paid her constant coort every time he come to America, for seven years after. Mary, though she was as modest as the Mayflower, had the boys tumblin' over each other in dhroves after her, br'akin' their necks an' br'akin' their hearts—an' sometimes br'akin' one another's heads.

"It purty soon come to be a parable in O'Hanlon's district—for it was there Mary Donnelly located—that the girl had a chunk of ice in the insides of her instead of a heart; for though she was courteous an' ladylike as a princess to all of them, she gave love to none—yet everyone allowed, an' Captain Ned himself saw, that she put most trust an' esteem in him. But he was flabbergasted, when, afther a seven years' siege of her heart, she confessed to him, while she thought more of him than of anyone else in the worl', she couldn't love him—no more could she love any other Christian she'd ever clapped eyes on.

"She couldn't tell the why of it, if it was to save her soul; only just she couldn't do it.

"It was a s'trange case, an' Captain Ned was mighty down-hearted about it; an' by the advice of his friends, who vowed that the fairies must have put it (spells) on Mary, he went to consult a very knowledgeable ould Kerry man, named Flor Dineen, who squatted on the waste lands above Harlem.

"Now this Flor was as knowledgeable as he was ould—an' that's sayin' a dale, since

man nor his mother couldn't mind his years, an' some swore that he wasn't born at all, at all, but belonged to the good people.* Still, howsomever that same may be, there's no way denyin' that he knew more about the good people an' their ways than the common Christian ought. Captain Ned fetched Flor a bag of flour as a present, an' asked him what mattered with Mary Donnelly, or what 'ud he advise him to do. Flor, when he'd listened to the outs an' the ins of the case, said:

"Mary Donnelly has been kissed by a fairy man. That's what's the matter."

"The Lord atween us an' harm! Ye don't tell me," sez Captain Ned.

"I do tell ye, then," sez Flor. "An' what's more, if ye want to win Mary Donnelly's love, ye're goin' to have your hands full—an' flowin' over too!"

"Make me sensible," sez Captain Ned.

"Sez Flor: 'When a fairy lover takes a fancy to a young damsel who's beautiful beyond or'nary, he lays his seal on her with a kiss; an' from that day out she's meant an' marked for him an' can't give her love to no mortal, no matter how much she might crave to. There's one way left,' sez Flor, 'an' only one way, of liftin' that seal, an' laivin' the beautiful girl to bestow her love on a Christian as she should.'

"An' what might that be?" sez Captain Ned, breathless.

"It's what I'm comin' to," sez Flor, 'if ye'll have a grain of patience. Patience and per-sev-erance got a wife, they say, for his reverence. A fairy woman only can lift the seal, by, with her own mouth, liftin' the kiss again off the poor girl's lips. If you, or any other Christian ever hopes to win the love of Mary Donnelly ye're only throwin' good time after bad while ye stay moonin' round her like a sick calf. Ye've got,' sez he 'firstly to fetch Mary Donnelly back home to Ireland, an' nextly to find your fairy woman—a ticklesome job—an' thirdly to make her lift the kiss off Mary.'

"I'm ondone at that rate," sez poor Captain Ned, 'for if Mary was offered the heavens for a henroost, an' the half of Ireland for a kitchen garden, she wouldn't cross the says again, such an ojus spell of saysickness entirely had she in the beginnin' of her way out here. For five years gone I've been in vain offerin' her free passage home—by raison that such a beautiful girl

* The fairies.

would be better in Ireland than here. There's sorra a chance of her goin',' sez he, dolefully shakin' his head.

"Then," sez Flor Dineen, 'if Mary 'ont go to Ireland ye'll have to fetch the fairy woman to America.'

"An' do ye think that's aisy?" sez Captain Ned.

"I don't think nothin' of the sort," sez Flor. 'But it's do or die with ye. That's all's in my power to do for ye. Good-bye an' good luck! If ever ye marry Mary, don't forget to bid old Flor Dineen to the weddin'.'

"Faith! Captain Ned found himself up agin' a fancy proposition, as he come rumblin' down town on the horse cars from Harlem. An' he spent the next eight days preambulatin' roun' his friends, askin' their advice what was he to do at all, at all. There was a Jerry Callaghan, a stone mason, sthrivin' to live upon West Street, that Ned at length come across; an' Jerry made known to him that if there was e'er a hope under heaven for him, his youngest brother, Danny, who lived at home in Tobercurry, was that hope; or, if he wasn't, then his case was like Billy Devanney's donkey—black as the devil, an' ten times worse.

"Jerry's father, Martin Callaghan, it seems, was a seventh son; an' Martin again had seven sons of which Jerry was the foremost, an' Danny at home

in Tobercurry the hindmost. An' all the world and Tim the Tinker knows the vartues and powers of the seventh son of a seventh son.

"The first puff of fair wind that blew after Captain Ned got these tidin's found his sails spread and the *Nabla O'Boyle* breastin' the waves by Sandy Hook eastward. An' when, after seven weeks' sailin', Ned Maguire come to anchor in Donegal Bay, 'twas little grass he let grow through his toes till he was in the County Sligo, an' in the town of Tobercurry, an' tippin' his chair in Danny Callaghan's chimney corner.

"Danny, he heerd Captain Ned's story, an' his heart (for he had the kindly one, God bliss him!) softened to Ned, an' he sayed if 'twas in his power to do anything under the clouds for to serve him he'd do it with a welcome an' twenty.

"Maeev," sez Danny, sez he, 'the queen of the fairies of Connaught, has a hand-maiden called Eibher, who is such a favorite with her that she gave Eibher charge of all the fairies in the parish of Tobercurry, an' installed her queen over them. There's a rath,' sez he, 'that ye can observe from my doorstep, a mile to the nor'east, an' in that rath Eibher lives. Hardly a moonlight night comes roun' that she an' her coort aren't upon the rath, holdin' sports.

"By vartue of my gifts, as the seventh son



Danny Callaghan had Queen Eibher as nate as ye please under a dish in the kitchen



They that could see the fairies broke their hearts laughin' at the figure'



cut by the creatures who never afore draitnt what say-sickness was.

of a seventh son, I can behold them, while there isn't another sinner in the parish can do more than hear their music. Half an hour afore cockcrow on midsummer mornin', sez he, 'if I dhraw a ring in the opposite direction to the sun's course round a fairy with a hazel stick, that fairy is then in mortal power, an' visible to the eye of all mortals until what time I choose to relaise it, by ringin' it roun' with a hazel stick in the opposite direction.

"This day," sez Danny Callaghan, 'is the twenty-fourth of May; an' a month, less a day, from this day, I'll have Queen Eibher herself under a noggin in this kitchen, ready to hand over to you. 'Tis for few in Ireland I'd do it; but a friend of me brother Jerry's in disthress I daren't ignore. Ye're a desarvin' man yourself, Captain Ned Maguire, moreover.'

"Poor Ned all but kissed Danny for joy and gratitude; an' he couldn't sleep or rest durin' the month that had to pass atween then an' midsummer day. On midsummer day, true to his word, Danny Callaghan had Queen Eibher as nate as ye please under a dish in the kitchen, an' handed her to the overjoyed Captain Ned, who stowed her in a purty glass case that he had specially prepared for her in the meantime.

"Three days later the *Nabla O'Boyle*, showin' her heels to the land, went west with a cargo an' an impatient Captain, an' Queen Eibher of the fairies of Tobercurry under a glass case in the cabin. An' behold ye! the first night of the voyage wasn't rightly fallen, when all aboard were dumfounded for to see the riggin', as they first thought, afire. When the sailors spied aloft to put it out, there was dickens a spark at all to be seen, but the minute they set foot on deck again the riggin' was alive with ten thousand sparks hoppin' an' jumpin' an' flittin' about like so many Willy-the-Wisps; an' when some passengers who had the second sight come upon deck to view the spectacle, they seen that what appeared little sparks of fire to the others, was really the fairy tribe of Tobercurry followin' their Queen into exile!

"Captain Ned might well have been frightened that the fairies would wrack the vessel for vengeance an' not leave two ribs of the *Nabla O'Boyle* stickin' together—only he knew that while their Queen was under mortal control an' in mortal shape, she, too, would perish if hurt or harm was

done the vessel; so it was the fairies' interests to save the *Nabla O'Boyle* instead of sinkin' her.

"But the comicaest part of the chapture was, that when a *tar-rific* storm come up on the very second day they were out, an' tossed the *Nabla* about like a cockleshell, an' set every soul on board saysick, not only was the Queen of the fairies the saysickest of the shebang, but the thousands of little fairies in the riggin', as seen by them that had the power of seein' them, were saysick for the first time in five thousan' years, an' the craitures were rowlin' about pell-mell, doublin' with the pain, an' gruntin', every mother's son o' them, like the divil, an' *och-ochin'!* till it was a heart-br'ak to hear them, an' there wasn't an individual among them wasn't callin' down curses on the day they left Tobercurry.

"'Twas hard to say whether the sight was more comical or fearsome; but in spite of sickness, an' bad as the passengers felt themselves, they that could see the fairies broke their hearts laughin' at the figure cut by the craitures who never afore draimt what saysickness was.

"The storm lasted ten days; an' by the time it ended, the fairies, poor sows! hadn't as much spirit left among the thousands of them, as a whisky bottle the mornin' afther a marryin'. Captain Ned was mighty unaisy entirely about Eibher, who, he thought, would croak afore she lifted the spell for him. But his onaisiness went for nothin', for Eibher an' all her tribe will, of course, outlive the Crack o' Doom.

"So he reached Ellis Island with his cargo all safe an' soun', an' when the officers asked for his return of emigrants; he set down on the paper fifty-nine—which was, true enough, the number that had paid passage with him. Sez the officer, when he reckoned the skulls: 'Did ye lose any-body overboard comin' across?'

"'The sorra sowl, thank God!' sez Captain Ned.

"'Because ye're a skull short,' sez the lad.

"'I'm no skull short,' sez Captain Ned. 'If ye count again ye'll find fifty-nine between rough an' smooth.'

"'Between rough and smooth there's fifty-nine sartinly,' sez the officer. 'But ye have sixty entered here.'

"'Ye lie!' sez Captain Ned.



'Queens', sez Ned 'should know each other'... ..

"Sure enough when the officer put the paper inunder Ned's nose, he seen sixty, where he was sartin he'd put down fifty-nine.

"I beg pardon,' sez Captain Ned, 'the mistake is mine.'

"The imprence likewise,' sez the officer. 'You'll have to fill a new paper. Fill it correct this time, an' hand it to the next man comes roun'.'

"Captain Ned took the paper an' set down this time for sure fifty-nine. An' the next officer that come roun' asked how many aboard, an' Ned presented the corrected paper to him. An' when the officer reckoned the skulls again, sez he:—

"Did ye murder any of your passengers comin' over, or did one of them get homesick an' swim back again?'

"There was none of my passengers neither murdered nor homesick,' sez Captain Ned. 'Every sowl of them's here, sound an' well.'

"There's one set down short, then, accordin' to your own countin',' sez the officer.

"An' behold ye! 'twas sixty was again on the paper where he could take his 'davy he put down fifty-nine.

"It's my mistake,' sez Captain Ned. An' the officer sayed, 'All right,' and give him a new paper, for to fill correct for the next man come roun'.

"To make a long story short, when Ned thought again he put down fifty-nine, the third officer found sixty on the paper, an' Captain Ned 'most went crazy. Like a flash he suddenly understood an' takin' the officer down to the cabin he showed him Eibher under a glass case.

"The officer shuck his head over the business, an' mortially frightened Ned when he sayed he feared he'd have to bar Eibher, an' return her where she come from, as an undesirable immigrant. 'These fairies,' sez he, 'so far as I hear, have been at the root of a mighty lot of bother in Ireland, an' we have trouble enough, God knows, in America, without borrowin' more.'

"There you're wrong,' sez Captain Ned, 'for it's comin' to lift throuble she is.' An' he laid the whole case afore the officer.

'An', sez Ned, 'when she has sarved my turn, I'll undhertake to laive her where I got her.'

"Ned, he noticed the officer's hand, lonelylike, danglin' behind his back now as he spoke, an' he put a goold sovereign into it, to take the lonesome look off it. An' the officer's hand curled on it, like a lily in the evenin' over a dewdhop; an' the officer suddently got very tinder-hearted entirely, an' said he must let his inclinations overcome his duty in this rimarkable case. So he passed Eibher. An' takin' a new paper he entered the number of Captain Ned's passengers fifty-nine, an' filed it.

"An' more be the same token, there was a terrible row at the Immigration Office nine months afther, when it was found that the accounts had gone ashaughrin, an' there was entered on the records, somewhere or other, a passenger more nor they could find trace of landin'.

"Very well an' good. Captain Ned lost little time fetchin' Eibher, under the glass case, to the house of Mary Donnelly.

"What's this?' sez Mary, when he laid it on the parlor table afore her.

"Queens,' sez Ned, 'should know each other.' An' Mary Donnelly blushed to the compliment.

"Oh! sez Mary, 'how delightful the little darlin' is. May I keep her?'

"No, no,' sez Captain Ned, 'that wouldn't be fair to the fairies. You can't keep her; but ye may kiss her.' An' his heart was poundin' on his ribs, like a flail on a barn floor.

"Her people,' sez Captain Ned, 'is waitin' for her down in the Bowlin' Green. They're coverin' the bushes like midges on a May-evenin'.

"Poor simple-hearted Mary was thankful, of course, for the privilege of kissin' Eibher. She had no sooner kissed her an' returned her under the glass case again, than her eyes wandhered to the trimblin' Captain Ned, with a look in them sweeter than anything he'd hoped to see this side of heaven.

"Sez she, 'Captain Ned Maguire, there's a most curious feelin' come over me.'

"Indeed,' sez Captain Ned.

"I suddently feel,' sez she, 'for you, greater likin' far than I ever afore felt for mortal.'

"Small blame to ye, Mary darlin', sez Captain Ned, throwin' out his chist an' 'traightenin' his tie.

"I know,' sez Mary, 'that I ought to be ashamed an' apologize.'

"Not at all, don't mention it,' sez Captain Ned, siddlin' closer to her an' gently lettin' his arm circumvint her waist. 'If your poor head feels tired, Mary,' sez he, 'ye can lain it on my shoulder.'

"Oh! thank ye, Ned,' sez Mary, layin' down her lovely red head just where Ned wanted it. An' Mary's white forehead was so close to Ned's mouth, that he couldn't resist the temptation of laivin' a little kiss on it; an' the forehead all at wanst crimsoned till it put her hair to shame, an' Mary's eyelids dhropped; but she sayed no word. Ned then took the tay-cozy, that was standin' handy, an' dropped it over Eibher's glass case to save the fairy's feelin's whilst himself an' Mary fixed the weddin' day.

"Well, Captain Ned, as ye may well suppose, only touched the groun' in an odd place as he walked New York them days. He was by long sight the happiest man on the island of Manhattan; an' as he wouldn't sail again, himself, for two months, he was willin', in his gratitude, to charter a ship special an' send it back to Sligo with Eibher an' her Tobercurry tribe. An' he had the ship bespoke, moreover, when, behold ye! didn't Eibher's followers rebel agin' the voyage.

"Once was enough in a lifetime, they said, to suffer Purgatory, an' they wouldn't face a week's saysickness again for all the goold in Californay.

"No power on earth could provokethem to cross the ocean again; so Eibher herself had to give in to stop with them if Captain Ned would find them suitable resorts in Manhattan. Ned asked them how they liked the Bowlin' Green; an' they sayed they were delighted with it. He took them from there to Central Park an' let them see that, an' the Bronx, an' Forth Greene in Brooklyn; an' 'twas enchanted they were with all, an' it would take a cleverer man than Michael O'Malley (clever though he is) to tell which of the places delighted them most. But they undertook to spread themselves over all, an' wander about from one to the other, just as they seen fit; an' from such beautiful residence they'd never ask, or wish, they sayed, to roam no more. Eibher was set free to them by Danny Callaghan, who come over special for the purpose, an' rendered her the power of makin' herself

invisible again; an' off she went, with her clan, to Central Park, to start house-keepin'.

"That's sixty years gone, an' the Tobercurry fairies have been with us ever since; an' people that know say they're more delighted with New York now than they were the first day they come."

"Can a fellow see dem, mister?" asked New-Come Pete.

"Sometimes," Michael said. "Sometimes, especially on a lovely moonlight night, like this, gettin' on tors't mornin', 'tis then they love to be cuttin' their antics on the side of one of the lovely green slopes in the Park or elsewhere."

"An' what about the weddin'?" the Wall-Eyed One, who loved festivities, inquired.

"The weddin'? Oh, say! the weddin' was a toploftical entirely. The beat of it wasn't witnessed in New York for seventeen years afore, nor for seventeen years after. The weddin' of Captain Ned Maguire with Mary Donnelly was attended by Jerry Callaghan and Danny Callaghan as best men, an' myself an' as good as three

hundred relatives an' friends of the lovely bride an' the brave bridegroom.

"There were eleven pipers an' eleven fiddlers to relieve one another night an' day. It lasted nine days an' nine nights, an' the ninth day an' night was better nor the first. Captain Ned took Mary back to Ireland with him, an' he built a castle for her there with a side agin' every point of the compass, an' a window agin' every day o' the year; an' Ned an' Mary lived happy an' well, with hearts always liltin' like a pair of linnets in a nest. They raised a brave family, an' a long one, an' if they didn't die since, they're livin' still.

"Lads, it's time all daicent Christians was at home now an' had their prayers washed, an' their feet sayed, an' they in bed. Skidaddle with yous! An' bear in min' that I have double as good a story for yous the morra night.

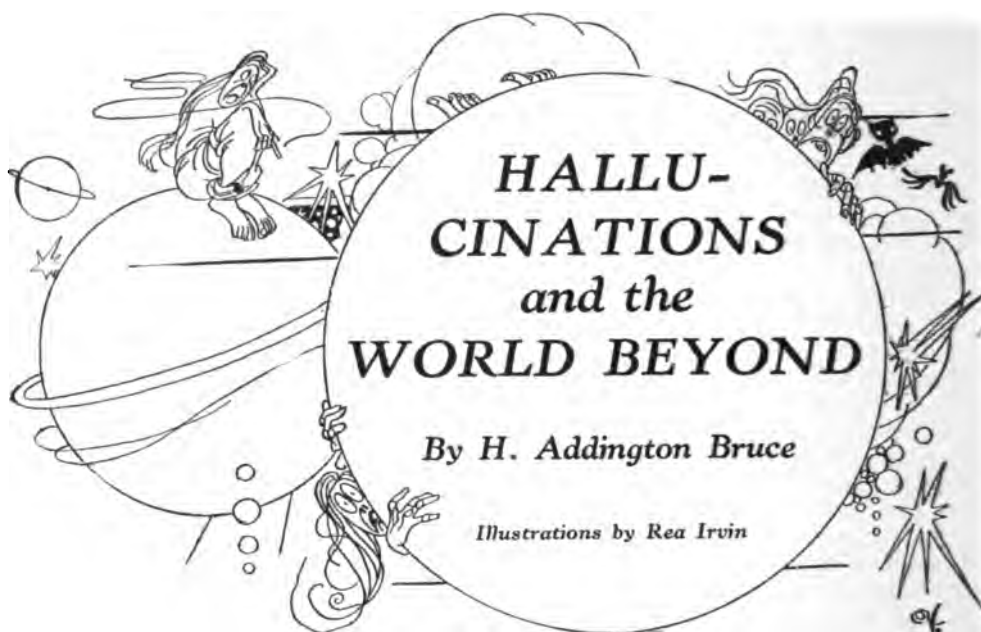
"Good night, Charlie, an' good luck! Don't mention the word Thanks to me or I'll br'ak your back with this straw! Good night!—And God take care of ye, poor sow!" Michael added to himself, as he stumbled up the steps that led to the world.

THE PATH OF LIFE

By Charles H. Meiers

THE Path of Life is like a path that leads
 Into the wilderness. Who dares to go
 Beyond the beaten trail that others know
 Must blaze that trail with sacrifice and deeds
 That eke not knowledge of his toil or needs
 To those who follow. What his trail must show
 Is, access to the wilds of Truth, marked so
 'Twill safely guide men forth beyond the meads.

How few men venture out beyond the last
 Familiar mark upon the well-known trail!
 'Tis he who has the courage to go past
 This sign that cannot in his mission fail.—
 He will have left at least one mark behind
 To guide some other brave exploring mind.



SOME years ago an Illinois physician, Dr. J. G. W. Entwistle, living in one of the Chicago suburbs, was hurrying one morning to catch a train for that city. As he crossed a street he saw approaching him an acquaintance, once well-to-do, who had ruined himself by drink. Dr. Entwistle, glancing at him as they met, noticed that his clothing was torn and his face bruised, and that there was a cut under one eye. He noticed, too, that the other kept looking steadily at him with a "woe-begone, God-forsaken expression." Had he not been in such a hurry he would have stopped and spoken to him, but as it was he passed him with a nod.

At the station Dr. Entwistle met his brother-in-law, and said, while the train was drawing in:

"Oh, by the way. I just saw Charlie M., and he was a sight. He must have been on a terrible tear."

"I wonder what he's doing in town, anyway?" commented the brother-in-law.

"I suppose he was going to see his wife."

"Not a bit of it. She won't have him around."

Then the subject was dropped, and nothing more was said about it until after they had reached Chicago. Both men, as it happened, had business at the Grand Pacific Hotel and went directly there from the train. They were met by a mutual friend

who had a copy of the *Chicago Tribune* in his hand.

"Hello," he greeted them. "Did you know that Charlie M. is dead? Here is a notice in the paper, stating that his body is at the morgue. He was killed in a saloon fight. The paper hasn't got the name quite right, but from the description it's Charlie sure enough."

"But he can't be dead," said Dr. Entwistle, aghast, "for it was only a few minutes ago that I met him on the street in Englewood."

Nevertheless, it turned out that Charlie M. *was* dead, and that his body had been taken to the morgue several hours before Dr. Entwistle thought he saw him in the Chicago suburb. Moreover, on inquiry it was learned that the clothes worn by him when he was killed and the marks on his face "tallied in every particular with the description given by the doctor."

Quite a similar experience occurred to Harry E. Reeves when he was choir master at St. Luke's church in San Francisco. On a Friday, about three in the afternoon, Mr. Reeves was in an upstairs room at his home. He had been working on some music. Wishing to rest for a few minutes he threw himself on a lounge, but almost immediately an unaccountable impulse led him to get up again and open the door of his room.

Standing at the head of the stairs he saw Edwin Russell, a member of his choir and a well-known San Francisco real estate broker. Russell had promised to call on him the following day to look over the music for Sunday, and Mr. Reeves' first thought was that he had come a day earlier than intended. He advanced to greet him, when, to his amazement and horror, the figure on the stairs turned as if to descend, and then faded into nothingness.

"My God!" gasped Russell, and fell forward.

A door below was hastily opened, and two women and a man ran to his aid. The women were his sister and niece, the man was a Mr. Sprague, a relative by marriage of the vicar of St. Luke's. They found Mr. Reeves seated on the stairs, his face white and covered with perspiration, his body trembling.

"Uncle Harry!" cried the niece. "What in the world is the matter?"

Reeves was in such a panic that he could hardly speak, but he managed to reply:

"I have seen a ghost!"

"Whose ghost?" inquired Mr. Sprague, with a skeptical smile.

"The ghost of Edwin Russell."

Instantly the smile left Mr. Sprague's face.

"That's strange," said he, "that's very strange. For as these ladies will tell you, I came to consult with you regarding the music for Mr. Russell's funeral. He had a stroke of apoplexy this morning, and died a few hours ago."

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH GHOSTS

Consider also this statement by the Reverend C. C. McKechnie, a Scotch clergyman:

"I was about ten years of age at the time, and had for several years been living with my grandfather, who was an elder in the Kirk of Scotland and in good circumstances. He was very much attached to me and often expressed his intention of having me educated for a minister in the Kirk. Suddenly, however, he was seized with an illness which in a couple of days proved mortal.

"At the time of his death, and without my having any apprehension of his end, I happened to be at my father's house, about a mile off. I was leaning in a listless sort of way against the kitchen table, looking upward at the ceiling and thinking of nothing in particular, when my grandfather's face

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ment's hesitation I ran down the staircase to the door opening upon the lawn to beg her to come in and tell me her sorrow."

When she reached the door the figures of the soldier and the girl were still plainly visible on the lawn, and in precisely the same attitude. But at the sound of her voice they disappeared.

"They did not vanish instantly," Mrs. M. explained, "but more like a dissolving view—that is, gradually. And I did not leave the door until they had gone."

Months afterwards, when calling with her husband at a neighboring house, she noticed on the wall the portrait of a distinguished-looking man in a military uniform. At once she recognized it.

"That," she told her husband, in an undertone, "is a picture of the officer I saw on the lawn."

Aloud she asked:

"Whose portrait is that?"

"Why," replied her host, "it is a portrait of my uncle, General Sir X. Y. He was born and died in the house that you now occupy. But why do you ask?"

When she had told the story, her host explained:

"What you say is most singular. For it is an unhappy fact that Sir X. Y.'s youngest daughter, a beautiful girl, brought disgrace upon the family, was disowned and driven from home by her father, and died broken-hearted."

THESE ARE REAL GHOST STORIES

Here, then, are four typical "ghost stories." They challenge belief, and most assuredly I would not have related them had they not been well authenticated. In fact, I cite them on the authority of the Society



"GHOSTS ARE DISTINCTLY SUBJECTIVE IN QUALITY AND EXIST ONLY BY VIRTUE OF CONDITIONS."

for Psychical Research, which has carefully investigated each, securing corroborative testimony, and satisfying itself of the good faith of the narrator. Unquestionably these are genuine experiences and represent happenings out of the usual, yet happenings that are of far more frequent occurrence than is generally supposed.

It does not follow, however,

that because their authenticity has been established it is necessary to assume that they imply actual visitations from the dead. On the contrary the modern theory of ghosts insists that invariably, when they are real ghosts and not the spurious product of credulity and deception, *they are distinctly subjective in character, and exist only by virtue of conditions permitting their creation in the mind of the person or persons seeing them.* In other words, a real ghost is never an objective phenomenon like a tree or a house. As a psychologist would say, it is always "a percept having no basis in external reality." Less learnedly, it is always a case of "seeing things where they ain't." That is to say, it is an hallucination.

Indeed, the old objective view of ghosts was doomed the moment psychologists and psychical research students began to inquire seriously into the frequency, nature, and laws of hallucinations.

Not so many years have passed since the famous English statesman Lord Brougham declared that it ought to be decided by legal enactment that the mere experiencing of an hallucination should be regarded as proof positive of insanity. This declaration undoubtedly voiced the opinion prevailing among scientific men at that time, and still held by most people. In popular phraseology, anyone who can see something where nothing is to be seen must be out of his mind.

To-day it is known that the enactment of such a law would lead to an immediate and startling increase in the asylum population of the world. For it has been conclusively demonstrated that one person out of every ten has experienced at least one hallucination at some time in his or her life.

Proof of this results chiefly from a remarkable census of hallucinations, originated more than twenty years ago at the International Congress of Psychology, and simultaneously carried on—principally by members of the Society for Psychical Research—in the United States, England, France, Germany, and other countries. To thousands of persons the question was put: "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice, which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?" Of the 27,339 replies received to this question no fewer than 3,266 were in the affirmative.

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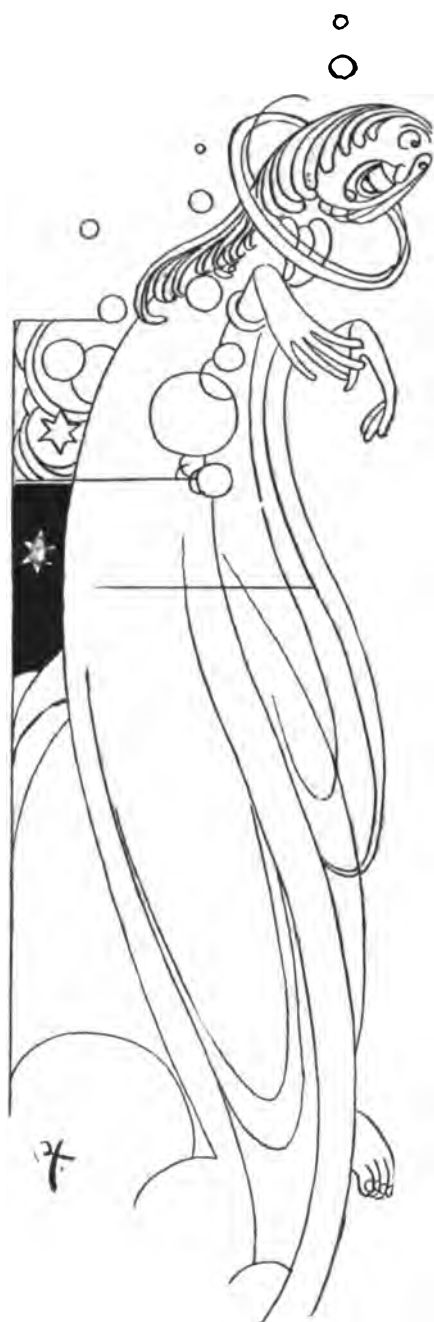
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"I FULLY REMEMBER SITTING UP IN BED AND
BEHOLDING TWO TOP BOOTS TROT RAPIDLY
ACROSS THE ROOM AND VANISH!"



to each other to avoid it. But no chair was there."

The Reverend G. Lyon Turner, professor of philosophy at the Lancashire Independent College, Manchester, England, woke up one morning to find the ceiling of his room adorned with a huge chandelier of some ten

arms, and the jets shining brightly through the ground-glass globes at the end of each arm. He knew that when he went to bed no chandelier had been there, and naturally feared that something was the matter with his eyesight.

"I moved my head," he said, "to see whether the phantom moved too. But no, it remained fixed; and the objects behind and beyond it became more or less completely visible as I moved, exactly as would have been the case had it been a real chandelier. So I woke my wife, but she saw nothing."

Still more bizarre was the phantasm that appeared to another Englishman. Here is his own account of it.

"I had just gone to bed, and was—at least, this was my impression at the time—quite awake. The door of my room was ajar, and there was a light in the passage which half-illuminated my room. Suddenly I became aware of a series of slight taps on the passage outside. These taps were not sufficiently loud for a human footstep; on the other hand, the volume of their sound was greater than that made by a walkingstick. I fully remember sitting up in bed and beholding two top boots trot rapidly across the room and vanish into the opposite wall. The illusion was astonishingly vivid, and I can recall the details to this day. I have never had a waking dream since, and have never experienced ambulant top boots except on this occasion."

A GHOST OF THE LIVING, THE DEAD AND ANIMALS

Phantasms of animals, too, have frequently been seen, sometimes alone, sometimes in combination with phantasms of human beings and inanimate objects. An unusually interesting experience of this sort was reported by Dr. Charles M. Smith, of Franklin, St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana. Two months after the death of a lady of his acquaintance he was on his way to visit a patient in the country, when he met a carriage driven by a Mr. Weeks, a brother of the woman who had died. Seated beside Mr. Weeks was a lady so closely resembling his sister that had not Dr. Smith known that the latter was dead he would have been positive it was she. Further, he declared:

"The carriage and horses used by Mr. Weeks were easily distinguished by certain well-marked peculiarities from any other

in the parish, and I saw them as distinctly as the occupants themselves."

Turning out to let the others pass, Dr. Smith bowed politely and spoke to Mr. Weeks, calling him by name. But no reply was made, whereat the doctor greatly marveled. He marveled still more, though for an entirely different reason, when he learned an hour later that no carriage answering the description he gave had entered Franklin, and that at the time he fancied he had met Mr. Weeks on the road, that gentleman had been otherwise occupied at his home thirty miles away.

The ghost of a carriage and horses, of a dead woman and a living man—all these had Dr. Smith seen at one and the same time!

It sounds like a contradiction in terms to speak of ghosts of the living, but, as the census of hallucinations made evident, phantasms of persons still in the flesh, like phantasms of inanimate objects, are experienced fully as often, if not more often, than phantasms of the dead. Obviously, in such cases there can be nothing objective about the apparitions. Yet to those who have seen them, phantasms of the living are quite as vividly realistic and make as profound an impression as phantasms of the dead, for which they are almost always mistaken, with consequent anguish to the persons whom they visit.

To illustrate, Miss A. Cressy, while seated with her mother and sister in the dining-room of their English home, happened to glance up and saw, looking in at them through an open window, a brother who was supposed to be in Australia.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "here's a surprise for us! Tom has come home!"

"Tom home! Where is he?"

"Out on the lawn. I'll go and let him in."

She went to the front door and threw it open. No one was in sight.

"Tom!" she called. "Where are you, Tom?"

No answer.

Then, thinking that in jesting spirit he had hidden among the shrubbery:

"Come in, Tom. Don't play the fool. You know how weak poor mother's heart is. Do you want to kill her?"

Still silence.

By this time her father had joined the little group at the front door, and all four made a rapid but thorough search of the

grounds.

anyone had

Now, from

"It was

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A year

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his delirium had constantly entreated his attendants to place him under a great cedar that grew on his father's lawn.

THE MATTER-OF-FACT MR. SEARLE

Very similar was the experience of Mr. Richard Searle, a London lawyer, who, at work in his office in the Temple, saw floating in mid air outside his window a phantasmal image of his wife, the face drawn and pale. Being an exceptionally matter-of-fact man, Mr. Searle calmly watched the apparition fade away, rubbed his eyes and returned to his law books. That evening, on reaching home, he learned that his wife had had a fainting spell shortly after lunch.

"What I had seen in the window," added Mr. Searle, in telling his story, "then occurred to my mind, and I asked her what time it was when this happened. She said, as well as she could remember, it must have been a few minutes after two o'clock. This was the time, as nearly as I could calculate, not having looked at my watch, when I saw the figure in the windowpane."

Or, again, phantasms of the living may appear without any assignable reason. As, for instance, in the case of an acquaintance of Mr. Andrew Lang's, an English nobleman, who, walking alone in a cloister in one of the university buildings at Cambridge, met a prominent London clergyman and was about to shake hands with him when the clergyman vanished. Nothing particular, Mr. Lang says, happened to either the nobleman or the parson.

Nor did anything happen to the lady who, as she informed Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, in charge of the German branch of the census of hallucinations, had the decidedly unpleasant experience of seeing a phantasm of herself. This is the way she described the visitation of her "double":

"It was ten o'clock at night. One of the children was sleeping restlessly, and I took the lamp to see if anything was wrong. As I drew back the curtain which shut off the bedroom I saw, two paces from me, the image of myself standing near the end of the bed,

in a dress which I had not been wearing for some time. The figure was turned three quarters away from me; the attitude represented deep grief."

In view of all this—in view of the fact that there can be ghosts of animals and inanimate objects as well as of persons—it seemed a legitimate inference that all three types were of the same genus, and were one and all hallucinations, percepts not of objects of external reality but of images fashioned and externalized in some way by the minds of those perceiving them. Proof that this is the correct view has been accumulated in abundant quantity in the years that have passed since the taking of the census of hallucinations.

Moreover, in the process of naturalizing the supernatural and ascertaining just what is the stuff of which ghosts are made, much light has been thrown on the workings of the human mind as manifested in other phenomena previously little understood. In truth, if the trail of the ghost has brought its explorers little nearer the goal at which they have been aiming—positive, scientific proof that the dead survive, and can and do communicate with the living—its exploration has resulted in a vast increase of our knowledge of the powers and possibilities of man here on earth.

Conspicuous in this respect, and of special importance in the present connection, is the discovery that every person of normal mind both perceives and remembers far more than he or she is consciously aware of.

Evidence of this was first forthcoming with the scientific study of hypnotism. It was found that people put into the hypnotic state could recall incidents of which they never had had conscious knowledge but which, it was ascertained, they had certainly experienced. It was found, in fact, that side by side with the process of conscious perception there constantly went on a subconscious process by which objects and sounds not consciously perceived

were registered indelibly on the memory, and under appropriate conditions might be brought into the field of conscious recollection.



I have space for only one illustrative case, but it is so much to the point that I shall give it in detail, and in the words of the experimenter, the eminent German psychologist, Dr. Max Dessoir:

"Several friends of mine," says Dr. Dessoir, "were in my room, one of whom, Mr. W., was reading to himself, while the rest of us were talking with one another. Some one happening to mention the name of Mr. X., in whom Mr. W. is much interested, Mr. W. raised his head, and asked, 'What was that about X.?' He knew nothing, he told us, of our previous conversation. He had only heard the familiar name, as often happens. I then hypnotized him with his consent, and when he was pretty deeply entranced I asked him again as to the conversation.

To our great astonishment, he now repeated to us the substance of our whole talk during the time he was reading to himself. There had evidently been a perception of sensory impressions, but not in the consciousness with which the waking man worked; rather in another consciousness which found its opportunity of revealing itself in the hypnotic trance."

This phenomenon has been verified experimentally not once but hundreds of times. In like manner, it has been found that experiences once consciously apprehended but afterwards forgotten, so far as the upper consciousness is concerned, can be recalled during hypnosis. Hypnotized subjects have been able to state correctly the menu of every meal they have eaten for a week. Others have narrated with graphic detail happenings of their childhood and youth which by no effort could they remember when dehypnotized.

The question at once arose whether such conscious and subconscious percepts could occasionally, when one was in the normal, waking state, be spontaneously projected above the threshold of memory; and, if so,



LITTLE COMFORT IN A GHOST CHAIR.

whether it might be possible for them to be thus projected as hallucinations instead of mere ideas. Almost as soon as asked, reason was found for answering this question in the affirmative. And to no small extent this was due to scientific inquiry into another subject which until then had not received the attention it deserved—the subject of crystal gazing.

There are people, as is well known, so peculiarly endowed that if they look steadily into a crystal, a bowl of water or any substance with a reflecting surface, they are able to perceive in it pictures of persons, places and other objects, and frequently with great distinctness. The common tendency has been to look upon this ability

as indicative of some superhuman action.

As soon as scientists began to scrutinize crystal hallucinations it was noted by them that, nine times out of ten, the images in the crystal represented memories in the seer's mind, albeit perhaps memories of occurrences only subconsciously experienced. So true is this that we find one member of the Society for Psychical Research, a lady who has deliberately cultivated the gift of crystal gazing for the purposes of scientific investigation, often having recourse to the crystal to recover forgotten memories of more or less importance to her—names, addresses, etc.

When she is successful the desired memories come in the form of vivid visual hallucinations, the name or phrase of which she is in search appearing in the crystal in bright letters against a dull background. Or the desired information may be conveyed by means of a picturesque symbolism, as in the following instance:

"One day I had been seeking a medical prescription which I had failed to find among my papers. After looking in many places, likely and unlikely, I concluded it

had been accidentally destroyed, and dismissed the matter from my thoughts. Some hours later, without having consciously thought of my search meanwhile, I was occupied with the crystal, which, after presenting me with one or two pictures, suddenly showed a paper which by its color and general appearance I recognized as the one in question.

"On further inspection, however, I observed, without being able to read the words, that the prescription was in the handwriting, not of my doctor, but of my friend E. As I have never yet found any crystal vision to be absolutely without meaning, or deceptive in any particular, I resolved to follow up this indication in the only way which occurred to me, and finally found my lost prescription accidentally folded within one of E.'s letters, where it had remained, I have reason to believe, for more than four years. I may add that E. is a very frequent correspondent; that this particular letter had been preserved quite by accident, and that there was no possible connection of ideas, either of time or place, between the two documents."

GHOSTS ARE LIFE-SIZED, VISUALIZED MEMORIES

Nothing, it seems to me, could illustrate more impressively the tenacity of the human memory. It is clear that the crystal gazer, Miss Goodrich Freer, perhaps in a wholly absent minded way, had slipped the lost prescription into her friend's letter, where it had lain for years without her having any conscious remembrance of the fact. None the less, in some obscure recess of her mind, she retained a distinct memory picture of its hiding-place; and in due course, her conscious search having stirred into activity the subconscious recollection, this memory picture was projected for her as a symbolical hallucination.

But, decidedly, there are certain obvious differences between crystal visions and apparitions like those indicated above. The former are mere miniature images; the latter are, so to speak, life-size. Moreover, while the former are produced only with the aid of an artifice—the steady gazing into the crystal—the apparitions come without any such excitant. Plenty of proof has been obtained, though, showing that, whatever the differences between them, they are fundamentally similar phenomena.

To cite only one link in the long evidential chain, it is known that not a few people spontaneously recover lost memories exactly as Miss Goodrich Freer has done, but without resorting to the use of a crystal. They do not do this often, but they do it often enough to establish its actuality. Before their eyes, appearing with suddenness and brightness, they see images of the name or phrase they have forgotten and by no conscious effort have been able to recall. It is as though they saw a ghost of the missing word or words.

Examples might be given, but surely enough has been said to satisfy the most exacting of readers that in the great majority of cases apparitions of persons and of things are nothing more than visual hallucinations representing ideas consciously or subconsciously in the minds of those seeing them. Indeed, the presence of the ideas which they represent has repeatedly been demonstrated by psychical researchers in specific instances of ghost seeing submitted to them for investigation.

It was thus in the case of the phantom chandelier seen by the Reverend Mr. Turner, for this was identified by Mr. Turner with one familiar to him as hanging from the ceiling of the college chapel in which he daily said prayers. So, likewise, the lady who reported to Baron von Schrenck-Notzing that she had seen a phantasm of herself, recognized in the clothing and attitude of the phantasm her own dress and bearing when at the bedside of her dying child three months before. She had not been, she said, consciously thinking of the child that evening, nor had she been feeling sad. But no doubt the restlessness of the surviving child, to quiet whom she had gone into the bedroom, had, subconsciously, brought up a memory of the death scene, and this memory had visualized itself in the hallucination seen by her.

THE REASON FOR THE "GHOSTS" ON THE LAWN

Again, in the strange case of the ghosts of Sir X. Y. and his erring daughter, investigation proved that the lady who saw the phantasmal drama on the lawn had already been a visitor in the house where she afterwards recognized Sir X. Y.'s portrait. Since her husband was a connection of Sir X. Y.'s, the chances are that the identity of the portrait was named to her at this previous

visit, and although she might consciously have forgotten this, she would assuredly retain a subconscious memory of it. Besides which, the story of the girl's disgrace was widely known among the country folk of the vicinity, and some of them might conceivably have talked about it in the lady's hearing.

The phantasm of the horses and carriage, of the dead woman and the living man, seen by Dr. Smith is similarly explicable on the hypothesis of the externalization of subconscious thoughts and memories. So is the ghost of Charlie M., provided only that we assume that Dr. Entwistle, in accordance with the custom of most men, had looked through his morning paper before setting out for business. He need not have consciously read the account of Charlie M.'s death. The crystal vision experiments show that the merest glance at it would have sufficed to give him a subconscious perception of the facts, even to the details of clothing and injuries; and that if, on his way to the railway station, he had seen anything that served to remind him of the dead man—such as his former place of business—the facts he had unwittingly gleaned from the newspaper might readily present themselves to his upper consciousness as a visual hallucination.

There is in the records of Miss Goodrich Freer's experiments one which so convincingly proves the possibility of this that it deserves to be quoted in full.

"It was suggested to me," her statement begins, "that I should look into the crystal with the intention of seeing *words*, which had

at that time formed no part of my experience. I was immediately rewarded by the sight of what was obviously a newspaper announcement in the type familiar to all in the first column of the *London Times*. It reported the death of a lady, at one time a very frequent visitor in my circle, and very intimate with some of my nearest friends; an announcement, therefore, which, had I consciously seen it, would have interested me considerably.

"I related my vision at breakfast, giving name, date, place and an allusion to 'a long period of suffering' borne by the deceased lady, and added that I was sure that I had not heard any report of her illness, or even,

for some months, any mention of her likely to suggest such an hallucination. I was, however, aware that I had the day before taken up the first sheet of the *Times*, but was interrupted before I had consciously read any announcement of death. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, with whom I was staying, immediately sought for the paper, where we discovered the paragraph almost exactly as I had seen it."

Surely, if Dr. Entwistle was in the habit of glancing through the morning paper before leaving to catch his train, it is unnecessary, bearing in mind such an experience as this, to seek further for an explanation of the phantasm he encountered. And even if he had not had a paper in his house, there is still another explanation that must be reckoned with before conceding the objective reality of Charlie M.'s ghost.

For there is always the possibility that the phantasm was a telepathic hallucination, an



SPIRITS AND GHOSTS OF THE NIGHT.

apparition mirroring a mental picture flashed by Charlie M.'s subconsciousness to the subconsciousness of Dr. Entwistle *before* the former's death and being externalized after his death through the force of some association of ideas—such as, let me repeat, the sight of the dead man's former place of business—which enabled it to emerge into the physician's upper consciousness.

TELEPATHY BELIEVED IN BY EMINENT SCIENTISTS

Most scientists, it must be said, are still skeptical about the actuality of telepathic hallucinations, although they willingly grant that hallucinations based on forgotten percepts and memories may be brought about in the ways described. But to those men of science who, like the late Professor James, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes, have personally and systematically engaged in the work of psychical research, no doubt remains as to telepathy being a fact. It would make this article far too long to present, even in outline, the varied evidence justifying this conclusion, and therefore it must suffice to indicate a single line of inquiry that has a special bearing on the problem of ghosts.

This consists in the experimental production, by a mere act of willing, of apparitions precisely resembling those of the classical ghost type.

Mr. H. R. Russell, afterwards a school inspector in India, but then living in Scotland, tried at six o'clock of a Saturday evening to appear to a sister of his in Germany. That same night he started in person for Germany, arriving early the next Tuesday morning.

"I entered the house without anyone seeing me," he reports. "I walked into a room. One of my sisters stood with her back to the door; she turned around when she heard the door opening, and on seeing me, stared at me, turning deadly pale and letting what she had in her hand fall.

I had been silent. Then I spoke, and said, 'It is I. Why do you look so frightened?' She answered, 'I thought I saw you again as Stinchen' (another sister) 'saw you on Saturday.'

"When I inquired, she told me that on the Saturday evening, about six o'clock, my sister saw me quite distinctly entering a room by one door, passing through, opening the door of another room where my mother was, going into that room and shutting the door behind me!

The resemblance between this "ghost," produced experimentally, and the "ghost" of her brother seen by Miss Cressy, in the case cited earlier, is very striking. There can be, to my way of thinking, no question but that both of them were occasioned by the same means—telepathy between living minds. The same must also be said of the "ghosts" seen by Andrew Lang's nobleman and the exceptionally matter-of-fact Mr. Searle.

And when I add that in the course of the phantasm evoking experiments it has been discovered that quite frequently there is a delay in the appearance of the suggested apparition, so that it is not seen until some time has elapsed after the experiment has been tried, it will be obvious that all ghosts of the coincidental kind illustrated by the Entwistle, Reeves and McKechnie cases could be similarly produced.

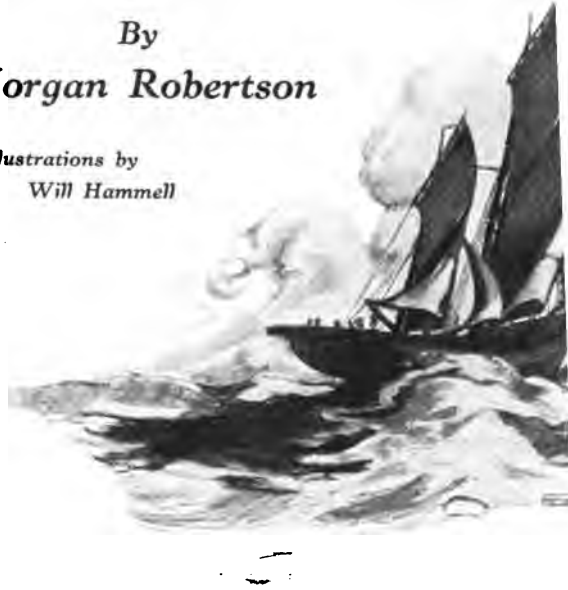
To sum up: Ghosts, real ghosts, are never objective realities. They are invariably hallucinations, and for the most part are representative of subconscious and forgotten percepts and memories. For the rest we have an adequate explanation in the facts of telepathy. Such, it seems to me, is the conclusion to which one is irresistibly impelled after careful study of the evidence amassed during the past twenty-five years by the Society for Psychical Research and by individual scientific investigators all over the world.



The HEAD

By
Morgan Robertson

Illustrations by
Will Hammell



FEW men live their lives without passing through one period at least—some of us many—of utter poverty, with its inconveniences and hardships. Such an experience came to me a few years ago, and while it lasted I paid for nothing that I could have charged, walked miles to save carfare, and lovingly pinched every nickel that I was compelled to part with.

Also, while I developed no anarchistic tendencies, I felt a sympathy for knife grinders, organ grinders, German bands, peddlers and other wayfarers that came of nothing but community of soul, but that drew the line at tramps—not because I felt superior to the tramp so much as that I envied him with the envy that I might have accorded the successful in life had I been just a little more successful myself.

For the tramp had solved life's problem. His wants were few and easily satisfied, and he had given up Hope, which, more than money, is the root of all evil; hence, he was happy—hence I envied him.

So, one day, as I stood on a Broadway corner in this "twixt and between" state of mind, and a tramp detached himself from

the crowd severely. I with a full black and was cheerful

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He regard
than his own

"Who are
know me?"

"No, I do
don't know
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Who are you?

"I knew yo
"but I can't re

"Where have you and I been shipmates," I demanded, taking him by the shoulder and shaking him.

"Let up," he said, weakly and stupidly.

"You called me," I continued, "when you spoke to me the other day, by a name I never bore but in two ships, the *Hazelhurst*, a blue-noser, and the *Paul Revere*, out of New York. Were you——"

"The *Paul Revere*," he exclaimed, as I relaxed my grip. A look of intelligence that changed his whole expression came to his face, and he clutched my arm as tightly as I had gripped him. "A big, white ship," he added. "The *Paul Revere*? Do you know her? Where is she now?"

"Very likely a coal barge now," I answered. "Haven't seen her for years."

"Years——years? Were you aboard that voyage? I just remember now. The *Paul Revere*. Tell me. Perhaps I can remember more. Tell me," he demanded, in a frenzied tone, while a varied play of emotions surged over his face.

A crowd was collecting, watching us curiously, and I said: "Come along with me——around the corner."

He accompanied me willingly, and I led him down the side street to a little den of mine in a studio building from which I had not yet been dispossessed. It contained an old lounge and a blanket, a small gas burner, coffee pot, stew pan and such accessories of Bohemian life as a man will gather about him for his comfort while working.

I had not slept in it nor worked in it for months; it was not my home——merely a harbor of refuge, a hiding place to which I could retire and be alone when necessary——and contained nothing in the way of food or refreshment except some coffee, one cigar, and a small portion of brandy; in fact, about two portions, one of which I promised myself.

Though not a drinking man, I was yet so mentally tired and despondent over my own affairs that I welcomed the discovery of the stimulant, and in anticipation enjoyed the warming of stomach and soul that this reminder of a former transient prosperity might bring me.

But first I boiled some coffee, which he drank without milk or sugar, and then gave him the cigar, which he looked at quizzically, remarking that he did not know how to smoke it. Yet he bit off the end and lighted it as though accustomed to cigars,

and then I politely offered him first swig at the bottle. To my surprise and disappointment he gulped it all, and I was at some trouble to conceal my disapproval of his breach of etiquette. But I made the best of it, and racked my brains trying to remember him, but could not.

I had no recollection of ever having met him, yet, though he had relapsed into the first stupidity, he had been eying me steadily, occasionally muttering that I was Bunk——surely Bunk, and no one else. But as the brandy reached his stomach, and possibly the wonderful old nerve that influences the motor, sensory and sympathetic systems, a change again came over him.

"Bunk you are," he exclaimed excitedly; "and then there was the yaller dog, and Mr. ——, Mr. ——, Mr. Oldfell——no, Mr. Oldfield. And the pig on the fore hatch, and the nigger cook and the Chink steward, and——and something else——Oh, I forget. Tell me, Bunk. You must remember."

Not for years had I thought of that voyage in the *Paul Revere*, a generation gone, except in its salient points. I had forgotten the name of the mate, but now remembered Mr. Oldfield, a kindly man. Then came to me the memory of the captain's dog, and the inconsequential pig that we had killed on the fore hatch——with his head aft, for luck——and the negro cook and the Chinese steward; but little more of the details. I could not recall the name of the captain, nor the faces and names of the crew. I could recall only that I had shipped in New York and had been paid off in San Francisco.

The rest had gone into the limbo of forgotten things, and I was as helpless as this human wreck in remembering. But there was this difference between us——he had utterly failed in life, while I had comparatively prospered, and, convinced that he was a shipmate of that voyage, I resolved to befriend him.

"There is no doubt, old man," I said, "that you were with me on that voyage, yet I can't remember you. What name did you go by then?"

He shook his head wearily. He could not remember.

"Well," I said, "you can bunk here as long as you like, and cook your own grub. Perhaps we can stir each other up, and what you can't remember I can. But you want a bath and a hair cut——yes, and a clean shave. Come on out with me, and we'll fix it up."



I made a bundle of a cast-off suit of clothes that still was clean, with a complete change of shirt, socks and underwear which I had kept there for my own convenience, and giving him the bundle took him out to a barber, whose objections I overruled by paying him in advance. Then, telling the man to come back to my den, I went on to a grocer who was glad to serve me for cash and whose advice, in view of the limited condition of my cash, I was glad to take.

"Ye want the cheapest grub there is?" he asked. "Well, burgoo's the stuff for you, me laddie. I'm Scawtch, an' I know. Burgoo—oatmeal boiled wi' a little salt. An' the cheapest sauce, ye want? Molasses. It's a cheap an' a fillin' an' a noorishin' dish. I was raised on it."

So, reserving car fare to my home, I expended my remaining dimes and nickels in these ingredients and returned to my workshop, where I cooked some oatmeal in my stew pan. My guest returned as it was done, and, had I not recognized my old suit of clothes, I would not have known him. Yet I did know him, but not as the

tramp. His look that all the under-world had seen was a lapse; but in that moment I recognized him as efficient and efficient.

"Sit down, for an officer's hand. "You never knew y

He had seen me but now sprang

"Grinnell," That's my name. he looked at me with an expression

"Second mate"

"Yes, second mate. He put his hands to his head. He was second mate. What!

I could not remember was a

"There was dreamily. "I fore the mast,

"Yes, yes," I interrupted eagerly, "Big Sawnee, the Scotchman——"

"And Edwards," he continued, "and Pangay, the Malay, and Big Swansen, the Swede. Do you remember them?"

"Of course I do," I answered joyously, as like the unfolding of a picture that voyage came back to me. One after another he named the crew, each of whom I had forgotten and each of whom stood before me now in mental image as he spoke their names—rough, ragged, deep-water sailors, my shipmates of long ago. But I could not remember everything; only as his words prompted me did my own recollections respond and add something to the picture of the past that he was recalling so painfully. As instance, he repeated again and again: "I did not finish the voyage. I quit her," and when he added: "There were barrels, and the boat," I helped him.

"Barrels of grub?" I said, as more of the picture came back. "Mr. Grinnell, you were put aboard a distressed bark off the Marquesas. Do you remember? Short of grub and water."

"The *Dundee*," he exclaimed wildly. "Yes, I remember now—the infernal Flying Dutchman. I remember. I went aboard her with barrels o' grub. She was undermanned, wasn't she, and out of her course? And the skipper? I can't think. I can't think. Oh, he was a helyou, though. Let me think."

But he could not think any more. The confused, stupid look returned to his face, and he finally said: "Got any more o' that stuff? That 'ud brighten me up."

"No," I said. "You've taken it all." And the thought of my own trivial disappointment must have clouded my face; for he dropped his eyes to the floor and sat down in palpable embarrassment.

It was growing dark and I was due at home, so, realizing that nothing more could be done that day, I showed him the oatmeal and molasses and instructed him in the matter of cooking more, gave him some matches and the key, and left him, promising to see him in the morning and enjoining upon him to try and remember more.

My own memory cleared somewhat that evening. I distinctly remembered the dingy Scotch bark with her ensign union down at the gaff, and the long drill at signaling at which I assisted our skipper in hoisting small flags in combinations the meaning of

which I did not understand; then the provisioning of the boat, and her trip to the bark, carrying Mr. Grinnell. Other things, too, of no moment in this story, came back to me, as though all the associated ideas in that zone or level of memory had been tapped in the introspection.

But that night brought me a dream in no way connected with these associated ideas. I went to sleep, thinking of that bark sailing away with Mr. Grinnell, her handful of men manning the braces while our boat pulled back to us. I saw her grow smaller and smaller in the distance until, as a mere speck, she disappeared beyond the horizon. These were tangible realities that I remembered, but the dream that clung to my waking mind in the morning had little in comparison with these facts.

The dream was of the bark, and I was aboard of her. There was an empty deck, with ropes scattered around, uncoiled and uncared for; the topsails, fore topgallant staysail, and the spanker were set, and the yards braced square. There was a smooth sea and a light wind, and a man at the wheel who yelled at me insanely, though I could not understand what he was saying. But I looked ahead, and saw a line of breakers backed by a coral reef and an island, and as I turned to warn the man at the wheel, I awoke.

The dream impressed me, and held my attention through the details of shaving, dressing and otherwise beginning the day, when matters connected with my finances not only drove it from my mind but prevented me from getting down town to my den for a week. Then, in the fear that the oatmeal had run out and that my guest was gone, I visited the place, where I found Grinnell waiting for me. His face was grave, dignified, and full of that which distinguishes the thinker from the manual worker; he was no more the tramp of a few days before than was I. He bowed to me, offered me his hand, and led me into the room, where he pushed a chair for me close to his own.

"I have to thank you, Mr. —, shall I call you Bunk, for I know no other name?" I nodded, saying that Bunk would do, and he went on. "I have to thank you for restoring my memory of past events, my name, the incidents of my boyhood and my experiences on board that bark up to the end. Only, I cannot remember anything since

then up to the time you spoke to me, and I remember but little of the subsequent happenings except that you have been kind to me—that you gave me the drink of brandy that roused my memory.

"You think it was that?" I asked. "Well, it wasn't. It was the sight of me and contact with me—the suggestion of your past that came from me. Why, you walked up to me and called me Bunk as soon as you saw me."

He slowly, doubtfully, shook his head.

"Well, never mind that," I said. "I remember it. Had enough to eat? How's the oatmeal holding out?"

"I have eaten but very little of it, sir," he answered, a little embarrassedly. "In fact, after the first dish of it I ate only as much as was necessary to keep me alive. I took a dislike to it. Do you know what those barrels that we took aboard the bark contained? Oatmeal, nothing else. As I was not Scotch I soured on it soon. Oat-

meal—burgoo—twenty-one times a week while it lasted."

"Go on," I said eagerly. "Tell me what happened aboard that Scotch bark."

"It'll take time to tell," he answered, "and it will harrow your soul, as it has harrowed mine in the remembrance. No wonder I lost my mind and my identity. I hardly know that I have worn a name since then. I see by your calendar on the wall this is 1902. I have been twenty-five years a stranger to myself; I can hardly recall what has happened."

"But go on," I said. "What happened aboard the bark?"

"I will. It all came back to me the first morning I wakened here. I had eaten heartily of your burgoo, and slept soundly. You remember the rusty old tub, wallowing in the trough with the 'blood-and-guts' upside down at her gaff end—and that she wanted grub and a navigator? We were close to Frisco, and the skipper thought he



"HOLDING THE WHEEL IN ONE HAND, I PULLED OUT MY PISTOL AND WAITED."

could spare me, and I was willing to go along because the bark herself was bound to the same port; but I didn't know he had condemned me to burgoo. So, I went, with the barrels, and sent back the boat—remember?" I nodded.

"When I boarded her I had a talk with her skipper, a lanky, lean and whiskered old Scot, whose mind was as dyspeptic as his stomach. A hundred and three days out from Adelaide, he said, head winds all the time, except for an occasional slant that allowed the old vessel to make a few knots. She was so broad compared with her length that the spread of rigging prevented bracing the yards; so she couldn't hold her own when on a wind—all she could head was eight points from it, and could only slide across it at right angles; and as she was flat bottomed for the shallow home ports she was built for, she made a lot of leeway.

"Next thing I learned was that the skipper was deeply religious, read the Bible night and day and prayed for wind each watch below; for, the first mate having died out of port, he had to stand watch with his second mate. This fellow was Scotch, too, and as religious as the skipper. Then I learned that every man forward was Scotch, and as religious as the afterguard.

"The steward was a Jap and the cook a Chinaman; and as all those believing Scots believed the Jonah story in the Bible, it naturally followed that those two were under suspicion. In fact, the captain told me that the curse of God had rested on his ship from the moment he shipped those two heathen, attesting to it by the death of his mate and the consequent long passage.

"I tried to laugh and reason him out of the idea, but he was Scotch, and beyond argument. I went forward and talked to the crew, with the same result. They made no open accusation, but each sour-faced billy goat of the lot would whisper his fears and suspicions, hinting at the curse upon the ship coming of the presence of heathen among them. I made no attempt to argue, but I laughed at them, and told them sternly that they could believe as they liked, but that if they followed the Bible story too closely I would throw a few Jonahs overboard myself.

"Well, we slid along on the starboard tack for a few days, then wore ship—for the bark wouldn't stay in a mill pond—and tried the port tack for a while. The wind

was still dead ahead, though in that latitude we should have had the strong southeast traders; but there was no help for it, and at last we got a gale out of the nor'west that we had to scud before with a greased hawser over the stern to break the seas. We lost a couple of hundred miles before that gale blew out, and then all we could do was to roll for a week in the trough of a greasy ground swell.

"Then came wind, dead ahead, and one middle watch below I was awakened from sleep by an unearthly scream that seemed to come right into my window from without. I jumped into my boots and went on deck, but everything was quiet; the helmsman was steering his course—which was 'by-the-wind'—and the watch on deck was quiet beside the main hatch. The skipper was below snoozing, as skippers do in fine weather, and so I could only ask the man at the wheel what had happened.

"'Nothing, sir,' he answered, 'that I know of. But I think that the heathen cook has jumped overboard just from the lack of the spirit of righteousness that honest men hold to.'

"'Damn your wretched heart and soul,' I yelled. 'Have you given the Chink a passage because he wasn't of your faith?'

"'I dinna ken your meaning, sir,' answered the Scot, his face dull and expressionless in the light from the binnacle. 'But it is the will of God that the wicked shall perish from the face of the land.'

"'But not from the face of the sea,' I responded. 'If you fellows have given the cook a passage, I'll take it out of you, man for man. D'you hear me?'

"'I hear you, sir,' he answered calmly. 'But the will of God is superior to you and your commands. We are a body of God-fearing men aboard this ship, and I clearly paircieve that you are not of our kind.'

"'No, I'm not, you hell-fired murderers,' I answered. 'And if I find the man that tossed the cook over I'll give him his medicine right on the spot.'

"But I did not find him. In the morning the cook was missing, of course, and only his racial *confère* indicated by his manner that he knew his fate, and possibly his own. Matsumo, the steward, stopped before me in the forward passage to the cabin.

"'You believe this Jonah business, sir,' he asked plaintively. 'These men think about Jonah—a man who brings head winds

and storm. They kill Sam Fow last night to make fair wind. Do you think they kill me?"

"I don't know, steward," I answered desperately. "I don't believe in the Jonah business. It's all superstition. But look out for yourself. You're up against a bunch of Scotchmen, and God help you if you don't watch out."

"He thanked me and went about his duties while I went to sleep. But, as I wakened that noon, I learned that the steward was missing. Half mad with rage and sorrow I approached the skipper.

"Do you sanction this, sir?" I demanded. "Do you believe in the throwing overboard of men who are not of your faith, simply because of a Biblical story of a Jonah. If you do, where is the whale to swallow them." I spoke unadvisedly; he pointed to the starboard where a school of sperm whales were blowing and diving.

"There," he said impassively. "No doot the whales have cared for them accordin' to the will of God."

"The will of God, you insane son of a nun," I answered. "Do you think the will of God means the murder of innocent men who have no more to do with your head winds than I have?"

"I am in doot about that," he said calmly. "Our misfortune has increased since you came on board. I am in dread of Jonahs. Beware lest the wrath of God smites you in this passage of ill-luck, head winds, and the misgiving of the weak of spirit and the poorly endowed. Get to your berth and pray that you are not the Jonah that afflicts us."

"I'll get to my berth in my watch below," I exclaimed. "But I'll wear my six-shooter from this on, and the first one of your sanctified crew that lays hands on me will get a bellyful of lead. Hear me?"

"Go below, man of wrath!" he answered. "God will be the judge. We shall be driven around the Horn, for there is no escape. We must cross the Indian Ocean, and begin again where we started. There is a Jonah aboard, cursed of God, but I do not know who. Perhaps it is you, perhaps some man forward. Possibly it is the cook and steward—heathen unknown to the real faith. They are gone, but if the head winds continue there will be no doot in my mind that it is you—a Jonah accursed of God."

"Me?" I argued. "Why, all the good

luck you'll have in this craft.

"But he went to me and would not

"There was a weather, but the ship about a hundred miles from the gale, was blowing from the northwest, west, and deadening. But it was a squall under topsails. The wind would have rounded the Cape but a few miles.

"The captain sent to the foremast, failing in the land, and among the crew listened respectably, feeling no choice. But they were a mingling of single-minded men.

"We had a small island, when the wind shifted to the north, on the port tack, to do, and slow beyond the narrow channel increased in depth soon set up, as cold as ice, forecastle, and panions.

"A night of wet wilderness. The Horn, shortened by the ice, were under the fore and fore topmast, however, a little sleep and eat it alone. questioning the captain with McLeod with murder of the and unruffled by the captain had had been sent whom he had of the Boatswain.

"Are you a

as I could speak myself. 'Are you going to kill each other off, one by one, until we make port?'

"It will be as God directs, sir," he answered.

"Who's next?" I yelled. "Me?"

"Not you, Mr. Grinnell," he assured me. "For, though you are not a man of faith and good works, you are a navigator and, in God's good pleasure, needful to this sorely tried crew. But we are assured that the curse is removed, and that we will make the Falklands."

"You'll never see the Falklands," I said, "unless we get wind out of the south. Pray for wind out of the south, if you like, but stop this murder. There are no Jonahs aboard."

"I left him and sent the second mate to his breakfast. I have said little of him because he was about the least important man of that crew—dull, stupid, a poor seaman and a cowardly man."

"Think you, sir," he asked, before leaving me, "that I'll be the next?"

"Haven't the slightest idea," I answered. "They're insane, the whole lot; you, too, as surely as you believe in Jonahs."

"I do believe in Jonahs, sir," he responded doggedly—his face the color of clay—"but not that I am one."

"Well, look out," I said, "or they'll overrule you."

"Two of their number had been deputed to the positions of cook and steward, but these were as hidebound as the rest. They were twelve—thirteen, including the second mate—deeply religious, earnestly prayerful and well-meaning Scotch from the Aberdeen hills who never should have left their homes. I cannot recall their names, except that they were Donalds, or Duncans, or McLeans, or Sandys, with a few Andersons, Robertsons and Campbells among them."

"There was no use talking to them; I knew that McLeod would carry forward my views, and trusted that my knowledge of navigation would save me. So I waited for a shift of wind, hoping as devoutly as any that it would come from the south; but it did not. Having blown us far to 'looward' of the Falklands, it came again from the cold southwest, and though we again braced up on the port tack, we all knew that it was useless."

"I called them aft, now, and suggested the only practical course, to square for the Cape

of Good Hope and try and make Cape Town where perhaps the curse might be lifted and we could replenish stores, which were getting low. They agreed, and I worked out an approximate course while waiting for the sun, which would give me our position by meridian and morning sights."

"So we slid on, making sail as we could, and when I got a fair chance at the sun I found that I was not far out from my dead reckoning. In that high latitude meridians were close together, and it was not long before we had traversed the width of the South Atlantic and looked for a landfall. We got the landfall, sure enough; we saw the lofty headlands of the Cape, and one day's sail would have brought us into Cape Town harbor. But the infernal curse was still upon us. A gale hit us from the north, and away we went to the south and east, hove to and hoping to hold on. And before the night had passed the crazed and disappointed men forward had tossed over the second mate while I was asleep!"

"I called them aft. I lectured them upon murder and its inevitable consequences. I appealed fruitlessly to their common sense, and then appealed as fruitlessly to their superstitions. Our number was now twelve, not thirteen, and so we could reasonably expect that the luck would change. They listened quietly, but I might as well have lectured a lunatic asylum. It was Duncan McLeod who became their spokesman when I had finished, and his remarks were only to the effect that the Jonah had not yet been found. And he vowed, by the grace of God and the workings of the Spirit, to find him. At which I leveled my six-shooter at him, and told him and all that if I caught two of them talking together while I remained on board I would bullet one of them."

"For you are not believing Christians," I yelled, "content to trust in the God you swear by. You are a bunch of madmen with murder in your hearts, and only looking for some man to answer to your definition of a Jonah. There are no Jonahs here; we're simply in a rotten old tub that can't beat to windward, or even heave to. We must make the best of it. Go forward, now, and keep separate while in my sight, or, by the living God, I'll shoot you down."

"McLeod stepped forward, his head high and his face defiant. But I was roused to an extreme and sent a bullet through his whiskers; then he retired with the rest."

to the south and east of the Cape, with the prospect of a long run along the fortieth parallel until, with a possible slant of wind, we might reach Java Head, and come to anchor. Whereby, with the consent of the consul at Anger, I might be relieved from command of this stricken and unlucky craft. But it was not to be.

"We sped along on our eastering, sighted old St. Paul, a black and yellow mountain top rising out of the deep sea, and headed up toward the Straits of Sunda—the fair wind still continuing. But here our luck deserted us again. A gale from the north, which lasted six days, blew us in a southeasterly direction, until, when I got a sight with the sextant, I found that nothing but a counter gale from the southeast would blow us to the Straits.

"We were well to the south of the corner of Australia, and I encouraged the men by explaining that we could not miss Melbourne, as the prevailing winds in these parts were westerly and northerly, with a smooth sea. But they were only partly encouraged; the next morning a man was missing. I did not know his name, or how he had brought himself into the black list, and I forbore any further criticism or advice. I devoted myself to the task of bringing that old bark into Melbourne, where I might be quit of her and her crazy crew. But this was not permitted.

"Just as we were entering the Straits, a land breeze hit us, and away we went to the southward, unable to fetch a lee under Tasmania. It blew us far down into the cold before it eased up, and then became a fair wind up into the Pacific, with its wealth of islands and archipelagoes. I tried to make Sydney, on the east coast, but failed; the insistent adverse wind prevented. Then, the next day, another man turned up missing in the morning. I shaped a course for Norfolk Island, but again the wind thwarted me. And again a Scotchman went to his account in the dark of the night, when I was asleep.

"I had lost interest in these fanatical murderers now, and hoped only for soundings, where I could drop anchor and get ashore. I tried next for the Loyalty Islands and missed by an unexpected slant that drifted us away, while another supposed

making port; but I could not do without them. They were needed to steer, and work the braces.

"Two more went before we sighted the Loyalties, and as the expected head wind drove us to 'looward' they murdered another of themselves—this time in broad daylight while I was looking. I shot at the crowd but hit no one, and they respectfully obeyed my call to the braces.

"The next chance was Fiji group. But we missed these by the appearance of the strong southeast trade, which blew so steadily that I was content, and hopefully content, to go on toward the Solomon Islands. But it was a long sail, and the lunatics had lost confidence in my navigation, but none of their confidence that the Jonah was still on board. Man after man was missing in the morning, and I took my short snatches of sleep with my pistol in my hand and two iron belaying pins in my boots.

"And at last it came to the point where one man walked aft to relieve me at the wheel and declare that I was the Jonah and must go. It was Duncan McLeod, wild eyed and frenzied of speech. He had tossed over the last of his mates and, still securing his integrity of soul, had condemned me.

"Holding the wheel with one hand, for the wind was light, I pulled out my pistol and waited. He saw the gun, but it had more effect upon him than a piece of tack. He was a tall, powerful man, but he made no more movements. He was to crush me in his fingers; but still I waited for him to make the first move. He came quickly in the shape of a lunge at my hands, reaching for my throat, but they did not grip. I shot into his chest and he fell; then I shot him in the head and he made no more movements.

"I dragged him to the rail and threw him over, then took the wheel and waited. I think that about now my brain was in a way, for I thought you were Bunk, loafing around the ship, amusing yourself. There you were, coiled up, and you wouldn't move.

"Great God," I in my dream.

"Did you dream this?"
"Then try and dream the last that I remember."

rier reef ahead, and I was steering for it. That is all."

"I cannot tell you," I said. "My dream stopped."

"Well," he said. "No doubt I reached the old bark, and was taken off crazy. And where I have been, or what I have done in the last twenty-five years is, and may remain, a mystery. Still, it may come back to me, as the Scotch bark did. Perhaps brandy will bring it back."

"Mr. Grinnell," I said gently, "don't try to bring it back. It must have been a period of wretchedness that you would be glad to forget again. And besides, it was not the brandy that helped you. It was myself and the burgoon."

I could not convince him. His awakening had come, he said, with the drink of brandy, and I found that he could not now recall the cigar, the coffee, and the two meetings in the street. Meaning to argue further with him I left the den to attend to a matter of business, but when I returned I found that he had gone—possibly to look for brandy.

Misgivings afflicted me and, as he did not come back, continued through the years. Had I merely changed a cheerful tramp into a sorrowful tramp with a devotion to brandy born of his sorrow? If so, I could not forgive myself.

But last winter my mind was set at rest. I was caught in a cold rain, with wet snow,

down on the water front, and, without umbrella, storm coat or overshoes, was chilled to the bone and felt the need of a stimulant. At the door of the nearest café I was hailed, and there stood the tramp, clad in a fine pilot-cloth overcoat, bearded again, bronzed and smiling. He was leading a well-dressed youngster of about four and he nearly shook my arm off in his powerful grip as we clasped hands.

"Prospered?" he said, in answer to my inquiry. "You bet. See that four-master at pier twenty-eight? I'm her skipper. Got married about five years ago, and the missus is aboard. Well, well, Bunk—for that's the only name I know you by—come in here. I want to treat you, then take you aboard. Here, kid," he said, stooping over the child, "you stop outside for a minute, and don't give me away to your mother."

"What'll you have, Bunk?" he asked as we faced the bartender.

"Brandy," I said, thinking of my aching bones and weak lungs.

"Milk and vichy for me," he rejoined. "And say, Bunk, d'you know I never touched that stuff since the time you gave it to me? I meant to, for I wanted to remember. But then, after a while, it didn't seem so important, and I didn't care whether I remembered or not. Then, somehow, something in your face as I took the drink, and again when I asked for more, struck home, and I cut it out."

THE WARNING

By Philip L. Wahlberg

SINGS the fool, "The world's all pleasure,
I'll drink to-day and gain full measure."

Oh, fool! The world has more of sorrow,
Heed the Book—You die to-morrow.



THE TWENTIETH CHILD

By

Rheta Childé Dorr

*Author of "What 8,000,000 Women
Want"*

Illustrations from Photographs



IN the year of Our Lord, 1911, the one hundred and thirty-fifth year of the Independence of the American people, the United States Government formally and officially discovered children.

Long before this the men who comprised the government knew that the American people were divided into families, and that the families had children; but for the first time it was discovered that the United States Government had children.

The newly discovered children, one in twenty in the United States, are the little ones who toil. You have heard of them—perhaps. Have you ever tried to get any definite information about them?

Florence Kelley, secretary of the Consumers' League, tells of a woman of wealth in an Eastern city who invested some money in stock in a Southern cotton mill. I say she invested it, as a matter of fact it was invested for her by her trustees. They assured her that the investment was a very good one and would probably pay her a much higher rate of interest than her money had been earning.

Not long after the stock was purchased the woman's club of which this woman was a devoted member had a "Child Labor" after-

noon program. Papers were read and addresses made by speakers of prominence, and the melancholy facts which they presented so affected this woman that she went home wondering: "Is this sort of thing true of my mills? Am I drawing big dividends from the labor of ten-year-old children who work fourteen hours a day? I want to know."

Before she slept that night, the woman addressed a letter to the president of the mill company and asked him to let her know without delay the number and ages of children working in their mills. To this direct question the president of the mills returned an indirect answer. He told her that every regulation of the law regarding labor was strictly lived up to, and advised her not to read any more muckraking magazines.

Not in the least satisfied, the woman wrote to the governor of the state in which her mills were situated asking him to send her a copy of the last report of the state labor department. The governor replied in a polite letter that the state had as yet no labor department. She wrote again asking for the last report of the state factory inspector. The reply to this was that the state factory inspector issued no annual report.



ANNIE'S BRIGHT AND ANIMATED
COURTENANCE HAS BEEN DEVEL-
OPED BY NIGHT MILL WORK.

Still determined to get at the facts of child labor in her mills, the woman wrote to the Department of Commerce and Labor in Washington, asking for any information in the possession of the government.

The department regretted that it had no statistics on the subject.

She next applied to the Bureau of Census and here she got considerable information of a general character. The census of manufacturers of 1905, while it could give her no information about the state of affairs in her own cotton mills, at least informed her that the number of children from ten to fifteen years of age working in cotton mills throughout the United States was 40,029.

NEITHER STATE NOR NATION POSSESSED
ANY INFORMATION ABOUT WORKING
CHILDREN

During this time that the woman had been carrying on her correspondence, most of it fruitless, with governors and mill presidents and factory departments and bureaus, trying desperately to find out something about the workers in her cotton mills, the mails had brought her at frequent intervals pamphlets and government reports concerning the cotton industry itself—reports on the cotton crop, on the fight made by the Department of Agriculture against cotton pests, on improvements in mill machinery—but not once did the government produce a single report about the children in the cotton industry.

So the poor woman did the only thing her mind and conscience suggested, she sold her cotton-mill stock. She did not, however, drop the subject from her mind. Being, as we have said, a member of a woman's club, she shortly had an opportunity to ally herself with a movement which resulted this year in the announcement of the government's great discovery of its children.

In the spring of 1905 the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Women's Trade Union League, the Consumers' League, Hull House, Chicago, and several other organizations of women, having back of them the National Child Labor Committee composed of men and women, united in an effort to secure an extended and minute government inquiry into the working conditions of women and children. The separate organizations sent their representatives to Washington to petition in person for the investigation.

The women knew exactly what they wanted. They were united in their desire for an investigation which should result in something more than a mass of statistics. They were firm in their conviction that what

with the women in many as population groups, but as human beings.

The women found official Washington, on the whole, friendly to their project. President Roosevelt, although chiefly concerned lest an ample supply of children should not be forthcoming, still had a clear realization of the fact that the supply already on hand did not invariably get a square deal. The President heartily approved of the proposed investigation.

"The first thing to do," said the President, "is to see Mr. Cannon. Tell him I personally request that this bill be favored."

So the women called on the all-powerful Speaker of the House and thereby learned how utterly ignorant were the high officials of government in regard to the working child and the importance of at least trying to do something for him.

The Speaker listened while the representatives of organized American womanhood made their plea, not for any revolutionary reorganization of the laws governing children, but simply that the facts concerning them be ascertained and made public. They asked that the government take out of its rich treasury the money necessary to get at these facts. The great one listened unmoved, rolled his unlighted cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other and said briefly:

"I will permit your bill to be introduced, but I will not allow it to carry any appropriation. Committee on Appropriations will decide how much the investigation ought to cost."

THE GOVERNMENT GRANTS ONLY \$300,000 FOR THE INVESTIGATION

Those foolish women had talked it over in their clubs and committees, and had agreed that the government could easily spare a million dollars to discover and publish facts of such immense import to the entire nation.

They did not realize that first they would have to show the government that such an investigation was needed. Ultimately the women learned to be really grateful for the appropriation of \$300,000 granted the Bureau of Commerce and Labor to carry on the inquiry.

After six years of wearisome delays the



■ ■ ALBERT LOOKS ABOUT 10
■ ■ OLDER THAN HE IS—T'
■ ■ WORK AT THE SPINNI

work was completed, and are being made public. Conditions of Women Earners in the United States, constitutes o

inquiry into the human facts of a number of industries *which were founded upon and have developed through the labor of women and children.*

In many respects the report is disappointing to those who worked for it. A great many of the industries employing children were, for lack of money, left out of the investigation altogether. Certain industries, notably department stores, were studied for conditions surrounding women workers only. Nevertheless, the report is immensely valuable.

THE REPORT WAS PRINTED BY ACCIDENT

It would be more valuable if, in the first place, it could be widely circulated. But the report was printed, not as a publication of the Department of Commerce and Labor, but as Senate Document 645, Sixty-first Congress, second session.

This happened because, when the Bureau of Labor applied to the Committee on Appropriations in the Senate for money to print and circulate the report the committee had either lost all interest in the investigation, or else it recently had been visited by a severe fit of economy. At all events it refused to appropriate a single dollar for publication purposes.

So the investigation into working conditions of women and children might never have been made public at all if the Senate had not ordered two thousand volumes printed to give away to the members' friends. The Bureau of Labor was obliged to buy its own report from the government printing office, and if you want it you also will have to buy it.

Few people will buy it, and you cannot wonder, because a technical report with pages on pages of tabulated statistics is difficult to read and still more difficult to analyze.

Yet the facts contained are of such vital importance to the nation that I have thought it worth while to read and digest the report. In this series of articles I propose to interpret, as far as I can humanly, the facts about the child who toils. I shall use the government's report, supplementing it with facts which have come under my own knowledge.

The written word alone cannot interpret all the facts. One child in every twenty is at work in the mill, the mine, the factory, the cannery, the street, the sweat shop. But what do these words mean?

They did not mean much to me until I myself had seen a great many of these children. My interpretation would not mean much to you unless I had been able to show you the children whose photographs are printed in these pages. The photographs, portraits of working children of all ages in the United States, were selected from the picture galleries of the National Child Labor Association.

At once to your mind, I am sure, the question will occur, why are these pitiful children at work? What sinister circumstances force these tender younglings out into the arena of life, there to lose their bloom, their smiles, their grace—to lose, in fact, the very semblance of childhood? Was it the sudden appearance of the factory system of labor? Has the power-driven machine which we welcomed as the modern miracle proved instead the modern Moloch?

CHILDREN HAVE ALWAYS WORKED

Much farther back than the birth of the machine there were toiling children. Long before there was any factory there was child labor.

The oldest and most respectable theory in the world placed the burden of toil on the backs of children. Up to a very recent period the Fourth Commandment—Honor thy father and thy mother—was universally held to mean: "Get out and work for their money profit as soon as your arms are strong enough to hold a tool."

Nothing like this state of affairs exists outside human civilization. As Charlotte Perkins Gilman in sardonic verse has pointed out, the birdling is not obliged to furnish the nest with worms and insects, the kitten does not mouse for the cat.

Only the human family,
Which we so much admire,
Is willing to maintain itself
With little children's hire.

The human parent alone, staggering under the burden of pecuniary support of his brood, came early to regard each of his children as an incubus until it reached the age when it could become an asset. Children were to their parents exactly what land was to the freeholder, an expense until it could be made a means of revenue. Only the rich could afford to leave their lands idle. Only the rich could afford to keep their children in idleness.

No one doubted the righteousness of this



ENTIRE FORCE OF A GEORGIA COTTON MILL. COUNT THE CHILDREN.

theory. Until a very recent yesterday children had no separate legal or moral status. They were the property of their fathers, just as women were the property of their husbands, and one of the direst prophecies attending the proposed emancipation of women, in the mid-nineteenth century, was that if men lost control of their wives, they might some day lose control of their children also.

"*Women's rights!*" exclaimed the great Harriet Martineau, in pessimistic mood. "Next we shall be hearing of *children's rights!*"

The theory that children had any rights developed very slowly in this country. We have immense natural resources, and it has seemed to our people that turning those resources into material wealth was the only thing worth doing. The most valuable men in any American community, it has been held, were those who invested their capital, developed industries, built mills and factories, encouraged commerce. Because they were so valuable manufacturers became a privileged class. They employed labor on their own terms. Naturally they chose to employ the cheapest and the most

pliable labor in the market, and the public upheld them in their course.

Between these two theories, that children exist to be of use to their parents, and that the community needs manufacturers more now than it needs a healthy generation later on, lies a complete explanation of child labor. Let us see how it has worked out in history, past and present.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE TARIFF

The main bulwark of this country for a long period of years was agriculture, but the Revolution taught Americans that a purely agricultural country is at a serious disadvantage in time of war. A country so isolated as the United States, it was perceived, must manufacture its own goods. Therefore, in the late eighteenth century, it was proposed to import the power-driven spindle and loom and establish a protective tariff to enable American manufactures to develop. And what do you suppose was one of the main lines of argument used in favor of a tariff? In the words of the father of the tariff himself, the great Alexander Hamilton, protected manufacturing was to be viewed as a boon to the country because

it would make women useful, and children *"more early useful than they would otherwise be."*

This was in answer to the free traders who were opposed to the factories on the ground that manufacturing would divert men from agriculture and undermine their constitutions and their liberties.

The protectionists denied that men would be diverted from agriculture, and pointed out that in England nearly half the people employed in the cotton industry were children, and of the other half a goodly proportion were women. Not a voice of a free trader was raised to predict that the constitutions of the women and children of America would be undermined in factories. As for their liberties, that was before women and children had any.

The controversy ended as we know in a victory for the protectionists and the establishment all over New England of tariff-nurtured cotton mills. For nearly half a century the promise of the revered Hamilton was more than fulfilled. The mills did serve to make children useful, and "more early useful," than they had been before.

In those early New England days the mass of cotton-mill operatives were children under sixteen. Many were babes of seven and even younger. They toiled from daylight until dark. A working day thirteen or fourteen hours long was the rule. The strap and the birch rod were freely used to extract the last ounce of energy out of the hapless children.

This might have gone on indefinitely but for one saving grace, that one which lies at the basis of American free institutions, so far as they exist at all.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL RESCUES THE CHILD SLAVES OF THE NORTH

Whenever a Puritan-descended American feels like doubting the greatness of his



LITTLE OLA AT EIGHT, JUST BEFORE SHE WENT TO WORK IN THE MILL.

ancestors, let him remember one principle that was rock-fast in the New England constitution. *The principle that every individual must think for himself, and in order to think for himself must learn to read.* It was this principle that came to the rescue of the child slaves of the North while it was yet time to save them alive.

The first child labor legislation in this country grew out of the establishment of the public school system. After the schools were established it became apparent that children

who toiled in the cotton mills could not possibly take advantage of the education offered by the state. The New England mind was firm in its conviction that a free country could not afford to have an illiterate population. Yet here was a great population of children doomed to illiteracy.

The logical results of this reasoning were laws limiting the labor of children. They were very cautious and conservative laws at first, yet year after year they were extended and improved, but only after beating down determined, if indirect, opposition.

The story of the working child is the same in every community. Manufactures appear; mines are discovered and developed; mills are built; there is a sudden demand for labor. Entire families leave their little farms, where they have been scraping a scanty living, and go to work for the new industry. Children of tender years are employed at an insignificant wage which, however, helps to swell the family income. The condition, physical and intellectual, of the children, bad enough originally, soon becomes deplorable. The most enlightened people in the community find out that the children are illiterate and extremely likely to remain so. Then agitation begins in favor of child labor legislation.

The public generally, if not actively hostile to legislation, is indifferent.

The manufacturers oppose any change in the laws because it means the disappearance of their cheap and pliable labor. They dread the entrance of organized, high-paid labor.

As for the legislatures, they move slowly, with due regard to the interests of capital. To the legislators the people who come demanding these reform measures look like "cranks." Few of the members know anything about conditions of factory labor. The great mass of the people who send them to the legislature do not know any

more than they do. Above all, both legislature and public invariably state this fact: "We have not had any demand for these laws from the employers, or from the parents of these children you are so excited about."

The parents of working children do actually oppose child labor laws. Not because they are cruel or hard-hearted but because they are ignorant, and, for the most part, they are so poor that they are terrorized at the very idea of a reduction in the family income. This is a perfectly reasonable attitude of mind. If your income were ten dollars a week and the price of existence were twelve dollars and a half a week, wouldn't you be opposed to any law that would prevent your getting that extra two dollars and a half, even if it had to be earned by your ten-year-old Harold or Dorothy?

The worst of it is that these low wages of mill workers are largely due to the fact that child labor can be secured. These poor fathers and mothers *oppose laws to relieve them from competition* with their own children. If a child of ten can be found to work for two dollars a week, the father of that child doing the same kind of work and, say, five times as much of it, will receive only five times as much money.

Take the case of the Scott family who live in a Mississippi mill town. Mr. Scott is a machinist and earns about ten dollars a



■ ■ LITTLE OLA AT TEN. TWO YEARS ■ ■
■ OF THE MILL HAVE NEARLY ■ ■
FINISHED HER.

week. Mrs. Scott and her three children, John, twelve, Myrtle, eleven, and Laura, nine, are spinners. Mrs. Scott earns about four dollars and a half a week; the children average about two dollars and a half a week apiece. They are all working at piece wages and the wage rate is exactly the same for the grown person as for the child. If Mrs. Scott should demand a dollar a week above her present wage, her employer could easily answer her demand, and save money for himself by employing two extra children in

her place. The two children would do more work than Mrs. Scott and do it exactly as well.

However, the end of the controversy is always the same. The will of the enlightened people, the women, the clergymen, the educators, the labor unions, the humane of all classes, prevails and the legislatures pass child labor laws. The old theory that idleness, even of young children, is a crime, gives way to the new theory that work of young children is a curse not only to the individual but to the race.

HOW THE STATES STAND TO-DAY

That the new theory has found its way into the laws of practically every state in the Union is well known. In all the Northern states the employment of children under fourteen in factories, mills or mercantile establishments is forbidden. Their employment at fourteen, in most states, is conditional on their ability to read and write. The educational test is generally applied, and compulsory education laws help to prevent the children of Northern and Western states from entering industry handicapped with complete ignorance.

The Southern states lag behind, although in every state some kind of child labor legislation has been fought through the legislature. In the main the manufactur-

ing states of the South—North and South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, the Virginias—are where the New England states were at the beginning of the Civil War.

The usual age for beginning work—legally—in the South is twelve. In North Carolina a child must be thirteen to work “except as an apprentice.” Louisiana has raised the beginning age to fourteen, and so has West Virginia. Children of tender ages are permitted to work all night in the cotton mills of North and South Carolina. They are permitted to go to work as young as ten years, in South Carolina and Georgia, if they are the children of widowed mothers or disabled fathers.

The faultiest of these laws, and all of them are faulty, as we shall see later, is a Magna Charta of childhood compared to the ones they displaced. Every one of the laws represents years of effort, untiring energy, unselfish devotion on the part of the men and women who stood back of them.

But let no one imagine that the mere passing of a child labor law rescues children from the grind of toil. After a majority in the legislature have voted for the bill, after the governor has signed it and it has become a statute



■ ■ ■ THESE LITTLE BOYS HAVE HAD, ■ ■ ■
LITTLE OR NO SCHOOLING AND
WORK AS HARD AS THE LITTLE GIRLS. ■ ■ ■

law, it will not do for us to sit back and call the work done.

Before the children can be rescued the law has to be enforced, and that is precisely what does not happen.

One great value of the government's investigation into “Conditions of Woman and Child Wage-Earners,” is that it definitely established that fact. The child labor laws are not enforced.

To show you how and why they are not I am going to take up one industry, the oldest one in this country employing children, and one which still employs the largest number of young boys and girls—cotton textiles, that is the spinning and weaving of cotton cloth. The census of manufactures, 1905, gave the number of children aged from ten to fifteen years working in cotton mills as 40,029. The figures were inadequate then, and at the present time serve merely to give an idea of the volume of child labor in this one industry.

The government's investigators did not examine all the cotton mills of the country. They selected four states of New England and six states

in the South, these states having over eighty-five per cent. of all the spindles in the United States. The mills visited were in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts,

Rhode Island, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Virginia and Mississippi.

I wish I could visualize for you a cotton mill town in one of these states. In the North the town would be a large one like Fall River, New Bedford or Lowell, and as you walked the shabby streets of an evening or on a Saturday afternoon you would be struck first by the predominance of women, and next by the predominance of dark foreigners.

In the South most mill towns are small, mere villages of flimsy wooden cottages that huddle around the huge new mill structure like the wattled huts which of old squatted below some great lord's feudal castle. The mill worker of the South is pure American stock, and here you will encounter as many men as women.

To really see a mill town you must get up very early in the morning, before six o'clock. During most of the year the streets are dark, but every window of the tall mill leaks electric light. From every direction a steady procession of workers hurries toward those waiting mills. They travel in family groups, mothers leading the smallest children by the hand. Sometimes you will see a child so small that the father carries it on his back. The children



■ THIS LITTLE GIRL WORKS SIX ■
■ DAYS A WEEK FOR THREE DOL- ■
LARS AND HAS NO TIME FOR LESSONS. ■

do not laugh and play on their journey toward the mill. They are too sleepy. Besides, six o'clock in the morning is a dismal hour even for men and women.

Within a few minutes the streets are empty, the mill doors have closed on the last of the workers. A hum, then a clatter of machinery vibrates through the gray air. The day's work has begun.

If you pass the mill door and climb the stairs to the spinning room you will see a huge loft filled with long avenues of what looks like shelf piled on shelf, each one filled with whirling, dancing bobbins, wound with snowy cotton. The highest shelf of the frame bears huge bobbins full of cotton as coarse as twine, and this yarn is carried downward and is passed under galloping little steel and wooden wheels which spin it out to the finest, flimsiest thread. This fine thread travels down and is wound on a long wooden spool destined for the weaver's shuttle.

The air of the spinning room is warm and wet and reeking with odors of oil and sweat. Cotton flakes float down on the

hair and shoulders of the workers like snow. The roar of the clanking machine, the constant vibration, the flying bobbins, all give you an im-

pression of a great engine traveling at frightful speed.

At first you see only the machine. Then a few human figures emerge. You watch them, and after a time you begin to understand why the cotton mills are able to claim so many young children. The work is terribly simple. The machine has been so perfected that the human hand is merely the last appliance. The tiny fingers of children answer as well as the hands of their parents. And the tiny fingers are to be bought so cheaply, so very cheaply!

Do you wonder that the mill operators in every mill community take advantage of the poverty and ignorance of the workers and buy those cheap little fingers as early as they can be taught to mend threads? What is to prevent their doing so? There are so many holes in the child labor laws that even were factory inspection adequate—which it never is—the legal risk is small.

According to the testimony of the government investigators, chosen from among the ablest social workers and students in the country, there is not a single mill community, North or South, where the child labor laws are not violated; where children under legal age are not employed; where the legal number of hours is observed.

Massachusetts is the banner state of the Union, but in one Massachusetts mill there was found a little girl who stood up in her ragged shoes barely four feet and an inch. This child weighed sixty-seven pounds and to all appearances was ten or eleven years old. Her working certificate, which protected her employer, gave her age as fifteen.

That Massachusetts child was working prematurely because, even in Massachusetts, there are not enough inspectors to enforce the laws. No state has adequate inspection of factories. Either the inspectors are too few in number, or insufficient money is available for traveling expenses and other needs.

Rhode Island is very complaisant in the matter of providing loopholes through which child labor cases escape legal penalties. The law provides that children must have working certificates. But the law does not provide that those certificates shall be kept on file by the employer.

In a Rhode Island mill the investigator found a boy of twelve. And this is how he got his job. He had a brother of fourteen, and this boy John applied for and was

given his legal working papers. Having secured his own job in a mill, John passed his papers on to twelve-year-old Mike, who used them to get his job in another mill. Both boys are on the pay rolls as John.

In another Rhode Island family the mother applied for working papers for a fourteen-year-old boy. Joe, having safely landed a job as doffer boy (the doffer boy lifts the empty bobbin off the machine and brings a full one), sold his papers to a ten-year-old candidate for the mills.

Nobody cares in these cases. Nobody goes behind the working certificate. If two or three Portuguese children of identically the same name are on the payroll, why, it could be a mere coincidence, could it not?

Besides, the manufacturers will tell you, the thing cannot be prevented. In New England the great body of the mill workers are of foreign birth. Their ages are determined by birth certificates or passports, and the families swap them around as they swap newspapers or playing cards or cooking utensils. One passport serves to get a dozen children into the mills.

THE "FOREIGNERS" EXCUSE DOES NOT SERVE IN THE SOUTH

In the South the great majority of the mill workers are Americans. But in the South the holes in the child labor laws are so many that babies of seven trot in and out without anybody's protest.

To illustrate: The laws of nearly all the Southern states decree that no child under twelve shall work in a factory. At least three states, Georgia, South Carolina and Texas, *qualify* this by excepting from the rule children who have widowed mothers, disabled fathers or one or more invalid parents. South Carolina also adds an exception of children compelled by poverty to toil for their own maintenance.

Poverty is a flexible term. So is "invalid" and "disabled." Every mill town has its professional invalids, men mostly, but sometimes women, who are supported by the labor of their children. They talk endlessly about their malaria, or their indigestion, or sometimes just their "mis'ry," and they display energy only on the day when they go to the mill to collect the pay envelopes of their children. In Georgia, South Carolina and Texas *the law allows* children as young as ten to support parents.

younger than ten.

By this I mean that subterfuge by which proof of age of children going to work is avoided. No child labor law is worth anything at all unless such proof is demanded. Children under twelve in some of the Southern states, under thirteen and fourteen in others, are admitted to the world of toil on the mere written statement of their parents that they have attained the legal age. Other states require an affidavit. None of the states requires proof.

Just here there comes before my mind a picture of a great mill room through which I walked with the superintendent. He was telling me that in his mill there were no children under twelve.

"We could not use them," he explained, "those little chaps spoil more yarn than they spin."

At this moment my eye lighted upon a

slip. Her matted hair fell around her face, almost concealing her features. As much as I could see of her looked like a child of seven or eight. "Surely," said I, "that child is under twelve?"

The superintendent shrugged his shoulders. "Her folks said she was twelve," he remarked indifferently. Certainly I could speak to her if I liked. So I stepped up to the little girl and began to mend threads at her side. The child glanced up, full of curiosity at the sight of a visitor who could spin. I began to talk to her and finally asked her a question which called for a direct answer. Before the child said a word she spat out a huge quid of tobacco.

This poor child had slipped through the hole in the law marked "No proof of age required." Even had she been of larger growth she might have passed through another one labeled "No educational test



THIS SHOWS THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT CHILD WORKERS: THE BOYS IN THE BACKGROUND COMPETE WITH THEIR ELDERS AND HOLD THE WAGE LIMIT DOWN.

required." For when I asked her if she had ever been to school she shook her head with the dumb, sullen expression of one to whom the world of knowledge is absolutely unknown.

This matter of an educational test of children going to work is valuable in more than one sense. For one thing it is in itself a sort of a proof of age and acts as a check to the perjured parent. In those parts of the country where schools exist, failure to include this educational test marks a law as a deliberate sham. Where the schools do not exist, or where they are few and far between the omission is a terrible confession of neglect.

They are beginning to feel this even in those sections of the country where there is yet no educational test for the working child. They are beginning to pave the way for such qualifications by establishing schools, very poor ones as a rule, but still schools.

The trouble is that the theory that the state cannot afford an illiterate population is still subordinated, in the majority of cases, to the conviction that the manufacturers cannot afford to operate without the cheap labor of babies.

To read the government report of school conditions in the rural South is a little like taking an excursion back into the dark ages.

SCHOOL CONDITIONS IN SOUTHERN MILL TOWNS

Outside of the large cities the schools are almost entirely built, equipped, supported, and therefore controlled by the mill owners. All of them receive state aid. Usually, but not always, there is a larger attendance of boys than of girls, because in the South girls spin while little boys are employed as doffers. More spinners than doffers are required, hence the smaller proportion of girls free to go to school.

These mill schools receive a certain amount of state money—that is to say, the state hands over to the mill owners the district school money which is wholly insufficient for school needs. The mill owners usually supply the building and they make up the deficit.

The teachers, being employed not by the state but by the mill owners, are entirely subservient to the latter. One small mill school of seventy-five pupils was thus described: "There is no special equipment . . . none of

the mechanical aids which the town teacher in the South has in the way of globes, maps, charts, blocks, reference books, et cetera. . . . The two teachers were apparently anxious to help their pupils, but seemed unskilled and untrained. They were overanxious to be popular with the people and the three supervisors, whence resulted their failure to secure regularity of attendance, promptitude of arrival at school, good discipline, cleanliness of the school room, and worst of all; a proper classification of the pupils."

Two of the trustees of this school—described as typical of small mill districts, and most mill districts in the South are small—are prominent officials in the mill. One of these is the superintendent and the other combines the offices of keeper of the company store, company land agent and director in the company. Whenever a rush of work calls for extra hands the superintendent sends a messenger to the school. The teachers count out as many children as are needed and send them back to the mill.

A child labor law which is not backed up by good compulsory education laws is a flimsy document, easy enough for children to be pushed through. It is not enough that the law allows the children to work during the day, giving them the option of an education at night or after working hours. Such legal compromises exist in a number of states. They are simply an added curse to the work-weary children.

In some of the mill districts of the South the practice of working children part time and sending them to school a few hours of the day is observed. This system is well meant, but is one of the most cruel, the most deadly experiments ever tried on helpless childhood. England tried it, and discarded it as little short of brutal. New England tried it and discarded it. And now the South is trying it. The combination of eight hours work in the mills and three hours work in school ought to finish the children off in less time than the mill alone could accomplish.

Can you picture a life such as is being led by this little nine-year-old boy? Three months before the investigator made his acquaintance Edgar became a spinner in a Columbia, South Carolina, cotton mill. He goes to work at six A. M. and industriously mends threads in the hot, cotton-filled atmosphere of the mill until noon, six hours. One o'clock finds him in his seat in

school—first grade—where he tries with all his might to learn to read until a quarter to three. He hurries back to the mill and toils there until six. He earns \$1.90 a week. Edgar has a sister, Pamela, aged eight, who earns \$1.20 a week under the same plan.

These two forlorn children were visited on a special half holiday. They sat on the doorstep "resting," pale, listless, exhausted. Edgar said he never played—just whittled sticks sometimes.

WHY SHOULDN'T CHILDREN WORK?

I have had it explained to me by mill owners in the South that the people who make up the working force of the cotton mills are a thousand times better off than they were on the miserable farms they came from. As for the children, the mills give them the first opportunity they ever had for education and advancement.

It has even been claimed by a medical man of note that the only way to eradicate the dread scourge of hookworm is to take whole families away from the farms with their sour, disease-soaked soil, and place them, children and all, in the cotton mills.

It is true that children as well as grown people are better off in a community than on isolated farms, but the place the children should be in is the school and not the factory.

If you doubt it, look at the picture of Ola on page 798, eight years old, playing in the daisy fields outside a mill village in South Carolina. A few months after that picture was taken this little child was captured by the machine. The picture of Ola on the opposite page was taken two years afterwards. Even the photograph fails to register all the difference between the child who played in the daisy field and the child who mends threads in the mill. A photograph cannot show yellow pallor, weary eyes, white lips.

Ola crept into industry through still another hole in the law, that one which is caused by neglect to specify that children under legal age shall not be permitted to loiter in mills or factories.

Ola went into the mill not as a regular employee but as a "helper." Like hundreds of children observed by the government's investigators, she had no status on the company's books, but drew wages vicariously through a parent or older sister. This is common everywhere. In almost any

community, North or South, you may hear of bargains where a mother, father or older relative obtained employment only on condition that a young child was "thrown in." Hear this story from the first volume of the government's report on textile mills:

"When a certain family at a mill in North Carolina was visited it was found that two sisters, age nine and eleven, worked regularly in the mill. Their names could not be found on the pay roll. The parents explained that an older brother was a spinner, tending five sides of spinning frames. The two sisters tended five more, and the brother was paid for tending ten sides."

In newly created manufacturing communities the mill owners are apparently blind to every interest except the upbuilding of their business. Laws are nothing to them. Since they almost invariably own the houses the workers live in, the stores where they buy food, the churches in which they pray, it is easy to force children into industry against the law, even against the wishes of parents.

Thus a South Carolina mother told a government investigator: "They just keep at a person until you just have to let them work, whether you want to or not. I don't want them to know I've got another gal. They'd have her right in that mill. . . ." A boy of ten years was already working and the little girl, to whom the mother clung so desperately, was nine.

If you are an optimist it may occur to you that while the present state of individual children working in the factories may be miserable, yet taken by and large child labor cannot be an unmixed evil. It has been pointed out that in spite of the factory and all its admitted evils the race has been steadily growing better.

It has. Simply because along with all the causes of deterioration there has been a steady movement toward better sanitation of cities, better housing conditions, cleaner streets. Medical science, too, has advanced, especially in the line of disease prevention and surgery. At the same time do not forget that there has been a steady race deterioration in mill communities.

In proof of this, the experience of England at the time of the Boer war is to the point. In the mill communities, such as Manchester and Birmingham, the army surgeons found that barely one man in a hundred could pass the physical requirements

for entrance into the army. This degeneracy occurred in towns which were a century old in this industry to which the operatives are born.

THE LIFE MASS OF CHILD LABOR

Not long ago there was completed and published a study of a large number of homeless men cared for in the Chicago Municipal Lodging House. Some of these men were victims of temporary unemployment, but a much larger number of them were men who worked fitfully or not at all. They were not only unemployed, they were practically unemployable. Inquiry established the fact that nearly every one of these derelicts had gone to work prematurely. At twenty-one they were weary and ambitionless.

The race cannot possibly be improved, society cannot possibly progress, if children are to be brought into the world by exhausted and ambitionless parents. Homes cannot be maintained by such people. If child labor produces these results, then it is economically as well as morally wrong.

That it is wrong, utterly wrong and without any compensation, every thoughtful observer knows. The experience of the civilized world is behind their knowledge.

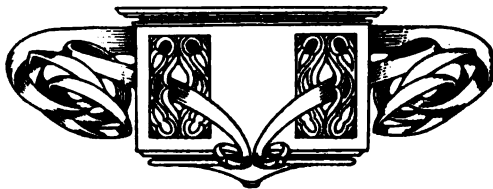
I have written in this article about the child in the cotton textile industry only because that industry absorbs a vast number of children. Equally great in the aggregate is the number of children working in dozens of trades, in all kinds of factories and shops.

The laws which seek to protect them are the same laws under which the cotton-mill

child lives. I have tried to show why those laws are not strong enough to protect children. They fail because they are full of loopholes of escape. I have not even attempted to catalogue all of the holes. I have not spoken, for example, of the failure of the laws of many states to fix a definite hour for closing work. Unless a definite hour is named there can be no means of enforcing laws which limit hours of labor by the day or week. Unless a definite closing hour is fixed by law there is no way by which the night work of children can be prevented.

There are other holes and gaps in the child labor laws, but the largest of them all must be left for a succeeding article. The laws of most states are on record as declaring that while it is illegal to employ children of tender years in some industries, it is perfectly legal to employ them in others; that while it should be forbidden to employ some children at night, it is all right to employ other children during the night; that whereas nine hours a day is long enough for one group of children to toil, fourteen hours is not too long for another group; that while all children should go to school, yet a certain number of them ought to be kept out of school in order to serve industry.

These separate groups of children are alike in all their conditions. They are the same age, the same size and of the same physical strength, yet the law regards them from different angles. It is these imperfectly protected children in industry to whom I want to introduce you in my next article.





"DON'T YOU SPEAK TO THE MEN EXCEPT TO WISH THEM 'MERRY CHRISTMAS'!"
ORDERED TIM."

MR. HOWLEY

By Arthur Henry

Author of "Susanne's Big Night," etc.

Illustrations by P. J. Monahan

TWENTY-FIVE years had passed since Mr. Howley built his livery and sales stable and in that time New York had ripped and torn and built and rebuilt around him, until now his building, once a thing to be proud of, was old fashioned. But Mr. Howley was still proud of it. It was a three-story brick affair, with a flat roof and an overhanging cornice stamped with a roseate design. In the center of the cornice was an oblong frame from which protruded a horse's head, a marvel of wood carving, for Mr. Howley had stood over the artist with dogged patience, inspiring him or irritating him as the case might be, until what he wanted was secured. When he took the head home and his mother, wiping her glasses on her apron, had viewed it severely and exclaimed, "It looks like Salt Peter!" all his trouble was rewarded.

Salt Peter, the old family horse of his father, an up-state preacher in a little town, was twenty years old when Tim Howley was born, and was then a marvel of speed and endurance. Most of Tim's youth, from his eighth to his fifteenth year, was spent in the garden or in the back yard cutting wood, and Salt Peter, during all those restless, perplexed and unhappy years, his head thrust out of the window in his stall, watching all he did, his underlip quivering at times as Tim thought in sympathy with his own sobbing spirit, had seemed to him to be his only friend.

Mr. Howley had originally partitioned off two rooms and a bath on the top floor for himself. When his father died and his mother came to live with him, he added three more rooms and engaged a maid—many maids in succession—none of whom

Mrs. Howley could tolerate, and eventually it was understood that she would do the housework by herself. It was only after a bitter scene, in which for the first time in his life Tim had risen up against his mother, that she was confined to the housekeeping.

After the washing and ironing and baking were done and the rooms scrubbed and the mending and darning finished, she would descend upon the floor below where the horses dwelt and mop the stalls, scolding the amazed stable boys for their shiftlessness and profanity, in language so vigorous that it might better have been profane. She would find two drivers in double-breasted long coats and silk hats, sunning themselves in the doorway while waiting for a call, and order them to wash their hacks or march them into the harness room and set them a task of polishing the nickel ornaments and oiling the leather.

When her conduct became the scandal of the neighborhood, Mr. Howley said to her at breakfast one morning: "I have never quarreled with you, mother, and I don't intend to——"

"What do you mean?" she demanded sternly, fixing him with her eyes.

"When I was fifteen, I ran away from home——"

"Tim," she interrupted, "when I consented to come and live with you, I thought it out and decided to forbear to bring that matter to account, and I have forbore—but you'd better let it lie——"

"And I'll do it again," continued Mr. Howley firmly, "if you ever interfere with anybody around this place again—except me."

"Tim Howley, stop before a bolt from Heaven strikes you."

"Don't you speak to the men, except to wish them 'Merry Christmas,' and I tell you this——" he brought his fist down with a terrific blow, unfortunately exactly in the center of his coffee cup, smashing it to bits and splashing the contents everywhere.

"Tim!" cried his mother, jumping up, "you've cut your hand!"

While he was still gazing in astonishment at the havoc he had wrought and at the ragged gash from which the blood began to flow, Mrs. Howley had whisked out and returned with a basin of hot water, a roll of bandage and a bottle of horse liniment.

This ended the argument and there was never any occasion to resume it. So far

as Mrs. Howley was concerned, the business of the stable ceased to exist; but in all other matters, the relations of mother and son remained unchanged. She was humble and solicitous regarding his food, arbitrary as to his wearing flannels and overshoes, and a tyrant regarding his opinions. If he went out for the evening, he knew that she would be waiting up for him on his return, austere silent until he had given an account of himself.

All this had long since ceased to irritate Mr. Howley. In fact it would have been a lonely home-coming if she had not been there. The austerity of the face no longer impressed him, he felt rather the eager curiosity, the alert intelligence and the yearning affection for himself which she would have considered a weakness to reveal. He no longer felt any uneasy sense of guilt as he climbed the two flights of stairs at midnight from a horse sale, or at two in the morning from a district Tammany meeting or a poker game. He would find her in wrapper and nightcap, knitting a pair of socks, the invariable occupation of her sterner moods.

He no longer attempted any irrelevant outbursts on entering, such as, "I tell you, it's a stormy night!" or, "Well, mother, what do you think! Dr. Cook's discovered the North Pole!" He shut the door behind him quickly, saying nothing from easy habit now until he was comfortable in dressing gown and slippers and seated in his armchair. When his story was finished, she would go to the kitchen and return with a bowl of hot gruel in winter, or cold clabber and cream in summer. If she were not displeased with his account she brought two, and as they ate he might impart any information he pleased. Such as the fall of four inches of snow, or the shooting of the mayor. Or they might even have a pleasant chat together. If his evening had been misspent, he ate alone and took his scolding, kissed her and went peacefully to bed.

This had been the state of things for about three years, when suddenly Susanne Simpkins, a sedate little dressmaker, had wandered into Dockit's Riding Academy during an auction sale. Returning home at half past eleven that night, Mr. Howley hesitated before entering the room where his mother sat. He had the old guilty feeling of a perfectly innocent victim haled



"TIM HAD GONE FOUR BLOCKS WHEN HE SAW A GREAT CROWD AROUND NOLAN'S SALOON."

ignominiously to court, charged with safe blowing. He tried as of old to buck himself up with the assurance of a pure heart, and was afraid that he would overdo it as he used to—that he would enter whistling or attempt a pleasantry ending with a hollow laugh. Firmly repressing these impulses of panic, Mr. Howley with one hand holding to his beard as a kind of moral stay, opened the door with the other and closed it behind him.

As he hung his hat and overcoat on the rack he looked at himself in the mirror and saw that his face was flushed. A wild hope that she might think he had been drinking cheered him for a moment. He might even assume a tipsy manner and get off with a scolding on that score, telling her nothing. Experience, however, had early taught him that he was a poor liar. She knew that he never drank to amount to anything, except at the annual banquet of the Horse Dealers' Association, and besides, why should he be

so disturbed? What had happened, anyway, that he should hesitate to tell? Nothing. He almost whistled, checked himself in time and passed on into the sitting room. He saw her out of the corner of his eye, in nightcap and wrapper, knitting, her eyes upon her work, her mouth closed in a firm straight line. He threw his coat on the sofa and put on his dressing gown, seated himself in his easy-chair with a grunt of satisfaction, removed his shoes and tucked his feet into his slippers—and then he bolted.

"I've got a great idea," he said, jumping up and standing with his back to the fire. "I'm going to turn the flat roof of this building into a roof garden for the horses."

"What fool suggested that to you?" said his mother grimly.

"Nobody. But why not? I'll have three feet of rich soil spread over it and grow a turf four inches thick. And I'll have

trees in tubs and an arbor of honeysuckle vines, where a person can sit and sew if they want to; and a horse or two at a time, if it wasn't feeling quite fit, could wander around there with its shoes off and——"

Mrs. Howley rose rigidly and, putting her work upon the table solemnly, left the room. Mr. Howley took a long breath and waited, but she did not return. This was most unusual and presently he went to her room and rapped lightly, with a troubled mind.

"What is it?" came in feeble but icy tones from within.

"Come, mother, I want to tell you about the sale."

"Let it wait until to-morrow."

This was so startling to Mr. Howley, and the voice so strange, that he opened the door abruptly. There she sat upon the edge of the bed as he had never seen her before—a limp old woman with a wan and pathetic face.

"Mother, you are sick!"

"Tim," she said slowly, "all the evening I've had premonitions. Something's happened, and it's going to make me sick to hear——"

"Oh, come now, mother! You have a cup of tea. It's early, I got home early on purpose. You come along and have a cup of tea and some gruel with me."

Almost shyly, he put his arm about her and lifted her to her feet, and they went to the kitchen together. Once there, Mrs. Howley's backbone seemed to stiffen.

"Go on back," she said, "and light your pipe. I don't like a man in the kitchen."

Mr. Howley returned to the sitting room and filled his pipe, but forgot to light it. He sat on the edge of his chair, his elbows on the arms of it, staring into the fire at the events of the evening. What was there about it all to have caused all this perturbation? If he had not offered to keep Susanne's pony for her he could have told his mother a perfectly straight story of the evening and with a clear conscience omitted all mention of her name. He knew, however, that she must have heard the sound of two horses when the men brought them in. So he could not speak of the one he had bought, without accounting for the other one. He rehearsed the matter in several different ways, disastrously.

"I bought Blackbird," he might say, "as I intended. Cost me seven hundred and

seventy. Took half an hour to get him, after he reached six hundred, in five and ten dollar bids. Best trimmed gelding I ever saw of his height and weight, and the truest action of any nervous animal I've seen in years. I'd have thought twelve hundred cheap for him."

He could pause a moment, properly enough, contemplating the horse and the bargain. Then he might say, "After the sale some new Western ponies were put up, and a friend of mine bought one of 'em. Wanted me to take care of it. Guess you heard the two come in. It was the biggest crowd at an auction sale I ever saw. Must have been three thousand people there—and a band."

Then he would name over all the men whose names she was familiar with, and tell her what he had said to one or the other of them, and repeat some of the jokes of the auctioneer—not for her amusement, but to help fill up the time and convey the feeling of an evening spent.

When he had told it all, he could hear her say with a cold reserve, "Who was your friend that bought the pony?"

He grew hot and cold, and tried in vain to answer casually, "Well, she's not exactly a friend of mine. Never heard of her before this evening. She happened to be standing near me and we got to talking. Let's see, here's her card." He took it from his leather purse and held it before him. "The most comfortable person to talk to I ever saw. And spirit? Anyone can see she has a lot of it in spite of her quiet ways and her tired look. She's a dressmaker, and I'll bet she's poor. I wonder how old she is—I saw her look everything, from eighteen to forty. And the way she hovered over that bucking broncho, kicking himself loose from his saddle, was like a mother over a child in a fit."

And then Mr. Howley fell into a reverie, the card before him, remembering the tones of her voice, the touch of her hand that had rested so confidently in his and then was away again, like a startled bird. He did not notice his mother's entrance with the gruel, and when she asked in a dry voice:

"What is her name?"

He answered before thinking:

"Susanne Simpkins."

Mrs. Howley was seized with a trembling. She almost dropped the bowl onto the table,



"‘I CAME TO SEE MY PONY,’ SHE SAID, BREATHLESS WITH EAGERNESS."

and falling into her chair, threw her apron over her head and wept.

"Mother!" cried Mr. Howley springing up. "What's the matter with you? Confound it all! Here, stop this nonsense!"

He took her hands, gently but firmly, and removed them with the apron from before her face.

"I knew it!" gasped his mother, gazing upon him pitifully.

"Knew what? Thunder and turf!"

"The most awful premonitions weighed upon me as I sat here. I didn't know whether you'd come home a corpse or what. My heart is like ice in my breast. Oh, Tim—I was beginning to think you'd got past all that! But I guess men never do. All that I've done for you will be forgotten. She'll not want me around."

"Mother! Mother!" Mr. Howley was shouting, to no avail. He walked around and around the room, clutching his beard and kicking the chairs as he passed them, raging at the preposterous turn things had taken and at his own impotence to grasp them and set them straight.

He took her two hands in his and sitting on the arm of her chair, said with a forced and impressive calmness:

"You are seeing things. Grieving over nothing. This woman," he spoke coldly, "bought this wild pony and wanted it broke to ride and asked me to do it for her and I said I would, and that's all there is to it."

Mrs. Howley looked up into her son's eyes wistfully and saw not the little lie he knew he was telling but the big one he was unconscious of. And she saw that he was unconscious of it and as she gazed, her soul rose in yearning to her eyes and filled them with a new beauty that was heart-breaking to see, because it seemed, as it was, a stranger there.

"Now, mother," said Mr. Howley persuasively, "you go to bed. I think I'll put on my shoes again and take a look below. I'd like to see the new horses before I go to bed."

"No horses came in to-night." She spoke curtly. "And you know that I will not go to bed until you do."

"The horses didn't come? You must have been sleeping."

"You know I never sleep sitting up. Heaven knows I need it bad enough, with all I have to do. You never seem to think of me."

"But where are they, then?" He began to put on his shoes hurriedly. "They should have been here an hour before me."

From below came a distant rumble. It was the street door of the stable being rolled back.

"There they are now."

He heard hoofs beat faintly on the floor.

"There's only one."

He hurried out and down the stairs, entered the stable on the second floor and as he crossed over and reached the incline for the passage of horses to the ground floor, met one of his hostlers leading Blackbird up.

"Where's the other one?"

"I hope it's in hell," said the man fiercely, holding up a bruised and bleeding hand.

"And I got off light."

"Where's Andy?"

"If he's still hanging on to that lady's pet, he's likely on top of Grant's Tomb. The last I saw of him, he was being dragged up the steps of St. Mary's."

Mr. Howley rushed out and up the street toward St. Mary's. He had gone four blocks when he saw on the next corner a great crowd around Nolan's saloon.

"Here's Howley!" shouted some one, and the crowd made way.

"Good thing you've got here," said a policeman. "I was just about to send for the reserves."

Mr. Howley, intent upon discovering the trouble, pushed on without reply. He saw his man and four hilarious assistants holding a halter rope and at the other end the head and neck of Susanne's pony extending from the vestibule entrance to Nolan's. Her fore feet were braced against the sill of the vestibule, her hind feet against the sill of the main door. The five men prevented her from backing further into the saloon, but they could not drag her out.

"Some one's gone for more rope," said the policeman.

Mr. Howley entered the saloon by the side entrance and was greeted jovially by his friend, Mr. Nolan.

"You'll have me pinched!" said he. "It's after twelve and I can't close me front door."

The saloon was full of men, all friends of Mr. Howley's, for this was his district and they all knew that he would not have a blow dealt one of his horses. They were curious to see what he would do about this.

"Why didn't you phone me?" he asked. "She only just backed in. Any friend of yours is welcome. It's not me that would put her out."

"Have you got a hose?"

"Sure." Nolan went to the cellar door and shouted, "Mike, bring up the hose."

"Give the boys a drink on me," said Mr. Howley.

When the hose was brought, Mr. Nolan attached it to a faucet and Mr. Howley, nozzle in hand, called to the men outside.

"Make way there! Give the pony room in front!"

The pony crouched as the stream of water hit her haunches, then bolted to the street. Mr. Howley followed.

"Clear out, you fellows!" he shouted to the crowd. "Get around to the side entrance and have a drink on me."

He stood looking at the pony, as the crowd moved away, encouraged by the policeman and the lure of Nolan's side entrance.

"Poor little devil," he said, "you're just about all in and don't know you've got a friend on earth!"

No one without hearing it could realize the quality of Mr. Howley's voice as he said this. It would have been the envy of an orator wishing to move a multitude. The words rolled from him with the unreserved emotion of a great soul, welling with understanding compassion so natural and real that a horse could feel it. Mr. Howley walked quietly, and with an assured manner, to her head and grasped the halter with a firm hand. The pony bit at him half-heartedly and then, as Mr. Howley stepped out with a mellow, "Come along, sweetheart!" she followed, limping.

By the time they reached the stable, the pony's head was hanging heavily over Mr. Howley's shoulder, her dazed eyes, half closed, confused and sullen—for the moment beaten, but with more of peace in her breast than at any time since the lasso had dragged her from the free life of the range.

It was about this time that Susanne Simpkins, in the quiet of her apartment, working cheerfully on the dress she was making for the rich Mrs. Bernstein—working late, because of the hay and oats and stable-rent she must now pay for, and the saddle, bridle and riding pad she must buy and the hours she would want for a ride in the sunlight—was saying to herself that

in the morning she would go around to Mr. Howley's stable and kiss her pony's nose!

The pony followed Mr. Howley into the stable and up the incline to the stalls in the rear. She was given a box-stall with a thick bedding of clean straw.

When Mr. Howley returned to his sitting room, he found his mother without her knitting, but with two bowls of steaming gruel on the table.

"Men had a hard time with the dress-maker's pony," he said indifferently, "but it's all right now. Did I tell you I'm going to have a roof garden for the horses?"

"Will anything grow up there?"

"Why not, if it has the soil?"

"Then I'd like a few beds of vegetables. I haven't had a good mess of peas since I left the parsonage."

"All right. I'll fence off an end of it for you."

This idea of a roof garden stayed with Mr. Howley after he had kissed his mother good night and retired to his own room. Then he dismissed it or rather deposited it among those projects to be brought forth again and promoted in due time.

It had been a busy day, but all of Mr. Howley's days were busy, much more so than anybody knew. Even he was not conscious of the amount of business, large and small, he accomplished day by day. Things large and small were all the same to him. He could build an empire or mend a strap with equal ease. He moved and thought, decided and executed, without excitement or hurry. Every night his slate was full and every morning found it clean again.

That night the moment his head touched the pillow, he was asleep. At five he was awake and up. He bathed and dressed in fifteen minutes, left his room briskly, stopped at the kitchen door to say "good morning" to his mother, who was grinding the coffee for breakfast, then descended to the second floor, a signal for the night watchman to retire and the work of the day to begin.

As if by magic, at his entrance the horses began to whicker and coax. There was a sound of cleaning in the stalls, of hay rustling as it filled the racks, of oats pouring from measures into the mangers. He passed to the ground floor and with his own hands rolled back the main doors

opening on the street, and stood there for a few moments, viewing the world of a new day, like mine host before his inn.

His foreman arrived and together they entered the office, passed on bills, looked at the market report, made a list of purchases, decided on the discharge and the hiring of help, reviewed the condition of the horses, laying Fanny off for a day, sending Joe to pasture for a month, ordering the sorrel team brought in for work again. All this was finished by six o'clock and Mr. Howley went up to breakfast.

The morning papers were on the arm of his chair and a telephone stood on the table within reach.

Mrs. Howley, serving breakfast, was an agitated old lady, solicitous and anxious and a little trembly. When, however, it was all upon the table and the man had found it good, she rose from her humility, an upright moral force. She had done her part, now let the rest of the world do as well!

Mr. Howley ate his breakfast and read the papers, giving a digest of them to his mother, who listened with eyes shining through her glasses, shedding over the affairs of men the light of an elemental and aggressive intelligence. There were days when Mr. Howley spent the entire morning at the dining-room table, reading, figuring, drawing rough plans and talking over the telephone with his office, or the world outside, as far at times as the State House at Albany. But this morning his time was short.

"I see," said Mr. Howley, "that they got the price of Blackbird eight hundred. It was seven seventy."

"What's the name of the other one and what did she pay for it?"

"It was called Wildcat out where it came from, but they registered it as Kitten for the sale. I never saw a horse jump and buck worse. She got it for a hundred."

"I see," continued Mr. Howley, his newspaper spread wide before him, and then the telephone rang. He listened at the receiver with a peculiar expression of pleased embarrassment. He hesitated, looked furtively at his mother and said, "Oh, well—well, yes—well, I'll be down in a moment."

He rose hastily.

"If it's that Susanne Simpkins," said his mother sharply, "I want you to bring her

up here. I want to see the old maid dress-maker that buys a bucking broncho for a hundred dollars and—" He left the room, closing the door softly. She hurried to it and called after him:

"I want to see her, do you hear?"

"Yes, yes, I'll bring her up."

She closed the door with a bang and stood in the middle of the room, pale and cold.

Mr. Howley hurried to the office in a state of agitation unusual with him. He attributed it to his mother's conduct.

Susanne was standing just inside the stable door, the light of the first real spring morning falling around her. In spite of her rather severe gray gown and plain black hat, trimmed only with a velvet band, she seemed a charming creature, radiating youth and expectancy. The fact is, she had wakened that morning with such a thrill of delight as she had not felt since the mornings of childhood had brought a joyous confidence in something wonderful the day would bring. She had come running to Mr. Howley's stable, bringing this returned spirit of her youth with her and her form and face, even the quality of her voice, expressed it.

"I came to see my pony!" she said, breathless from eagerness. And then, suddenly, a shadow crept into her eyes. Perhaps this promise of delight would also pass with the day, and she would find herself again sewing and saving and giving to others for her reality, and for her pleasures only phantoms.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Howley, recovered from his agitation and expanding with a genial warmth, "come right along with me."

The shadow vanished. She beamed on him, dimpled and smiling, and tripped to his long stride through the dark stable, carrying something of the light of the spring day with her.

They walked up the incline to the second floor and passing through the harness room, extending under the living rooms above, walked through an alley leading by the granaries and reached the stalls in the rear.

"I have decided," said Susanne gleefully, "to keep her name Kitten."

"That's good," he answered absently.

They were just passing under his living room and the thought of his mother troubled him. How on earth was he to

tragic significance in the mind of his mother. He must bring them together and leave the rest to fate.

Susanne looked into his face:

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, sinking easily from the airy heights to the wistful patient manner reality seemed always to require.

"No, no!" he shook himself and laughed but got no further, for as they reached the stalls he heard a succession of sharp blows and the sound of rending wood. He hurried forward, followed by Susanne.

A stable boy was standing near one of the box stalls dejectedly, holding a curry-comb and brush. The door of the stall was battered. One of the boards, split in two, was just rebounding from the opposite wall to the floor.

"I can't do nothing with her, sir," said the boy.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Howley in a large, good-humored voice. "She's not used to a stall——"

"Is it Kitten?" gasped Susanne.

"And all she needs," continued Mr. Howley, "is a little civilized society and a friend or two——"

Mr. Howley opened the door of the stall and stepping in, confronted the pony with a smiling face and a large expanse of strong and kindly person. Kitten snorted and backed away. She stretched out her neck and gazed at Mr. Howley curiously.

A cheerful whinny sounded in the next stall and Blackbird thrust his nose over the partition. Kitten lifted her head and whickered excitedly.

"They like each other, don't they, Mr. Howley?"

Susanne put her hand upon his arm and stood close beside him, laughing and looking at her pet with the fond indulgence of a mother for a precocious child.

At the sound of her voice, Kitten pricked her ears and lifting her head, looked at Susanne with great, wondering, innocent eyes. Susanne patted her neck and taking an apple from her reticule, held it to her pony's nose. Kitten fumbled it a moment, then bit it in two.

Mr. Howley and Susanne looked at each other and laughed and the pony, relaxing

what kind of a bit she's used to, but I like a light snaffle and curb, don't you?"

"You don't need to buy anything," said Mr. Howley. "I've got everything you'll want in my harness room."

"Oh, no," said Susanne stiffly, "I shall want my own."

"Well, use mine for a while anyway, until you know just what you want."

"I know now," said Susanne promptly. "I've taken the *Bit and Spur* for years. I shall get me an army saddle."

"Going to ride straddle!" exclaimed Mr. Howley.

"Yes," said Susanne, "cross-saddle."

"How long since you've ridden that way?"

"I never rode any other way."

She did not tell him that she had not ridden at all.

"How much will it cost me to keep her here?"

They were outside the stall and Mr. Howley was wondering how to propose her call upon his mother. He could feel the similarity in the two women—like and unlike as a different treatment of the same theme—the one didactic and literal, the other whimsical and poetic; the one engraved in plain letters on glazed paper and bound in boards, the other writ in a varying hand on thin parchment, bound in flexible leather.

He knew that he must not offer to keep the pony free.

"Well," he said firmly, "I must charge you fifteen dollars a month. Of course that covers everything—delivering her saddled at your door and bringing her home when you're through, also doctoring when sick. I couldn't do it for less. It's business, you know."

"Oh, I think that's very reasonable. I've seen advertisements——"

"Robbers!" exploded Mr. Howley. "And they'll cheat you at that. Why, hay's only eighteen dollars a ton and oats sixty cents a bushel when you buy them, and I raise all mine myself."

They were nearing the door leading to the private hallway and the apartments above.

"Say," he said abruptly, "I want you

to meet my mother—fine woman—come on up.”

“But,” said Susanne hesitating, “perhaps she won’t want to, it’s too early—”

“Not for mother—she said to bring you.”

Susanne looked at him quickly, surprised. He was embarrassed.

“I guess she wants a dress made,” he said, “or something.”

They found Mrs. Howley seated stiffly before a small table in the sitting room, dressed in a shining black alpaca with a crocheted collar and what looked like a lace doily on her head.

There were three cups and saucers, a pitcher of cream, a bowl of sugar and a pot of coffee on the table. She rose severely as Mr. Howley ushered in Susanne.

“I thought you might like some coffee with us,” said Mrs. Howley, fixing her eyes sharply upon Susanne. “My son had hardly finished his breakfast when you called.”

“It smells good,” said Susanne, going to the table. She felt in the presence of something intense and tragic rather than hostile. She did not feel any menace to herself, but rather that she must move softly lest she hurt this other woman. It was so strange and unexpected but she had no time to think about it.

She smiled as she met Mrs. Howley’s gaze, but in her eyes there was only a great sadness and the worn look came to her face, making it seem cold.

Mrs. Howley’s countenance suddenly softened. She looked quickly from Susanne to her son, tried to say something, then rose and hurried from the room.

“I guess I’d better go,” whispered Susanne.

Mr. Howley nodded and tiptoed to the door.

“Mother is pretty old,” said he, as they went down the stairs to the street together, “and she *will* do all the work.”

“She adores you,” murmured Susanne. She looked into his eyes, her own bright with moisture.

“You’ll like her when you know her better,” said Mr. Howley.

Susanne’s heart was absurdly light as she left him. The night before she had suddenly reached out and into her hand had flown some fluttering thing that seemed like happiness. She feared to lose it. She dared not close her hand, she dared not

look too close but she could still feel it there.

Mr. Howley went into his office but he could not get his mind on his business. Thoughts of his mother upstairs, alone and troubled, weighed upon his spirit. He could feel no pleasure in Susanne, if his mother were to grieve because of her. Perplexed, he went upstairs.

Mrs. Howley was washing the breakfast dishes. She smiled upon her son, with a rare softness of expression.

“I wish,” she said, in a manner almost sprightly, “you’d have Miss Simpkins come and sew for me.”

Mr. Howley gazed with his mouth open.

“Well!” exclaimed his mother sharply.

“Of course—certainly,” he said hurriedly, “I’ve always wanted—”

“I’ll not have any new fangled things,” she interrupted. “She can do plain sewing, can’t she?”

Mr. Howley looked relieved. “I guess,” he assured himself, “they’ll work it out in their own way.”

He was not one to interfere very much with a person’s ways but dealt solely with results. Nor did he count upon an end to anything. He sensed life as shift and change—reaching for what he wanted, taking what he could, and brooding very little over what he missed. Finding now that his mother was herself again, he retired, his mind at ease.

Of course he missed the fact that from that moment she began, silently, to lay the affairs of life away. He did not know that when he left her, she went to her room and lay down, conscious for the first time of age and weariness. We seldom know when those about us begin to pack for the long trip—especially if they are old and go about it leisurely, as Mrs. Howley did. She gave no outward sign of change but through succeeding days was to all appearances the same tireless and indomitable spirit, grimly observant of her son, as he beamed upon Susanne, already seeing these two moving about in this familiar setting, alone, herself away.

Meanwhile, Susanne was discarding her well worn garments and doing an unwonted amount of spring shopping for herself, and Mr. Howley would often wander from the most important business concerns, to wonder if he should have his beard cut off or only trimmed.



Plays and Players



THE "Garden of Allah," a play, cost many thousands of dollars to produce, so we are told. It cost a thousand for this and a thousand for that and a thousand for the other thing until by the time the producer got through talking about his thousands you had no idea whether he was talking about a play, a circus, or a new hotel. However, the producer thought he was making a great contribution to the current drama, and indeed he has made a contribution.

Continuing, there are about seventy-five good theaters on the Island of Manhattan. Yet seven or eight men are intending to build new ones. It does not seem to matter to them that many of the good old ones are now harboring moving-picture shows. These men are spending their thousands on real estate, their thousands on gilt and varnish and proscenium arches and mosaic floors and façades and fiddlesticks in order to build new theaters, just the same. And, in their way, they think they are making great contributions to the current drama.

The whole notion is a silly one. It is not the money itself that counts, but the thing upon which the money is spent that counts. Boss Tweed, it is said, put diamond shoe buttons upon his children's shoes. Yet the shoes behind the diamonds were mere shoes, after all. The mere casting of money about does not signify anything; you can feed diamonds to a chicken and it will eat them. The mere building of theaters at great cost does not signify anything; unless you have a good play to put into each one of them. It is not the money you spend that counts; it

is the ideas and ideals upon which you spend them that count.

Too many people in the age in which we live have mainly in their heads the one dream of Money. For this reason a sound (if soaring) modern thinker has suggested that to future times ours will seem an age of mental twilight. Yet our age is, perhaps, the direct result of a previous age of mental twilight wherein dwelt one main idea. In the so-called Dark Ages the people thought but of Superstition. And Superstition begat the Crusades; and the Crusades begat

Travel; and Travel begat Learning; and Learning begat the Renaissance; and the Renaissance begat Exploration and Discovery; and Exploration and Discovery begat Commerce and Industry. And this is our age of Commerce and Industry and we have the one main idea of Money.

Now, I do think a great deal depends upon the way our men of money spend their money. There are two ends to the universe: Creation and degeneration. If money is spent degenerately, the world will go downhill. If it is spent creatively—good! If Rockefeller were to buy diamond shoe buttons instead of medical institutes, or Carnegie were to set up more theaters instead of libraries, we ought all put on sackcloth and ashes. Probably we ought to, anyway (but being a boyish nation we won't) because there are many other rich men besides these two and they are certainly spending, or saving, their money in a degenerate fashion. Probably ours is, indeed, another age of mental twilight.





MARGARET ILLINGTON,

Who returns to the stage after three years, in an American play called "Kindling."

Yet, so far as art is concerned, it seems incredible. We have sculptors now whose work I would rather behold than that of most of the ancients; painters who mean more to me than do Raphael and Titian; dramatists who interest me where Euripides and Sophocles bore. What of it? Accidents occur in the best regulated centuries. I am not one of those who complain of the good old times; for all our history is lying history and nobody but a mixed poet-philosopher-expert accountant can know the truth of the good old times. But I do complain of the good present times because I believe that

the good present times will go wrong if a lot of people do not persist in complaining about them.

I complain against hundreds of thousands, for instance, being spent upon a lot of silly new playhouses which will either lie empty or else house no good ideas (for there are not enough good ideas now to go round among the present playhouses). Unless "The Garden of Allah" is frankly a rival of the Hippodrome, I complain of thousands being spent upon camels and the chauffeurs of camels—under the impression that it is dramatic art. If "The Garden of Allah" is



ETHEL BARRYMORE,

Who has again demonstrated her artistic powers in her new p.

a circus, then the managerial or menagerial idea is probably correct. Otherwise I can sigh at a camel far more rapturously under the auspices of Ringling Brothers.

The notion, in general, of spending money in this fashion is bad. "The Garden of Allah" may be an exception. People say it is a great show. There is little doubt they will continue to call it a show, and not a play, although a vital idea forms its backbone just the same.

There is already too much "show" and not enough drama on our stage to please me; many a good American playwright has lost

his ideals too much also; many a good actor has gone wrong. Right and wrong are a bit of a hitch. The

Oh, we shall know for Edison

Honest what the didn't hav



MARGARET ILLINGTON.

Who returns to the stage after three years, in an American play called "Kindling."

Yet, so far as art is concerned, it seems incredible. We have sculptors now whose work I would rather behold than that of most of the ancients; painters who mean more to me than do Raphael and Titian; dramatists who interest me where Euripides and Sophocles bore. What of it? Accidents occur in the best regulated centuries. I am not one of those who complain of the good old times; for all our history is lying history and nobody but a mixed poet-philosopher-expert accountant can know the truth of the good old times. But I do complain of the good present times because I believe that

the good present times will go wrong if a lot of people do not persist in complaining about them.

I complain against hundreds of thousands, for instance, being spent upon a lot of silly new playhouses which will either lie empty or else house no good ideas (for there are not enough good ideas now to go round among the present playhouses). Unless "The Garden of Allah" is frankly a rival of the Hippodrome, I complain of thousands being spent upon camels and the chauffeurs of camels—under the impression that it is dramatic art. If "The Garden of Allah" is



ETHEL BARRYMORE,

Who has again demonstrated her artistic powers in her new play "The Witness for the Defense."

a circus, then the managerial or menagerial idea is probably correct. Otherwise I can sigh at a camel far more rapturously under the auspices of Ringling Brothers.

The notion, in general, of spending money in this fashion is bad. "The Garden of Allah" may be an exception. People say it is a great show. There is little doubt they will continue to call it a show, and not a play, although a vital idea forms its backbone just the same.

There is already too much "show" and not enough drama on our stage to please me; many a good American playwright has lost

his ideals trying to make money. There is too much "show" in the novelist's game, also; many a good American novelist has gone wrong, for the selfsame reason that Right and Money did not seem to him to hitch. The golden goblins have got him.

Oh, well, six hundred years from now we shall know. But I am afraid that, except for Edison, this would be a very dark age.

NAZIMOVA

Honest to goodness I really do not know what the American actor would do if he didn't have these French or British parts to

Nobody can blame an actor for wanting to dress in foreign clothes; most of us would do that if we could be on a stage where none of our fellow citizens could get at us. But this actor language—which sounds from K₁ and K₃ like “Wawsh-ah-lah-loop-wawsh? Nevaw. Ah-now tay-ell yow-ah—Nevaw”—really, it couldn't be done unless we imported French and English plays to do it with.

Now just take Nazimova's new rôle. She

ander Mermayne) in the rôle of a baron or a dook trying to get the best results out of Fernande de Monclars? If you can't see him, maybe you can hear him.

That thought was about all I got out of “The Marionettes,” the new show in which Mme. Nazimova is appearing. That and the idea that Nazimova herself is a little more tongue-tied, wriggly and staccato than ever. The play itself didn't interest me be-



CLIFTON CRAWFORD AND INA CLAIRE,

Whose personal success in the clean and tuneful “Quaker Girl” is as great as that of the operetta.



MME. NAZIMOVA,

The fascinating Russian-American actress now appearing in "The Marionettes."

cause it was the same old play over again about the yearning, dowdy, country wife and the gallant, dashing husband who neglects her until she begins dressing up fit to kill—and does kill all the ladykillers. Then her husband's eyes are opened, et cetera.

THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE

All these professional critics—a vast horde, I am told, of highly intelligent and bad-tempered people—seem bound to pick on the plays in which Ethel Barrymore appears. Now you and I know we don't really care much what Ethel Barrymore

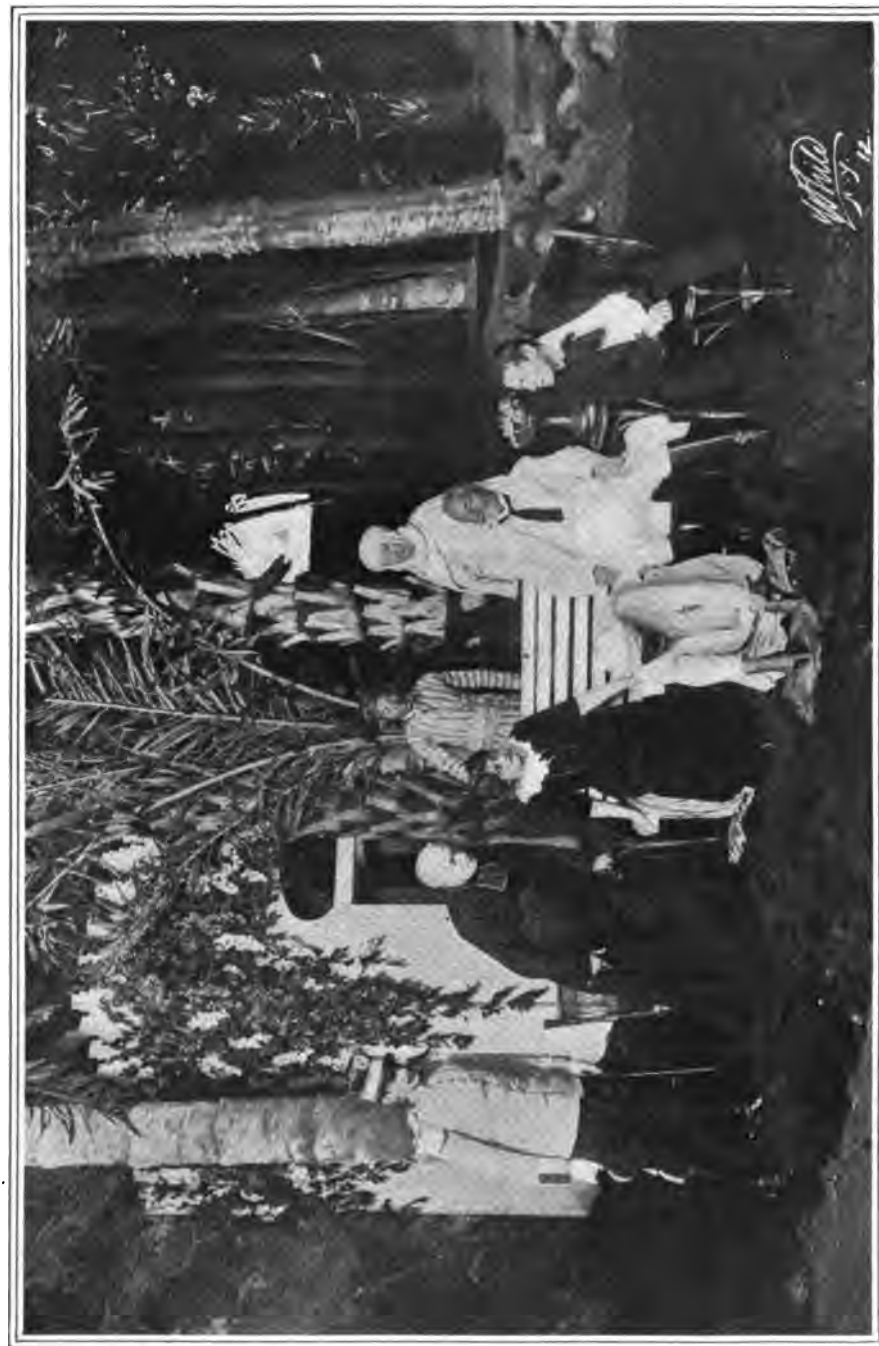
appears in—in the way of a play, that is. What we want to see is Ethel Barrymore. And we are not even a jot—no, not even a tittle nor an iota—interested in whether she has grown better as an actress.

Goodness gracious heavens and earth, what do these critics want anyway? Isn't there the Barrymore eyes and the Barrymore voice and the Barrymore charm and the Barrymore air? Just to sit and look at Ethel Barrymore and hear her celestial, throaty voice is enough, plenty and to spare for the average person be he or she male or female. Am I right?



THE "BUTTERFLY BALLET" AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME.

The initial cost of this spectacle was over \$46,000 for costumes, scenic effects and so forth. This was only one item in the Hippodrome production whose total cost was about \$200,000.



THE GARDEN SCENE IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."

The most expensive set in this production. All the vegetation is absolutely accurate, being reconstructed from trees imported from the desert. The cost of the trees alone—only twelve are used—was nearly \$10,000.

tense answers. The heroine has killed her brute of a husband and by an ingenious complication of lies is freed. Then she returns to England and tries to live down her pahst, but her pahst is too yeasty and it rises up William Riley just as she has married a young Englishman whom she loves.

There is some trouble and she has to confess, but her husband forgives her. Why in the name of common sense he shouldn't forgive her is beyond me; but then I am one of those obtuse persons who believe that playwrights make up out of their own heads most of what they write. So, comma, naturally, comma, therefore.

SCOTCH AND IRISH PLAYERS

New York has lately been treated to an invasion, a riot, a new playwright and a spasm of joy. The invasion was what you might call Gaelic if you didn't know what you were talking about and consisted of a group of (a) Scotch players and of (b) Irish players. The Scotch players played in English of a sort and so did the Irish.

The Scotch have one of the hits of the season in a delightful character comedy called "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Bunty is a girl's name and by pulling the strings is meant that she runs the whole show. It is a good thing the company was imported along with the play—good thing for the managers, I mean.

To start with, Scotch actors don't cost so gosh-awful much and in the second place if American actors had tried to handle it—well, pardon me, but—have you heard Elsie Rosenbaum or any of the rest of them "imitate" Harry Lauder? "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is genuine comedy; it is so popular that it costs two dollars and a half to get a seat and it affords a

ited to the Irish. Nobody need ever tell me again that an Irishman has a sense of humor. On the opening night of "The Playboy of the Western World," written by J. M. Synge, the New York Irish foregathered and hooted, hissed, groaned, threw carrots, asafetida, et cetera, at the actors until they got front page double column stories in the next morning's newspapers. And all because a father suggests to his daughter that her fiancé sit up with her while he attends a wake.

As I look back upon the oodles of American plays I have sat through, wherein the Eternal Triangle, the Other Man, the Extremely Delicate Situation, et al., have played their harrowing part, I realize that the American people—if there is any such thing—has no shame. Or else we would have all brought gunnysacks full of tomatoes long ago and soaked the villainous detractors where they stood.

Synge, the (to us) new playwright, has really written an interesting and illuminating play. I can't see that its fundamentals are any more Irish than they are—say—Mississippi Valley.

"LITTLE BOY BLUE"

The Campbells (or camels—spell it either way—it's true both way so far as our current drayma is concerned, all the way from the "Garden of Allah" to "Little Boy Blue"), the Campbells, as I was remarking when so ostentatiously interrupted, are not only coming, but are here. We have got the bloomin' Scotch even into our musical shows. Of course, we can never, never have a musical show without some Paris in it, so in "Little Boy Blue" they have combined one act of Bal Tabarin and one act of castle in the Hee-lands.

It is quite a refreshing



GERTRUDE BRYAN AS
LITTLE BOY BLUE.



MAUDE ODELL, OTIS HARLAN, AND GERTRUDE BRYAN,

The chief funmakers in "Little Boy Blue."

sight, for instance, to see the statuesque Maude Odell in a bouvelard, I mean a boulevard foulard or foulard or whatever it is, rampaging around the ramparts of a chilly Scotch castle the while the kilties finnan and the bagpipes haddie and all that sort of thing.

A bang-up good musical show with plenty of fun in it by Otis Harlan in the rôle of a fat French detective; a bewitching waltz tune, whistleable and falling neatly on the ear—if you have that kind of an ear; a dainty little new leading woman—Gertrude Bryan—who looks like Maude Adams and talks like Billy Burke. Bring on the Campbells—if they're all going to be as good as Harry Lauder, Buntz, and Little Boy Blue.

"KINDLING"

Margaret Illington has "come back," a better actress than ever. She has a good play, which, while it can hardly have any efficacy in cleaning up our tenement house and slum problems, certainly will harrow you to tears. That in itself may do some good, you know. I don't refer to the ever-ready crier, either. I refer to the rock-bound, flint-coated old Sahara boys who haven't had a good cry since their mothers

spanked them. They will shed genuine tears at Maggie, the woman who helps commit a theft in order to get the money where-with she and her husband can get to Wyoming because—she is about to become a mother and she doesn't want her child to be born in the slums.

Of course, the theft is discovered; and a confession is wrung from her. The story is simple, crude, powerful; it might be howling melodrama in several places were it not for the careful and intelligent acting of Miss Illington.

"THE QUAKER GIRL"

A modest little musical comedy slipped into town and into an obscure and hoodoo playhouse some months ago, having a variant of the ancient "girl" title. The next morning every paper in town called it one of the best musical comedies of the season, which it is. With a fairly reasonable book, bright lines and tuneful melodies of a more pretentious order than the usual production of this kind, it gives two hours of straight pleasure. Clifton Crawford and Ina Claire, upon whose shoulders falls the chief work, acquit themselves with grace and unction.

THE liner—she's a lady; that's the reason why, no doubt,
She always needs assistance gettin' in an' gettin' out,
She can't come up the river an' she dassn't dock alone
So she whistles fer the tugboat in a most implorin' tone,
An' the tugboat takes the hawser an' goes puffin' up the stream
With his stack a-smokin' lively an' his engine spittin' steam,
Then he swings her an' he pulls her—like a cowboy drivin' stock,
An' he hasn't got no manners—but he gits her in the dock!

He's short an' stout an' chunky
Like a fat old goat,
An' he ain't no liner's flunky
He's a free-lance boat;
Yet it's easy, when you view him,
An' you hear him pant,
To see there ain't much to him
But his power plant.

When there's any job to tackle he will take it anyhow
Whether towin' racin' liners er a garbage scow,
You will see him ploddin' heavy with a raft of rollin' logs,
Or a-pantin' down the harbor with a barge of squealin' hogs,
With a string of empty lighters er a ship from 'round the horn,
With a fleet of pleasure barges er a freighter full of corn,
He yanks 'em through the river an' his husky whistle blows
As he tells the other steamers to be lookin' where they goes.

His captain is a feller
That is *all there*, too,
An' there ain't a streak of yellor
In the tugboat's crew,
What they promise they stand pat on
An' if paid the rate,
They would tow the hull Manhattan
To the Golden Gate.

The Tug—he bucks the river when it's full of grindin' ice,
An' when there's trade to handle, why, you needn't call him twice,
Fer he's out a-ridin' combers maybe fifty mile at sea
An' he doesn't stop fer danger when he's lookin' fer a fee;
He's the little giant helper, he's the live wire of the port,
He's a nervy, nifty snorter an' a winner an' a sport,
He's the snubby-nosed exploiter of the chances of the game
An' he's never much on beauty but he gets there just the same!

If there's any job to rustle,
Any chance to take,
You'll see the tugboat hustle
Like his gauge would break;
Two hundred pounds of steam on
Make his en-gines throb,
He's the busy little demon
An' he's on the job!



"TELL MR. SLICK I SAID THE PRESIDENT
OF THE U. S. COULD GO TO HAIL
COLUMBIA HAPPY LAND."

LADDER of CONSE- QUENCES

By

Harris Merton Lyon

Illustrations by Herb Roth

IF this were a Greek tragedy, the flat-footed chorus might appear here and intone:

Somehow, in spite of Art, the Devil and seven hands round, there is a moral to this tale. We do not know what it is, and we wouldn't tell you if we did know. Our sole idea in chanting this paragraph is to provide a certain amount of reading matter so as to assist the illustrator in the proper spacing and circumspreadulation of his designs. In a general way the notion seems to be (*soprano*) that great oaks from little acorns grow, but (*basso profundo*) how horrible it is when you plant jimson-weed!—with a side-kick at the importance good cooking plays in the running of the United States government and an acknowledgment that the dog is the friend of man and should be so treated.

Whereat, having filled the required gap, the leader of the chorus might lift his immaculate gun-metal head and announce in his usual stentorian tones: GOING UP!

ROUND ONE

Round One of this ladder was built by a dog. Bingo was his name. A common, ordinary, back-alley scrub dog, a fyce or feist (I never did know how to spell it), without a roof over

his head, a master, a square meal or a purpose in life. Being a moth-eaten and barely hairy relic, he naturally prowled in the most exclusive section of the city—Fifth Avenue, between Sixtieth and Eightieth streets. And here, on the night of nights, he encountered Barney McBride.

Barney was six feet one of the best Kerry, with a lip like a rose, an eye like the point of a blue-steeled sword, a cheek like an apple and a coatful of the best fighting muscles on the force. Aging on twenty-seven and full of love for Nora Clancey, he naturally felt a bubbling joy this night; for he had just been transferred to this beat and Nora, the crame av the crame of cookdom, worked for the Hobbses, who lived off of Fifth Avenue on Sixty-first Street. He was to meet her on the corner at ten o'clock that night. Hence the bubbling joy.—Hence also the brand new suit of blue.

For Barney had arrayed himself like a Ben Hur chariot. This is where the policeman and the general in the army can lay it over the layman. The best the layman can do is get a Kollege-kutenheimer suit of clothes, a vermilion necktie, green flannel shirt, lemon-colored bulldog shoes and a fried-egg or pancake dip, lid or hat. He dassent wear brass buttons. Once a



Holding Barney, dressed to lady-kill, in one hand we employ the other fist off-stage to beat a tattoo with the Coconut-heels of Disaster. There is a gallop of dire doings approaching. What, ho!—reining in the cocoanut shells—what is this approaching?

Well, if the plot must go forward, it is Bingo.

When Barney saw Bingo he happened to be doing a calisthenic too-ra-loo with his locust club (you know—six whirls forward, six whirls back and tuck under your oxther) and as the dog came sniffing toward him he aimed the last twirl of the weapon at the dog's head.

"You dirty little skut, be off wid you," said Barney. (Just the way you and I, insouciant, start the Ball of Fate a-rolling.)

Whereupon Bingo, hero of ten thousand dodges, neatly sidestepped and fastened his teeth in the starboard leg of the brand new pantaloons. Suddenly there came a ripping, ripping; and Bingo, the Cause of It All, disappeared imperturbably into the darkness, as one who has left a good job well done.

Why did Barney thus attempt to maltreat a friendless and loving dog? Ah, Rollo, quizz me not. Pythagoras, that King of the Bean, says all nature, howbeit lowly, is a cousin of mine. But Art, Rollo, Art is impersonal. So let us climb the ladder.

However, if this were a Greek tragedy, I believe I would, for the moral's sake, introduce right here again the flat-footed chorus, chanting horribly: "Barney is going to get his! They are all going to get theirs! Cheer-oh!"

Instead, it being merely what it is, I can only announce

ROUND TWO

In ten minutes Barney met Nora.

Now, unlimber your imagination for Nora. She was twenty-three and just blooming from bud into blossom with a lip, hip and a trip that brought the lads from Moville to Queenstown a-dancing like as if they were tame mice behind the Piper. There was a color there—crab apple blossom in May—that was never sold over a counter,

wonderful soft and serious swate girl when you got beneath the rind of her heart.

But you know how it is in stories. Things are never the same as they are on the days when you're your own true self. Otherwise, 'twould all be plain as the nose on your face—and no stories whatsoever. The trouble is there was some rare outlandish imp abroad this night, sticking a plot together for me with glue and glee.

Behold. Forgetting all she should have said, Nora, with a twinkle of her eyes, began laughing.

"Mother av Moses, what's happened to your beautiful pants leg?" was the first thing that passed her lips.

The sullen rage of the gaudy male, despoiled of his finery, broke out in Barney's answer:

"Nothin' for you to be standin' there blatherin' about!"

Now, Nora, true to her island, had a heart as soft as a Killarney moon and a temper like a prairie fire.

"Barney, 'tis sorry I am for you," she began softly. Then: "But hold a civil tongue in yer head, my fine buck, and whin people come sympathizin' don't come blatherin' back at them with your own blatherin' about blatherin' and understand wan thing



"BINGO WAS HIS NAME. A COMMON, ORDINARY, BACK-ALLEY SCRUB DOG."

Nora, so *now!* Punctuation drowned out by emotion, as is frequent in that sex.

"I just shpoke off unwatchful, Nora, because I was sore on that dog; not that I meant to hurt your feelin's," began Barney, gently; then, crescendo and fortissimo: "But as for civil tongues I notice the preachers ain't the practicers—and what's more, niver was."

"Niver was?" She bit her lip and began to cry. "So that's what you've been t'inkin' of me all along, is it? Well, thanks for once your own ould clackin' tongue has given me warnin' before I went too far wid ye!"

"Clackin' tongue? My tongue don't clack. What's the matter, annyway, to-night? You ain't yourself, Nora. Let's be friendly again." He stopped. "Aha! You said I needn't think I was the only man. Then there's some other slob, is there?"

"Fwat if there is?" said Nora.

"Good *night*," said Barney, and started to move on.

"Remember," Nora shouted through set lips, "you brought all this on yoursilf. Remember, Barney, this night av all nights! 'Twas your uncontrollable timper." He plodded ahead into the gloom. "I'm t'rough wid you!" she wailed after him.

"'Twas your own timper," he replied.

Then she went back, let herself in by the servants' door, and tossed on her tear-stained pillow until 2.30 A.M.

ROUND THREE

At 8.30 A.M., Mr. Artaxerxes Hobbs, President of the National Cotton Combine, having been out late the night in question—in fact, having unlocked the front door simultaneously with Nora's final drowsy sob—yawned awfully at himself in the mirror,

with a safety razor:

"I look all right, but I feel like Sam Hill. A good cup of coffee and a motor ride in the fresh air ought to set me up in fine shape."

Mr. Hobbs was a heavy-set, imposing-looking man devoted to the pursuit of—to the pursuit of—(what on earth was he devoted to the pursuit of?)—oh, yes—money. He was a commercial giant. That is, he knew all about cotton, from boll weevil to olive oil; and a nice kind New York financier had let him "head the company." Really, however, underneath his pleasant and golfy skin, Mr. Hobbs was a small-town man. He and his wife had lived in small-town content in Millville, Mass., in the early days; and

Mrs. Hobbs (be it known *sotto voce*) knew Artaxerxes from loom to wearer.

"A nice hot cup of aromatic, invigorating, steaming coffee," murmured Mr. Hobbs, dimly remembering an ad.

Then he clad himself in a gray suit, purple tie and gray felt hat, and descended to the breakfast table prepared to make the best of it.

Mrs. Hobbs, a rather haunted-looking lady, in a delicate shade of morning pink, sat at the head of the table with a neurasthenic hand resting upon the handle of the coffee pot.

"Well, chick," said Mr. Hobbs, hastily, as one warding off troublesome queries, "I feel pretty rotten this morning. I hope you've got a good cup of coffee ready."

Assailed in a domestic quarter, Mrs. Hobbs covered up. "I—I don't know how good it is, dear," she answered. "Nora has just gotten up. She—she overslept and I'm afraid she's just sort of thrown things together." She poured a cup and passed it to him. "If I'd known in advance what you—"



"...YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH FOR NORA."

ciency smote the burnt amber of his tongue with the gagging effect of a lukewarm bath towel. "Ugh!" he spluttered. Then he set the cup down. "Why in the devil don't you fire that cook? If you don't, I will."

Mrs. Hobbs's lips tightened querulously. "Don't use such language to me, Artaxerxes"—full name, ominous sign—"and I'll attend to my own domestics. I had no idea of the shameful time of night you'd come in. In fact, I think if you don't care to live the life that is usual in a home, the better thing for you to do would be to move to a hotel."

"Oh, you think I'd better maintain two establishments, do you?" said Mr. Hobbs with a sneer. "One at the hotel and one here?"

"You needn't maintain one here," she said, primly. "I shall go home to my people."

Something in the night, the coffee and the conversation got the better of Mr. Hobbs. "You have been pulling that 'home-to-my-people' gag to my knowledge for the last fifteen years. Why don't you make good on it?" he demanded.

"I don't understand your language, but I shall certainly go home—immediately."

Now, the truth is that Mr. Hobbs was really very much of a family man, never went out—saverely—at nights, and was very, very fond of Mrs. Hobbs, to the exclusion of all else save business.

"Listen, dearie—" he began, when he heard this ultimatum. "Don't you 'dearie' me, you wretch," said Mrs. Hobbs. "I shall order your motor for you." She did so.

"But, chick, I——"

"Chick your other chicks. You requested me to remove my cook. I shall do so; and

The motor came up to the door. "Do as you like," said Mr. Hobbs, perversely. "But remember this is all your fault."

"It's all *your* fault," answered Mrs. Hobbs.

"Curses"—only not that—said Mr. Hobbs, as he headed coffeeless and breakfastless toward his office, feeling in his heart

that he was an authentic, tetragonal and musket-proof fool. Which only made him all the sorer. So that——

ROUND FOUR

"Your morning mail, Mr. Hobbs," said his secretary.

"I won't read my two-by-four, hamstrung and delicious morning mail," answered Mr. Hobbs, or words to that effect.

"Your letter to the Western Branch," continued his secretary.

"I won't send any Fortescue letter to any Pauncefote western branch."

"The superintendent of the Massachusetts house is waiting to see you."

"Tell the House Beautiful superintendent of the pergola Massachusetts house to go soak his coco in a bath of reinforced concrete."

In about fifteen minutes:

"Mr. John Henry Slick to see you, sir. Come all the way from Washington."

"What's he want?"

"He won't tell *me*, sir."

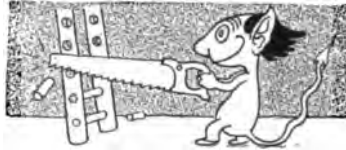
"Well, go back and tell John Hancock I

said to slip *you* the dreadful news."

Returning:

"It's a special matter from the President, sir. Has to do with tariff rates, he says, and the President wants to get some figures from us."

"Oh, he does, does he?"



"DON'T USE SUCH LANGUAGE TO ME, ARTAXERXES!"

buxom and disagreeable laugh, "ain't that funny? I'm just the guy he can't talk to. You go back and tell Mr. Slick I said the President of the United States could go to hail Columbia, happy land, where he belongs and where the rent is cheap."

ROUND FIVE

Here ascend we to what Master Rabelais of Meudon calls the crimson alamide rhetorical style.

Like a Ponderosa Tomato sat the great President of these United States in the executive chair in the innermost shrine of the White House, rolling over in his bilowy brain the magnificent affairs of State. No. He didn't. He got up out of his chair and stood in a corner while sixteen of his closest advisers advised him. But he was a vigorous, energetic, bad tempered and sentimentalizing man, so he had a faraway look in his eyes and was doing his own thinking. He was thinking such thoughts as: Forty-eight senators on a supine president's chest—Yo, ho! and a bottle of buttermilk with a radish in it! He was thinking: If I appoint an Afro-American as sub-Inspector of Yams in Vermont. He was thinking Schedule K, the pork barrel, what-is-whiskey, the Honduran situation. He was thinking elk-hunting, the pardon of a one-eyed forger, money (which is Morgan), marbles (which is votes), chalk (which is good for white-washing things). He was thinking cabbages, or the common people, and kings, or the califs of the tariff.

Now, do not get the idea that I am one of those giggling, undignified and amateurish folk who cannot appreciate the hedge which hedgeth our Presidency. Although I do not know for sure, I have an idea that this throne of ours is the mightiest throne in the history of our planet; and that indeed where Lincoln sat is God's own footstool. But

curse; no bless. And a faithful chronicler must have a sound stomach for all sorts. *Verte folium*; turn a leaf.

Said John Henry Slick, drawing the President aside from his fourteen advisers and to the chair aforementioned: "Mumble — mumble — mumble."

"I—, I—, I—," shrieked the President.

The man who at this time happened to be our chief executive was a handsome performer with the English language. So, naturally, when he became enraged he became as inarticulate as a two months' child, bouncing up and down on the presidential chair,

with legs and arms curled (his, not the chair's), gasping for breath, infra-red with rage.

"Da I-da I da! Rock-a-chick-a-boom!" or words to that effect.

"The astounding effrontery with which these boss-made hirelings constantly deny the demands of the people! They think because they have established control over the Wall Street wealth of the nation that they—Send me a message like that, will he? Where's the Attorney-General? Tell him to file those papers at once against Hobbs and the National Cotton!

Now, as it occasionally happens amid human beings, this particular Attorney-General was not such an exorbitant amount; and the above threat contained certain elements of bluff.

But—as befits a faithful chronicler I must again at this moment obtrude myself to shout:

"GOING DOWN," and give you a *résumé* of the descending action.

ROUND FIVE

Mr. President to Mr. Attorney-General: "Bring action against National Cotton!"



"I—, I—, I—" SHRIEKED THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

Mr. Slick to Mr. Hobbs: "Action has been ordered started against you; but it is not too late to mend."

ROUND THREE

Mr. Hobbs by letter to Mrs. Hobbs: "It was all on account of *you* that I got into this fix. I am tired of living at the club. Come home."

ROUND TWO

Mrs. Hobbs (unable to ascertain the whereabouts of Nora, but addressing her by telepathy): "It was all on account of *you* that I left Artax-erxes."

ROUND ONE

Nora (carefully concealing herself from Barney, but thinking of him just the same): "It was all on account of *you*, you handsome bould sthrappin' limb av human glory."

And Barney, parading his beat, thought it was all on account of Bingo when—well, bless my soul! Excuse me!—

GOING UP!

ROUND ONE—SECOND TRIP UP

Barney McBride was pounding his beat and his thoughts were: "Where's Nora? Where's Nora? I can't find her annywhere and the light av me life has gone out. I'm a healthy but rooned man."

Suddenly he beheld a dog, a barely hairy, common, ordinary, back-alley scrub dog.

"You outrageous, diabolical cur! You originathor of all my misfortune! You skulkin' skut, I'll brain you!"

Barney had just aimed his club at Bingo's head, when Bingo sidestepped and circled to starboard.

Reader, just as you are

eral, Start Something—does ever an inextinguishable sense haunt you that you are not building as you should? The words are Matthew Arnold's and, translated, mean: do you ever get a hunch which whispers hoarsely, *Nix*?

Do you ever pay any attention to that little fairy, dæmon, subliminal consciousness or hunch factory—any technical name you wish—which sits at your bump of equilibrium just back of your right ear, inside your skull, and murmurs, murmurs, murmurs like a deep stream all day long, telling you when you are in right and eke when you are in Dutch?

They say Napoleon did, which is a horrid example. Anyway, Barney McBride did, for once in his life. He did it because the plot of this story told him he had to.

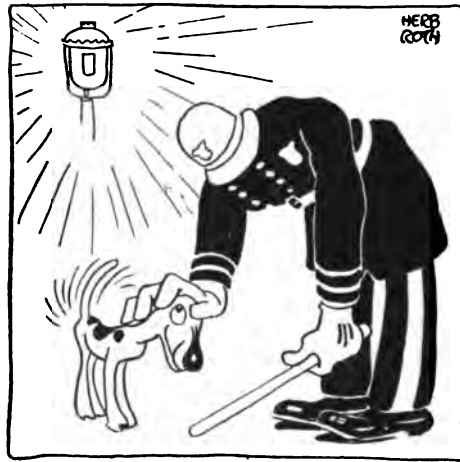
When Barney saw that significant dodge, he sheathed his night stick, bent ingratiatingly over and phonographed these words from Hunchland:

"On the contrary, friend, the gates av me heart are open to ye. I have waited, Bingo, waited long for you. Around the corner is a dago butcher that hasn't got sinse enough to close before elliven o'clock at night, and somethin' tells me he has five cents' worth av dog meat waitin' to roon your teet'. Pardon me for pattin' your royal trampness on the head, but that's the only dog language I know in the way av invitation."

Immediately, if this were a Greek tragedy, the chorus should appear and chant: "Great oaks from little acorns grow—but don't it smell nice when you plant rose geraniums?"

ROUND TWO—SECOND TRIP UP

For, while Barney was feeding Bingo and Bingo



"PARDON ME FOR PATTING YOUR ROYAL TRAMPNESS ON THE HEAD."



and joyous and full of good dog-love for a kind-hearted young Irish buck with a smile on his face like a pink sunrise in the month of June, who should walk into that self-same butcher shop, sort of red around the eyes and dabbing her handkerchief now and then at the lobe of her nose, but Nora.

"I'll take tin cints' worth of corned beef," was as far as she got.

"Nora, me darlin', if I lose me badge I'll kiss yuh here an' now!" said Barney, wheeling and grabbing her from clear across the shop. "May the divvil fly away wid me mother's pig, but I've been huntin' you high and low these three days gone!"

"Barney, Barney"—sobs—"excuse me, misther; yes, tin cints' worth—I've been tryin' to stay away from you, but now I know I don't want to: New York is that lonesome widout you!"

And when all necessary business had been transacted in that butcher shop, the trio—oh, yes, Bingo went along!—departed.

Never saw you a happier, smilisher, laughinger lot than them. And when it had all been told a dozen times backward and forward, with breaks and hand-squeezes and good hearty kisses in between: "This," said Barney, "was the carrot-colored imp that stharterd it all, Nora," and he patted Bingo on the head.

"Bingo, if that's your name, I'm obliged to you," said Nora, "for you just took my Barney away from me long enough for me to find out how I loved him."

"We'll adopt him—into our family," said the brazen Barney.

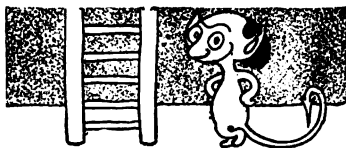
"Go on wid yer foolin'," said Nora. "I'm huntin' a job to get me throuseau first."

"And why not go back to Mrs. Hobbs, thin? 'Tis handy for me, and I'll lay she's dyin' to have you back again."

"Go I will not, in person," said Nora. "But maybe," added the eternal feminine, "I'll write."

ROUND THREE—SECOND TRIP UP

Being a night lettergram from Mr. Artax-erxes Hobbs to Mrs. Arabella Hobbs:



time and prepare the best dinner you know now. These last three days were utter misery for me and it was all my fault. Come on back, chick, and open our own home again. And do it quick. Toots.

Being what it is, forwarded from Hobbs's address:

DERE MRS. HOBBS: I take my pen in hand to ast you if their is anny show my getting back my job understand I can get plenty more but I rather work for you account of nice location of your house where it is at hours to be the same I will do my best to ples you
NORA CLANCEY, 1185 First Ave.

The answers by telegraph:

(a) To Mr. Hobbs:

I will let you know if I make up my mind to return.
ARABELLA.

(b) To Nora:

Yes, indeed, I will engage you. Be at house at ten o'clock to-morrow morning sure. A. HOBBS.

ROUND FOUR—SECOND TRIP UP

Mr. Hobbs, with relief in his heart, came home to lunch, worn out with club fare, sleepless nights and days of corporation anguish.

"It was all my fault," sobbed Mrs. Hobbs, "and you have behaved nobly through it all."

They say the way a man holds his superiority over women, children and the dumber animals is by being calm and resolute when they are up in the air. I don't believe it. In the case of women, at least, I say: Take a balloon and join 'em.

Mr. Hobbs, aided by some enchantment, said the most wonderful thing possible in reply: "Lord, you don't know how lonesome I've been, chick."

Mollified, she asked: "What was the matter?"

"Matter? If I'd only had you by me!" For a large, plump man he assumed a passable expression of woe. That is, he folded in the corners of his mouth until they looked as if Grief had crocheted them there; rolled his eyes first at the Axminster and then at the chandelier; groaned like a barrel; blinked his eyelids rapidly fourteen times; covered the pit of his vest with a pathetic hand; rocked his head on his shoulders; and finally sneezed frightfully three separate times. Indeed, and no joke, he was

passed his hand across his brow—my home torn asunder."

"What is it all about, Toots?"

"The administration is down on me. A demagogue in the White House is attempting to make political capital out of National Cotton. He is resolved to bring action against me personally. That's why I wanted you here, besides having you for your own sweet sake. I have invited the—those most influential—up from Washington to talk the matter over to-night at dinner. It seems I sent the President a—er—rather curt and abrupt message—it was *that morning*, you know—and I will have to figure out some way to back track. So do have a good dinner, please."

"My love," said Mrs. Hobbs.

"My love," gurgled Mr. Hobbs.

Ossa fell upon Pelion's shoulder; Charibdis's breast caught Scylla's tears.

Said Scylla later: "Nora, cook as you never cooked before."

ROUND FIVE. SECOND TRIP UP

After the Lynnhaven oysters, after the cream of tomato, after the baked bass, after the sauterne, the entrée, the canvasbacks, the Burgundy, the endive and orange salad, the nesselrode pudding and the camembert, the gentlemen retired to the smoking room.

Mr. Hobbs was in a considerable perturbation. He ordered the cordials—several times over.

"Orange curaçoá," remarked Mr. John Henry Slick, placidly.

"Kümmel with rum float," said Archibald Cuteau Gruntt, the Second Assistant Whamacallit, Department of Justice.

Then coffee, more cordials, and cigars.

"Gentlemen," began Mr. Hobbs, "I regret my hasty—"

"Gruntt, old cock, finest meal I ever ate in my life," said Mr. Slick, rubbing his abdomen and gazing blissfully at the Second Assistant.

"Beats Baltomo," asseverated Gruntt.

"You realize," pursued Mr. Hobbs, "that I was not myself the other morning, Mr. Slick, when I—"

"Mr. Hobbs, you have a most remarkable cook, sir," was Mr. Slick's interruption. "Her knowledge of how to sauce, and how not to sauce is astonishing. Washington"—

Rotten mess," declared Gruntt, massaging his mustache.

"Rotten," concluded Mr. Slick.

Mr. Hobbs waited patiently. "I am farthest from wishing to have any antagonistic relations with the present administration and will do all, gentlemen, all in my power to assist the inquiry now under way. Circumstances—"

"I don't think," announced Mr. Slick, weaving his fingers through his white imperial—whenever Mr. Slick didn't think, he always performed this office—"I don't think you need worry, Mr. Hobbs. In view of your efforts, I am sure nothing further will be done. In fact, Senator Kraft, whose position in the Senate assures whatever statement he may make, tells me that if you will do"—wave of hand—"what you have already done, there is no chance for an assault upon your schedule."

"We were—ah, prepared to—ah," began Archibald Cuteau, arising and walking to the open window, "well, rather combat your stand, but your statements and the—ah—somehow pleasant and benign effects of the dinner—"

"Yes," said Mr. Slick, "the dinner! Ah! Nothing like a good dinner to settle difficulties—smooth out tangles. Where the savage tribes went to war, the civilized man goes to dinner. Epigram, Gruntt, epigram!"

Mr. Hobbs beamed. "Gentlemen, this matter—"

"By Jove," exclaimed Mr. Gruntt, suddenly, from the window seat. "Why've you a policeman in front of your door?"

Mr. Hobbs continued: "This matter, gentlemen, is—"

"Policeman standing in front of your door," announced Mr. Gruntt cordially, with a pun on the cordial.

Mr. Hobbs persisted: "The fortunate termination of this affair, gentlemen—"

"Policeman right out front," chanted Mr. Gruntt, with determination. "Dog, too!" he added, as one who fastens on details. He pointed. Both Hobbs and Slick arose at last and followed the direction of his finger. Outside on the walk a very moth-eaten dog licked the hand of a very immaculate officer of the law.

"Oh, bother the policeman and the dog," grumbled the tenacious Mr. Hobbs. "They've nothing to do with the case."



PERSONALITIES

MISS M. Louise McLaughlin is a woman who has succeeded just where women are popularly supposed to fall short of success; in creating, as distinct from imitating. She is a pioneer in art. Nothing that she has done is so important to her as what she is going to do next.

Porcelains and potteries are being turned out to-day that rank with or outrank the finest of old Sèvres and Saxon as art creations. Ceramic art is a live art, an art in the making, and no one has done more to keep ceramic art alive and to help America to the important place it has recently gained in the field of that art, than Miss McLaughlin, particularly by her invention of that form of pottery already known to collectors as "Losanti" ware.

Losanti—the name is an early name for Cincinnati, Miss McLaughlin's home—is a porcelain similar to Saxon and to the hard paste Sèvres. Miss McLaughlin tried and discarded forty-five different compositions and eighteen bodies, experimenting constantly for ten years before she produced Losanti in 1885. The new ware has already the established reputation of an

old ware; it is familiar to almost every dealer in Europe.

There were few workers at the art in America, and no teachers of it, when Miss McLaughlin first saw the then new Limoges ware at the Centennial Exposition in 1875, and was inspired to try her hand at the underglaze painting which later led her to

take up porcelain work. She had studied wood-carving, and was a member of a china-painting club which had sent its best work to the Philadelphia exposition, but she knew nothing about underglaze. She read what she could find on the subject, ordered some colors from France, and began to learn the new art by her own experiments.

Three years later the judges at the Paris exposition of that year booked pottery of her making for a medal, until they learned that the maker was a woman and gave her honorable mention instead! Two years after that she completed a vase which is now visited in the Cincinnati museum by amateurs from the country over, and is considered the perfection of underglaze painting, the Ali Baba Vase.

Porcelain work she



MISS M. LOUISE McLAUGHLIN, THE
GREATEST POTTERY ARTIST IN
THE UNITED STATES.

taken prizes in many exhibitions in this country and in Europe.

Pierced work unlike either the Chinese or the European, but reminiscent of both; equally unique, translucent wares; or soft, jade-green vases, interwoven with thick, tree-like branches through which one sees the light imperfectly—whatever she designs is stamped with her individuality, charmingly evident in every piece. Yet every piece has an individuality of its own, and is a creation distinct from her previous creations. Miss McLaughlin is still experimenting.

If it represents an unsuccessful experiment, the failure to produce the exact effect she has aimed at, or to clear up for her some intricate problem of her delicate craft which she has chosen to investigate, Miss McLaughlin has a way of unhesitatingly chopping to pieces her newly completed pottery. After a firing, when she opens her kiln—Miss McLaughlin has set up her workshop in the garden of her beautiful residence in the Cincinnati suburbs—her family is accustomed to gather round her prepared to rescue the condemned vases. She has never herself sold or preserved a piece of work that failed to satisfy her.

Miss McLaughlin's favorite amusements are merely changes of work. Portrait painting, landscape painting, lace making, embroidery and weaving she has played at by working hard at them all. She sometimes models and makes her own hats and gowns,

vailing mode.

Three years ago, after some slight handling of the common metals, she began to concentrate on precious metals and stones. The rare and distinctive work she is now exhibiting in limited quantities has generally stimulated the production of art jewelry in Cincinnati, where the influence of all her undertakings is widely and immediately felt.

Miss McLaughlin is the center of ceramic art in Cincinnati, which is the center of ceramic art in America. She founded the Pottery Club of Cincinnati, an enthusiastic and wealthy group of twenty-five members who began to devote themselves to experiment with clays and underglaze in 1878. She has led the art classes in the Women's Club of Cincinnati, she was the most prominent member of the Cincinnati Ceramic Club, and she is at the head of the Associated Artists of Cincinnati.

Miss McLaughlin is a patient and inspiring teacher, and the chief exponents of ceramic art in this country have come under her tutelage. It is characteristic of her that, although she has nothing to do with the manufacture of Rookwood, Miss McLaughlin found the secret of underglaze painting which made possible a very popular and artistic commercial pottery. She is always ready to hand over her discoveries to less adventurous workers, and herself go on to the unending task of finding out something new.

THE MAN OF THE "MAINE"

SURROUNDING the wreck of the old battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor is an egg-shaped coffer dam. The vessel, or what remains of it, is in the center of the space which the coffer dam surrounds. The water has been pumped out of that space, twenty-five or thirty feet of it. Mud to fully the depth of twenty-five feet—slimy, sticky, black, glue-like mud—remains. It must be dug out, pumped out, washed out before the wreck will be fully exposed.

The dam is composed of a series of cylinders—twenty in all. These cylinders are made of steel pilings, each seventy-five feet in length. About one hundred and fifty pilings were used in the construction of each

cylinder. The cylindrical structures, which resemble gas tanks, are filled with clay and stone. Each one is connected with the adjoining one by means of an arc on the outside which, in turn, forms the connection with either cylinder by means of a "three-way" pile. The pocket between the arc and the cylinder is filled with clay. Thus constructed, these cylinders with their connecting arcs form the dam.

The work of "raising" the *Maine*—a misnomer, by the way—was begun more than a year ago. At its very inception, engineers looked upon it as a monumental task and it has proved infinitely more trying and baffling and expensive than even the

on the work at this writing. Much more will be necessary to complete it. Another year may elapse before the end is reached. At the best, a period of six additional months from the time of this publication must elapse before the wreck can be removed.

But that is not to the point. The work is being done. And it is being well done. And every additional inch of the long submerged wreck that is exposed testifies more and more strongly to the genius of the man who devised the plan.

That man is Major Harley B. Ferguson. He recommended the plan to "The *Maine* Board," of which he is a member, together with Colonel William Black and Colonel Mason Patrick, formulated it and advocated it. Others insisted that it was madness but Ferguson was obdurate. He was willing to stake his reputation, his position and his future on the success of the so-called experiment. Wherefore, although grave and eminent engineers continued to shake their heads doubtfully and predicted disaster, Ferguson's masterly obstinacy won out.

To-day he denies that the plan originated with him. Had it failed he would have fathered it. That is the way he is built.



MAJOR HARLEY B. FERGUSON, WHO IS
"RAISING" THE *MAINE*.

After the final adoption of the plan, the work of superintending its application fell to Ferguson. Thus it happens that he is the central and commanding figure. He has had charge ever since the first pile was driven. He has spent his days and many of his nights aboard the wreck. He has gone to work in the gray of a Cuban dawn and directed and led and commanded and mastered every situation, until those associated with him have come to understand that he has every detail in hand and that he knows more about what to do and when to do it than all of the rest of them put together.

And while they, as a class, appreciate what has been and what is being done, it will only be after the big job, so tardily undertaken by the United States government, is completed—when the wreck is cleared away and the last fragment of the bones of the eighty-eight sailor men that were unaccounted for after the gruesome checking up of the dead in February thirteen

years ago is recovered and given burial—that the public at large will appreciate the splendid work done by the unassuming Ferguson.

He was a captain when he first went to

title and more stripes and buttons and those other things on his sleeves that denote rank and achievement. But it is not likely that all the honors that may be thrust upon him, and all the tinsel and gold lace that may be hung to his uniform, will change him much.

One rather instinctively expects an army officer, especially one bearing the responsibility that rests on Major Ferguson, to be fiercely formal. Ferguson is not. He manages to be dignified without allowing it to soak into his system and poison it. He bosses his hundreds of workmen so gently and, withal, so effectively, that any one of them would gnaw his way through a steel cage to serve "the major." But there is no break in the discipline that is constantly and militarily maintained.

One day a new employee, wishing to ingratiate himself, sought an interview with the major and began mysteriously to unravel a "tattle tale" involving some other workmen.

"Is that so?" inquired Major Ferguson.

"Yes, sir, I saw it myself."

"Well, you go down and draw what's coming to you, my man," was the crushing response, "and then you'll not see anything to annoy you."

Major Harley B. Ferguson is thirty-eight years of age but does not look it. He graduated from West Point in 1897. He hails from North Carolina and there must

Two of Harley B.'s brothers were in the service. One of them resigned from the navy to become general manager of the Newport News Ship Building Co. The other is a naval constructor and is associated with his distinguished brother in the work of exposing the *Maine* wreck. He has made a complete model of the old *Maine*, as an aid in identifying the various parts of twisted iron and steel brought up by the dredges.

Each of the three Ferguson boys graduated at the head of his class. Each has the reputation of being capable and thorough and the master of whatever he undertakes.

Major Ferguson lives, for the time being, in Havana, that is to say, his family lives at one of the Havana hotels. The major lives, most of the time, on a big dredge that is a part of the *Maine*-raising equipment. He wears ill-fitting store clothes, musses around in the mud, eats his meals aboard the dredge in his shirt sleeves, smiles over the problems and perplexities that develop daily and insists, all the time, in giving credit for anything accomplished to his associates.

In short, Major Ferguson is "some person" and is in charge of a piece of work that will figure in all the histories for a number of centuries to come. But the importance of his assignment has not spoiled him and he is still natural.

THE FATHER OF THE PARCELS POST

DO you think the spirit of seventy-six is dead? Have you ever seen James L. Cowles, the white-haired, eager little man who has spent himself for parcels post? Parcels post, you thought, was a national movement, and so it is; but Mr. Cowles brought the plan to this country some forty years ago when it was established in England and like a seed of his own planting he has tended it and pruned it all these years, waiting patiently for it to bear fruit.

He calls it liberty. Reorganize the post, he says, and be free. And if you walk with him as he hurries across Twenty-third Street toward his office, in New York City, he will illustrate his tale.

"See that?" he says, pointing to a busy

corner where automobiles and street cars hum by.

A little blue cart jogs slowly in and out among the splendid traffic. It is drawn by a bedraggled horse, too old, too lean and too tired to work well. The wonder is that it can escape the Humane Society, and truly in that crossing company it looks like a relic of the past escaped from the museum where it belongs.

"That is our present postal system," explains Mr. Cowles, although the point is evident, "and I am like the old horse." This with a laugh. "I have spent my life pulling the cart of public good."

And such is the case. The parcels post agitation is in itself tremendous. The con-

work of many men and perhaps of generations.

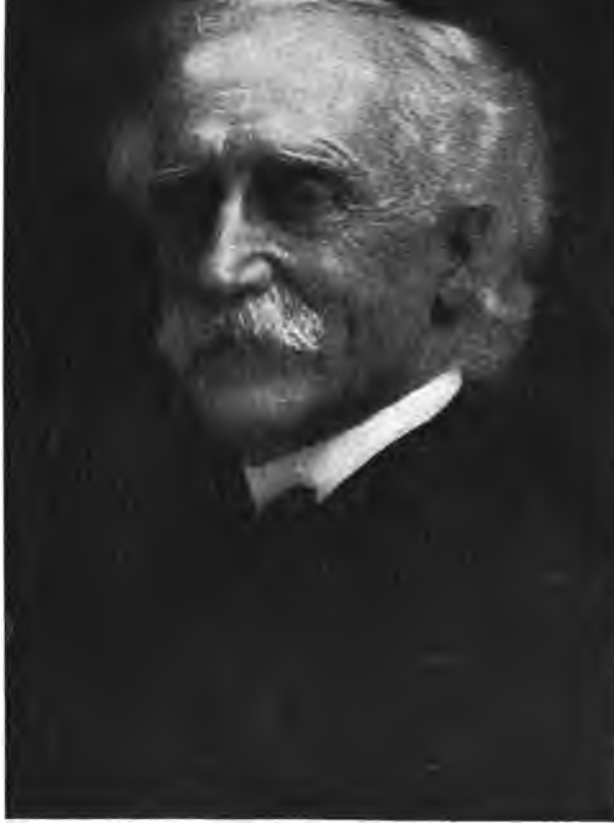
In this case it is one man and for a quarter of a century he has wielded tongue and pen. Bills have been presented to Congress. There have been lengthy discussions. Few publications of importance but have echoed with his arguments.

The subject is too well known nowadays and too popular, one would think, to need a fostering hand, and yet, like all such things, because it is a matter of importance to everyone it

seems to belong to no one individually. There are few enough people with that sense of public responsibility which Mr. Cowles so ardently represents.

Graduating from Yale in 1866, Mr. Cowles launched upon his public career with an enthusiasm for free trade imbued by Theodore P. Woolsey, then president of the college, and his friend. Being a young man of wealth he was free to pursue his public interest and studied free trade abroad. There he saw state ownership of railroads in admirable operation and was present in England to witness the establishment of parcels post.

When he returned to America he discovered through private business interests that the railroads gave a lower freight rate



JAMES L. COWLES, THE FATHER OF THE PARCELS POST IN AMERICA.

than they gave to his own town of Unionville. Thereupon he began an active fight, not for his own interests, but that much more difficult battle, the public good. His own fortune was poured out for the cause, he became a political force in Connecticut. But he was a generation too soon.

Twenty years after his graduation, Mr. Cowles returned to Yale for the law course, pledged to the life of a reformer. With a keen zest for all measures of public betterment he helped

organize in New Haven, in 1888, the first tariff reform league.

Somewhat later his interest was completely occupied with the public ownership of transportation facilities and then his long advocacy of parcels post began. His book on the subject, called "The Postal Principle Applied to Railroad Traffic," is the authority on the subject. The same theory, set forth under countless guises and in many publications, has become thoroughly familiar to an army of people who do not know Mr. Cowles as the author.

Lacking the peculiar ability for organization Mr. Cowles did the work himself. He hired an office, wrote his educational pamphlets, published them at his own expense

Sam's jaded old horse has carried steadily throughout the years its own articles of emancipation.

When Mr. Cowles sent his first bill to Congress it was too radical for its day and failed of consideration. His second and more modified bill advocated the consolidation of third and fourth class matter. That bill has made many journeys in and out of committee and always with the voluntary advocacy of the Postmaster-General.

Everything contributive to the postal cause has been voluntary. For twenty years Mr. Cowles worked alone, very much as a man might work for his own private interest. He had his office and kept long office hours. When factories and the consolidation of business reached his own little Connecticut valley, Mr. Cowles' private fortune was swept to the winds. And he, busy with public affairs, scarcely noticed. It was only when the office rent was due and he was in need of postage stamps that he bestirred himself for help.

small to mention and a surprisingly limited financial allowance to cover an enormous work.

The Postal League had conferences in Washington last winter at which famous men were the speakers and prominent people from throughout the country were the guests. And Mr. Cowles did all the work, from the sending of the invitations to the making of the best speech. He is an unquestioned authority on the subject of postal betterment, and even now, with his birthdays running toward the eighties, he has all the fire and eloquence of youth.

He is a frail, graceful figure as he stands at the speakers' table, reminding one of the statesmen of Jefferson's and Jackson's time. A wig; a snuffbox, a neckcloth and behold, you have the old-time American, his face and eyes flashing with the fire of patriotism. It is that which keeps a soul at white heat in a struggle for the public good. It stamps the American father of parcels post, James L. Cowles, as a genius of its own.

THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS

By Charlotte Becker

I'LL not forgive the summer rain,
Nor any wind that blows,
If they should brush with rude disdain
The petals of my rose.

I'll not believe the prying leaves,
Nor e'en the fearsome dark,
If they should dare to say she grieves
At evening for the lark.

For all her need of love is mine—
She blooms my song to greet—
And human hearts need not repine
If maids were half as sweet!

The BREEZE KID'S BIG TEAR-OFF

By
Damon Runyon

Illustrations

By Dan Sayre Groesbeck



On a summer's day, when the snow was fallin'
And the moon rose in the west,
A careworn tramp down the track came stallin',
Lookin' for a place to rest!

He wandered into a battered bar room,
And mingled with the throng—
He turned around; no friend he found
And thus began his song!

IT was a January night, colder outside
than a banker's heart, and the Doo
Family and I were hived up in a sand house
in the Ogden railroad yards, trying to keep
warm. Now the Doo Family was render-
ing what he apparently regarded as his mas-
terpiece, the effect being somewhat marred
by frequent pauses that the singer might
puff at a wheezy, tubercular pipe.

Said this careworn bum to the freckled barkeep,

As he staggered up to the bar:

"Have you got any cheese to go with these
pickles?"

Then he plucked one from the jar!

"I'm a little out o' practice," apologized
the singer, "and besides I don't remember
the rest."

"Who wrote that song?" I asked.

"I don't know for certain," replied the

Doo Family, rather regretfully. "I heard
the Breeze Kid sing it first; mebbe he
wrote it. He's a great hand for writing
songs and things. You ought to hear him
sing it!"

He puffed thoughtfully at his pipe, lost
in admiring meditation upon the vocal abil-
ity of the Breeze Kid, while the wind howled
fitfully outside, and occasionally sneaked
through the cracks in the sand house to
search our marrow.

We were headed for San Francisco and
had picked up a through freight, but it got
too cold to ride and we had to stop off. The
Doo Family, old-time yeggman, or safe-
blower, partially reformed because as he
said "it was getting too unpopular," and
also because he was getting a little too old
for very active service, had just completed
a two years' sentence at Lansing, Kansas,
and was seeking the California climate to
recuperate. I met up with him in Denver.
The Doo Family always referred to me
rather derisively as a "gay cat," or novice,
but he liked my company, largely because
of my ability to raise means of sustenance
when occasion demanded. By way of re-
ward he told me stories and gave me bad
advice.

They called him the Doo Family because
he rather proudly proclaimed the fact that
he was sole survivor of that illustrious line.

Family" he was registered officially from coast to coast.

He wheezed erratically in his pipe for a while and then he broke the silence again.

"The Breeze Kid is the most curious guy I ever see. He certainly could write that poetry stuff, and I seen him when he done it. He's a humorist, too, and humorists on the road are as scarce as hold-up men wearing eyeglasses. You never hear no funny yarns about yeggs, do you? They're mostly all sad, meller-drammer stuff, hey? Well, I could tell you a lot of stories about the Breeze Kid that are funnier than funerals because he was always pulling off some humorous gag. Personally, I'm sore on him right now, and the next time him and me meet up they's going to be a battle. He done me dirt once under the head of amusement, and I ain't seen him since; but when I do, me and him goes to the mat."

He stopped to light his pipe, and listened for a moment to the noisy march of the wind outside, drowning even the roar of the switch engines. Then came this:

There used to be a little one horse county jail on the main line of the Santa Fe in eastern Colorado—I won't be definite because I don't want to get anyone in bad—where a lot of the gang used to winter. The sheriff of the county was a nice guy, and he wasn't no bad friends with any of the bunch that treated him right. Most of them counties in that part of the country pay the sheriff a certain fee for the feeding of the prisoners which he has in jail, so much a head a meal, and the more prisoners the better for the sheriff. Some counties pay as high as seventy-five cents a day for every prisoner, or used to, allowing two meals a day, and that makes the sheriff's job pretty fat if he has enough prisoners.

However, prisoners ain't easy to get, especially in summer, and they're mighty hard to accumulate if a sheriff has a reputation for being hostile and not feeding good.

In the county I'm talking about the sheriff, whose name was Segundo Tobias, was as nice an old stiff as you'd meet in a long day's ride. He'd been in office for years, and had a speaking acquaintance with every old hobo and gun that ever made that part of the country. His county seat

bad, and they was a regular understanding between him and the only justice in town that whenever any of the bunch'd plead guilty to vagrancy, ten days was the limit. Some of the guys used to be rather touchy about being called vags, but Tobias was mighty accommodating, and would make it carrying concealed weapons if preferred, a razor being a concealed weapon out that way. Tobias would furnish the razor, too, but I never did see no 'bo without a razor, so that charge was always good.

If a guy should happen to be in a hurry, Tobias would let him out before his time expired. He was certainly a nice old party, and fed good. We laid off his town for years on his account—that is, the guns never tried no jobs there.

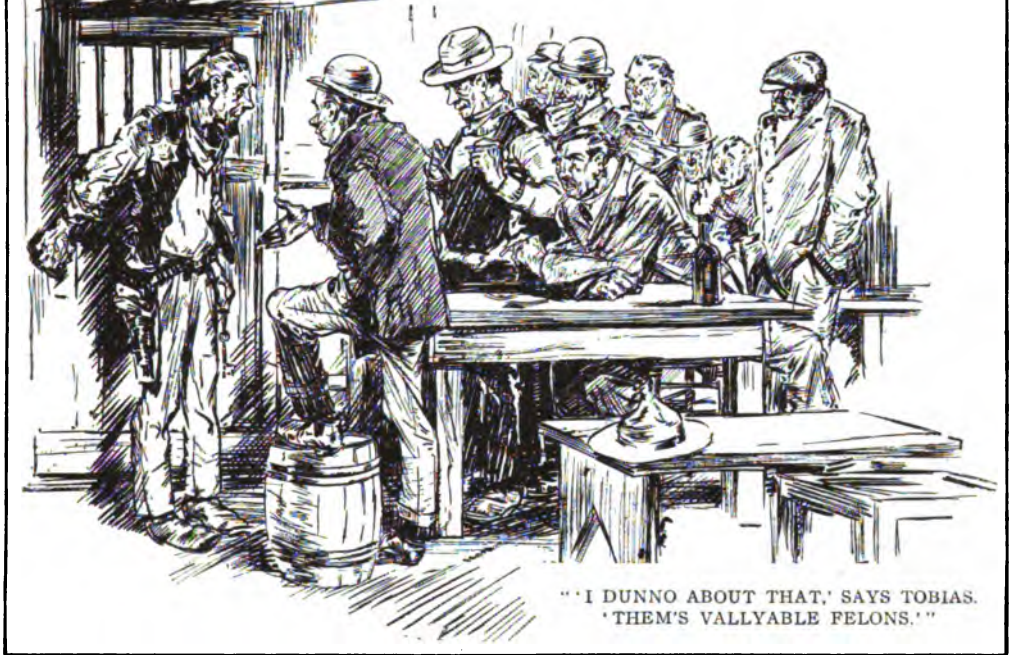
Nobody had to stay in jail, even if Tobias had wanted them to, because it was a rickety old layout that a sparrow could have sprung itself from, and Tobias never paid no great attention to us. He had a jailer who was about seven hundred years old, and he 'tended strictly to his own business.

The town was wise to the situation, but when the jail was full that meant plenty of supplies to be bought, and they seemed to be in favor of a full jail. I guess they didn't stop to figure that they had to pay it back in taxes in the end. But Tobias made his paramount issue "a full county jail," and got by with it.

One winter I'd been in this booby hatch a couple of days, being bound east and not wanting to go on for a while on account of a storm, when the Breeze Kid breaks in. They was a number of guys inside already when he happens, including me, the Philadelphia Shine, Green Face Kilgallon, Slip Gordon, Marty Mostly and four holdovers to the next term of the district court. They were just yaps who belonged around there, and were in for stealing cattle, or something like that. The others were laying off a few days, like me.

"Say," says the Kid, "here's a hot one! Remember the Portsmouth Fat?"

I did. Me and the Portsmouth Fat used to train together five years before. He was a blanket stiff when I picked him up; one of them guys that travel with a roll of blankets on their back to sleep in, but I took hold of him and showed him a few things, and he



" 'I DUNNO ABOUT THAT,' SAYS TOBIAS.
'THEM'S VALLYABLE FELONS.' "

got to be a pretty smart guy. He was fat and good-natured, and made a good grafter. But he didn't like the road much, and he was always figuring to break away and settle down. Finally he disappeared like he'd dropped down a hole, and I lost track of him.

When I'd brought him back to mind the Kid says: "Listen! You know what that guy's doing? Well, he's sheriff of the county next to this. Yep! Been sheriff four years, and he's starving to death at it, too. For why? Because it's an all-fee county, and he's got to make his living off his fees. And they ain't no fees. I see him down the road a piece, and he tells me the hardest luck story you ever hear. He goes there when he drops out of sight, settles down like he always had a yen to do, and they makes him sheriff. Married, three young kids, and broke.

"Say, that guy's house is mortgaged, and they're going to foreclose on him if he don't raise a bundle of dough in a week."

"Why don't he snare some of these loose stiffs?" I asks.

"They ain't none in his parts," says the Kid. "His county has only got one railroad, and that cuts a corner of it and don't

stop long enough to whistle. The hoboos don't go there.

"Now, I got a little scheme," says Breeze. "Let's us guys get Tobias to let us slip over to Fat's and help him out a little. We could stay in his dump about ten days and that'd give him a chance to cop a piece of money."

"No sah!" says the Shine. "Ah ain't making no premedujatated changes. Dis hive suits me and Ah ain't moving 'till mah rent is due."

"You shut up," says Breeze. "You go getting gay with me and I'll tip a head screw I know about a little matter of a busted parole. I don't like coons nohow."

"You don't suppose old Tobias is going to let you go running off promiscuous with his jail population, do you?" says Gordon.

"Why not? We're good fellows with him, and he ought to be a good fellow with his neighbor," says Breeze.

"Listen!" says Mostly, who'd been keeping still. "What kind of a gag is this anyway, Breeze? What you putting over?"

"Me?" answers the Breeze, in that injured tone that a guy always uses when a fly cop tells him the chief wants to see him, "why, Marty, you know I wouldn't put

old pal.

"Can that!" says Marty. "I'm on for anything, but I'm making a Dutch book that I'm stang somewhere. I'm hep to you like a neighbor."

The Breeze Kid looked so much like a man who'd been convicted of something he wasn't really guilty of that I felt sorry for him.

"Let's make a pass at Tobias," I says, and we sends for the sheriff.

"You know Portsmouth Fat?" I asks.

"His name's John P. Kerryhall, now," put in the Breeze. "He's sheriff of the county next to you."

"Kerryhall? Sure, I know him," says Tobias. "He married my cousin, Metsie Mossbeams. What about him?"

"Listen! He's broke," says Breeze.

"I know it; he wasn't very dirty when he first came in," replied Tobias.

Then I took up the discourse.

"This Portsmouth Fat is an old sidekick of ours and we want to help him out," I says.

"We want to step over there for awhile and populate his jail so's he can collect some fees. We've been pretty good to you, Tobias, off and on, and you've been pretty good to us, likewise, so I guess we're square all around, and you ought to help out a neighbor."

"That's a pretty good idea," says Tobias, "specially as Metsie has been approaching me lately like she meant a touch. When you want to go?"

"Right away," says Breeze. "We'll stay over there a couple of weeks, maybe, and then come back and finish here. You can say it's an escape, if you want to; and then when we come back let it out that we were recaptured, which the same reflects credit upon your administration."

The Kid seemed to have it figured out pretty blame nice.

"Or you needn't say anything about it," I suggested. "Nobody ever takes any census of this dump of yours, and they won't before we get back."

"I won't mention it till a couple of days before you return," says Tobias. "Then maybe a wholesale delivery like that will impress them county commissioners with the need for a better coop."

"Any time you get a better coop than this you lose my play," remarks the Breeze. "Being in a place where you can't get out when you want to would be too

all right.

"Listen," he adds. "Can we borrow them four felons here? The more the merrier for Fat."

Tobias hesitated.

"I dunno about that," he says. "Them's vallyable felons, and if they didn't come back I'd catch it."

"Say, them guys'll come back if I have to carry them," says the Breeze.

"All right," Tobias consents, finally.

"When you go, just go by way of the old tunnel, so's not to tear up this shack any more than it is. My wife's got rheumatics bad from the draughts already and besides, I have to do all the repairing myself."

The old tunnel was a hole under the wall where a bunch of guys got out when they figured they were going to get stuck by a jury. It was stopped up with some rags at our end and we had to clean out the dirt at the other. We explained things to the gang, all but them felons. We told them it was a real getaway.

The Shine was the only one who didn't fall for the play right away. He was peevish about having his rest disturbed, and didn't want to go very bad, but we threatened to beat him to death, and he came along, grumbling like a ghost at a banquet.

We left that night a little before midnight, and it was snowing blue blazes. Them felons wanted to beat it for their homes down the country as soon as we got into the open air, but the Breeze Kid punched one of them in the nose, and kept them lined up. It was a good fifteen miles across country to Fat's county seat, so Breeze had told us, and we drilled every foot of the way by daylight.

The Breeze Kid knew where the jail was, and it struck me as a little suspicious that Fat was sitting up as though waiting for us. He hadn't changed much, except that he was a little fatter, looked as good-natured as ever, but mighty unprosperous.

"Well, well," says Fat, "welcome to my city."

He didn't seem much surprised, and that was another suspicious circumstance. I didn't like the looks of that jail, either.

"What is this?" asks Fat, as the Breeze Kid led the procession up to him, and I reached out my mitt. "If it ain't my old pal, the Doo Family! What's coming off, fellers?"



I explains. "The Breeze tells about how you're all in and down and out; how they're going to grab you off for the old homestead, so we blows over to give you a little play," I says.

"Well, well, boys, I suttingly appreciates this kindness," says Fat. "I suttingly do. Come in. I'll treat you as right as I know how. I may seem a little cramped, but we'll get along."

He led the way in and we followed. It was a fierce looking hole, that pokey, all laid out on one floor with nothing but iron cages like little pigeonholes for cells, and no windows, just a lot of tiny air openings up near the ceiling.

"Har! Har!" says Marty Mostly, letting on he's laughing. "Har, har, har! What'd I tell you?"

It was pretty crimpy around the edges, and I couldn't see no stove or heat signs of no kind.

"Ah don't like dis place," says the Shine. "Ah reckon Ah'm going back to Mistah Tobias."

"Second the motion," says Slip Gordon, but Fat spoke up sharp:

"Jail rules prohibit prisoners talking while being received," he says.

"Jail what?" I hollered, sore at his manner. "Rules? When did you ever have any-one in here before to need rules?"

"Aw, nix," put in the Breeze, "a smart guy don't argue."

About that time I got hep that two or three strangers had suddenly appeared from nowhere, and were standing in the door. They were rube looking guys, and their coats bulged, so I didn't need a flash at a tin star on one to know that they were the town constables.

Meantime Fat was opening the little cell doors, crowding the fellows in and shutting them up. Being an old pal, I thought

house, but he gave me a shove and I finds myself in a dump the size of a hat.

"It's a fall," I says to the gang, and they growled back like the populace in a play.

"Now, Doo," whispers Fat, "don't go stirring up nothing. I'm going to treat me old pal all right."

The Breeze was put in an envelope near the door. He was keeping mighty quiet.

"There," says Fat, when we're all locked up, "you'll be snug and nice, and I'll send over breakfast pretty soon."

"Turn on some heat, will you?" yells Slip Gordon.

"Heat? Why, you ungrateful stiff, they ain't no heat," says Fat. "Let's see, you're Slip Gordon, ain't you? Wanted in Kan-kakee for a prowl job, ain't you?"

And Slip he subsided.

"You're a fine pup," I hollered. "I guess you've forgot that Cheyenne tear-off, haven't you? I haven't."

He came close to my cell and as near as a fat man can come to hissing, he hissed:

"Statute of limitations, Doo; statute of limitations. But they ain't no statute of limitations run on Sacramento yet." And that stopped me.

He went out and the constables went with him and we turned to bawl out the Breeze Kid. We called him everything we could think of but he never answered back, except to say, "Well, I didn't know, fellers; I didn't know."

Fat sent over breakfast all right, but I wish you could have seen that scoff. Slumgullion that smelled very sick, hard bread and weak coffee. Tobias had fed us pretty good, and the gang let out another yell. Fat didn't show with the breakfast, but along about noon, after we were all hoarse from speaking ill of the Breeze, he come in with them same constables, and an old guy with whiskers, and says, very cheerful: "Well, boys, we'll have the trials right here, so's to save you the trouble of going out in the snow."

They pulled a table out into the narrow corridor, the old boy with the whiskers, who was evidently a justice, hauls a bunch of paper out of his pocket, clears his throat, and read: "John Doe, alias the Doo Family."

"That's this wicked looking old murderer here," says Fat, pointing me out, but not offering to take me out of my cell.

an officer and assault," says the J. P., looking me over severely.

"Who'd I resist, and who'd I assault?" I demanded, sore as a boil.

The old J. P. was evidently deaf, and didn't seem to hear me. Fat bawls into his ear: "He says he's guilty and that you're an old fool."

"Hey!" I yelled, but a constable stepped over to the bars and shook his fist at me.

"Six months," said the justice. You could have knocked me over with a needle.

"Richard Roe, alias Slip Gordon," he yelled. "Assault with a deadly weapon, and attempt to commit arson."

"I want a lawyer," yelled Slip.

"He says he's guilty," howled Fat into the J. P.'s ear.

"Ninety days," mumbles the old man.

Kilgallon was charged with vagrancy and got ninety days without saying a word; the Shine got six months on a charge of stealing chickens, and Marty Mostly and them felons was given sixty days each for vagrancy.

Then they read the name of the Breeze Kid; the charge, carrying concealed weapons.

"Not guilty," says the Breeze.

"This man's a dangerous character," yelled Fat, into the old man's whiskers. "Better get rid of him."

"Two hours to leave town," says the J. P., and then the procession moved out. Fat stopped long enough to unlock the Breeze's cell.

"You don't want to let dark catch you here," he says.

"You don't want to let me catch you here, either," shrieks Slip Gordon.

"Bread and water for you for the next twenty-four hours," says Fat, and he and the Breeze went out together.

Meantime I was studying the lay of the jail. The whole inside was steel, and had just been set inside a brick shell. If any of us could have got out of our cells we could have kicked a hole through the side of the wall in jig time. But getting out of the cells was the good trick if you did it.

Fat brought an old man in at night, with a lantern, and says: "This is the night screw, gents. Don't try to kid him, either, because he won't stand for it."

The old guy set down outside my cell and started to doze right away. Every once in a while he'd wake up with a start, peek in

And me not doing nothing but trying to keep warm! Finally when he opens his eyes again, I starts a conversation.

"What do you do when you ain't watching prisoners?"

"Me? Oh, I'm the marshal," he says.

"Do you work at it much?" I asks, polite.

"No," he says, "they ain't much to do. You're the first criminals we've had in a long time."

"I play checkers," says the old man after a bit. "I'm the best checker player in this county."

"You mean you was," I says. "You're now the second best. I'm the best."

"You play checkers?" he asks, getting interested.

Now, I do. I guess I'm the best checker player I ever see in my life. I've had plenty of time to learn.

"I got a board," he says.

"Trot'er out, and come running," I tells him. "I'll play you and give you the fifteen ball and the break handicap, and make a punch in the nose the stake."

"Maybe you'd leave," he suggests.

"Leave? Leave a checker game? Ho! ho! you're bugs," I says.

He studied quite a while, and finally the idea of a game gets the best of him. He went and dug out a board and a set of checkers from somewhere, and come and unlocked my cell. Each cell was locked with a separate padlock, and he had a big bunch of keys.

We sat down with the checker board between us and started in to play. He was pretty good and it wasn't often I found a guy that could hold me even. I got so interested I forgot where I was. The other fellows watched us through the bars of their cells, all but them felons who went to sleep. Every once in a while one of the gang would give me a sign meaning for me to hurry up and do something, but I was too interested in that game.

Suddenly the front door opens and in walks Portsmouth Fat, making a sort of tour of inspection.

"Well, what do you think o' that!" he bawls, seeing us two playing away like old chums. "Didn't I tell you not to let that guy near you?" he says to the old man.

"Nix—sh-h," I says, holding up a finger. "It's his move."

up, going on studying the board. Finally he made a move that beat.

"Well, I'll be—" says Fat. Then the old man seemed to see him for the first time, and nodded to me.

"He's a great player," he says.

Fat knew I was a checker fiend, and he used to be a great hand at it himself.

"Say, I guess you can't do no harm out here," he says. "But I'll take the rest of the keys and lock the front door."

"Hi!" yelled Gordon, who'd been pretending he was asleep. "S'pose they's a fire?"

"Then you can get warm," says Fat, and out he goes, taking all the keys from the old man but the one to my cell.

The old man and me set the board for a new game, but about the second move I tumbled him over with a right hand hook. Then I tied him up with some old rags I found in a corner.

That let me out all right, because I knew that front door wasn't any stronger than paper, but there was the others. Fat had probably figured I wouldn't duck without them.

"I tell you," says Mostly, "don't monkey around here but go and tell Tobias. He won't stand for this."

That struck me as the best idea, so I leaned heavy against the door and went out. As I go by a house on the outskirts of town I see a guy I recognize as Fat pass the window. I stopped and peeked in and there before a big round-bellied stove sat Breeze, counting a roll of bills that a greyhound couldn't leap over. Beside him was a table with a bottle of booze and a box of cigarettes on it.

I didn't get to Tobias' town until about midnight, and I was most froze.

"Why, Doo," he says, surprised, when he saw me, "what's the matter? I thought you was over to Kerryhall's."

I pushed by him into the house and laid up against the stove before I told him the story.

"Why, the ingrate!" he says, madder than the dickens when I finished. "My felons, too! No one knows you're gone, but I'll call out the town right away."

He dressed and then we went over to the courthouse, which adjoined the jail. They was a big bell in the tower, and they rang

festivity. Old Tobias had a key to the building, and pretty quick that bell was tearing up the quiet in chunks. When most of the population had assembled, old Tobias went out on the steps of the courthouse.

"My friends," he says, "they's been a jail break to-day. My prisoners, including them felons what stole cattle on the Piedras, got out through a tunnel under the jail. I didn't say nothing about it at the time because I had track of them and expected to pick them without no trouble. My friends, I just got word that they've been arrested over in Oretoo County and are held there without warrant of law by John P. Kerryhall, who married Metsie Mossbeams. He has sentenced them all to long terms in that rat hole he calls a jail, well knowing them prisoners is then and there my property, so's he can collect fees from his county. Shall this town stand for this injustice, my friends? I don't think it shall. Shall it allow its prisoners to be taken away from it to fatten the fee account of a man like Kerryhall? I don't think so."

The crowd yelled "No, no!"

"Then, my friends," says Tobias, "I want volunteers to go with me and rescue them poor prisoners, including felons, from the clutches of that scoundrel. Who'll go?"

About forty husky guys steps up. Most of them has guns.

"Come on!" says Tobias, and then they all hustled around and got rigs and horses, and with me in Tobias' buggy leading the way, we goes tearing across country. I guess that was the queerest procession anybody ever see, and them gents was good and sore, too.

We hit Portsmouth Fat's town early in the morning, and no time was wasted in preliminaries, either. The crowd went right in and almost tore that jail down. Nobody in town seemed to be up. We broke off them cell locks in no time and turned the whole gang out, including the felons. We was holding a sort of reunion, when Portsmouth Fat come running up. He was all out of breath, and excited.

"Hey! What you doing with my prisoners?" he yells.

"Your prisoners? I like your gall," says Tobias. "Whose prisoners are you, gents?" he asks us.

"Well, come on," says Tobias, interrupting what might have been a scene.

The party assembled, and with us late prisoners scattered among the buggies, we started back, Fat wringing his hands.

We was mighty glad to get home in Tobias' jail, too, all except them felons, who seemed to think they'd been on a vacation.

We hadn't been back more'n a few hours when Tobias showed up and says:

"I guess you fellows had better blow out and go away. Kerryhall, he's getting out a writ of replevin for you, and I don't want no more bother. Just leave them felons, will you, and go quiet."

There wasn't nothing else to do. Tobias was a nice old guy, and we didn't want to cause him trouble, so we went by way of the tunnel again, warning them felons not to follow, or we'd cut their gizzards out.

And that ended the matter, except one day when I was in jail in Los Angeles, who should show up but Portsmouth Fat, charged with vagrancy.

"You see," he says to me, "after you guys left I was up against it. I'd paid Breeze the last cent I could scrape to get you stiffs over there, figuring to catch even on the play in a few weeks. What I didn't pay Breeze I spent trying to catch him afterwards, because I figured he'd double-crossed me and gone and tipped old Tobias off. Being broke that way, I took to the road again, and here I am."

He explains that the Breeze framed the whole deal, figuring that Tobias would let us go to help out a neighbor, and that we'd fall for it out of kindness o' heart.

"Where I makes my mistake is not double-crossing Breeze, like I has a hunch to," says Fat.

I will say that no guy was ever kangarooed like Portsmouth Fat in that Los Angeles stir. And when he went his way I let him nurse to his bosom the belief that it was the Breeze Kid who had helped me get out and get to Tobias, so that when they meet up they's sure to be plenty trouble.

I ain't seen Breeze since, but when I was in Lansing he sent me a piece of poetry Valentine's Day which read:

I'm sorry to hear you're in, old pal,
But you're safe from this world o' strife;
And knowing that you are looking for me
I hope they keep you for life.



The CARPET from BAGDAD

By Harold MacGrath

Author of "The Man on the Box," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

George Percival Algernon Jones goes abroad to represent a rug house. In December, 1909, at a Cairo hotel he meets a dilapidated stranger who calls himself "Ryenne" who has stolen the "Holy Yhiordes," a sacred rug from the Pasha of Bagdad, to whose care it was intrusted by the Turkish Sultan. Jones buys the rug. Meanwhile, Mahomed, custodian of the rug, trails Ryenne to Cairo. Fortune Chedsoye, her mother and uncle, the major, arrive at the hotel. Ryenne has been identified with the mother and major in past mysterious doings, but he loves Fortune. Mahomed, by a trick, kidnaps Ryenne, Jones and Fortune and starts across the desert for Bagdad with them. Mahomed offers their freedom for the return of the rug. Fortune surprises her companion captives by telling them that she has the rug. They send a messenger to Fortune's mother to return the rug, but it is too late. She and the major have sailed for New York. Fortune overhears a conversation between Jones and Ryenne in which Ryenne tells that Fortune's mother is a smuggler and the major a card sharp. Meantime, Mrs. Chedsoye and the major have tricked the agent in charge of Jones's home in New York into allowing them to take possession of the house temporarily. Fortune, Jones and Ryenne are rescued by a caravan under command of Henry Ackermann, an English rug buyer, and brought to Damascus.

The following concluding chapters were published in the incomplete edition of the HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for November. They are repeated in this issue for the benefit of the subscribers who did not receive the November issue.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T CARE

IT was the first of February when Ackermann's caravan drew into the ancient city of Damascus. That part of the caravan deserted by Mahomed put out for Cairo immediately they struck the regular camelway. Fortune, George and Ryenne were in a pitiable condition, heart and body weary, in rags and tatters. George, now that the haven was assured, dropped his forced buoyancy, his prattle, his jests. He had done all a mortal man could do to keep up the spirits of his co-unfortunates; and he saw that, most of the time, he had wasted

his talents. Ryenne, sullen and morose, often told him to "shut up." And Fortune viewed his attempts without sensing them, and frequently looked at him without seeing him.

Now, all this was not particularly comforting to the man who loved her and was doing what he could do lighten the dreariness of the journey. He made allowances, however, besides suffering unusual privations; Fortune had had a frightful mental shock. A girl of her depth of character could not be expected to rise immediately to the old level. Sometimes, while gathered about the evening fire, he would look up to find her sad eyes staring at him, and it mattered not if he stared in return; a kind of

generally looking into her garden at Mentone and wondering when this horrible dream would pass. Subjects for conversation were exhausted in no time.

Ackermann had given them up as hopeless. He was a strong, vain, domineering man, kindly at heart, however, but impatient. When he told a story, he demanded the attention of all; so, when Ryanne yawned before his eyes, and George drew pictures in the sand, and the girl fell asleep with her head upon her knees, he drew off abruptly and left them to their own devices. He had crossed and recrossed the silences so often that he was no longer capable of judging accurately another man's mental processes. That they had had a strange and numbing experience he readily understood; but now that they were out of duress and headed for the coast, he saw no reason why they should not act like human beings.

In Damascus the trio presented themselves at the one decent hotel, and but for Ackermann's charges upon the manager, it is doubtful if he would have accepted them as guests; for a more suspicious-looking trio he had never set eyes upon. (A hotel man weighs a person by the quality of his clothes.) Moreover, they carried no luggage. Ackermann went sponsor; and knowing something of the integrity of the rug hunter, the manager surrendered. And when George presented his letter of credit at the Imperial Ottoman Bank, again it was Ackermann who vouched for him. It had been agreed to say nothing of the character of their adventure. None of them wanted to be followed by curious eyes.

With a handful of British gold in his pocket, George faced the future hopefully. He took his companions in and about town, hunting the shops for clothing which after various difficulties they succeeded in finding. It was ill-fitting and cheap, but it would serve till they reached either Alexandria or Naples.

"How are you fixed?" asked Ryanne, gloomily surveying George's shoddy cotton-wool suit.

"Cash in hand?"

"Yes."

"About four hundred pounds. At Naples I can cable. Do you want any?"

"Would you mind advancing me two months' salary?"

to that proposition?"

"It's on my mind just now."

"Well, we'll go back to the bank and I'll draw a hundred pounds for you. You can pay your own expenses as we go. But what are we going to do in regard to Fortune?"

"See that she gets safely back to Mentone."

"Suppose she will not go there?"

"It's up to you, Percival; it's all up to you. You're the gay Lochinvar from the west. I'm not sure—no one ever is regarding a woman—but I think she'll listen to you. She wouldn't give an ear to a scalawag like me. This caravan business has put me outside the pale. I've lost caste."

"You're only desperate and discouraged; you can pull up straight."

"Much obliged!"

"A bottle or two will not hurt any of us. We'll ask Ackermann. For God knows where we'd have been to-day but for him. And let him do all the yarning. It will please him."

The dinner was an event. No delicacy (mostly canned) was overlooked. The manager, as he heard the guineas jingle in George's pocket, was filled with shame, not over his original doubts, but relative to his lack of perception. The tourists who sat at the other tables were scandalized at the popping of champagne corks. Sanctimonious faces glared reproof. A jovial spirit in the Holy Land was an anacronism not to be tolerated. And wine! Horrible!

Even Fortune laughed, though Ryanne's ear, keenest then, detected the vague note of hysteria. If the meat was tough, the potatoes greasy, the vegetables flavorless, the wine flat, none of them appeared to be aware of it. If Ackermann could talk he could also eat, and the clatter of forks and knives was the theme rather than the variation to the symphony.

George felt himself drawn deeper and deeper into those magic waters from which, as in death, there is no return. She was so lonely, so sad and forlorn, that there was as much brother as lover in his sympathy. How patient she had been during all those inconceivable hardships! How brave and steady; and never a murmur!

He had not spoken again about old Mortimer. He would wait till after he had sent a long cable. Then he would speak and show her the answer, of which he had



"HE WAS NOW WHAT HE HAD BEEN TWO MONTHS AGO, THE MAN WHO DIDN'T CARE."

not a particle of doubt. As matters now stood, he could not tell her that he loved her; his quixotic sense of chivalry was too strong to permit this step, urge as his heart might upon it. She might misinterpret his

love as born of pity, and that would be the end of everything.

George concluded that he must acquire patience. She was far too loyal to run away without first giving him warning. In the

protection, he knew what his plans would be. Some one else could do the buying for Mortimer & Jones, his business would be to revolve round this lonely girl, to watch and guard her without her being aware of it.

That mother of hers! To his mind it was positively unreal that one so charming and lovely should be at heart strong as the wind and merciless as the sea. His mother had been everything; hers, worse than none, an eternal question. What a drama she had moved about in without understanding!

George did not possess that easy and adjustable sophistry which made Ryanne look upon smuggling as a clever game between two cheats. His point of view coincided with Fortune's; it was thievery, more or less condoned, but the ethics covering it were soundly established.

All these cogitations passed through his mind disjointedly, as the dinner progressed toward its end. They bade Ackermann good-by and godspeed, as he was to leave early for Beirut, upon his way to Smyrna. Fortune went to bed; Ryanne sought the billiard room and knocked about the balls, while George asked the manager if he could send a cable from the hotel. Certainly he could. It took some time to compose the cable to Mortimer; and it required some gold besides. Mortimer must have a fair view of the case; and George presented it, requesting a reply to be sent to Cook's in Naples, where they expected to be within ten days.

"How much will this be?"

The porter got out his telegraph book and studied the rates carefully.

"Twelve pounds and six, sir."

The porter greeted each sovereign with a genuflection, the lowest being the twelfth. George pocketed the receipt and went in search of Ryanne.

But that gentleman was no longer in the billiard room. Indeed, he had gone quietly to the other hotel and written a cable himself, the code of which was not to be found in any book. For a long time he seemed to be in doubt, for he folded and refolded his message half a dozen times before his actions became decisive. He tore it up and threw the scraps upon the floor and hastened into the street, as if away from temptation. He walked fast and indirectly,

fighting, and fighting hard, the evil in him against the good, the chances of the future against the irreclaimable past.

At the end of an hour he returned to the strange hotel. He rewrote his cable and paid for the sending of it. Then he poked about the unfamiliar corridors till he found the dingy bar. He sat down before a peg of whisky, which was followed by many more, each a bit stiffer than its predecessor. At last, when he had had enough to put a normal man's head upon the table or to cover his face with the mask of inanity, Ryanne fell into the old habit of talking aloud.

"Horace, old top, what's the use? We'd just like to be good if we could, eh? But they won't let us. We'd grow raving mad in a monastery. We were honest at the time, but we couldn't stand the monotony of watching green olives turn purple upon the silvery bough. Nay, nay!"

He pushed the glass away from him and studied the air bubbles as they formed, rose to the surface, and were dissipated.

"No matter what the game has been, somehow or other, they've bashed us, and we've lost out."

He drank once more, dropped a half-sovereign upon the table, and pushed back his chair. His eyes were bloodshot now, and the brown of his skin had become a slaty tint; but he walked steadily enough into the reading room, where he wrote a short letter. It was not without a perverted sense of humor, for a smile twisted his lips till he had sealed the letter and addressed the envelope to George Percival Algernon Jones. He stuffed it into a pocket and went out whistling "The Heavy Dragoons" from the opera "Patience."

Before the lighted window of a shop he paused. He swayed a little. From a pocket of his new coat he pulled out a glove. It was gray and small and much wrinkled. From time to time he drew it through his fingers, staring the while at the tawdry trinkets in the shop window. Finally, he looked down at the token. He became very still. A moment passed; then he flung the glove into the gutter and proceeded to his own hotel. He left the letter with the porter, paid his bill, and went out again into the dark, chill night.

He was now what he had been two months ago, the man who didn't care.



"'WILL YOU COME FOR MY SAKE?' HE SAID. 'BECAUSE I AM LONELY AND WANT YOU?'"

CHAPTER XVIII

FORTUNE DECIDES

GEORGE and Fortune were seated at breakfast. It was early morning. At ten they were to depart for Jaffa to take the tubby French packet thence to Alexandria. They could just about make it, and any delay meant a week or ten days longer upon this ragged and inhospitable coast.

"Ryanne has probably overslept. After breakfast I'll go up and rout him out. The one thing that really tickles me,"

George continued, as he pared the tough rind from the skinny bacon, "is, we shan't have any luggage. Think of the blessing of traveling without a trunk or a valise or a steamer roll!"

And Fortune wondered how she should tell him. She was without any toilet articles. She hadn't even a toothbrush; and it was quite out of the question for her to bother him about such trifles, much as she needed them. She would have to live in the clothes she wore, and trust that the ship's stewardess might help her out in the absolute necessities.

Here the head waiter brought George a letter. The address was enough for George. No one but Ryanne could have written it. Without excusing himself, he ripped off the envelope and read the contents. Fortune could not resist watching him, for she grasped quickly that only Ryanne could have written a letter here in Damascus. At first the tan upon George's cheeks darkened—the sudden suffusion of blood; then it became lighter, and the mouth and eyes and nose became stern.

"Is it bad news?"

"It all depends upon how you look at it. For my part, good riddance to bad rubbish. Here, read it yourself."

She read:

MY DEAR PERCIVAL:

After all, I find that I cannot reconcile myself to the dullness of your olive groves. I shall send the five hundred to you when I reach New York. With me it is as it was with the devil. When he was sick, he vowed he would be a saint; but when he got well, devil a saint was he. There used to be a rhyme about it, but I have forgotten that. Anyhow, there you are. I feel that I am conceding a point in regard to the money. It is contrary to the laws and by-laws of the United Romance and Adventure Company to refund. Still, I intend to hold myself to it.

With hale affection,

RYANNE.

"What do you think of that?" demanded George hotly. "I never did a good action in my life that wasn't served ill. I'm a soft duffer, if there ever was one."

"I shall never be ungrateful for your kindness to me."

"Oh, hang it! You're different; you're not like any other woman in the world," he blurted; and immediately was seized with a mild species of fright.

Fortune stirred her coffee and delicately scooped up the swirling circles of foam.

"Old maids call that money," he said understandingly, eager to cover up his boldness. "My mother used to tell me that there were lots of wonders in a tea-cup."

"Tell me about your mother."

To him it was a theme never lacking in new expressions. When he spoke of his mother, it altered the clear and boyish note in his voice; it became subdued, reverent. He would never be aught than guileless; it was not in his nature to divine anything save his own impulses. While

he thought he was pleasing her, each tender recollection, each praise, was in fact a nail added to her crucifixion, self-imposed. However, she never lowered her eyes, but kept them bravely directed into his. In the midst of one of his panegyrics he caught sight of his watch which he had placed at the side of his plate.

"By Jove! quarter to nine. I've got an errand or two to do, and there's no need of your running your feet off on my account. I'll be back quarter after." He dug into his pocket and counted out fifty pounds in paper and gold. "You keep this till I get back."

She pushed it aside, half rising from her chair.

"Fortune, listen. Hereafter I am George, your brother George; and I do not want you ever to question any action of mine. I am leaving this money in case some accident befell me. You never can tell." He took her hand and firmly pressed it down upon the money. "In half an hour, sister, I'll be back. You did not think that I was going to run away?"

"No."

"Do you understand me now?"

"Yes."

George came in under the time limit of his adventure. He had been upon the most difficult errand imaginable, at least from a bachelor's point of view. He carried two handbags. One of these he deposited in Fortune's lap.

"Shall I open it?"

"If you wish."

She noted his embarrassment, and her immediate curiosity was not to be denied. She slipped the catch and looked inside. There were combs and brushes, soap and tooth powder and talc, a manicure set, a pair of soft woolen slippers, and . . . she glanced up quickly. The faintest rose stole under her cheeks. It was droll; it was pathetically funny. She would have given worlds to have seen him making the purchases.

Laughter overcame her. He laughed, too; not because the situation appealed to him as laughable, but because there was something, an indefinable something, in that laughter of hers that made him wonderfully happy.

In due time they arrived at Alexandria. There they found the great transatlantic liner, homeward bound.



"HER GLANCE STRAYED TO RYANNE. LOVE! LOVE A MAN SO WEAK!"

Ryanne would beat them to New York by ten days. He had picked up a boat of the P. & O. line at Port Said, sailing without stop to Marseilles. From there to Cherbourg was a trifling journey.

George knew the captain, and the captain not only knew George, but had known George's father before him. The young man went to the heart of the matter at

once, and when he had finished his remarkable tale, the captain lowered his cigar. It had gone out.

"And all this happened in the year 1909-1910! If anyone but you, Mr. Jones, had told me this, I'd have sent him ashore as a lunatic. You have reported it?"

"What good would it do? We are out of it, and that's enough. More, we do not

want anyone to know what we've been through. If the newspapers got hold of it, there would be no living."

"You leave it to me," said the big-hearted German. "From here to Naples she shall be as mine own daughter."

They were leaning against the starboard-rail, watching the slowly converging lights of the harbor. Fortune had borrowed a cloak from her stewardess and George wore the mufti of the first officer. The captain had offered his, but George had declined. He would have been lost in its ample folds.

"I cannot understand why they made no effort to find you," he mused.

"Don't you understand? It is simple. My mother believes that Horace and I ran away together. If not that, I ran away myself, as I that day threatened to do. In either case, she saw nothing could be done in trying to find out where I had gone. Perhaps she knows exactly what did happen. Doubtless she has sent on my things to Mentone, which, of course, I shall never see again. No, no! I cannot go back there. I have known the misery of suspense long enough." She lowered her head to the rail.

He came quite near to her. His arms went out toward her, only to drop down. He must wait. It was very hard. But nothing prevented his putting forth a hand to press hers reassuringly, and saying: "Don't do that, Fortune. It makes my heart ache to see a woman cry."

"I am not crying," came in muffled tones. "I am only sad, and tired, tired."

"Everything will come out all right in the end," he encouraged.

Both had seen the Vesuvian bay many times, with never-failing love and interest. They sailed across the bay in the bright clearness of the morning.

"You are going back with me," George announced in a tone which inferred that nothing more was to be said upon the subject. But, for all his confidence, there was a great and heavy fear upon his heart as he asked for mail at the little inclosure at Cook's, in the Galleria Vittoria. There was a cable; nothing more.

"Now, Fortune——"

"Have I ever given you permission to call me by that name?"

"Why——"

"Have I?"

"No."

"Then I give you that permission now."

"What do you frighten a man like that for?" he cried. "What I was going to say——"

"Fortune."

"What I was going to say, Fortune, was this: here is the cable from Mortimer. I'm not going to open it till after dinner to-night. We'll go up to the Bertolini to dine. You'll stay there for the night, while I put up at the Bristol, which is only a little way up the Corso. I'm not going to ask you a question till coffee. Then we'll thrash out the subject till there isn't a grain left."

She made no protest. Secretly she was pleased to be bullied like this. It proved that among all these swarming peoples there was one interested in her welfare. But she knew in her heart what she was going to say when the proper time came. She did not wish to spoil his dinner. She was also going to put her courage to its supreme test: borrow a hundred pounds, and bravely promise to pay him back. If she failed to pay it, it would be because she was dead. For she could not survive a comparison between herself and her mother.

Here in Naples she might find something, an opportunity. She spoke French and Italian fluently; and in this crowded season of the year it would not be difficult to find a situation as a maid or companion. So long as she could earn a little honestly, she was not afraid. She was desperately resolved.

Such a dinner! Long would she remember it; and longer still, how little either of them ate of it! She knew enough about these things to appreciate it.

Coffee. George produced the cable. It was still sealed. He passed it over to Fortune.

"You read it first," he said.

Her hands shook as she ripped the sealed flap and opened the message. She read. Her eyes gathered dangerously.

"Be careful!" he warned. "You've been brave so long; be brave a little longer."

"I did not know that there lived such good and kindly men. Oh, thank him, thank him a thousand times for me! Read

it." And she no longer cared if any saw her tears.

Bring her home, and God bless you both.

MORTIMER.

"I knew it!" he cried exultantly. "He and my father were the finest two men in the world. The sky is all clear now."

"Is it?" sadly. "Oh, I do not wish to pain you, but it is charity; and I am too proud!"

"You refuse?" He could not believe it.

"Yes. But when things grow dark and the day turns bitter, I shall always remember those words. I can see no other way. I must fight it out alone."

Love makes a man dumb or eloquent; and as George saw all his treasured dreams fading swiftly, eloquence became his buckler in this battle of love unspoken and pride in arms. Each time he paused for breath, she shook her head slowly.

The diners were leaving in twos and fours, and presently they were all alone. Servants were clearing up the tables; there was a clatter of dishes and a tread of hurrying feet. They noted it not.

"Well, one more plea!" And he swept aside his self-imposed restrictions. "Will you come for my sake? Because I am lonely and want you? Will you come for my sake?"

This time her head did not move.

"Is it pity?" she whispered.

"Pity!" His hands gripped the linen and the coffee-cups rattled. "No! It is not pity. Because you were lonely, because you had no one to turn to, I could not in honor tell you. But now I do. Fortune, will you come for my sake, because I love you and want you always and always?"

"I shall come."

CHAPTER XIX

MARCH HARES

GEORGE, in that masterful way which was not wholly acquired but which had been a latency till the episodic journey—George paid for the dinner, called the head waiter and thanked him for the attention given it, and laid a generous tip upon the cover. From the dining room the two young people, outwardly calm but

inwardly filled with the Great Tumult, went to the manager's bureau and arranged for Fortune's room. This settled, Fortune went down to the cavernous entrance to bid George good night. They were both diffident and shy, now that the great problem was solved. George was puzzled as to what to do in bidding her good night, and Fortune wondered if he would kiss her right here, before all these horrid cab drivers.

"I must be off. It's too cold down here for you." He offered his hand nervously.

She gave hers freely. He looked into her marvelous eyes for a moment. Then he turned the palm upward and kissed it, lightly and lovingly; and she drew it across his face, over his eyes, till it left in departing a caress upon his forehead. He stood up, breathing quickly, but not more so than she. A little tableau. Then he jammed his battered fedora upon his head and strode up the Corso. He dared not turn. Had he done so, he must have gone back and taken her in his arms. She followed him with brave eyes; she saw him suddenly veer across the street and pause at the parapet. It was then that she became conscious of the keenness of the night wind. She went in. Somehow, all earth's puzzles had that night been solved.

Next morning he notified the captain to retain their cabins. After that they proceeded to storm the shops. They were like March hares; irresponsible children, both of them. What did propriety matter? What meaning had circumspection? They two were all alone; the rest of the world didn't count. It never had counted to either of them. Certainly they should have gone to a parsonage; Mrs. Grundy would prudently have suggested it. The trivialities of convention, however, had no place at that moment in their little Eden. They were a law unto themselves.

At five they went aboard the ship which was to leave at sundown, some hours ahead of scheduled time. The captain himself welcomed them as they climbed the swaying ladder. There were a hundred first-class passengers for the final voyage. The two, however, sat at the right and left of the captain; but the table was filled, and they maintained a guarded prattle. Everyone at once assumed that they were a bridal couple, and watched them with tolerant amusement. The captain had considerably

published for the benefit of the passengers and the saloon sitting. So they moved in a sort of mystery which rough weather prevented being solved.

One night, when the sea lay calm and the air was caressingly mild, George and Fortune had gone forward and were leaning over the starboard rail where it meets and joins the forward beam rail. They were watching for the occasional flicker of phosphorescence. Their shoulders touched, and George's hand lay protectingly over hers.

"I love you," he said. "I love you better than all the world."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure? Can you doubt it?"

"Sometimes."

"Why——?"

But she interrupted him quickly. "In all this time you have never asked me if I love you. Why haven't you?"

"I have been afraid."

"Ask me."

"Do you love me?" his heart missing a beat.

She leaned toward him swiftly. "Here is my answer," pursing her lips.

"Fortune!"

"Be careful! I've a terrible temper."

But she was not quite prepared for such roughness. She could not stir, so strongly did he hold her to his heart. Not only her lips, but her eyes, her cheeks, her throat, and again her lips. He hurt her, but her heart sang. No man could imitate love like that; and doubt spread its dark pinions and went winging out to sea.

"That is the way I want to be loved. Always love me like that. Never wait for me to ask. Come to me at all times, no matter how I am engaged, and take me in your arms, roughly like this. Then I shall know. I have been so lonely; my heart has been so filled with love and none to receive it! I love you. I haven't asked why; I don't care. When it began I do not know either. But it is in my heart, strong and forever."

"Heart o' mine, I'm going to be the finest lover there ever was!"

The great ship came up the bay slowly. It was a clear, sparkling, winter day, and the towering minarets of business stood limned against the pale-blue sky with a delicacy not unlike Japanese shell carving.

steam wavered and slanted and darted, the river swarmed with bustling ferries and eager tugs, and great floats of ice bumped and jammed about the invisible highways.

"This is where I live," said George, running his arm under hers. "The greatest country in the world—with the greatest number of mistaken ideas," he added humorously.

"What is it about the native land that clutches at our hearts so? I am an American, and yet I was born in the south of France. I went to school for a time near Philadelphia. America, America! Can't I be an American, even if I was born elsewhere?"

"You can never be President," he said gravely.

"I don't want to be President!" She snuggled closer to him. "All I want to be is a good man's wife; to watch the kitchen to see that he gets good things to eat; to guard his comforts; to laugh when he laughs; to be gentle when he is sad; to nurse him when he is ill; to be all and everything to him in adversity as well as in prosperity: a true wife." She touched his sleeve with her cheek. "And I don't want him to think that he must always be with me; if he belongs to a club, he must go there once in a while."

"I am very happy," was all he could say.

"But will *they* like me? Won't *they* think I'm an adventuress, or something like that?"

"Bless your heart, not in a thousand years! I'm a pretty wise man in some ways, and *they* know it."

And so it proved to be. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer greeted them at the pier in Hoboken. One glance at the face of the girl was sufficient. Mrs. Mortimer held out her arms. It was a very fine thing to do.

"I was in doubt at first," she said frankly. "George is so guileless. But to look at you, my child, would scatter the doubts of a Thomas. Will you let me be your mother, if only for a little while?" with a wise and tender smile.

Shyly Fortune accepted the embrace. Never had she been so happy. Never had she felt arms like these about her.

"What did he cable you?" she asked in a whisper.

own. Has he that right?"

"Yes. And oh! he is the bravest and tenderest man I know, and below it all he is only a boy."

Mrs. Mortimer patted her hand. A little while later all four went over to the city and drove uptown to the Mortimer home. On the way Fortune told her story, simply, without avoiding any essential detail. And all her new mother did was to put an arm about her and draw her closer.

The Mortimer home was only three blocks away from George's. So, when dinner was over, George declared that he would run over and take a look at his own house. He wanted to wander about the rooms a bit, to fancy how it would look when Fortune walked at his side. He promised to return within an hour. He had forgotten many things, ordinarily important, such as wiring his agent, his butler and cook, who were still drawing their wages.

He passed along the street above which was his own. He paused for a moment to contemplate the great banking concern. And the president of this bank was the elder brother of Ryanne! Lots of queer kinks in the world; lots of crooked turnings. He passed on, turned the corner, and strode toward his home, ecstasy thrilling his heart. Lightly he ran up the steps. Three doors below he noticed two automobiles. He gave them only a cursory glance. He took out his ring of keys, found the night latch and thrust it into the keyhole. He never had believed in this putting up of iron gates and iron shutters. A night latch and a caretaker who came round once a day was enough for any sensible person. He turned the key. Eh? It didn't seem to go round. He tried several times, but without success. Puzzled, he struck a match and stooped before the keyhole.

It was a new one.

CHAPTER XX

A BOTTLE OF WINE

GEORGE stood irresolutely upon the steps. A new keyhole! What the deuce did the agent mean by putting a new keyhole in the door without notifying him?

house and the next there was a court eight feet in width, running to the dividing wall between the bank property and his own. A grille gate protected this court. George had a key. The gate opened readily enough. His intention was to enter by the basement door.

But he suddenly paused. To his amazement he saw just below the library curtain a thin measure of light. Light! Some one in the house! He did the most sensible thing possible: he stood still till the shock left him. Some one in the house, some one who had no earthly or heavenly business there! Near the window stood a tubbed bay tree. Cautiously he mounted this, holding the ledge of the window with his fingers. That he did not instantly topple over with a great noise was due to the fact that he was temporarily paralyzed.

Here was the end of the puzzle. The riddle of the United Romance and Adventure Company was solved. At last he understood why Mrs. Chedsoye had sought him, why Ryanne had kidnaped him. But for his continuing his journey upon the German-Lloyd boat, he would have come home a week too late; he would have missed being a spectator (already an innocent contributor) to one of the most daring and ingenious Lank robberies known in the pages of metropolitan crime.

There was Mrs. Chedsoye, intrusively handsome as ever; there was her rascally card-sharper brother, that ingrate who called himself Ryanne, and three unknown men. The impudence of it; the damnable insolence of it! And there they were, toasting their success in a brace of his own vintage champagne! But the wine was, after all, inconsequential. It was what he saw upon the floor that caught him by the throat. His knees weakened, but he held on grimly to his perch.

White bags of gold, soiled bags of gold, and neat packets of green and yellow notes; riches! Twenty bags and as many packets of currency; a million, not a penny under that! George was seized with a horrible desire to yell with laughter. He felt the cackinnations bubble in his throat. He swallowed violently and gnawed his lips. They had got into his house under false pretenses and had tunneled back into the

he, George P. A. Jones, always carried a large private balance! It was the joke of the century.

As quietly as he possibly could, he stepped down from his uncertain perch. In the fine fury that followed his amazement, his one thought was to summon the police at once, to confront the wretches in their villainy; but once outside in the street, he cooled. Instantly he saw the trial in court. Fortune as witness against her own mother. That was horrible and not to be thought of. But what should he do?

He was shaken to his soul. The stupendous audacity of such a plan! To have worked out every detail, down to the altering of the keyhole to prevent surprise! He saw the automobiles. They were leaving that night. If he acted at all, it must be within an hour; in less than that time they would be loading the cars. His mind began to rid itself of its confusion. Without the aid of the police! And presently he saw the way to do it.

He was off at a dog-trot, upon the balls of his feet, silently. Within five minutes he was mounting the steps to the Mortimer home, and in another minute was inside. The others saw directly that something serious had happened.

"What's the trouble, George? House vanished?" asked Mortimer.

"Have you got a brace of revolvers?" said George quietly.

"Two automatics. But——"

"Give them to me," less evenly in tone.

"Will you call up Arthur Wadsworth, president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank?"

"The bank?"

"Yes, the bank. You know, it is just in the rear of my house."

Here Fortune came forward. All the bright color was gone from her cheeks; the old mask of despair had re-formed. She needed no further enlightenment.

"Are you going back there?" she asked.

"Yes, dear; I must. Mr. Mortimer will go with me."

"And I?"

"No, heart o' mine, you've got to stay here."

"If you do not take me with you, you will not find me here when you return."

"My child," began Mortimer soothingly,

"Then notify the police, and let the danger rest upon their shoulders," she said, her jaws set squarely.

"I can't call in the police," replied George, miserable.

"Shall I tell you why?"

"Dearest, can't you understand that it is you I am thinking of?"

"I am determined. If I do not go with you, you shall never see me again. My mother is there!"

Tragedy. Mrs. Mortimer stretched out a hand, but the girl did not see it. Her mother, her own flesh and blood! Oh, the poor child!

"Come, then," said George, in despair. "But you are hurting me, Fortune."

"Forgive me, but I *must* go with you. I *must*!"

"Get me the revolvers, Mr. Mortimer. We'll wait for Wadsworth. Will you please telephone him? I'm afraid I couldn't talk steadily enough. Explain nothing save that it concerns his bank."

George sat down. Not during those early days of the journey across the desert had he felt so pitifully weak and inefficient.

Fortune paced the room, her arms folded tightly across her breast. Strange, there was neither fear nor pain in her heart, only a wild wrath.

When Mortimer returned from the telephone, saying that Wadsworth would be right over, he asked George to explain fully what was going on. It was rather a long story. George managed to get through it with a coherency understandable, but no more. Mrs. Mortimer put her motherly arms about the girl, but she found no pliancy. There was no resistance, but there was that stiffness peculiar to felines when picked up under protest. And there was a little more than the cat in Fortune then—the tigress.

George inspected the revolvers carefully.

The bell rang, and Arthur Wadsworth came in. Mortimer knew him; George did not. He drew his interest as it fell due and deposited it in another bank. That was the extent of his relations with Arthur Wadsworth, president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank of New York.

Arthur was small, thin, blond like his brother, but the hair was so light upon the top of his head that he gave one the impression that he was bald. His eyes looked out

est resemblance between the two brothers, either in their bodies or in their souls. George recognized this fact immediately. He disliked the man instinctively, just as he could not help admiring his rogue of a brother.

"I want you to go with me to my house at once," began George.

"Please explain."

George disliked the voice even more than the man himself. "Everything will be explained there," he replied.

"This is very unusual," the banker complained.

"You will find it so. Come." George moved toward the hall, the revolvers in his coat pocket.

"But I insist——"

"Mr. Wadsworth, everything will be fully explained to you the moment you enter my house. More I shall not tell you. You are at liberty to return home."

"It concerns the bank?" The voice had something human in it now; a note of affection.

Arthur Wadsworth loved the bank as a man loves his sweetheart, but more explicitly, as a miser loves the hoard hidden in the stocking. He loved every corner of the building. He worshiped the glass-covered marbles over which the gold passed and repassed. He adored the sight of the bent backs of the bookkeepers, the individual-account clerks, the little cages of the paying and receiving tellers, always so beautifully littered with little slips of paper, packets of bills, stacks of gold and silver; he loved the huge steel vault, stored with bags of gold and bundles of notes, bonds and stocks. Money was his god. Summed up, he was a miser in all that contemptible word implies; stingy, frugal, cautious, suspicious, sly, cruel and relentless; he was in the concrete what his father had been in the abstract.

"It concerns the bank?" he repeated, torn by doubt.

George shrugged. "Let us be going."

"Will it be necessary to call in the police?"

"No."

"I suppose, then," said Wadsworth bitterly, wondering, too, over the strange animosity of this young man he did not know—"I suppose I must do just as you say?"

house, each singularly wrought with agitation. Fortune walked ahead with George. Neither spoke. They could hear the occasional protest from the banker into Mortimer's ear; but Mortimer did not open his lips. They came to the house, and then George whispered his final instructions to Wadsworth. The latter, when he understood what was taking place, became wild with rage and terror; and it was only because George threatened to warn the conspirators that he subsided.

"And," went on George, "if you do not obey, you can get out of it the best you know how. Now, silence, absolute silence."

He pressed back the grille gate, and the others tiptoed after him.

Ryanne tipped the third bottle delicately. Not a drop was wasted. How the golden beads swarmed up to the brim, to break into little essences of perfume! And this was good wine; twelve years in the bottle.

"It's like some dream, eh?"

Wallace smacked his lips loudly.

"Wallace," chided Ryanne, "you always drink like a sailor. You don't swallow champagne; you sip it, like this."

Major Callahan swayed his glass back and forth under his nose. "Smells like a vineyard after a rain."

"There's poetry for you!" laughed the butler.

Mrs. Chedsoye alone seemed absorbed in other things. She was trying to discover what it was that gave this supreme moment so flat a taste. It was always so; it was the chase, the goal was nothing. It was the excitement of going toward, not arriving at the destination. Was she, who considered herself so perfect, a freak after all, shallow like a hill stream and as aimless in her endeavors? Had she possessed a real enthusiasm for anything? She looked back along the twisted avenue of years. Had anything really stirred her profoundly? From the bags of gold her glance strayed up and over to Ryanne.

Love? Love a man so weak that he could not let be the bottle? She had a horror of drunkenness, the inane giggles, the attending nausea; she had been through it all. Had she loved him, or was it because he loved the child? Even this she

She wanted to be out of this house, on the way. The gold, as gold, meant nothing. She had enough for her needs. What was it, then? Was she mad? What flung her here and about, without real purpose?

"We could have taken every dollar from the vault," said Wallace cheerfully.

"But we couldn't have made our getaway with it," observed the butler, holding his empty glass toward Ryanne, who was acting as master of ceremonies.

"A clear, unidentified million," mused Ryanne. "Into the cars with it, over to Jersey City, on to Philadelphia, from there for Europe, quietly transfer the gold to the various Continental banks, and in six months, who could trace hair or hide of it?" Ryanne laughed.

"It's all right to laugh," said the Major. "But are you sure about Jones? He could have arrived this afternoon."

"Impossible! He left Alexandria for Naples on a boat that stopped but thirty hours. With Fortune on his hands he could not possibly sail before the following week, and maybe not then. Sit tight. I know what I am talking about."

"He might cable."

"So he might. But if he had we'd have heard from him before now. I'm going to tell you a secret. My name is not Ryanne."

"We all know that," said the Major.

"It's Wadsworth. Does that tickle your mind any?"

The men shook their heads. Mrs. Chedsoye did not move hers.

"Bah! Greatest joke of the hour. I'm Horace Wadsworth, and Arthur Wadsworth president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank, is my beloved brother!"

"Ay, damnable wretch!"

A shock ran through them all. In the doorway leading to the rear hall stood George, his revolvers leveled steadily. Peering white-faced over his shoulder was the man who had spoken, Arthur Wadsworth.

CHAPTER XXI

THE END OF THE PUZZLE

THE elder brother tried to push past George, but old Mortimer caught him by the shoulders and dragged him back.

go!"

"Mr. Mortimer," said George, without turning his head or letting his eye waver, "keep him back. Thanks." George stepped over the threshold. "Now, gentlemen, I shall shoot the first man who makes a movement."

And Ryanne, who knew something about George, saw that he meant just what he said.

"Steady, every one," he said. "My friend George here can't shoot, but that kind of man is deadliest with a pistol. I surrender."

The brother was struggling. "The telephone! The telephone! I demand to call the police. This is accessory to the fact! I tell you, let me go!"

"Mr. Wadsworth," replied George, "if you do not be still and let me run this affair, I'll throw the pistols to the floor, and your brother and his friends may do as they bally please. Now, step back and be quiet. Stop!" to Ryanne, whose hand was reaching out toward the table.

"Don't shoot, Percival; I want only a final glass of wine." Ryanne calmly took the slender stem of the glass between his fingers, lifted it and drank. He set it down empty. From his outside pocket he drew a handkerchief and delicately dried his lips. He alone of his confederates had life. It was because he alone understood. Prison wasn't staring them in the face just yet. "Well, Arthur, old top, how goes it? Nearly got your money bags, didn't we? And we surely would have but for this delicious vintage."

"Damn you and your wine!" roared the Major, shaking with rage. This adventure has been no joke to him, no craving for excitement. He wanted the gold, the gold. With what would have been his share he could have gambled at Monte Carlo and Ostend till the end of his days. For the first time he saw long, thick bars of iron running up and down a window. And all for a bottle of wine!

"Damn away, old sport!" Ryanne reached for the bottle and filled his glass again. "Percival, I'm blamed sorry about that olive tree of yours." He waved his hand toward the bags. "You can see that my intentions in regard to refunding that hundred pounds were strictly honorable. Now, what's on the ticket?"

"Well, I need not explain my reasons; you will understand them; but I am going to give you all two hours' time. Then I shall notify the police. You will have to take your chance after that time."

The circling faces brightened perceptibly. Two hours—that would carry them far into Jersey.

"Accepted with thanks," said Ryanne.

"I refuse to permit it!" yelled the brother. "Mr. Jones, you will rue this night's work. I shall see that the law looks into your actions. This is felony. I demand to be allowed to telephone."

"Percival, for heaven's sake, let him!" cried Ryanne wearily. "Let him shout; it will soften his voice. He will hurt nobody. The wires were cut hours ago."

Mortimer felt the tense muscles in his grasp relax. Arthur Wadsworth grew limp and reeled against the jam of the door.

"You had better start at once," George advised. "You three first," with a nod toward Wallace (his bulbous nose now lavender in hue), the butler and the first man. "Forward march, front door. Go on!"

"What about me?" asked Ryanne.

"In a moment." George could not but admire the man, rascal though he was. There was a pang of regret in his heart as the thought came and went swiftly: what a comrade this man would have made under different circumstances! Too late!

"Halt!" he cried. The trio marching toward the door came to a stop, their heads turned inquiringly. "Here, Mr. Mortimer; take one of these guns and cover the Major. He's the one I doubt." Then George followed the others into the hall and ironically bade them godspeed as he opened the door for them. They went out stupidly; the wine had dulled them. George immediately returned to the library.

Neither Fortune nor her mother had stirred in all this time. A quality of hypnotism held them in bondage. The mother could not lower her glance and the daughter would not. If there was a light of triumph in Fortune's eyes, it was unconsciously there. And no one will know the full bitterness that shone from the mother's. She could have screamed with fury; she could have rent her clothes, torn her skin,

tragedy enough for the woman who was in the clutch of these emotional storms. It was not her predicament; it was not that she was guilty of a crime against society; it was not that she had failed. No. It was because she, in leaving this house forever, was leaving her daughter behind, mistress of it.

On her side, Fortune knew, that, had there been a single gesture inviting pity, she must have flown to her mother's side. But there was no sign. Finally, Fortune stepped back, chilled. It was all too late.

"Fortune," said George, terribly embarrassed, "do you wish to speak to your mother alone?"

"No." It was a little word, spoken in a little, hushed tone.

Mrs. Chedsoye rose and proceeded to put on her furs, which she had flung across the back of her chair.

"Mother!" This came in a gasp from the elder Wadsworth. An understanding of this strange proceeding began to filter through his mind. The young girl's mother!

Mrs. Chedsoye drew on her gloves slowly. She offered them to the Major to button. He flung the hands aside. He was not nice under the veneer. But Ryanne was instantly at her service. And curiously she watched his agile fingers at work over the buttons; they were perfectly steady. Then, followed by the Major and Ryanne, she walked easily toward the hall. Ryanne paused.

"Good night, Arthur. I'm sure you will not sleep well. That handsome safe is irreparably damaged. I dare say you will find a way to cover the loss without any injury to your own pocket. Old top, farewell! Who was it, Brutus or Cæsar, who said: 'I go but to return'?" The banter left his face and voice swiftly. "You sneaking blackguard, you cheater of widows; yes, I shall come again; and then look to your sleek, sanctimonious neck! You chucked me down the road to hell, and the pity of it is, some day I must meet you there! Fortune, child," his voice becoming sad, "you might remember a poor beggar in your prayers to-night. Percival, a farewell to you. We shall never meet again. But when you stand upon that bally old rug there, you'll always see me, the fire,

And presently they were gone. A moment later those remaining could hear the chug-chug of the motors as they sped away. The banker was first to recover from the spell. He rushed for the hall, but George stopped him rudely.

"Two hours, if you please. I never break my word. Your money is all there. If you do not act reasonably, I'll throw you down and sit on you till the time is up. Sit down. I do not propose that my future wife shall appear in court as a witness against her mother. Do you understand me now?"

The banker signified that he did. He sat down, rather subdued. Then he got up nervously and inventoried the steal. He counted roughly a million. A million! He felt sick and weak. It would have wrecked the bank, wiped it out of existence. And saved by the merest, the most trifling chance! A bottle of wine! He resumed his chair and sat there wonderingly till the time-limit expired.

The public never heard how nearly the Merchant-Mechanic had gone to the wall; nor how six policemen had worked till dawn carrying back the gold; nor that the banker had not even thanked them for their labor. The first impulse of the banker had been to send the story forth to the world, to harass and eventually capture his brother; but his foresight becoming normal, he realized that silence was best, even if his brother escaped. If the depositors heard that the bank had been entered and a million taken from the vaults, there would naturally follow a terrific run.

When the last bag had been taken out of the library and the banker and the police had gone, the bell rang. George went to the door. A messenger handed him a small satchel and a note. There was to be no reply. The note was from Ryanne. Briefly it stated that the satchel contained the emeralds. There had been some difficulty in forcing the Major to surrender them. But that much was due to George for his generosity. Later in the day he—George—might inform his—Horace's—brother that the *coup* hadn't been a total fizzle. They had already packed away in suit cases something like

of mine to charge it to our account. It will be less than the interest upon a million in ten years. To you, my boy, I add: Fortune favors the brave!"

"George," said Mortimer, "you will not mind if I forage round in the kitchen? A bottle of beer and a bit of cheese would go handy. It's almost my breakfast time."

"Bless your heart, help yourself!"

And George turned to Fortune.

"Ah!" she cried, seizing his hands, "you will not think ill of me?"

"And for what?" Astonished.

"For not speaking to my mother. Oh, I just couldn't; I just couldn't! When I thought of all the neglect, all the indifference, the loneliness, I couldn't! It was horribly unnatural and cruel!"

"I understand, heart o' mine. Say no more about it." And he put his two hands against her cheeks and kissed her. "Never shall you be lonely again, for I am going to be all things to you. Poor heart! Just think that all that has passed has been only a bad dream, and that it's clear sunshiny morning; eh?" He held her off and then swept her into his arms as he had done on board the ship, roughly and masterly. "And there's that old rug! Talk about magic carpets! There never was one just like this. But for it I shouldn't even have known you. And, by Jove! when the minister comes this afternoon——"

"This afternoon!"

"Exactly! When he comes, you and I are going to stand upon that beautiful, friendly old rug, and both of us are going to be whisked right away into Eden."

"Please!"

Silence.

"How brave you are!"

"I? Oh, pshaw!"

"Would you have shot one of them?"

"Girl, your Percival Algernon couldn't have hit the broad side of a barn." He laughed joyously.

"I knew it. And that is why I call you brave."

And when the pale gold of winter dawn filled the room, it found them, hand in hand, staring down at the old Yhiordes, the magic old Yhiordes from Bagdad.

THE END

PAST ACHIEVEMENTS

THIS magazine has been conducted with the purpose of illumining essential phases of public affairs. That has not been the sole purpose, of course; entertainment, literary quality, the whole wide scope which must be covered by a popular magazine, have always had their due share of thought and attention. But underlying the purpose of casual interest and entertainment has always been the dominating ambition of usefulness.

A survey of some of the activities of HAMPTON's during the last two or three years will be of interest. Consideration of present conditions in the light of those which led up to them cannot but suggest the direction which developments of the proximate future may be expected to take.

This magazine published Mr. Russell's articles on Trinity church corporation, telling of the administration of the vast property in New York City owned by this ancient church. The responsible authorities in the management of the church's financial affairs awoke to a realization of the incongruity of the state of affairs prevailing in the abodes of the very poor who were the tenants of the richest church corporation in America.

Out of that came the regime of reform which moved the Trinity corporation to tear down blocks of unfit tenements and replace them with modern, model, sanitary city dwellings.

HAMPTON's sent Frederick Palmer to Los Angeles to investigate and describe the un-American, the impossible condition in Los Angeles growing out of the long labor war. Mr. Palmer told the truth so nearly as any man could learn it; and, sparing none, aroused bitter resentments on both sides of the social line that has never been so closely drawn in an American community as in Los Angeles. His thorough investigation of the *Times* catastrophe led him to state positively that the building was wrecked and

twenty-one lives sacrificed by a dynamite, or nitroglycerine explosion, evidently the culmination of a plot. We believed this careful journalist's statement and printed it.

Mr. Palmer's Los Angeles article was followed by two others by him setting forth the conditions in the labor movement in different centers of turmoil, particularly in San Francisco and Columbus, Ohio. Those articles did not please the controlling factors in the labor movement; but in the light of the McNamara confessions, and of the appalling series of revelations that have followed, we ought not now to be asked to apologize for having earned the enmities that came through these exposures.

It is difficult to believe that this magazine did more or less than a public service which sounded a warning that the nation needed and that organized labor and labor's organized enemies both needed.

Let us go back a little farther to the articles on the Panama Canal. Admiral Robley D. Evans for the first time presented in those articles the statesman's, the diplomat's, the economist's and the navigator's estimates, all in one consideration, of the significance, the possibilities, the value and the dangers menacing the Panama Canal. He concluded that it ought to be a toll-free highway; that the government ought to operate its own fleet of steamships from ocean to ocean via the canal; that the railroads must not be permitted to throttle the competition of the cheaper water route. His views sounded needlessly alarmistic to some timid, uninformed souls; but the complete policy laid down by these articles has received the approval of the nation's thinking people.

Turn northward after we pass through the canal, and consider briefly the recent political struggles in California. HAMPTON's devoted many months to investigating, and more to publishing, the history of political boss-ship in California. That was particularly denounced as extravagant and

knows the great fight for decency and honesty and the people's right to rule themselves in California.

That great struggle was inspired in large part by HAMPTON's exposures. The leaders of the political redemption movement have repeatedly acknowledged the fact. It ended in a victory that uplifted, heartened and cheered the whole nation.

This was truth-telling without fear or favor. It was service, to California and to all America. It has been justified in every word and line, indorsed to the last letter, by the events that have followed.

Pursue the way along the Pacific to Alaska, and we come to another endorsement of this magazine's pioneering work and insistent declaration of policy. Alaska's vast natural resources were unknown to most Americans till HAMPTON's, two years ago, presented a careful study of the territory.

Need we ask, now, whether the magazine was right? The Ballinger-Pinchot feud was an incident to the effort of decency and public honesty to save Alaska and the rest of the public domain. HAMPTON's conservation and Alaska articles presented that question to the people. It has been an issue in the very forefront ever since. The congressional investigation which brought proof of everything HAMPTON's had charged about Alaska and the Alaska conspiracy came near wrecking a national administration. Yet the basic constructive idea in the magazine's Alaska-conservation campaign was simply government control of the railroads in Alaska and the development of resources in the public domain on a royalty basis.

Come back to the series of articles on the Sugar Trust by Judson C. Welliver. The customs frauds, the ruinous competitive methods, the subjugation of the beet sugar industry—all these first got to the public through these articles. Since that time a committee of Congress has spent months investigating the sugar industry; and it has added little to what HAMPTON's investigator found.

One more illustration of an advance illumination on a dark spot in government administration surely may be pardoned. The magazine published Samuel Hopkins Adams's article on the break-down of the

Chemistry was officially brought to light. HAMPTON's warned the country that the pure food law was being betrayed. Surely it cannot be accused of recklessness, sensationalism and extremism, in view of what has so recently developed about the suppression of Harvey W. Wiley and the maladministration of the food law.

Instances of past accomplishments of this nature might be multiplied many times. But, while this magazine has ever been active in throwing light into dark places in governmental and industrial America, its work has been essentially constructive.

One of the most significant developments in this country during recent years has been the growth of popular government and HAMPTON's has been foremost in furthering that, in analyzing and reporting the fundamental facts for the enlightenment and guidance of state and national law-makers. We shall cite only one article, "Oregon, The Most Complete Democracy," as an example.

Such work as that done by Rheta Childe Dorr in her articles on the wonderful activities of women and on needed reforms in the education of children is certainly worth while.

It is this "worth while," this constructive work, in which this magazine has taken and will continue to take greatest pride. Do not believe that we make the mistake of supposing that we originate fundamental ideas. Great ideas come from the mass of the people themselves in an enlightened nation like this; the people do the real work and may be depended upon to vindicate their right to govern themselves whether in school district affairs or national legislation. It is the mission of the press to report and interpret.

It is with the confidence that the right always wins that this magazine looks forward to even greater success in the future than in the past in reporting, in interpreting, in coöperating with the basic ideas of its readers and of the American public in general.

FAIR WAGES FOR GOVERNMENT WORKERS

IT is an almost unbelievable fact that the schedule of salaries in the United States civil service has not been revised since 1854. Indeed, the average compensation for a

Salaries of congressmen, senators, cabinet members and the President have been generously advanced. But the hundreds of thousands of humble workers who make up the rank and file of the administrative army of Uncle Sam are working for less to-day than ever before.

No industrial concern, no individual employer of any sort in the whole country with such a record could be found. Average wages and salaries have almost steadily advanced decade by decade.

The cost of existence has mounted higher. The necessity for larger wages is as pressing in the case of government workers as in that of any other class of people. Yet Congress persistently refuses to consider even the argument for decent, humane treatment of the multitude of people who do the day-by-day work of the government.

It will not do to say, "Let them get out and find work elsewhere." Government service is rarely an equipment for any other service on earth. No other career opens so little of opportunity for better things elsewhere.

The civil service worker of middle age is almost as much condemned to continue his career as if he were under sentence to the Siberian mines. Promotion is slow and all too often is denied when deserved. Favoritism is rife and rank.

The whole civil service fabric is clogged with deadwood and incompetency, most of it by reason of superannuation. It ought to be cleared out. But Congress refuses to make provision for retirement and maintenance of those who are in the way, at the top. The whole administrative machinery faces imminent collapse under this burden.

Complete, thorough overhauling of the civil service establishment is keenly needed. Better salaries should be paid to the deserving, retirement should be provided for the aged and incompetents, and a general reclassification should be effected with the view to making the so-called merit system a fact, not a travesty and a broad joke.

GOVERNORS and other leaders from several Southern states recently conferred in Baltimore on labor and industrial conditions in that section. The reawakened South, industrially and agriculturally expanding at a rate unknown since the Civil War, needs labor. There is insistent demand that European immigrants be steered to the South to supply this demand.

The negro is almost ignored in this demand for immigration. He is set down as hopeless, trifling, futile, impossible. But is it safe to rush to that conclusion?

Though the white population of the South is increasing more rapidly than the black, and though every decennial census makes it more clear that there is no possible danger of the black, as once was feared, coming to predominate—despite all this, the fact remains that there are some eleven millions of colored people in the country, and that they cannot be got rid of. There stands the hard fact.

It may be that the negro is not so desirable a worker in factory or field as the immigrant; but if the immigrant takes his place, the negro will be left on the hands of society, demanding the means of livelihood, a menace to the community in greater and greater degree just in proportion as the hopelessness of his condition is made more apparent.

If the South's eleven million negroes could be traded off for eleven millions of whites, that would be a solution. But they cannot be. The negroes are there, and will stay there. They must be provided for; made as useful as possible; made to support themselves.

To make the most, the best, of its negro workers is the first big duty of the South. It is the most difficult problem before the nation.

It cannot be solved by the effort to drive the negro out; he will not be driven out. He must be looked after, educated in the right way, given a chance to be self-respecting, encouraged to improve his condition.

VIEWS OF READERS

THE RIGHT IS BOUND TO WIN

IT is with extreme gratification that I have learned that the HAMPTON MAGAZINE is to be continued along its former vigorous lines. This is a vindication

of the best that there is in this country. Remember always that you have the right-minded, clear-thinking people of this country with you, and they will give you such support as you will need. Such

run. There is a remarkable spirit of fairness among the people of this country, the aggregate judgment is sound, and there is not a nation on earth that acts more promptly and effectively. The people can do this better, however, when they have a magazine such as yours to reflect their thoughts and point out the right course of action. Good luck and long life to you.—D. A. L., Washington, D. C.

INTERESTS WHOLE HOUSEHOLD

NOT to have the HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE in our home is regarded as a real calamity. We are looking forward with intense interest to the coming of the next number.

What we are always looking forward to most are the excellent political and sociological articles such as those written by Charles Edward Russell, Rheta Childe Dorr, John L. Mathews, Frederic C. Howe, Frederick Palmer, Vance Thompson, Cleveland Moffett and the other writers who have done so much to make HAMPTON's important; humorous articles by Roy L. McCardell, Eugene Wood, Irvin Cobb, etc.; fiction of such a distinctive note as that furnished by Arthur Stringer, Harris Merton Lyon, Arthur Henry, Balmer and MacHarg, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Jack London, etc.

There is always something in your magazine to interest every member of our household and we are ever waiting to welcome the periodical that has given us so much pleasure and so much valuable information.—H. A. W., Chicago.

LIKED BY TRAVELING SALESMEN

I TRAVEL over most of the United States and Canada for my firm, and I know that for the past two or three years your magazine has been read more than any other publication by the traveling salesman. No other publication that I know of has been such a power for good throughout this nation. I believe that you will have increasingly large sales on the newsstands.—E. J. M., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

THE LOS ANGELES CASE

I CANNOT refrain from writing an apology to the editor of HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE for the scathing letter I wrote last January following the publication in your magazine of the article by Frederick Palmer entitled "Ogistown of the Open Shop." I was so firmly convinced that Mr. Palmer had made a serious error in charging that there had been a plot which resulted in the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times plant that I could not help being intemperate in my remarks. I denounced you and the author roundly and I now feel, in the light of the confessions of the

great tragedy.

I am now convinced that it takes a pretty brave man to be the editor of a magazine that discusses live topics. I confess that I stopped reading your magazine after the publication of Mr. Palmer's article, but I am now going to subscribe again and you can count upon me hereafter being a HAMPTON enthusiast.—A. J. P., Los Angeles, California.

GREAT EDUCATIONAL WORK

HAVING been a persistent reader of HAMPTON's during the past three years, I want you to know how much I always appreciated and reveled in the wonderful educational work you have been doing. You have given the people positive information about the true condition of our government and have exposed many industrial and sociological conditions that certainly needed correcting. With such a periodical as yours in the field, fewer evils will exist, and I am sure that legislation in this country has been put on a higher plane by the work that you have done.—W. W. A., Portland, Maine.

WISCONSIN'S ACHIEVEMENT

HAVING read with so much interest the article about Oregon published in your magazine last year, the article in which you demonstrated that the State of Oregon is really the most complete democracy in the world, I am wondering whether you have noticed the remarkable accomplishments in legislation that were effected by the latest Wisconsin legislature. Every campaign pledge made by the present Governor McGovern was carried out by the legislature which he dominated.

This seems to me to have been the most remarkable demonstration of popular government ever made in the world, and I wonder that more has not been written about it in the public press. A study of the legislation shows that it was mighty good law-making, too.—A. J. Y., New York.

THERE WILL BE AN ARTICLE ABOUT THIS IN OUR NEXT NUMBER

A MERICAN grand opera singers have come to the front so noticeably this year, both in this country and in Europe, that I wonder more has not been said about the fact in the press. It is really one of the most significant things that has happened in an artistic way in many a decade.

Would not an article on this subject make a good feature in your magazine? I know I would be greatly interested, and so would all parents who are spending money to cultivate their children's voices.—B. A. S., Newark, New Jersey.



MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR EFFICIENCY

INTERESTING METHODS HE IS USING TO MAKE AND KEEP HIM ENERGETIC AND CAPABLE

BY WALTER GRIFFITH

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the present-day struggle to realize our ambitions, in whatever direction they may lie, and one indeed on which it were well for everyone to be informed, is the different methods adopted by Americans, both men and women, to keep themselves physically fit to stand the strain of keeping constantly up to "concert pitch."

They are not by any means always adopted until Nature has cried quits and the subject is struggling to recover his efficiency, but whenever employed they are well worth a study, and oftentimes ludicrous to the looker-on, though perhaps not to the performer.

If you were to arise at six o'clock some fine morning and visit Central Park and Riverside Drive, New York, you would be amused by viewing, among a number of others, some stout gentleman who looks very dignified after nine A.M.; now, however, he is on a horse (part of the time), or even running on foot, and looks hot, uncomfortable and funny. This is a consistent practice at the present time of many New York business men, as well as those of other cities.

In convenient proximity to several large cities there are Health Institutions that could perhaps be aptly called "Training Institutions." Those who visit them are placed in the hands of a veritable "Trainer," who runs them, rides them, trots them, exercises them, and supervises their diet. They are under strict discipline, which does not always set well, but accomplishes what they are there for—puts them in good physical condition.

There are many gymnasiums and physi-

cal culture schools located in convenient places in the large cities where an opportune hour a day is taken in giving the body its much needed exercise.

Osteopathic Treatment might be termed, in a way, "exercise without effort," or, better still, "involuntary exercise," for certainly the manipulation exercises the subject, though not of his own volition.

Many and diverse kinds of massages, Swedish, German, etc., combined Diet and Exercise, Sour and Sterilized Milk Treatments, Raw Wheat, Fruit and Nut Diets, etc., are being liberally patronized to the end that men and women, under our present mode of living (which is hardly natural) may maintain or even increase their capacity for strenuous effort with its attendant reward.

All of these methods have their advantages—some undoubtedly greater than others—I am not competent to choose.

But mark this:

Every one of them that is effective, however, for its primary purpose and ultimate result, the elimination of waste from the system.

This cannot help being the fact, for the initial cause of probably 90 per cent of man's inefficiency is the inability of the system, under our present mode of living, to throw off the waste which accumulates.

The result is a partial closure of the colon (large intestine) which is the cause of sluggish livers, biliousness, or severe headaches—and any one of them, comes along, makes him think or perform up to

That eminent scientist, Dr. Nikoff, states unqualifiedly

Now, if these exercises or diets were entirely successful in eliminating this waste from the colon, they would be, with their strengthening and upbuilding properties, wonderfully resultful—but they do not and can not.

One might as well chop a tree down from the top, or try to pump a lake dry by starting at one of the brooks that feed it.

When you are ill, and a physician is called, the first thing he does is to purge the system—why?—first, because the waste has to be disposed of before any medicine will take effect—second, because if there was no waste, you probably would not have been ill at all.

Also remember that healthy blood will destroy almost any germ that is known to science, but unhealthy or contaminated blood welcomes them with open arms and says, "Come and feed and multiply."

Our blood cannot be healthy unless our colons are kept pure and clean; the blood is constantly circulating through the colon and will immediately take up by absorption the poisons of the waste which it contains, distributing it throughout the entire system.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that if this waste is permitted to remain a little too long, the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, gain the upper hand and we become not only inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes if there is a weak spot.

This accumulated waste is the direct, immediate, specific cause of appendicitis, for instance.

Now, the first help that we have been calling to our aid when this waste becomes unbearable, or lays us out, is Drugs. These have some effect, but there are a few vital reasons why they should not and need not be used.

Drugs are violent in their action and convulse and sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon. The colon is the last spot they reach, therefore it is impossible for them to clean it thoroughly—and last, but not least, the using of Drugs for this purpose must be persisted in—making one a slave to them and constantly weakening parts of the body that should not be touched at all.

So great an authority as Prof. Alonzo

curative agents are poisons and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

No, none of these are necessary or effective for the specific purpose of defeating this greatest of all foes to man's efficiency, for Nature herself has provided a means which, if applied in the proper way, will, without any evil effect or inconvenience whatever, keep the colon sweet, pure, clean, and healthy.

That "Nature Way" is Internal Bathing with warm water properly applied; but it must be properly applied to be effective.

It would perhaps be interesting to note the opinions of a Physician, an Osteopath, and a Physical Culturist on this subject:

"The results that I have had from the use of the Internal Bath in my own family are marvelous." Geo. H. Davis, M.D., Springfield, Mass.

"I have two Internal Baths, one for myself and one for a patient. I am an Osteopath, and find in connection with my work that it does wonders." G. L. Bowdy, D.O., Denver, Col.

"I find the Internal Bath of immense benefit to me. I look upon it as an absolute necessity to the attainment of perfect physical development, and think every person, especially those engaged in physical culture, ought to use it." Anthony Barker, Professor of Physical Culture, New York.

A New York physician of many years' practical experience and observance of the colon and its influence on the general health has made a special study of Internal Bathing, and has written an interesting and exhaustive book on the subject, called, "Why Man of To-Day Is Only 50% Efficient."

This he will send without cost or other obligation to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West Sixty-fifth Street, New York City, and mentioning that he read this in HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

It is surprising how little the great majority of people know about this particular part of their make-up; and, inasmuch as it plays so important a part in the general health and the maintaining of 100 per cent. of efficiency, it seems as though everyone should at least enlighten himself by reading this little treatise on the subject, by one who has made it his life's study and work.

Remarkable Career of a Real Estate Wizard Who Seems to Know Just When and Where New York's Next Growth Will Occur

BY WALTER BINNER

A MAN who has made a cool million in a few years without a dollar of original capital can tell you some extremely interesting things.

Good luck had seated me in the suburban train next to John W. Paris, president of the Real Estate Exchange of Long Island, and I got him talking.

"I began in real estate on my own account a little less than six years ago with a capital just a few hundreds less than nothing!" he said with a broad smile.

"You newspaper men sometimes apply a month's hard study to some murder mystery. I decided to be a Sherlock Holmes to the real estate question.

"I studied the growth of the city for the past century and made tables showing the steady increase in values. I found out *why* growth occurred, and *where it would be quickest*.

"When I mastered my subject I soon found men with capital who were glad to have me operate for a half interest in the profits. I have never made a dollar in my life without at the same time making a dollar for someone else."

"What are the best profits you have made?"

"In active markets I have made for myself and my friends 500 per cent per annum. My first operation was to buy with only \$7,000 cash a small acreage tract which we improved and retailed within one year for a net profit of \$112,000. That is \$16 to \$1.

"Next I bought 33 acres at Woodside, L. I., to which another tract was added later. This was only five years ago. *Above one million in dividends has already been divided by this company.* Our profits for four years were fully 250% per annum."

"But how are these enormous profits possible?" I exclaimed. "Are they not exceptional and do you not at times make losses on some purchases?"

"Not only have I never made a loss on New York City property, but I have never made a purchase which did not show a substantial advance the first year. *Unless I am sure it will do that, I will not buy.*

"The Woodside Heights Realty and Development Company gained and paid in five years *profits equal to 43 times its capital stock.* It has now been liquidated.

"The Queensboro Corporation paid 300% profits the first year, then increased its capital stock purely out of profits from \$3,000 to \$100,000. After that it paid 28% on the increased capitalization.

"The Paris McDougall Company operated on a capital of \$10,000 during four years' time. It has *paid out in dividends twenty times its capital stock* and has now been wound up.

"The awkwardness of beginning and liquidating so many companies suggested to me three years ago the wisdom of creating a *permanent holding company*, capable of paying for,

developing, and handling a great many different purchases. With this in mind I organized the Mutual Profit Realty Company under a charter giving it the widest privileges.

"This company put up a cash capital of \$100,000 as a guaranty fund, investing it in first-class free and clear real estate at the first station on the new Pennsylvania Tunnel lines, eight minutes from the heart of New York. To provide further capital for purchasing and handling desirable properties it issues Profit-Sharing Bonds which guarantee and pay 5% interest and in addition share in two fifths of the profits.

"This company has been most successful. There is an automatic arrangement for an annual examination of its affairs by its bond-

holders. At the last examination they found that every man who had \$100 invested during the fiscal year earned \$5 interest and was entitled to \$17.60 as his share of the increase in values.

"Our little magazine, Realty Profits, contains a full report of the examining board of bondholders, showing profits gained, a full report on its books by public auditors, and a complete explanation of this bond plan of investment. It will be sent free to all readers of HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN. Address Mutual Profit Realty Company, Room 500, Mutual Profit Floor, Herald Square Building, New York City.

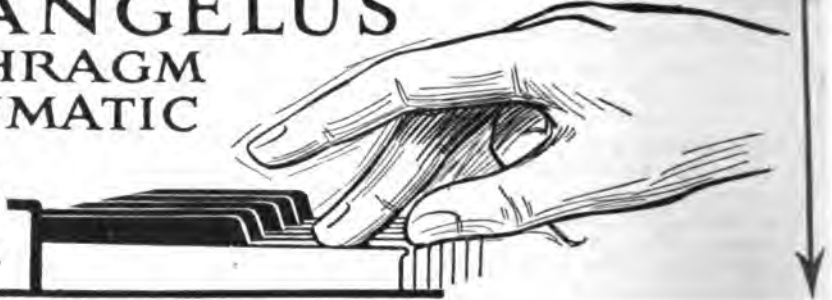
"Our progress has been so satisfactory, and last year's profits of 22.6 per cent. per annum were so large, that those who can spare small sums monthly from their incomes, or have cash in amounts from \$100 up should investigate at once in order to secure full profits."



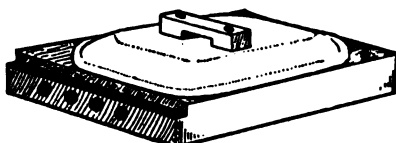
JOHN W. PARIS

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The Diaphragm Pneumatic when in action or "striking" is filled with buoyant air, which gives a resilient touch, just like the human finger. Note the absence of creases or corners, which insures greater durability.



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The Bellows Pneumatic is worked by an exhaust; that is, when it strikes a note the air is entirely withdrawn from it, which causes it to collapse with a hard staccato touch, in no way resembling the pliancy and flexibility of the human finger.



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How can "Sargol" do this? We will tell you. This new treatment is a scientific, assimilative agent. It increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—puts red corpuscles in the blood which every thin person so sadly needs, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of food gives out its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated.

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If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of which you can be justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write the Sargol Company, 380-M Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., today, for 50c. box "Sargol," absolutely free, and use with every meal.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—been convinced—

and will swear to the virtues of this preparation:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 108 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 168 pounds and feeling fine."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 28 pounds with 28 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. I took only two boxes of Sargol. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

Full address of any of these people if you wish.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! "Sargol" does make thin people add flesh, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Write us today and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package for trial. **Cut off coupon below and pin to your letter.**

**THIS COUPON GOOD FOR 50c.
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This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package "Sargol" (provided you have never tried it). The Sargol Company, 380-M Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Would \$500.00 a Year or More on the Side Be an Object to You?

You can easily make that, and more too, if you have a back yard or a little land and are willing to devote two hours a day to the work. The poultry business cannot be overdone. There are 91,000,000 people in the United States, and there will be more next year, and those people must be fed. The growth is in the cities. *Consumers are increasing twice as fast as producers.* High prices have come to stay. Start a business of your own and get your share of the billion dollars a year that is spent for poultry and eggs.

"SIDE-LINE POULTRY KEEPING"

\$1,188.05 is the amount cleared by F. H. Dunlap, of West Salisbury, N. H., in 1910, from his hens. Mr. Dunlap is a country merchant and postmaster, and does not have over two hours a day on an average to devote to his hens. The full story of his success, his methods of feeding, marketing, etc., are described in the book "Side-Line Poultry Keeping."

\$1,009.31 R. A. Richardson, of Haverhill, Mass., a shoe cutter, made his hens pay him \$1,009.31 in 1910, and kept working at the bench at the same time. How he did it is told in "Side-Line Poultry Keeping."

"SIDE-LINE POULTRY KEEPING"

is the name of a new book by Edgar Warren, the popular and reliable writer upon poultry topics. It is written for the man or woman who wants to add to their income in spare time that will not interfere with their present occupation. It is so plainly written that the person who never kept a hen, following the instructions of the book, can make a success from the start. Tells what breeds pay and what do not. Discusses pigeon-raising, growing, berries and gardening in connection with poultry. Describes two simple, practical poultry houses which can be built at low cost and sold when the owner gets through with them. Tells how to hatch and brood chicks, both naturally and artificially, and describes a wonderful brooder system that can be installed at low cost. Do you know how to pick out the layers? Can you tell with your eyes shut which hens are laying and which are not? "Side-Line Poultry Keeping" will show you. It will tell you what to feed for eggs, how to get fertile eggs, how to grow green food in the winter, how to use lice powder that will kill the lice as soon as it touches them, what to do in case of sickness, etc., etc. Shows you how you can get the top-notch prices for what you have to sell. Has a chapter on "Laying Down Eggs," which gives the two methods which are absolutely safe and reliable. Lay down eggs in March and April and sell them in November and December, and make 100 per cent profit. Drawings and description of a trap-nest with which to keep individual records. Gives Mr. Dunlap's cure for White Diarrhea. Tells how to send dressed fowls to market with empty crops without shrinkage in weight. These are but a few of the good things in the book.

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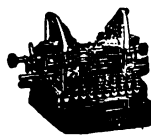
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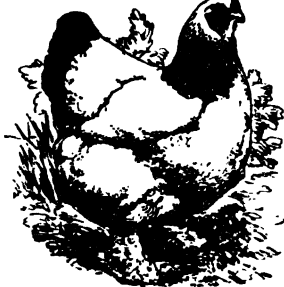


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He said it was a matter with it. I know anything

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\$1,009.31 R. A. Richardson, of Haverhill, Mass., a shoe cutter, made his money kept working at the bench at the same time. How he did it is "Washing

"SIDE-LINE POULTRY KEEPING" 100 Gravity

is the name of a new book by Edgar Warren, the popular and reliable writer upon poultry topics. to their income in spare time that will not interfere with their present occupation. It is so plain following the instructions of the book, can make a success from the start. Tells what breed to myself, lots of growing, berries and gardening in connection with poultry. Describes two simple, practical think about my Wash- the owner gets through with them. Tells how to hatch and brood chicks, both natural machine as I thought about can be installed at low cost. Do you know how to pick out the layers? Can you tell a machine as I thought about Blue Poultry Keeping" will show you. It will tell you what to feed for eggs, best horse, and about the man who lice powder that will kill the lice as soon as it touches them, what to do in a owned it, for what you have to sell. Has a chapter on "Laying Down Eggs," etc. eggs in March and April and sell them in November and December and note to keep individual records. Gives Mr. Dunlap's cure for shrinkage in weight. These are but a few of the

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Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

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Ten years ago a great piano quietly appeared on the American market. From then till now it has made silent but remarkable headway, so that to-day it requires one of the largest factories in America to supply the demand for it.

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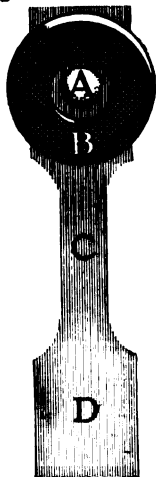
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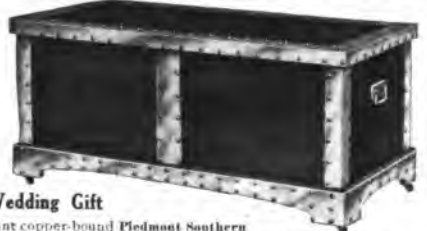


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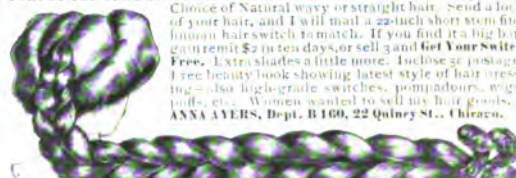
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Appointments for demonstrations in all principal cities on or after January first.


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We have prepared a dainty booklet for dainty these White Town Cars. May we

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LOCAL AGENCIES

For the benefit of hundreds who want to know the basis on which appointments to Local Agencies of The Oliver Typewriter are made and the money-making possibilities of such Agencies, we submit these facts:

The Local Agents' sales organization of The Oliver Typewriter is made up of a force of 15,000 men. This sales force, great as it is, is constantly receiving additions because of the remarkable expansion of our business and the vast territory which must be covered. It is at the present time the strongest and most successful selling organization in the typewriter industry.

Believing, as we do, in the principle of intensive cultivation, we appoint Local Agents in the smallest towns and villages as well as in the great trade centers of the country.

This policy has built up an organization that is unique in many ways, but conspicuously so in the fact that its units are drawn from a multitude of different classes.

Instead of selecting only those who have had experience in selling various lines of merchandise, we waive that qualification in favor of inherent ability and willingness to learn.

We assume the responsibility and expense of providing the necessary training in practical salesmanship in order to secure men of the right stamp.

We have found that men who are ambitious to succeed, men who are willing to learn and are possessed of good hard sense, make the best Local Agents.

One need not have a silver tongue to sell Oliver Typewriters—just know the machine, believe in it, fight for it!

Nothing can withstand such salesmanship, applied to such a product.

Did space permit we could cite many instances to show how telegraph operators, clergymen, bankers, mechanics, clerks, teachers, printers, lawyers and tradesmen have done wonders as Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter.

Local Agents are not required to devote their entire time to the work. Men who are engaged in some other business or occupation can take on a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter without sacrificing their interests. This plan enables men now employed on salaries or engaged in business enterprise to materially increase their incomes without assuming the slightest risk.

The man who takes the Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter has nothing to lose and everything to gain.

But look what we risk when we give a man the exclusive agency of The Oliver Typewriter in his locality:

We risk the profits which may be lost through the agent's neglect or inefficiency, for every town, however small, has definite sales possibilities.

We risk our prestige, for the Local Agent has our honor in his keeping.

The Local Agent makes on every sale of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the full life of the arrangement, even though our travelers may help him or make sales independently of him.

Because of the risks we assume in tying up exclusive territories with Local Agents, we exercise the greatest care in an effort to "pick the winners."

How It Pays

The Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter, considered purely from the standpoint of its money-making possibilities, is exceedingly attractive. We set no limit to earnings. Where the field warrants a man in giving it his undivided attention, the Agency can be made to pay a handsome income. The man who gives only spare time to the work can easily make it pay.

The young man in the small town or village who wants to get out in the great world, who seeks broader opportunities, is fortunate if he succeeds in securing a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter.

He becomes an integral part of a business of world-wide proportions.

Printype — OLIVER Typewriter The Standard Visible Writer

A business where ability commands a premium.

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The Local Agent's work brings him in contact with one of the most progressive and successful sales organizations in the world.

Think of the inspiration, the enthusiasm, the incentive to succeed that come from this vital contact with a 15,000 man-power sales organization!

The business man who takes up the Local Agency as an auxiliary to source of income can apply to the promotion of his own business the knowledge gained from this great force of sales experts.

Our famous "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan of selling Oliver Typewriters is a powerful aid to Local Agents.

With this splendid machine, our best product, offered on such tempting terms, the Local Agent must succeed if he puts forth proper effort.



How to Secure a Local Agency

Applications should be forwarded by mail direct to the Agency Department.

There are still a large number of towns where we have no Local Agent. There are other towns where The Oliver Typewriter is not represented satisfactorily. If there is no opening in your immediate locality, we will find a place for you elsewhere if you are the man we want.

You will readily understand the necessity for immediate action. Every mail brings a large number of applications, and Local Agency assignments are being made as fast as we find properly qualified men.

If you want to better yourself in 1912 now is the time to act.

Address Agency Department

(141)

The Oliver Typewriter Company
354 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Illinois

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ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Dept. 36, Chicago

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What's the Matter?

SOMEBODY HURT. An automobile turning a corner struck a man crossing the street who had become confused and did not get out of the way. The crowd is gathering to see the ambulance carry the man away.

Every hour of the day such things are happening on the streets. The carelessness of others and your own hurry puts you in constant danger of accidental injury.

There are a thousand other causes of accident. Not the least numerous are those at home, office, travel and recreation.

A \$3,000 accumulative accident policy, the best on the market, costs at the rate of about 4 cents a day.

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"Sweet Are The Uses of Adversity," said Shakespeare, many Years ago. It may have been so in Shakespeare's time, but it is pretty Difficult to find any Sweetness in Adversity Today. It must be admitted, however, that Adversity does inculcate Thrift and Habits of Saving, and so we must agree with the Poet at least regarding one of Its uses.

How many Men of Your acquaintance are leading the Gay Life—Saving Nothing—Spending every Cent they make for Foolish Pleasures and Indulgences? "Everybody's Happy When the Sun Shines," and Life to such of These is a Rose-Strewn Pathway, with not a Care nor a Sorrow in Sight. The World is their Oyster and They Reck not of the Morrow. Then comes the Chilling Wind of Adversity, and Hard Times are Staring Them in the Face. Help is being laid off at the Factory; the Office Force is being cut down, and Salaries are being lowered to meet reduced Business. Or, Let Us suppose Sickness comes to the Head of the Household, and He who is usually so Vigorous and Jovial is Pinned down for Weeks to a Bed of Pain, and his Family for the First Time Feel Keenly the Gaunt Fingers of Want clutching Them. These are instances of the Afflictions of Adversity, and the Moral that Adorns the Tale is:—*Get The Saving Habit, and Learn to Save For a Definite Purpose.*

The Best Way I know of to Anchor against the Storms of Financial Adversity, My Friend, is, to Save for a Home which will produce an Income, and which will at the same time Afford a Safe and Pleasant Shelter for Your Family. For, after all, It is not until a Man Owns the Ground He Stands upon, looks from his Doorstone to the Shadowed Plumage of His Trees, and Plunges a Spade in the Ground, that He knows the True Meaning of a Home. The Best Place I know of to Get such a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year on the Same Soil, and without a Penny for Irrigation or Fertilization.



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Write for our Free Book. Fill Out the Blank Space in the First Column with Your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas Gulf Realty Company, 1308 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Ill. Read It carefully, and then use Your own Good Judgment.

BEGINNING with the February issue, HAMPTON's will change to a new size, viz.: eight (8) inches wide and eleven (11) inches in depth. The type page will be six and three-quarters (6¾) inches by nine and one-half (9½) inches. 400 agate lines to a page.

The present standard size magazines with large circulation have become so bulky they cannot be conveniently handled. We have, therefore, adopted the new size which we believe will be a big advantage to our readers because of the convenience in handling. In addition to the convenience to the reader it will permit the placing of all advertising alongside and opposite reading matter.

"HAMPTON-COLUMBIAN" Information Bureau for Buyers

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FEBRUARY

World Foment and Republicanism

By VANCE THOMPSON

The rebellion in China is really one of the most important things that has happened in recent years among the sisterhood of nations; the downfall of royalty in Portugal was another important event; so is the unrest in Spain, in England and in half a dozen other monarchies.



VANCE THOMPSON

Don't you sometimes wonder what it all means—what the world is coming to? We did, so we commissioned Vance Thompson, one of the best-informed writers on international subjects, to investigate and tell us and the readers of the HAMPTON MAGAZINE all about it.

Those that read Mr. Thompson's "The Popes of Rome" and his "On the Trail of the Ghost" can realize the treat coming in this article on the world's growing republics.

The American Singer in Grand Opera

By PIERRE V. R. KEY

HAVE you noticed the wonderful progress made by American grand opera singers this year? It is really a greater thing than you suppose if your information has been gathered solely from casual newspaper reading. As a matter of fact, grand opera, which we had been led to believe was the exclusive property of Germans, Italians and French, has at last been captured by Americans. Among the wonderful voices now thrilling audiences in the great opera houses of both the United States and Europe those of American-born singers predominate.

Mr. Key, one of the leading musical critics of New York, has prepared an interesting and important article on this subject for the February number. Striking photographs of noted American grand opera singers will be a feature.

All These and
The HAMPTON

FEATURES

When Is a Factory Not a Factory?

By RHETA CHILDE DORR

You will find in the magazine you now hold in your hand an article entitled "The Twentieth Child." We urge you to read that article by Mrs. Dorr. It is a vitally important sociological study that should interest all who have the welfare of the children of this nation at heart. The article by Mrs. Dorr which will appear in the February number is really a continuation of her story in the present number, but treats of an entirely different type of child worker. In it you will learn something of the conditions that prevail in factories where much of the food that is placed upon your tables is prepared.

This author is famous for her informative articles on economic subjects of interest to women and to all people earnestly desirous of bettering child life conditions. This is demonstrated in such articles as her series on "What 8,000,000 Women Want," "Rebuilding the Child World," etc.



RHETA CHILDE DORR

Lincoln: The Greatest American Humorist

By WAYNE WHIPPLE

THIS is really an important contribution to American biographical literature. We have always heard that "Abe" Lincoln was a great story-teller, some have suspected that he was really a great humorist. Mr. Whipple, who is the author of "The Story-Life of Lincoln" and "Washington's Sense of Humor," has made an exhaustive study of the jokes told by Lincoln throughout his public life and has made a really great discovery.

Fiction

Among the fiction stories to appear in the February HAMPTON will be "The A and B of Little Jess," by Richard Washburn Child; "A Bit of Graft," by Arthur Henry, and stories by Angela Morgan and other well-known fiction writers.

Much More in

for February

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